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THE END OF THE WORLD



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CURIOSITIES
OF
LITERATURE

BY
I. D'ISRAELI

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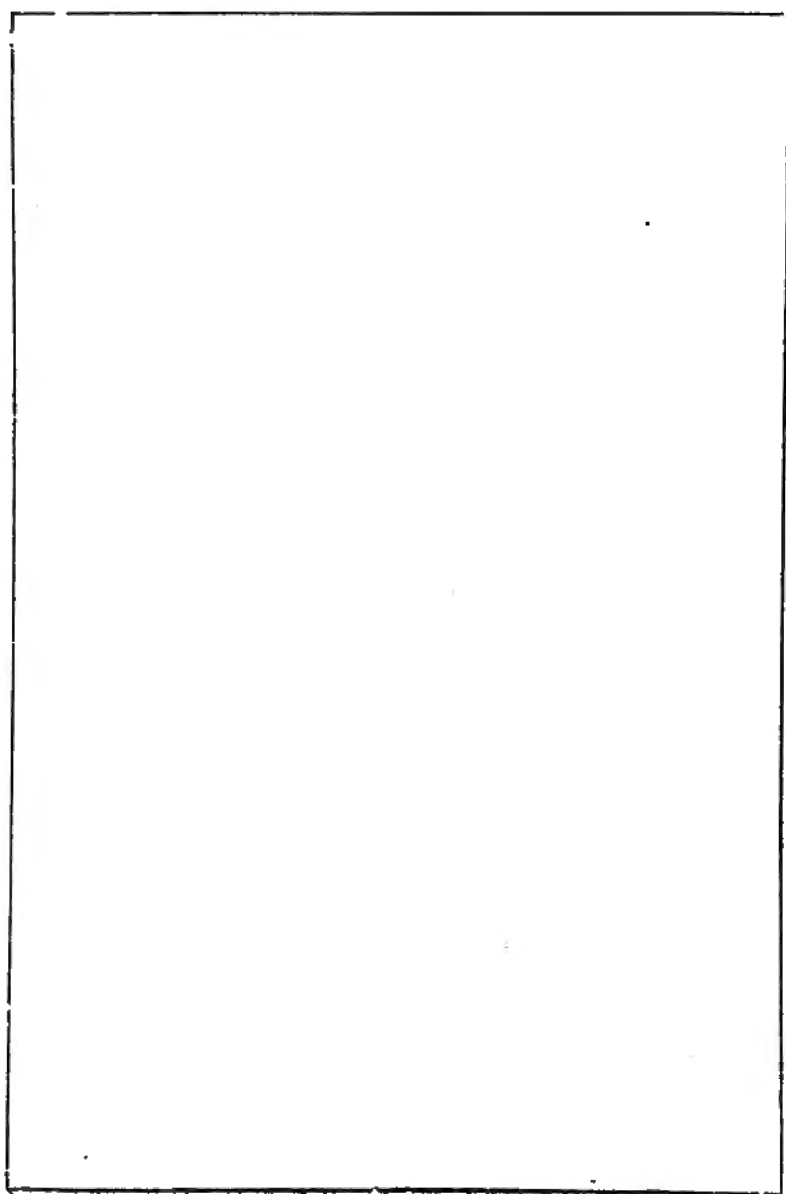
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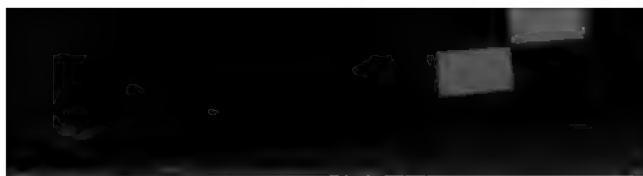
THESE VOLUMES
OF SOME LITERARY RESEARCHES
ARE INSCRIBED ;
AS A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

TO
A LOVER OF LITERATURE,

BY HIS FRIEND

I. D'ISRAELI.





MEMOIR OF THE LATE ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

DESCENDED from a line of Jewish merchants who had dwelt in the "Home of the Ocean" during the proud days when Venice remained, at least in name, the queen of the Adriatic, the father of the late Mr. Isaac D'Israeli brought with him to England a store of historical associations and traditions meet nurture for "a poetic child," and equally calculated to incite the imaginative to realise their conceptions in romantic fiction, and the inquisitive to ascertain their realities by sober investigation. About the time that the first D'Israeli settled in England, the country was convulsed by one of those popular alarms, the result of combined fraud and fanaticism which appear like periodical visitations in our history. A law for the naturalization of the Jews had been passed with little opposition by both houses of parliament, and had received the ready support of the most distinguished prelates on the episcopal bench. An alarm for the church and for religion was however produced among the inferior clergy, and principally, as Walpole assures us, among the "country parsons." The alarm was as senseless and the cry as absurd as on the occasion of Dr. Sacheverell's trial, when a very stupid and very malevolent sermon was sufficient to set the whole country in a flame. It was proclaimed from countless pulpits that, if the Jews were naturalized in Britain, the country became liable to the curses pronounced by prophecy against Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The logic of this argument is of course as defective as its charity, but the multitude is liable to be deluded by confident and repeated assertion; it also happened that at the time suspicions were entertained of hostile designs from France, and though the Jews could not be associated with the French by any show of reason, they were linked to the enemy by a very tolerable rhyme. Every dead wall in the kingdom exhibited in varied orthography the delectable couplet,

No Jews,
No wooden shoes.

Some of the bishops adopted towards their insubordinate curates the same course that indiscreet parents employ to lull the tumults of the nursery when they proffer cakes as a bribe to stop crying. They resolved that it would be wise to make some concessions to clamour, and they joined in a representation to the minister which set forth that they by no means vouched for the truth of the popular calumnies directed against the Jews, that they had not even examined the evidence on which such tales of scandal were founded, but that believing the recent law to be offensive



and alarming to many of your good sort of people, they recommended the premier to undo his own act, and to repeal the obnoxious law as early as possible. The Duke of Newcastle, who then held the office of prime minister, had none of the firmness of the late Sir Robert Peel or Earl Russell: he yielded to the clamour, partly from natural timidity, and partly because being raised at the close of a Parliament, he was afraid of its effects at a general election.

Twelve years after this strange exhibition of popular delusion and ministerial weakness, Isaac D'Israeli was born at Enfield in the month of May, 1766. But though the Jewish Naturalization Bill had been repealed, the passions and prejudices to which it gave vigour did not subside for nearly half a century; indeed the Jews narrowly escaped being involved with the Roman Catholics in the outrages perpetrated by the Protestant mob of Lord George Gordon. The accounts which he heard in childhood of the calumnies levelled against his name and nation, and of the political disabilities to which his family continued subject because an imbecile minister had neither the sense nor the courage to withstand popular delusion and popular clamour, produced an effect on Mr. D'Israeli's mind which influenced his whole literary career. So far from adopting the aphorism *vox populi vox Dei*, he would much sooner have said *vox populi vox diaboli*; the very prevalence of any sentiment or opinion would with him have been a reason for viewing it with suspicion.

All the traditions of his race and all the reminiscences of his family tended to strengthen such a feeling. The people had no voice in the Hebrew commonwealth; law was dictated to them by the inspired prophet, the consecrated priest, or the anointed king; authority was not only the basis of their social order, but it entered into the minute detail of all their institutions; that confession of faith which every believing child of Abraham learns to lisp in his cradle commences with a divine demand for implicit submission and obedience. "Hear, O Israel," is not the beginning of a creed suited to the partisans of a democracy.

The traditions of Venice were equally calculated to alienate Isaac D'Israeli's mind from the parties and the opinions that found favour with the populace. Aristotle mentions some ancient oligarchy, the members of which, on admission to office, bound themselves by an oath to do all the injury to the democracy in their power. Although the senators of Venice did not swear to the performance of any such obligation they adopted the same course by a design infinitely more binding than all the tests that human ingenuity could devise. Their first principle of government was that a mob was a restrained and caged tiger, and that, on any relaxation of these checks and restraints, the animal would spring at the throats of his keepers.

It is curious to observe how general and how influential these feelings were at the close of the last century. In spite of the proclamation of "Free and equal rights to all men," by the republicans of France, the Jews throughout Europe almost universally adhered to the cause of monarchy and social order. If they were not absolutely Tories they were at least very strenuous Conservatives; as men they loved "liberty," but as the sons of a privileged race they suspected "equality," and as a peculiar people they shrunk from "fraternity." Another reason for this



was probably the horror with which they were inspired by the daring blasphemies of the atheists of France. Revolting as these excesses were to every man of right feeling, they filled the mind of the Jew with a horror perfectly indescribable, and to men of other creeds and races quite inconceivable. For, the Jew is the most religious of men; to him the Supreme Being is not merely the Sovereign of the universe, but also and more especially the Tutelary Deity of his race, "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." The insanity which would dethrone Jehovah, the God of Israel, and erect, amid drunken and frantic orgies, an altar to the goddess of reason, was in his eyes at once the most atrocious of crimes and the greatest of personal insults. Hence, during the wars of the Coalition against revolutionary France, no soldiers fought with more desperate energies against the republican armies than the Jewish regiments in the service of Prussia; no moneyed men were more eager to support Pitt by subscribing to loans than the Jewish capitalists of London; and no commercial body evinced such sympathy for the fallen fortunes of Austria as the Jewish bankers and merchants of Germany. These predilections for monarchy and subordination of classes are still characteristic of the race; more than one pamphleteer, indeed, has stigmatized the Jews as inveterate partisans of despotism and aristocracy.

It is hardly necessary to say that there was but a very scant share of sympathy between the French and the Venetian republics. Indeed they were founded on such antagonistic principles that collision was inevitable whenever they were brought into contact. Hence Napoleon, who retained many of his old principles as a Jacobin, long after he had ceased to be a republican, never spoke of the Venetian State but with abhorrence, and the only part of the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna on which he bestowed approbation was the decree which blotted the Venetian oligarchy from the list of the powers of Europe.

The philosophers who declare that "the child is the father of the man" do not mean that the whole of a man's future character, conduct, and career are predestined and predetermined by any direct system of education; but they do mean that the appetencies and tendencies of his intellectual faculties are irresistibly moulded, formed, and directed by the atmosphere of moral influence which surrounds his childhood. It is for this reason that we have endeavoured to trace the influences most directly operative on the mind of the subject of this brief memoir, that we have directed attention to his alienation from the populace on account of the insult and injury legislatively inflicted on his race and family, a little before his birth, by a reluctant Ministry and an unwilling Parliament at the behest of senseless mobs, that we have examined the results likely to be produced by his theocratic creed and his Venetian descent.

Isaac D'Israeli, we are informed, received the greater part of his education at Leyden. He seems however in boyhood to have read a pretty extensive course of Hebrew and Rabbinical literature; judging merely from the internal evidences of his later writings, and particularly from his "Portraiture of Judaism," a work of singular merit which has fallen into unaccountable neglect, we should say that he was a diligent student of Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Manasseh Ben Israel, but

more especially of Moses Mendelsohn. Like the last-named great man, whom, perhaps unintentionally, he seems to have taken for his model, D'Israeli chose to be purely a speculative philosopher, who never mingled in political broils, and who shunned all connection with political and religious parties. Hence, when he visited Paris in 1786, he escaped the influence of those passions which had been roused and stimulated by the revolution then impending, but devoted himself to the study of French literature with a zeal and ardour which continued with little abatement to almost the last hour of his life.

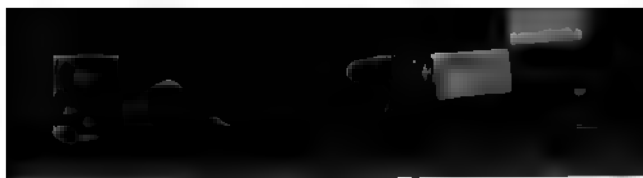
At no period of his life was D'Israeli a rabbinist or talmudist ; a large and liberal philosophy raised him, as it did Mendelsohn, above all the exclusive, intolerant, and anti-social glosses with which the authors of the Mishna and Gemara have encumbered and distorted the Mosaic legislation. He clung to the principles of the sublime and tolerant prayer offered by Solomon at the dedication of the Temple.

But this tolerance was not confined merely to philosophic opinion. Isaac D'Israeli, from the very commencement of his career, was a zealous advocate for every philanthropic plan by which the sufferings of humanity could be averted or alleviated. He adhered rigidly to those genuine principles of charity which are thus nobly enunciated by Rabbi Moses Ben Mizraim in his comment on the First Book of Kings :—" With respect to the *Goïm* (foreign nations or Gentiles), our fathers have commanded us to visit their sick and to bury their dead as the dead of Israel, and to relieve and maintain their poor as we do the poor of Israel, because of the ways of peace ; as it is written, '*Elohim* (God) is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' " Psalm cxlv. 9.

It is certain that Isaac D'Israeli, though his parents had quitted the Jewish community, took a lively interest in the question of Jewish emancipation ; but, save in the " Portraiture of Judaism," we are not aware of his having written directly on the subject. We know, however, that he spurned the common rabbinical notion of a sudden and simultaneous elevation of the Jews to the highest rank of civilization and refinement. He believed that the restoration of the Jews to the rank of citizens and equal subjects would be accomplished by the gradual spread of knowledge and intelligence ; and in this he agrees with the ancient talmudists.

So early as his sixteenth year Mr. D'Israeli commenced his honourable career as an English author by addressing some verses to Dr. Johnson, whose High Church and Jacobite notions were closely in accordance with those of an admirer of the Hebrew theocracy. At a later period he published the oriental tale of " Mejnoun and Leila," the first eastern story written by a European in which the proprieties of costume and manner have received careful attention.

The work, however, by which the elder D'Israeli will always be best known, because it is the work which has made the deepest impression on the mind of the age, is the " Curiosities of Literature." It was the first revelation to the English people that they possessed materials for historical and critical investigations hardly inferior in value to the celebrated Memoirs of the French ; and it was also one of the earliest attempts to vindicate the memory of the Stuarts, but more especially the first James and the first Charles, from the odium which had been accumulated



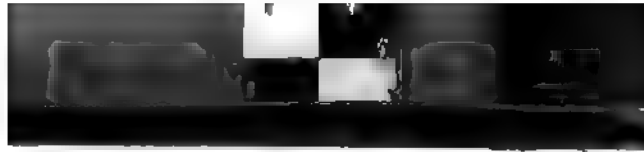
upon them ever since the revolution. More than one of the *Waverley Novels* was obviously suggested by the "*Curiosities of Literature*;" and to that work our modern writers of historical romance have been far more deeply indebted than they have ever yet acknowledged.

The "*Quarrels of Authors*," the "*Calamities of Authors*," and the "*Illustrations of the Literary Character*," though more immediately connected with literary history, are everywhere marked with the characteristic feelings and sentiments which rendered the author an earnest advocate and zealous pleader for the hapless house of Stuart.

It was D'Israeli's review of Spence's "*Anecdotes*" in the "*Quarterly*," which gave rise to the great Pope controversy, in which Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and others took a part. The reviewer's vindication of the moral and poetical character of Pope evinces great earnestness and conviction: he writes not as an advocate stating a case, but as a warm-hearted judge, who, having carefully investigated all the evidence, has unconsciously become a partisan while summing up the case. But we suspect that Pope was not the principal person in the writer's mind while preparing this article: we think that from beginning to end he was mainly intent on a vindication of Bolingbroke, that misrepresented statesman and misapprehended genius, to whom the younger D'Israeli has had the courage to do justice. Bayle and Bolingbroke have been especial favourites with both the D'Israelis; the father as a scholar clinging closer to the former, the latter as a politician dwelling more emphatically on the latter. If in the elder D'Israeli's volumes of literary history we find Bayle's multifarious reading, his philosophic spirit of speculation, his contempt for merely popular opinion, and a very appreciable tendency to paradox; so in the younger we find the ideal of Bolingbroke more or less pervading the heroes of his political romances. Vivian Grey is a Bolingbroke in those early days of his political intrigues, when, with a boyish spirit of malice, he overturned the political combinations which he had toiled to accomplish, from mere caprice or from sheer love of mischief; and Coningsby is what Bolingbroke would have been had he set himself up as a patriot minister for his own ideality of a patriot king.

Now this admiration of Bolingbroke arises chiefly, but not wholly, from the Venetian cast of the character of that statesman. Bolingbroke was essentially the statesman of an oligarchy; an admirable manager of a party, but the worst possible leader of a people. It may seem inconsistent to speak of the theocratic element in the mind of a reputed infidel; and yet the High Church sentiments of Bolingbroke cannot be questioned.

Isaac D'Israeli was one of the few men who lived exclusively for literature. Early placed in a position of independence, which rendered it unnecessary for him to adopt the commercial pursuits of his father, he indulged his taste, or rather his passion, for curious research, and never was satisfied in the investigation of any question until he had examined the original authorities. His writings and example have diffused a taste for historical inquiry and criticism, which has become, to a great extent, the prevalent characteristic of our age. In 1841 he was stricken with



blindness, and though he submitted to an operation, his sight was not restored. He, the great American writer, Prescott, and Thuerry, the author of the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans" (who has published several considerable works since his blindness), are probably the only historical authors who have continued their labours in spite of so terrible a calamity. Aided by his daughter, he produced the "Amenities of Literature," and completed the revision of his great work on the Reign of Charles I., which, on its first publication, had procured for him the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

A cultivated and powerful memory enabled him, in the later years of his life, to pour forth the stores he had accumulated in his long and varied studies with a profusion as delightful as it was surprising. "The blind old man eloquent" was a description as applicable to him as to the bard of Scio. He felt that he had left an impress on his age and country; that he had enforced a more scrupulous attention to accuracy on its historians, and a more careful observance of character and costume on its writers of fiction. The dangers with which his favourite ideas of theocracy and nobility had been menaced by the wild theories to which the French Revolution gave birth, had long faded from his view, and he could look forward to a redemption of Israel consequent on a general advancement of enlightened principle and philosophic intelligence. *His work was done*; the great ideas which it had been his mission to develop were now unfolded more brilliantly, though perhaps not more efficaciously, by his son, who became the expounder of his most cherished sentiments, and more than the supporter of his dearly-earned fame. His own fame was thus enshrined in his son's reputation, and no one could hereafter name either D'Israeli without feeling that as the one worthily led so the other worthily succeeded.

The death of Mr. D'Israeli took place in the eighty-second year of his age, at his country seat, Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire, January 19th, 1848. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. One daughter and three sons survived him: his eldest son is too well known (wherever the English language is spoken) for us to say one word respecting his claims to celebrity.

For permission to use the foregoing Memoir, slightly condensed from an able article entitled "The late Isaac D'Israeli, Esq., and the Genius of Judaism," by the late Dr. W. C. Taylor, which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* for March, 1848, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Richard Bentley, the eminent publisher, of New Burlington Street.

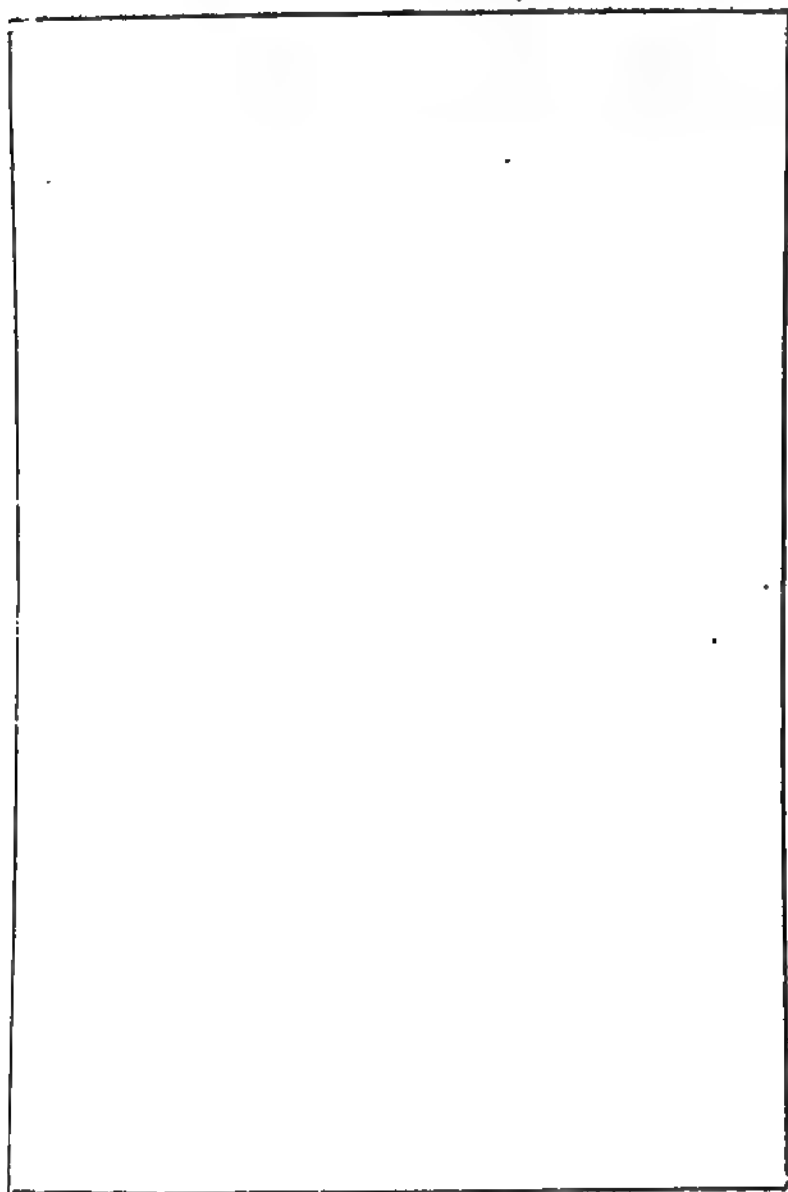
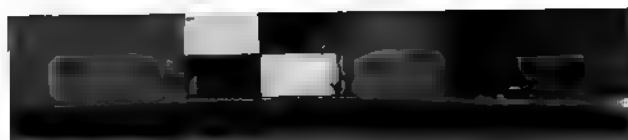




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THE author of this Miscellany, in the Preface to a new edition of the first series, published in 1824, tells us that it was first formed many years before, in the conviction that literary-history afforded an almost unexplored source of interesting facts ; adding that the work was designed to stimulate the curiosity of those who, with a taste for the tranquil pursuits of literature, are impeded in acquiring information. The characters, the events, and the singularities of modern literature, he proceeds to remark, are not always familiar even to those who excel in classical studies. But a more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence—both unfavourable causes to literary improvement—require to obtain the materials for thinking, by the easiest and readiest means.

In the Preface affixed to a new issue of the "Curiosities" in 1834, the author states that nearly half a century had elapsed since the publication of the first volume ; the other portions appearing from time to time during a period of about twenty-eight years ; and he concludes by remarking with laudable pride, that during this interval "these volumes had become domestic favourites ; that a great personage once called them his little library ; and they stood classed in the catalogue among the *delicia literaria* : that the work, which had been printed already, and translated, had received the same distinguished approbation, by being constantly referred to by the most eminent writers both for their information and their opinions."





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CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

LIBRARIES.

THE passion for forming vast collections of books has necessarily existed in all periods of human curiosity; but long it required royal munificence to found a national library. It is only since the art of multiplying the productions of the mind has been discovered, that men of letters have been enabled to rival this imperia, and patriotic honour. The taste for books, so rare before the fifteenth century, has gradually become general only within these four hundred years. In that small space of time the public mind of Europe has been created.

Of LIBRARIES, the following anecdotes seem most interesting, as they mark either the affection, or the veneration, which civilized men have ever felt for these perennial repositories of their minds. The first national library founded in Egypt seemed to have been placed under the protection of the divinities, for their statues magnificently adorned this temple, dedicated at once to religion and to literature. It was still further embellished by a well-known inscription, for ever grateful to the votary of literature; on the front was engraven "The nourishment of the soul;" or, according to Diodorus, "The medicine of the mind."

The Egyptian Ptolemies founded the vast library of Alexandria, which was afterwards the emulative labour of rival monarchs, the founder infused a soul into the vast body he was creating, by his choice of the librarian Demetrius Phalerus, whose skilful industry amassed from all nations their choicest productions. Without such a librarian, a national library would be little more than a literary chaos, his well-exercised memory and critical judgment are its best catalogue. One of the Ptolemies refused supplying the famished Athenians with wheat, until they presented him with the original manuscripts of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; and in returning copies of these autographs, he allowed them to retain the fifteen talents which he had pledged with them as a princely security.

Even when tyrants, or usurpers, possessed sense as well as courage, they have proved the most ardent patrons of literature; they know it is their interest to turn aside the public mind from political speculations, and to afford their subjects the inexhaustible occupations of curiosity, and the consoling pleasures of the imagination. Thus *Augustus* is said

to have been among the earliest of the Greeks who projected an immense collection of the works of the learned, and is believed to have been the collector of the scattered works which passed under the name of *Homer*.

The Romans, after six centuries of gradual dominion, must have possessed the vast and diversified collections of the writings of the nations they conquered: among the most valued spoils of their victories, we know that manuscripts were considered as more precious than vases of gold. *Paulus Emilius*, after the defeat of *Perseus*, king of Macedonia, brought to Rome a great number which he had amassed in Greece, and which he now distributed among his sons, or presented to the Roman people. *Sylla* followed his example. After the siege of Athens he discovered an entire library in the temple of *Apollo*, which having carried to Rome, he appears to have been the founder of the first Roman public library. After the taking of Carthage the Roman senate rewarded the family of *Regulus* with the books found in that city. A library was a national gift, and the most honourable they could bestow. From the intercourse of the Romans with the Greeks the passion for forming libraries rapidly increased, and individuals began to pride themselves on their private collections.

Of many illustrious Romans, their magnificent taste in their libraries has been recorded. *Annius Pollio*, *Cramus*, *Cæsar*, and *Cicero*, have, among others, been celebrated for their literary splendour. *Lucullus*, whose incredible opulence exhausted itself on more than imperial luxuries, more honourably distinguished himself by his vast collections of books and the happy use he made of them by the liberal access he allowed the learned. "It was a library," says *Plutarch*, "whose walks, galleries, and cabinets were open to all visitors; and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses to hold literary conversations, in which *Lucullus* himself loved to join." This library enlarged by others, *Julius Cæsar* once proposed to open for the public, having chosen the erudite *Varro* for its librarian; but the daggers of *Brutus* and his party prevented the meditated projects of *Cæsar*. In this museum *Cicero* frequently pursued his studies, during the time his friend *Paullus* had the charge of it; which he describes to *Atticus* in his 4th Book, *Epist. 9*. Amidst

his public occupations and his private studies, either of them sufficient to have immortalised one man, we are indebted to the minute attention Cicero paid to the formation of his library, and his cabinets of antiquities.

The emperors were ambitious of length to give their names to the libraries they founded, they did not consider the purple as their chief ornament. Augustus was himself an author, and in one of those sumptuous buildings called *Thermae*, ornamented with porticoes, galleries, and statues, with shady walks, and refreshing baths, testified his love of literature by adding a magnificent library. One of these libraries he fondly called by the name of his sister Octavia, and the other, the temple of Apollo, became the haunt of the poets, as Virgil, Juvenal, and Petrus have commemorated. The successors of Augustus imitated his example, and even Tiberius had an imperial library, chiefly consisting of works concerning the empire and the acts of its sovereigns. These *Thermae* augmented by the Ulpian library, as designated from the family name of this prince. In a word, we have accounts of the rich ornaments the ancients bestowed on their libraries, of their floors paved with marble, their walls covered with glass and ivory, and their shelves and desks of ebony and cedar.

The first public library in Italy, says Tirabouchi, was founded by a person of no considerable fortune, his credit, his frugality, and fortitude, were indebted to a treasury. This extraordinary man was Nicholas Niccoli, the son of a merchant, and in his youth himself a merchant, but after the death of his father he relinquished the business of gain, and devoted his soul to study, and his fortune to assist students. At his death he left his library to the public, but his debts being greater than his effects, the princely generosity of Cosmo de Medici realised the intention of his former patron, and afterwards enriched it, by the addition of an apartment, in which he placed the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, and Indian MSS. The intrepid remission of Nicholas V. laid the foundations of the Vatican, the affection of Cardinal Bembo for his country first gave Venice the rudiments of a public library, and to Sir T. Bodley we owe the invaluable one of Oxford. Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Birch, Mr. Cracherode, and others of the race of lovers of books, have all contributed to form their literary treasures, which are not due to the enthusiasm of individuals, who have found such pleasure in consecrating their to tomes and their days to the great public object, or, which is the result produced the more public good, the collections of such men have been frequently purchased on their deaths, by government, and thus have entered whole and entire in the great national collections.

LITERATURE, like virtue, in its own reward, and if enthusiasm were everywhere in the permanent or payments of a vast library has far outweighed the object or the calumny of the world, which some of its votaries have received. From the time that Cicero poured forth his feelings on his vision for the part of his, innumerable are the testimonies of men of letters of the pliantheistic doctrine of the immortality, that delicious beverage which they have swallowed, so dimly, from the original

cup of literature. Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, chancellor and high treasurer of England as early as 1341, perhaps read the first private library in our country. He purchased thirty or forty volumes of the Abbot of St. Alban's for fifty pounds weight of silver. He was so enamoured of his large collection, that he expressly composed a treatise on his love of books, under the title of *Philobiblon*, an honourable tribute paid to literature in an age not literary.

To pass much of our time amid such vast resources, that man must indeed be not more animated than a headless Mercury, who does not aspire to make some small addition to his hoard, were it only by a critical catalogue. He must be as indolent as that animal called the sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs, after he has eaten all its leaves.

Henry Rantzen, a Danish gentleman, the founder of the great library at Copenhagen, whose days were dissolved in the passion of reading, discovered his taste and ardour in the following elegant effusion:

Salvete sacrosancti libri,
Hoc delicias, mei lepores!
Quam vos cupis aculeis jurat ridere,
Et tria manibus terere nectit!
Tot vos eximii, tot crediti,
Præter lumen sacrum et rosmum,
Conferere vix, nunquam vobis
Auri credere iuramentum:
Et sperare ducis perenne scriptis;
Neque hoc luteo upon fidit illis.

INITIATES.

Golden volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious gaze!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize
Brilliant with and missing signs,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes!—you have not deceived!

This passion for the acquisition and enjoyment of books has been the occasion of their being embellished their outlines with costly ornaments: a rage which ostentation may have abused; but when these volumes belong to the real men of letters, the most fanciful bindings are often the emblems of his taste and feelings. The great Thuanus was eager to procure the finest copies for his library, and his volumes are still eagerly purchased, bearing his autograph on the last page. A celebrated scribe was Grolier, whose library was opulent in these treasures, the Muses themselves could not more ingeniously have ornamented their favourite works. I have once viewed in the library of our own curious collector. His embellished their outlines with taste and ingenuity. They are gilded and stamped with peculiar ornaments, the compartments on the binding are drawn, and painted, with different inventions of subjects, analogous to the works themselves, and they are further adorned by that admirable inscription, *Ac. Grolieri et æmulum*—purporting that these lib-



THE BIBLIOMANIA.

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very treasure were collected for himself and his friends.

The family of the Fuggerei had long felt an hereditary passion for the accumulation of literary treasures; and their portraits, with others in their picture gallery, form a curious quarto volume of lay portraits, encircled round even in Germany, entitled "Fuggerei's Pincelwork." Wolfen, who daily haunted their celebrated library, pours out his gratitude in some Greek verse, and describes this bibliotheca as a literary haven, furnished with so many books as there were stars in the firmament, or as a literary garden, in which he passed entire days in gathering fruit and flowers, delighting and instructing himself by perpetual occupation.

In 1560 the royal library of France did not exceed twenty volumes. Shortly after Charles V increased it to nine hundred, which by the date of war, so much at least as that of money, the Duke of Bedford afterwards purchased and transported to London, where libraries were smaller than on the continent, about 1600. It is a circumstance worthy observation, that the French sovereign, Charles V. purchased the *Wise*, ordered that thirty portable lights, with a silver lamp suspended from the centre, should be illuminated at night, that students might not find their pursuits interrupted at any hour. Many among us, at the present, where professional avocations admit not of morning studies, find that the possession of a public library are not accessible to them from the obscurity of the regulations of the various Charles V. of France. An alarming objection to night-studies in public libraries is the danger of fire, and in our own British Museum not a light is permitted to be carried about on any pretence whatever. The history of the "Bibliothèque du Roi" is a curious incident in literature; and the progress of the human mind and public opinion might be traced by its gradual expansion, noting the changeable qualities of its literary storm clouds from theology, law, and medicine, to philosophy and elegant literature. In 1780 Mecker reckoned the library treasure to amount to 265,000 printed books, 90,000 manuscripts, and 15,000 collections of prints. By a curious little volume published by M. La France in 1778, it appears that it was first under Louis XIV. that the productions of the art of engraving were collected and arranged; the great minister Colbert purchased the extensive collections of the Abbé de Marolles, who may be ranked among the fathers of our great collectors. Two hundred and fifty-four master portraits laid the foundation, and the catalogue of his collection, printed by Marolles himself, now rare, curious, and high-priced. Our own national picture-gallery is yet an infant establishment.

Mr. Mathew has observed, that in 1600 England had made comparatively but little progress in learning—and Germany was probably still less advanced. However, there was in Germany a famous collector of books in the person of Tythimann, the celebrated abbot of Spanden, who died in 1516. He and attended about two thousand manuscripts, a literary treasure which excited much general estimation, that prince and eminent men of that day travelled to visit Tythimann and his library. About this time six or eight hundred volumes

formed a royal collection, and their high value in price could only be furnished by a prince. This was indeed a great advancement in literature, when at the beginning of the fourteenth century the library of Louis IX. contained only four classical authors, and that of Oxford, in 1500, consisted of "a few tracts kept in chests."

The pleasure of study are claimed by Burton among these avocations or recreations of the mind which pass tedious days. Looking about this "world of books," he exclaims, "I could even live and die with such meditations, and take more delight and true content of mind in them, than in all thy wealth and sport! There is a sweetness, which, as Cicero's cup, bewitcheth a student, he cannot have off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous tomes. In sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prope desinitur*." "Homer was moved up in the library of Leyden all the year long, and that which to my thinking should have been a laughing, crowd in him a greater thing. I too come, with his, come into the library, but I best the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whom some in idleness, the mother of ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of sterility, amongst so many diverse souls, I take my seat with as lively a spirit, and sweet content, that I pity all our great men and rich men, that know not this happiness." Such is the increase of a virtuous who matters it on the altar for the cemetery than from the devotion.

There is, however, an intemperance in study, incompatible often with our social or more active duties. The illustrious Grotius exposed himself to the reproaches of some of his contemporaries for having too warmly pursued his studies, to the detriment of his public station. It was the fault of Cicero, that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. Looking on his voluminous labours, we are surprised at the observation; how honourable is it to him, that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different vices he possessed, which shows that they were composed in their respective retirements. Cicero must have been an early rose; and practiced that magic art of employing his time, so as to have multiplied his days.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

The preceding article is honourable to literature, yet impartial truth must show that even a passion for collecting books is not always a passion for literature.

The BIBLIOMANIA, or the collecting an enormous heap of books without intelligent curiosity, has, since libraries have existed, infected weak minds, who imagine that they themselves acquire knowledge when they heap it on their shelves. These costly libraries have been called the madhouses of the human mind; and again, the tomb of books: when the possessor will not communicate them, and coffin them up in the cases of his

library—and as it was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Lock on the Human Understanding*.*

The BIBLIOMANIA has never raged more violently than in the present day. It is fortunate that literature is in no ways injured by the follies of collectors, since though they preserve the worthless, they necessarily defend the good.

Some collectors place all their fame on the *view* of a splendid library, where volumes arrayed in all the pomp of lettering, silk linings, triple gold bands and tinted leather, are locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the *mere reader*, dazzling our eyes like eastern beauties peering through their jealousies!

BRUYERE has touched on this mania with humour: "Of such a collector," says he, "as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of Morocco leather: in vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c., naming them one after another, as if he were showing a gallery of pictures! a gallery by the by which he seldom traverses when *alone*, for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and as little as himself care to visit the tan-house, which he calls his library."

LUCIAN has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library. Like him, who in the present day, after turning over the pages of an old book, chiefly admires the *date*. LUCIAN compares him to a pilot, who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who, not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes; but, alas! he cannot stand in them! He ludicrously compares him to Thersites wearing the armour of Achilles, tottering at every step; leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunch-back raising the cuirass above his shoulders. Why do you buy so many books? he says:—you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats!

Such *collectors* will contemptuously smile at the *collection* of the amiable Melancthon. He possessed in his library only four authors, Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolemy the geographer.

Ancillon was a great collector of curious books, and dexterously defended himself when accused of the *Bibliomania*. He gave a good reason for buying the most elegant editions; which he did not consider merely as a literary luxury. He said the less the eyes are fatigued in reading a work, the more liberty the mind feels to judge of it: and as we

* An allusion and pun which occasioned the French translator of the present work an unlucky blunder: puzzled no doubt by my *facetiously*, he translates "mettant comme on l'a très-judicieusement fait observer, l'entendement humain sous la clef." The book, and the author alluded to, quite escaped him!

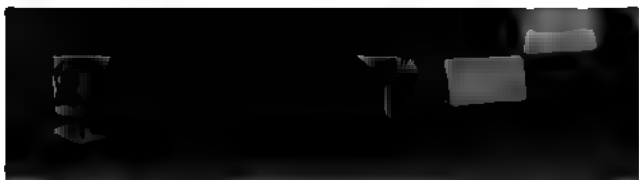
perceive more clearly the excellencies and defects of a printed book than when in *ms.*; so we see them more plainly in good paper and clear type than when the impression and paper are both bad. He always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones; though it is the opinion of some that a first edition is generally the least valuable, and only to be considered as an imperfect essay, which the author proposes to finish after he has tried the sentiments of the literary world. Bayle approves of Ancillon's plan. Those who wait calmly for a book, says he, till it is reprinted, show plainly that they are resigned to their ignorance, and prefer the saving of a pistole to the acquisition of useful knowledge. With one of these persons, who waited for a second edition, which never appeared, a literary man argued, that it was much better to have two editions of a book than to deprive himself of the advantage which the reading of the first might procure him; and it was a bad economy to prefer a few crowns to that advantage. It has frequently happened, besides, that in second editions, the author omits, as well as adds, or makes alterations from prudential reasons; the displeasing truths which he *corrects*, as he might call them, are so many losses incurred by Truth itself. There is an advantage in comparing the first with subsequent editions; for among other things, we feel great satisfaction in tracing the variations of a work, when a man of genius has revised it. There are also other secrets, well known to the intelligent curious, who are versed in affairs relating to books. Many first editions are not to be purchased for the treble value of later ones. Let no lover of books be too hastily censured for his passion, which, if indulged with judgment, is useful. The collector we have noticed frequently said, as is related of Virgil, "I collect gold from Ennius's dung." I find, added he, in some neglected authors, particular things, not elsewhere to be found. He read many of these, but not with equal attention, "*Sicut canis ad Nilum bibens et fugiens*," like a dog at the Nile, drinking and running.

Fortunate are those who only consider a book for the utility and pleasure they may derive from its possession. Those students, who, though they know much, still thirst to know more, may require this vast sea of books; yet in that sea they may suffer many shipwrecks.

Great collections of books are subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the *borrowers*, not to say a word of the *purloiners*!

LITERARY JOURNALS.

WHEN writers were not numerous, and readers rare, the unsuccessful author fell insensibly into oblivion; he dissolved away in his own weakness: if he committed the private folly of printing what no one would purchase, he was not arraigned at the public tribunal—and the awful terrors of his day of judgment consisted only in the retributions of his publisher's final accounts. At length, a taste for literature spread through the body of the people; vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aspire to literary honours. To



LITERARY JOURNALS.

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oppose them forcible entrance into the house of the Muses, periodical criticism brandished its formidable weapon, and the fall of many, taught some of our greatest geniuses to rise. Multitudinous writings produced multitudes of victims, and public criticism reached to such perfection, that taste was generally diffused, enlightening those whose occupations had otherwise never permitted them to judge of literary compositions.

The invention of Reviews, in the form which they have at length gradually assumed, could not have existed but in the most polished ages of literature, for without a constant supply of authors, and a refined spirit of criticism, they could not excite a perpetual interest among the lovers of literature. These publications are the chronicles of taste and science, and present the existing state of the public mind, while they form a ready resource for those idle hours, which men of letters do not choose to pass idly.

These multiplicity has undoubtedly produced much evil, puerile critics, and venal drudges, manufacturing reviews, hence that shameful discordance of opinion, which is the scorn and scandal of criticism. Passion hostile to the peaceful truths of literature have likewise made tremendous inroads in the republic, and every literary virtue has been lost! In "Calumnies of Authors" I have given the history of a literary conspiracy, conducted by a solitary critic, Gilbert Stuart, against the historian Henry.

These works may disgust by rapid panegyric, or gross invective, weary by uniform dulness, or detain by superficial knowledge. Sometimes merely written to catch the public attention, a malignity is indulged against authors, to poison the reader's leaves. A reviewer has admitted these works in private, which he has condemned in his official capacity. But good sense, good temper, and good taste, will ever form an estimable journalist, who will inspire confidence, and give stability to his decisions.

To the lovers of literature these volumes, when they have outlived their year, are not unimportant. They constitute a great portion of literary history, and are indeed the annals of the republic.

To our own reviews, we must add the old foreign journals, which are perhaps even more valuable to the man of letters. Of these the variety is considerable, and many of their writers are now known. They delight our curiosity by opening new views, and light up in observing minds many prospects of works, wanted in our own literature. Gissou leaned on them, and while he turned them over with constant pleasure, derived accurate notions of works which no student can himself have verified, of many works a notion is sufficient, but this notion is necessary.

The origin of so many literary journals was the happy project of Denis de LaRoche, a counsellor in the parliament of Paris. In 1665 appeared his *Journal des Savants*. He published his runs in the name of the Sieur de Meuderville, his footman! Was this a mere stroke of humour, or designed to intimate that the freedom of his criticism could only be allowed to his footman? The work, however, met with so favourable a reception, that

LaRoche had the satisfaction of seeing it, the following year, imitated throughout Europe, and his Journal, at the same time, translated into various languages. But as most authors lay themselves open to an acute critic, the animadversions of LaRoche were given with such aptness of criticism, and such malignity of wit, that this new journal excited loud murmur, and the most heart-moving complaints. The learned had their plagiarisms detected, and the wit had his claims disputed. Sarrasin called the gazettes of this new Aristarchus, *Hebdomadary Plagues*! *Sabbataries hebdomadaires*! and Menage having published a law book, which LaRoche had treated with severe railery, he entered into a long argument to prove, according to Justinian, that a lawyer is not allowed to defend another lawyer, &c. *Avocats shall defend non licet, romainsness jus fauget ut*. Others loudly declaimed against this new species of imperial tyranny, and this attempt to regulate the public opinion by that of an individual. LaRoche, after having published only his third volume, left the untasted wings of literature thronging so thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of criticism. The journal is said to have suffered a short interruption by a remonstrance from the senate of the pope, for the energy with which LaRoche had defended the liberties of the Gallican church.

Intimidated by the face of LaRoche, his successor, Abbe Goussier, flourished in a milder reign. He contented himself with giving the titles of books, accompanied with extracts, and he was more useful than interfering. The public, who had been so much amused by the railery and severity of the founder of this dynasty of new critics, now murmured at the want of that mill and acidity by which they had retained the fugitive coalition. They were not satisfied in having the most beautiful, or the most curious parts of a new work brought together, they waited for the unaccountable entertainment of raising and rallery. At length another objection was conjured up against the review, mathematicians complained they were neglected to make room for experiments in natural philosophy, the historian sighed over works of natural history, the antiquaries would have nothing but discoveries of lost or fragments of antiquity. Medical works were called for by one party and reproached by another. In a word, each reader wished only to have accounts of books which were interesting to his profession or his taste. But a review is a work presented to the public at large, and written for more than one country. In spite of all these difficulties, this work was carried to a vast extent. An index to the *Journal des Savants* has been arranged on a critical plan, occupying ten volumes in quarto, which may be considered as a most useful instrument to obtain the science and literature of the entire century.

The most celebrated reviewer is Bayle, who undertook, in 1684, his *Revue des Lettres de la République des Lettres*. He possessed the art, acquired by habit, of reading a book by his fingers, as it has been happily expressed, and of comprehending, in concise extracts, a just notion of a book, without the addition of irrelevant matter. He had for his day sufficient playfulness to smother the rod of

criticism with more, and, for the first time, the Indian and all the *dean-mans* took an interest in the labours of the critic. Yet even Bavia, who declared himself to be a reporter and not a judge, Bavia, the discreet sceptic, could not long satisfy his readers. His paragraph was thought somewhat prodigal, his florid style somewhat too familiar, and others affected not to relish his gaiety. In his later volumes, to still the clamour, he assumed the cold sobriety of an historian, and has bequeathed no mean legacy to the literary world, in thirty or a small column of criticism, dated in 1855. These were continued by Bernard, with inferior skill, and by Damage more successfully in his *Histoire des Ouvrages de Bavia*.

The contemporary and the antagonist of Bavia was Le Ciane. His own industry has produced three *Alphabétiques—Universels et Historiques—Chants—et discours de Bavia*, forming in all three volumes, which comprise but a very high price. Inferior to Bavia in the more pleasing interest, he is perhaps superior in erudition, and shows great skill in analysis, but his hand drops as Bavia's. Apollonius Zeno's *Commentaire de l'Alphabet d'Hébreu*, from 1710 to 1711, is valuable. Giano resorted to Le Ciane's volumes at his leisure, "as an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction."

Bellonius and L'Escur, two learned Protestants, wrote a *Supplément Germanique*, from 1710 to 1760, in 10 volumes, our own literature is interested by the "*Alphabétique Britannique*," written by some literary Frenchmen, noticed by Le Ciane in his "*Voyage littéraire*," who distinguishes the writers in this most interesting manner: "Les auteurs sont gens de mérite et qui ont écrit tout par eux-mêmes." Anglin, Henri B. B. B. B. et le monde Mr. D. — Poverty has been partially laid into the account. De May was one of the contributors, and Warburton commemorated his part of an edition of Vellius Paterculus. This useful account of early English books begins in 1711, and closes in 1761. Megue, 17 vols. to this we must add *The Journal Britannique*, in 18 volumes, by Dr. May, a foreign physician residing in London; this journal exhibits a view of the state of English literature from 1750 to 1755. Giano bestows a high character on the Journalist, who sometimes appears to the character of a poet and a philosopher, one of the last disciples of the school of Proterius.

May's son produced late a review known to the curious, his style and diction often discovers haste and heat, with some striking observations, alluding to his father, May, in his motto, *apud Virgil's description of the young Ascanius*—"*de-quitur parvus nec pambus arquis*." He says he only holds a slender correspondence with the public, but criticism demands more maturity of reflection and more temperance of style. In his obstinate resolution of carrying on this review without an assistant, he has shown in folly and in danger, for fatal illness produced a comatose, at once, of his periodical labours and his life.

Other reviews, are the *Alphabétiques de Proterius*, written by the Jesuits. Their coarse censure and severity of style made them odious to their day, they did not even spare their brethren. *The Journal Libérateur*, printed at the Hague, and

lately composed by Prosper Marchand, Baillet-Latour, Van Effra, who were then young writers. This at day he augmented by other journals, which sometimes merit perusal in the history of modern literature.

Our early English journals notice only a few publications, with but little interest. Of them, the "*Biographes de Littérature*" and the "*Proterius*" of the *Republic of Letters*, are the best. *The Monthly Review*, the venerable mother of our journals, commenced in 1749.

It is impossible to form a literary journal in a manner such as might be wished; it must be the work of many of different tempers and talents. No individual, however versatile and extensive his genius, would soon be exhausted. Such a regular labour occasioned Bavia a dangerous illness, and May fell a victim to his review. A prospect always extending, as we proceed, the frequent novelty of the matter, the pride of outstripping one's self in the art of literature, and the journalist at the commencement of his career, but the literary world has become exhausted, and to supply his craving pages he gives copious extracts, till the journal becomes tedious, or loses its variety. Able Giano was frequently diverted from continuing his journal, and Fontaine remarks, that this occupation was too destructive for a mind as extensive as his. The Abbé could not resist the charms of reading in a new work, and granting any sudden curiosity which moved him. This interrupted perpetually the regularity which the public expects from a journal.

To describe the character of a perfect journalist, would be only an ideal portrait. There are however some acquisitions which are indispensable. He must be tolerably acquainted with the subjects he writes on, no common acquirement! He must possess the history of his own time; a science which Fontaine observes is almost distinct from any other. It is the result of an active curiosity, which leads us to take a ready interest in the tales and parables of the age, while it warns the journalist from some ridiculous blunders. We often see the word of a reviewer half a century remote from the work reviewed. A fine feeling of the various manners of writers, with a style, adapted to the attention of the industrious, and he who the untractable, should be his study. But Candour is the brightest gem of criticism. He ought not to throw everything into the crucible, nor should he suffer the whole to pass as if he trembled to touch it. Lampoons, and cautions, in time will lose their effect, as well as panegyrics. He must learn to resist the seductions of his own pen, the pretensions of composing a treatise on the subject, rather than on the book he criticises, proud of boasting that he gives in a dozen pages, what the author himself has not been able to perform in his volumes. Should he give confidence by a popular delusion and by unworthy conduct, he may chance to be mortified by the pardon or the chastisement of sensible genius. The most noble criticism is that, in which the critic is not the antagonist as much as the rival of the author.

RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Our ancient chamber had a very narrow escape from total annihilation. Many, we know, have perished; many we possess are but fragments, and chance, blind artist of the works of genius, has given us some out of the highest value, which, however, have proved very useful, serving as a test to show the pedantry of those who adore antiquity not from true feeling, but from traditional prejudice.

One reason, writes the learned compiler of *L'Esprit des Français*, why we have lost a great number of ancient authors, was the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, which deprived Europe of the use of the papyrus. The ignorance of that age could find no substitute; they knew no other expedient but writing on parchment, which became every day more scarce and costly. Ignorance and barbarism unfortunately missed on Roman manuscripts, and indiscreetly defaced pages once imagined to have been immortal. The most elegant compositions of classic Rome were converted into the palms of a library, or the prayers of a monk. Livy and Tacitus "hide their diminished heads" to preserve the legend of a saint, and immortal truths were converted into cloudy fictions. It happened that the most voluminous authors were the greatest sufferers; these were preferred, because their volume being the greatest, it most probably repaid their destroying industry, and furnished ample scope for future transcription. A Livy or a Diodorus was preferred to the smaller works of Cicero or Horace, and it is to this circumstance that Juvenal, Persius, and Martial have come down to us entire, rather probably than to those poems perishing in their obscurity, as some have accused them. Not long ago at Rome, a part of a book of Livy was found, between the lines of a parchment but half effaced, on which they had substituted a book of the Bible, and the recent discovery of Cicero's *Epistulae* shows the fate of ancient manuscripts.

That, however, the monks had not in high veneration the *profane* authors, appears by a facetious anecdote. To read the classics was considered as a very idle recreation, and some held them in great horror. To distinguish them from other books, they invented, disgraceful age, when a monk asked for a pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog, which feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—because, said they, an *idolater* is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *aversion* for those dogs, Virgil or Horace!

There have been ages when for the possession of a manuscript, some would transfer an estate, or have to pawn for its loan hundreds of golden crowns, and when even the sale or loan of a manuscript was considered of such importance as to have been criminally regulated by public acts. Absolutus as was Louis XI he could not obtain the MS. of Ronsard on Assalon written, to make a copy, from the library of the faculty of Paris, without paying a hundred golden crowns; and the

president of his treasury, charged with this commission, sold part of his plate to make the deposit. For the loan of a volume of Avicenna, a baron offered a pledge of ten marks of silver, which was refused because it was not considered equal to the risk incurred of losing a volume of Avicenna! These events occurred in 1471. One cannot but smile at an anterior period, when a countess of Angers bought a favourite book of homilies, for two hundred sheep, more skins of martens, and bushels of wheat and rye.

In those times, manuscripts were important articles of commerce, they were excessively scarce, and preserved with the utmost care. Unworse themselves considered them as precious objects for power. A student of Paris, who was seduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving to pawns a manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian, who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero.

At the restoration of letters, the remarks of literary men were chiefly directed to this point; every part of Europe and Greece was ransacked, and the glorious end considered, there was something sublime in this humble industry, which often produced a lost author of antiquity, and gave out more classic to the world. This occupation was carried on with enthusiasm, and a kind of mania possessed many who exhausted their fortunes in distant voyages and profuse prices. In reading the correspondence of the learned Italians of those times, much of which has descended to us, their adventures of manuscript-hunting are very amusing, and their raptures, their congratulations, or at times their complaints, and even their complaints, are all remarkable and expressive. The acquisition of a province would not have given so much satisfaction as the discovery of an author little known, or not known at all. "Oh, great gain! Oh, unexpected felicity! I interest you, my Poggio, send me the manuscript as soon as possible, that I may see it before I die!" exclaims Arctino, in a letter overflowing with enthusiasm, on Poggio's discovery of a copy of Quæstiones. Some of the half-witted, who joined in this great hunt, were often thrown out, and some paid high for manuscripts not authentic, the latter played on the longing anxiety of manuscriptists, whose credulity was greater than his power. But even among the learned, much ill blood was infused; he who had been most successful in acquiring manuscripts was envied by the less fortunate, and the glory of possessing a manuscript of Cicero seemed to approximate to that of being its author. It is curious to observe that in their vast importations into Italy of manuscripts from Asia, John Auripus, who brought many hundreds of Greek manuscripts, boasts that he had chosen more profane than sacred writers, which circumstance he tells us was owing to the Greeks, who would not so easily part with theological works, but they did not highly value profane writers!

These manuscripts were discovered in the obscure recesses of monasteries; they were not always treasured in libraries, but rotting in oblivion in dark unfrequented corners with rubbish. It required no less ingenuity to find out places where to examine, than to understand the value of the acquisition, when obtained. An universal

ignorance then prevailed in the knowledge of ancient writers. A scholar of those times gave the first rank among the Latin writers to one Valerius, whether he meant Martial or Maximus is uncertain; he placed Plato and Tully among the poets, and imagined that Ennius and Statius were cotemporaries. A library of six hundred volumes was then considered as an extraordinary collection.

Among those whose lives were devoted to this purpose, Poggio the Florentine stands distinguished; but he complains that his zeal was not assisted by the great. He found under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer, in a tower belonging to the monastery of St. Gallo, the work of Quintilian. He is indignant at its forlorn situation; at least, he cries, it should have been preserved in the library of the monks; but I found it in *terribilem quendam et obscuro carcere*—and to his great joy drew it out of its grave! The monks have been complimented as the preservers of literature, but by facts like the present, their real affection may be doubted.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was likewise discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

The original manuscript of Justinian's code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria; that vast code of laws had been in a manner unknown from the time of that emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

It sometimes happened that manuscripts were discovered in the last agonies of existence. Papius Masson found, in the house of a bookbinder of Lyons, the works of Agobart; the mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books. A page of the second decade of Livy it is said was found by a man of letters in the parchment of his battledore, while he was amusing himself in the country. He hastened to the maker of the battledore—but arrived too late! The man had finished the last page of Livy—about a week before!

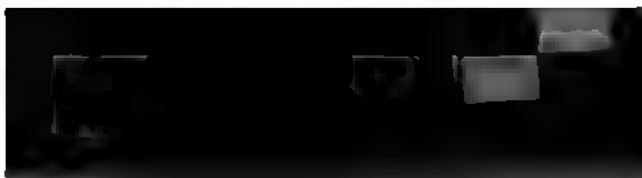
Many works have undoubtedly perished in this manuscript state. By a petition of Dr. Dee to Queen Mary, in the Cotton library, it appears that Cicero's treatise *de Republica* was once extant in this country. Huet observes that Petronius was probably entire in the days of John of Salisbury, who quotes fragments, not now to be found in the remains of the Roman bard. Raimond Soranzo, a lawyer in the papal court, possessed two books of Cicero on *Glory*, which he presented to Petrarch, who lent them to a poor aged man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme want, the old man pawned them, and returning home died suddenly without having revealed where he had left them. They have never been recovered. Petrarch speaks of them with ecstasy, and tells us that he

had studied them perpetually: Two centuries afterwards this treatise on *Glory* by Cicero was mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a monastery of nuns, but when inquired after was missing; it was supposed that Petrus Alcyonius, physician to that household, purloined it, and after transcribing as much of it as he could into his own writings, had destroyed the original. Alcyonius, in his book *de Exilio*, the critics observed, had many splendid passages which stood isolated in his work, and were quite above his genius. The beggar, or in this case the thief, was detected by mending his rags with patches of purple and gold.

In this age of manuscript, there is reason to believe, that when a man of letters accidentally obtained an unknown work, he did not make the fairest use of it, and cautiously concealed it from his contemporaries. Leonard Aretino, a distinguished scholar at the dawn of modern literature, having found a Greek manuscript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*, translated it into Latin, and published the work, but concealing the author's name, it passed as his own, till another manuscript of the same work being dug out of its grave, the fraud of Aretino was apparent. Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, has printed among his works a treatise, which, it is said, he obtained by having perceived one of his domestics bringing in a fish rolled in a leaf of written paper, which his curiosity led him to examine. He was sufficiently interested to run out and search the fish market, till he found the manuscript out of which it had been torn. He published it under the title *de Officio Episcopi*. Machiavelli acted more adroitly in a similar case; a manuscript of the Apophthegms of the ancients by Plutarch having fallen into his hands, he selected those which pleased him the best, and put them into the mouth of his hero Castruccio Castracani.

In more recent times, we might collect many curious anecdotes concerning manuscripts. Sir Robert Cotton one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for measures—an original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost! This anecdote is told by Colomies, who long resided, and died in this country. An original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cottonian library; it exhibits marks of dilapidation, but whether from the invisible scythe of time, or the humble scissors of the tailor, I leave to archæological inquiry.

Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters; he left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and underlined by his own hand. These curious manuscripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests the steward sold to the grocers. It was then that a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved formed eighty thick folios. Among these original letters are found great numbers written by almost all the crowned heads in



SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

9

Stamps, with instructions for ambassadors, and many other state-papers.

Recently a valuable secret history by Sir George Mackenzie, the king's advocate in Scotland, has been rescued from a mass of waste paper sold to a grocer, who had the good sense to discriminate it, and communicated this curious memorial to Dr. McCrellish; the original, in the handwriting of its author, has been deposited in the advocates' library. There is an Italian, which contained the history of six years. This work excited inquiry after the rest of the MSS., which were found to be nothing more than the scrippings of an attorney's office.

Montaigne's Journal of his Travels into Italy have been but recently published. A prebendary of Fougères, travelling through this province to make researches relative to its history, arrived at the ancient chateau of Montaigne, in possession of a descendant of this great man. He inquired for the archives, if there had been any. He was shown an old worn-out chest, which had long held papers untouched by the incursions of generations of Montaigne. The prebendary, with philosophical intrepidity, sifted himself in clouds of dust, and at length drew out the original manuscript of the travels of Montaigne. Two-thirds of the work are in the handwriting of Montaigne, and the rest is written by a servant, who served as his secretary, and who always speaks of his master in the third person. But he must have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expressions and the opinions are all Montaigne's. The bad writing and orthography made it almost unsalutary. It proves also, says the editor, how true is Montaigne's observation, that he was very negligent in the correction of his works.

Our ancestors were great hoards of manuscripts. Dr. Dee's singular MSS. were found in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered, and that vast collection of state-papers of Thurloe's, the secretary of Cromwell, which formed about seventy volumes in the original manuscripts, accidentally fell out of the fire-crib of some chamber in Lincoln's-Inn.

A considerable portion of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters I discovered in the hands of an attorney. There are now many valuable manuscripts in the family papers of the descendants of celebrated persons, but posthumous publications of this kind are usually made from the most arid motives: disinterested, and taste, would only be detrimental to the views of bulky publishers.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

It may perhaps be some satisfaction to show the young writer, that the most celebrated authors have been as rudely subjected to the tyranny of criticism as the moderns. Detraction has ever poured the "waters of bitterness."

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from anterior poets whatever was most remarkable in the Iliad and Odyssey. Naucratis even points out the source in the library at Memphis in a temple of Vulcan, which according to him the blind bard completely pillaged. Undoubtedly

there were good poets before Homer; how absurd to conceive that a finished and elaborate poem could be the first! We have indeed accounts of anterior poets, and apparently of epic, before Homer; these names have come down to us. Elean notices Synagrus, who composed a poem on the Siege of Troy, and Suidas the poem of Corinna, from which it is said Homer greatly borrowed. Why did Plato so severely condemn the great bard, and imitate him?

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic, and some, who censured the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar, the rough verses of Æschylus, and Euripides, for the conduct of his plots.

Socrates, considered as the worst and the most moral of men, Cicero treated as an usurer, and the pedant Athenæus as illiterate, the latter points out as a Socratic follie, our philosopher deserting on the nature of justice before his judges, who were so many thieves. The malignant bull-dog of Aristophanes, who, as Justin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal, treats him much worse, but though some would revive the cautions, each modern witness may have their evidence impeached in the awful court of history.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens, the philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius, and the god of philosophers, by Cicero, Athenæus accuses of envy, Theophrastus, of lying, Suidas, of arrogance, Aulus Gellius, of whiteness, Porphyry, of incontinence, and Aristophanes, of impurity.

Arrieth, whose industry composed more than four hundred volumes, has not been less spared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

It has been said, that Plato was so envious of the celebrity of Democritus, that he proposed burning all his works, but that Amicus and Clinias prevented it, by representing that there were copies of them everywhere, and Aristotle was agitated by the same passion against all the philosophers his predecessors!

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Catullus, and Seneca. Calligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennius has marked his faults, and Petrus Pontianus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his apology has confessed, that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties, from Apollonius Rhodius, many of his pathetic passages, from Nicander, hints for his Georgics, and this does not terminate the catalogue.

Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for the free use he made of the Greek minor poets.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's Natural History only as a heap of fables; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius, who indeed seems to have composed little more than an elegant romance.

Pliny cannot bear with Diodorus and Vopiscus; and in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his attention to

the Gauls, Diem, for his hatred of the republic. Veltrius Petreus, for speaking too loudly of the vices of Tiberius, and Novellus and Phlegon, for their excessive partiality to their own country, while the latter has written an entire treatise on the malignity of Menestheus. Xenophon and Quintus Curtius have been considered rather as narrators than historians, and Tacitus has been censured for his audacity in pretending to discover the political springs and secret causes of events. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has made an elaborate attack on Thucydides for the unskilful choice of his subject and his manner of treating it. Dionysius would have nothing written but what tended to the glory of his country and the pleasure of the reader, as if history were a novel! While he also shows that there was a personal motive in this attack. The same Dionysius severely criticises the style of Xenophon, who, he says, whenever he attempts to describe his style, shows he is incapable of supporting it. Polybius has been blamed for his frequent introduction of moral reflections, which interrupt the thread of his narrative, and fallust has been blamed by Cato for indulging his own private passions, and studiously concealing many of the glorious actions of Cato. The Jewish historian Josephus is accused of not having designed his history for his own people as much as for the Greeks and Romans, whom he takes the ground care never to offend. Josephus assumes a Roman name, Flavius, and considering his nation as entirely subjugated, he only cares his story to make them appear venerable and dignified to their conquerors, and for this purpose, alters what he himself calls the *body books*. It is well known how widely he differs from the scriptural accounts. Some have said of Cato, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figures, no blood and nerves, in what he admires so warmly extol. Cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, tending to his strained maturity, and tremulous in his digressions. This is saying a good deal about Cato.

Quintilian does not spare Demosthenes, and Demosthenes, called by Cato the prince of orators, has, according to Quintilian, more of art than of nature. To Livy, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry, and, if we may trust Suetonius, his language is by no means pure.

The *Annals* of Lucius Cotta, and the *Disquisitiones* of Athenodorus, while they have been extolled by one party, have been degraded by another. They have been considered as both too of rage and remembrance, their digression has not been accompanied by judgment, and their taste inclined more to the invective than to the useful. Cotta, indeed, are liable to a hard fate, for little distinction is made in their ranks; a deplorable mistake, in which almost Burton seems to have been placed, for he says of his work, that some will cry out, "This is a thought of more industry, a reflection without wit or invention, a very toy! No men are valued! their labours ridiculed by fellows of no worth themselves, as things of thought, who could not have done as much! Some understand too little, and some too much."

Should we proceed with this list to our own country, and to our own times, it might be curiously augmented, and show the world what men the critics are! but, perhaps, enough has been said to mortify unlettered persons, and to chastise fastidious criticism. "I would beg the critics to remember," the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his preface to Horace's *Art of Poetry*, "that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varro, that Pindarus and Pallas are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenui, and those who were the most admired were the best natured."

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

Those who have laboured most ardently to instruct mankind have been those who have suffered most from ignorance, and the discoveries of new arts and sciences have hardly ever led to one them accepted by the world. With a noble perception of his own genius, Lord Bacon, in his prophetic will, thus expresses himself: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next age." Before the times of Galileo and Harvey the world believed in the magnation of the blood, and the eternal immovability of the earth, and for leaving them the one was persecuted and the other ridiculed.

The intelligence and the virtue of Servetus were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Horatius, persecuted by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men. The great geometrician and chymist, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were shut out as magicians. Pope Urban, as Bishop Otto gravely relates, obtained the pontificate by having given himself up entirely to the devil; others suspected him too of holding an intercourse with devils, but this was indeed a devilish age!

Virgilius, Bishop of Salisbury, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames, and the Abbot Trithemius, who was head of improving stenography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries, and Frederick II., Bishop of Palatinate, ordered Trithemius's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to declare anathema, the truth of which must have been to him abundantly manifest. "Are there then my judges?" he exclaimed in retiring from the inquisition, whose ignorance astonished him. He was imprisoned, and visited by his wife, who told him he was then poor and old. The confidence of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, pursued the man of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as in his judgment were not fit to be known to the world!



POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

11

Christi Boudé, in his apology for those great men who have been accused of magic, has recorded a melancholy number of the most eminent scholars, who have found, that to have been successful in their studies was a success which haunted them with continued persecution, a prison, or a grave!

Cicero Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every schoolboy can perform; but more particularly having attacked the then prevailing opinion, that St. Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not infrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach. He died in an hospital.

In those times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favourite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a demon. When Urban Grandier, another victim to the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Balaam signified in Hebrew the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Mr De Langlar, a French swain, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of diabolical communication. Julius the Fifth, Marshal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cesar Borgia, his son Alexander VI. and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturalist, and he who happened to know something of the arcane of nature was immediately suspected of magic. Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant, for when Albert, usually called the Great, an epithet he owed to his name *De Groet*, constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with his staff, and, to the mortification of Albert, annihilated the curious labour of thirty years!

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honour, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priests, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. This was, as Abbe Bouchier says, having a most exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. An anti-poetic Dominican was notorious for persecuting all verse-makers, whose power he attributed to the effects of *herry* and magic. The lights of philosophy have dispersed all these accusations of magic, and have shown a dreadful chain of perjury and conspiracy.

Duns Scotus was horribly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a bigot of great influence at Utrecht, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an omniscient, might be observed by the seven provinces. Mr.

Hallam has observed, that "the ordeal of fire was the great purifier of books and men." This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century.

"If the metaphysician stood a chance of being burnt as a heretic, the natural philosopher was not in his jeopardy as a magician," is an observation of the same writer, which sums up the whole.

POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

Poverty has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: others find a hundred by-roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Were we to erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens, it might be inscribed, a Hospital for Incubation! When even Fame will not protect the man of genius from Famine, Charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a just tribute we pay to his person to Genius itself. Even in these enlightened times such have lived in obscurity while their reputation was widely spread, and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the bookshelves.

Of the heroes of modern literature the accounts are so copious as they are melancholy.

Xylander said his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread. Cambray, the military pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon. This fact has been accidentally preserved in an entry in a copy of the first edition of the *Lunatic*, in the possession of Lord Holland, in a note written by a friend, who must have been a witness of the dying scene of the poet, and probably received the volume which now preserves the sad memorial, and which recalled it to his mind, from the hands of the unhappy poet.—"What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital in Lisbon, without having a sheet or shroud, and *seems* to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and suited *span* leagues! What good advice for those who weary themselves night and day in study without profit! Cambray, when some *daigo* complained that he had not performed his promise in writing some verses for him, replied, "When I wrote verses I was young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and beloved by many friends and by the ladies; then I fell poetical labour; now I have no spirit, no peace of mind. See there my *Jeannot* who asks me for two pieces to purchase *gring*, and I have them not to give him." The Portuguese, after his death, bestowed on the man of genius they had starved, the appellation of Great! Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, died in great poverty, and died at seventy years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma,

that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty manner, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—" *Non accende candela per uxoribus: non uxor!*" having no candle to see to write his verses!

When the library of Alphonsus enabled Antonio to build a small house, it seems that it was but ill furnished. When told that such a building was not for one who had read so many fine poems in his writings, he answered, that the structure of words and that of *ideas* was not the same thing. "*Ch' parlo io povero, e parlo io povero, non s'è modesto*." At Ferrara this house is still known. "*Parvo and apto*" he calls it, but avails that it was paid with his own money. This was in a moment of grand-humour, which he did not always enjoy, for in his letters he bitterly complains of the bondage of dependence and poverty. Little thought the poet the commons could order this small house to be purchased with their own funds, that it might be dedicated to his immortal memory!

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, long-lived, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty, and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. The learned Pomponius Lettus lived in such a state of poverty, that his friend Platina, who wrote the lives of the popes, and also a book of emblems, introduces him into the culinary book by a facetious observation, that if Pomponius Lettus should be robbed of a couple of eggs, he would not have wherewithal to purchase two other eggs. The history of Aldrovandus is noble and pathetic; having expended a large fortune in forming his collection of natural history, and employing the best artists in Europe, he was suffered to die in the hospital of that city to whom fame he had generously contributed.

De Rivey, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with poverty, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his verses for one hundred and the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty only. What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of his reception by a poor and ingenious author on a visit he paid to De Rivey! "On a beau dimanche day we went to him, at some distance from town. We received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous prospects, and showed us several of his works. But what more interested us was, that though dreading to show us his poverty, he contrived to give us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak, the tablecloth was spread on the grass, his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gaiety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him as it were by fortune, and to have nothing but but literary honour!"

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted thirty years to his translation of Quinctius Curtius, a circumstance which modern translators can have no conception of, died possessed of nothing valuable but his papers

manuscripts. This ingenious scholar lost his corpse to the surgeons, for the benefit of his creditors!

Louis the Fourteenth honoured Racine and Boissieu with a private monthly audience. One day, the king asked what there was new in the literary world? Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little breath! The king perceived a profound silence; and sent the dying poet a sum of money. Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold *Trojan* ten thousand verses, so may he seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our first James, had spent his life in travel and study to form his *Relation of the World*, when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

The Marquis de Worcester, in a petition to parliament, in the reign of Charles II., offered to publish the boundless processes and machinations, enumerated on his very curious "*Centenary of Invention*," on condition that money should be granted to extricate him from the difficulties in which he had involved himself, by the prosecution of useful discoveries. The petition does not appear to have been attended to! Many of these admirable inventions were lost. The steam engine and the telegraph may be traced among them.

It appears by the Marquis's name, that Smithworth, the author of "*History of Civilisation*," passed the last years of his life in jail, where indeed he died. After the Restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward the thanks of his majesty.

Lastly, the collector of the *Pardons*, must have been sadly reduced, by the following letter, I found addressed by Peter le Neve, Mayor, to the Earl of Oxford.

"I am distressed by Mr. Rymer, historiographer, to say before your lordship the circumstances of his affairs. He was forced some years back to part with all his choice printed books to sustain himself, and now, he says, he must be forced, by necessity, to sell all his collections to the last bidder, without your lordship will be pleased to buy them for the queen's library. They are fifty volumes, in folio, of public affairs, which he hath collected, but not printed. The price he asks is five hundred pounds."

Simon Dabry, a learned student in Oriental literature, addresses a letter to the same earl, in which he points his distress in glowing colours. After having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, he had the mortification of dating the preface to his great work from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and, with an air of triumph, sets a martyr's enthusiasm in the cause for which he perishes.

He published his first volume of the *History of the Saracens* in 1700, and shortly pursuing his Oriental studies, published his second volume ten years afterwards, without any patronage. Alluding to the encouragement he wants, he says, "in youth, to remove the obstacles to such studies, he

observes, that "young men will hardly come in on the prospect of finding leisure, in a prison, to transcribe those papers for the press, which they have collected with indefatigable labour, and often-times at the expense of the best rest, and all the other conveniences of life, for the service of the public. No, though I were to assure them from my own experience, that *I have enjoyed more true liberty, more happy leisure, and more solid repose, in six months prison, than in three the same number of years before. And is the condition of that historian who undertakes to write the lives of others, before he knows how to live himself?* Not that I speak thus as if I thought I had any just cause to be angry with the world—I did always in my judgment give the possession of *studium* the preference to that of riches!"

Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. "Lord Burleigh," says Granger, "who it is said prevented the queen giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person." Mr Malone attempts to show that Spenser had a small pension, but the poet's querulous verses must not be forgotten—

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide."

To lose good days—to waste long nights—and as he feelingly exclaims,

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone!"

How affecting is the death of Sydenham, who had devoted his life to a laborious version of Plato! He died in a spunging house, and it was his death which appears to have given rise to the "Literary Fund" for the relief of distressed authors.

Who shall pursue important labours when they read these anecdotes? Dr Edmund Castle spent a great part of his life in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than 12,000*l* and broke his constitution and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained unsold on his hands. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labour in his preface

"As for myself, I have been incessantly occupied for such a number of years in this man," *Molendinus* he calls them, "that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday in which I have not laboured so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these enlarging lexicons and Polyglot Bibles."

Le Sage resided in a little cottage while he supplied the world with their most agreeable novels, and appears to have derived the sources of his existence in his old age from the liberal exertions of an excellent son, who was an actor of some genius. I wish, however, that every man of letters could apply to himself the epitaph of this delightful writer

Sous ce tombeau gît LE SAGE abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune,
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu.

Many years after this article had been written, I published "Calamities of Authors," confining myself to those of our own country, the catalogue is very incomplete, but far too numerous.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

IMPRISONMENT has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison Bracton composed his work on the *Consolations of Philosophy*, and Grotius wrote his *Commentary on Saint Matthew*, with other works the details of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent *Paraphrases of the Psalms of David*.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt; the name of the place, though not that of the author, has thus been preserved, and another work "*Peta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowledge the Bodies of Metals, &c.*" by Sir John Pettus, 1681, who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in the prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, King of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmby, wrote the *Eikon Basilike, The Royal Image*, addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of discerning it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement; and it is said Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished *History of the World*, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruit of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Bacon, who also wrote "*Apophorems*" for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst civil and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most retired and sedentary lives, and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work, as his *History of the World*." He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the *Howards* was sketched, and

the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastille; and "The Alchemist's Program" of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation.

Howel, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet-prison; he employed his fertile pen for subsistence; and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's Bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Persian Chronicle, which were first published by Probus. He was the learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to as an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

The learned Bidden, committed to prison for his attacks on the divine right of bishops and the King's prerogative, pursued during his confinement his "History of Edder," enriched by his notes.

Cardinal Polignac formed the design of refuting the arguments of the sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two cables at length fortunately gave him the leisure; and the Anti-Lucernus at the foot of the court diagram of its author.

Perret, when imprisoned in the Bastille, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Dr William Dawkins finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbrook Castle.

Dr Fox when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed carved in the model of the celebrated papers of Stank. There he also composed his Jure Divino.

Wicquefort's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar of the name of Magg. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defruded Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions. *De Thermopoli*, on Brils, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the credit of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

As soon as the Jews it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be relaxed by some relaxation, however trifling. When Po-

teron was employed in his *Sophists' Philosophy*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was at the end of every second hour, to read his chess for five minutes. After protracted studies Socrates would mix with the family party where he lodged, and give in the most trivial conversations, or extend his mind by writing epigrams to fight each other; he observed their combats with as much interest, that he was often moved with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour drenched the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on "The Tranquillity of the Soul," and the mind must subside itself by certain amusements. Seneca did not think to play with children, Cato, over his bottle, found as alleviation from the fatigues of government, a circumstance, Seneca says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters postponed out their day between repose and labour. Annus Fulin would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour, after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened, that his hours of recreation might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the minute, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe devoted himself with painting glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments, as amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

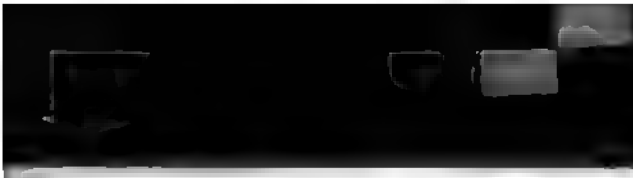
D'Audilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating wren, Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours was a fowler; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits, Perret found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities, the Abbe de Marolles with his prints, and Politian in singing ears to his late. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning, occupied by the system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, a learned German, recreated his mind, after severe studies, with a collection of prints of eminent persons, methodically arranged, he retained this ardour of the *Gnomon* to his last days.

Rohank wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanic labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studies of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a moral relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known in the circle of his friends, there was festive hospitality with thimble delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character," observes Mr. France Heare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing



PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

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translation on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudius's death. Florio Valeriano has written an eulogium on boards, and we have had a burlesque one recently, with due gravity and pleasantness, entitled "Eloge de Parquet."

Roberts has written an eulogium on the North Wind; Melville, on "the Am;" Menage, "the Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Farm;" and also the "Petition of the Dictator."

Seneca composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or *Poly*; which, authorized by the pen, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Calligra, who would assume himself like Erasmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a panegyric on *Elvety*. He says, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Erasmus was a French one. Synesius composed a Greek panegyric on *Soldados*. These burlesques were brought into great vogue by Erasmus's *Moria Encomium*.

It seems, Johnson observes in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, to have been in all ages the pride of wit to show how it could crush the low and simplify the little. To this ambition perhaps was written the *Frog of Homer*; the *Gnat and the Bee* of Virgil; the *Butterfly of Spenser*; the *Shadow of Worcester*, and the *Quince of Browne*.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him, and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal had surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he used to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs. Once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, "Now we must dissent, for a fool is coming in!"

What ridiculous amusements passed between John Swift and his friends, in Ireland, some of his prodigal editions have revealed to the public. He seems to have outlived the relish of fame, when he could level his mind to such perpetual trifles.

An eminent French lawyer, consumed by his business to a Persian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Cosmopolitan men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself passed with a rod and line in his hand, a strange characteristic for the author of "Natural Theology." Sir Henry Wotton called angling "his time not idly spent." we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

The amusements of the great Degenerates, chess,

collar of France, consisted in an interchange of studies his relaxations were all the varieties of literature. "Le changement de l'étude est mon seul détachement," said this great man; and Thomas observed, "that in the age of the passion, his only passion was study."

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exertion, that these are a folly, an indolence to see a man of letters exert in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly, when they exclaimed,

Petch me Ben Jonson's skull, and fill it with sack,
Such as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly wasters pledged, and did agree
It was no sin to be as drunk as he!

Seneca concludes admirably, "whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind, exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise, give therefore all your care to a possession which exchequer even in its old age!"

An ingenious writer has observed, that "a garden just accommodates itself to the preambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended." There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise in Pope's letters. "I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is but a cage of three feet, my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while." A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripe thought, and rouse up fresh associations, when the mind like the body becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved "books and a garden."

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

With the ancients, it was undoubtedly a custom to place the portraits of authors before their works. Martial's fifth epigram of his fourteenth book is a mere play on words concerning a little volume containing the works of Virgil, and which had his portrait prefixed to it. The volume and the characters must have been very diminutive.

"Quem brevis latissimum caput membrana Martialis"

Ipsius Pictus primo tabella gerit

Martial is not the only writer who takes notice of the ancient prefixing portraits to the works of authors. Seneca, in his ninth chapter on the Tranquillity of the Soul, complains of many of the luxurious great, who, like so many of our own collectors, possessed libraries as they did their

statue and engravings. "It is instructive to observe how the portraits of men of genius, and the works of their divine intelligence, are used only as the luxury and the ornaments of wealth."

Pliny has nearly the same observation. *Libri caput* is his remark, that the custom was rather modern in his time, and attributes to Augustus Pallas the honour of having introduced it into Rome. "In consecrating a library with the portraits of our illustrious authors, he has formed, if I may so express myself, a republic of the intellectual powers of men." To the richness of book treasures, Augustus Pallas had associated a new source of pleasure, in placing the statues of their authors amidst them, inspiring the minds of the spectators even by their eyes.

A taste for collecting portraits, as busts, was warmly pursued in the happier periods of Rome, for the celebrated Atticus, in a work he published of illustrious Romans, made it more delightful, by ornamenting it with the portraits of those great men, and the learned Varro, in his biography of seven hundred celebrated men, by giving the world their true features and their physiognomy in every manner, *aliquos modo magnos*, is Pliny's expression, showed that even those persons should not entirely be assimilated, they indeed, adds Pliny, form a spectacle which the gods themselves might contemplate, but if the gods were thus hurries to the earth, it is Varro who secured their immortality and has so multiplied and distributed them in all places, that we may carry them about us, place them wherever we choose, and fix our eyes on them with perpetual admiration. A spectacle that every day becomes more varied and interesting, as new names appear, and as works of this kind are spread abroad.

But as printing was unknown to the ancients (though stamping an impression was daily practiced, and in fact they possessed the art of printing without being aware of it, how were three portraits of Varro in each propagated? If copied with a pen, their correctness was in some degree, and their diffusion must have been very confined, and how perhaps they were obtained. The passage of Pliny evinces curiously, which it may be difficult to catch.

Amongst the various advantages which attend a collection of the portraits of illustrious characters, Ovid observes, that they not only serve as matters of entertainment and curiosity and preserve the different modes or habits of the customs of the time, but become of infinite importance by setting out floating ideas upon the true features of famous persons: they fix the chronological particulars of their birth, age, death, sometimes with their characters of them, besides the names of painter, designer, and engraver. It is thus a single print, by the hand of a skilful artist, may become a varied banquet. To this Granger adds, that in a collection of engraved portraits, the contents of many galleries are reduced into the narrow compass of a few volumes, and the portraits of eminent persons who distinguished themselves in a long succession of ages, may be turned over in a few hours.

"Another advantage," Granger continues, "attending such an assemblage is, that the methodical arrangement has a surprising effect upon the

memory. We see the celebrated contemporaries of every age almost at one view, and the mind is irresistibly led to the history of that period. I may add to these an important circumstance, which is, the power that such a collection will have in *swallowing genius*. A skilful preceptor will presently perceive the true bent of the temper of his pupil, by his being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton."

A circumstance in the life of Cicerero confirms this observation. Atticus had a gallery adorned with the images or portraits of the great men of Rome, under each of which, Cicerero Hepus says, he had severally described their principal acts and honours in a few concise verses of his own composition. It was by the contemplation of two of these portraits, Old Brutus and a venerable relative in one picture that Cicerero seems to have imbibed Brutus, by the example of these his great ancestors, to diminish the tyranny of Caesar. Pausanias made a collection of engraved portraits of warriors. A story much in favour of portrait-collectors is that of the Athenian courtesan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally catching her eye on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat, the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room and retired for ever from the scene of debauchery. The Ciceronians have left the same charm in their pictured ornaments, for the imperial Abbot says Mr. Porbus, on his Oriental Memoirs, "employed artists to make portraits of all the principal consuls and officers in his court: they were bound together in a thick volume wherein as the Avern Abbot of the Institute of Abbot expresses it, 'The Poets are kept in lively remembrance, and the Princes are instructed immortally'."

Leonard Arden, when young and in prison, found a portrait of Petrarch, on which his eyes were perpetually fixed, and this act of contemplation inflamed the desire of imitating this great man. Before long the portrait of Newton became his writing table.

On this subject how admirably Tacitus expresses himself at the close of his admired biography of Agricola! "I do not mean to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men: but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is involved of four elements, its united form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unerring accuracy, our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsists, and ever will exist, preserved in the minds of men, the registers of ages and the records of time."

What is more agreeable to the curiosity of the mind and the eye than the portraits of great characters? An old philosopher whom Marcella invited to see a collection of landscapes by a celebrated artist replied, "landscapes I prefer seeing in the country itself, but I am fond of contemplating the pictures of illustrious men. This opinion has some truth. Lord Orford preferred an interesting portrait to either landscape or historical painting. "A landscape," said he, "however ex-



DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

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colours in its distribution of wood, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the machinery, historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways, in the costume, the grouping, the portraits, and is nothing more than fabulous painting, but a real portrait is truth itself, and calls up as many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species."

Marville justly reprehends the fastidious feelings of those ignorant men who have visited the collections of the artist, so as for their portraits. In them it is common to see much pride as it is vanity in those who are less difficult in this respect. Of Gray, Remond, Faidon, and Alexandre, we have no heads for which they are; a circumstance regretted by their admirers, and by physiognomists.

To an arranged collection of portraits, we owe several interesting works. Granger's justly admired volume organized in such a collection. Parvillat's *Essai* of "the illustrious men of the seventeenth century" were drawn up to accompany the engraved portraits of the most celebrated characters of the age, which a fervent lover of the fine arts and literature had had engraved as an elegant tribute to the fame of those great men. They are confined to his notice, as Granger's is pure. The parent of the race of books may perhaps be the *Biographies* of Paulin Jovius, which originated in a beautiful Cabinet, whose situation he has described with all its accuracy.

Paulin Jovius had a country house, in an insular situation of a most romantic aspect. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Phœbe, and in his time the foundations were still to be traced. When the surrounding lake was calm, in its bosom were still visible sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan. Jovius was an enthusiast of literary leisure, an historian, with the imagination of a poet; a Christian prelate nourished on the sweet fiction of pagan mythology. His pen colours like a pencil. He painted rapturously his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake, the shade and freshness of his woods, his green hills, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence, and the calm of solitude. He described a statue raised in his gardens to NATURA, on his hall an Apollo presided with his lyre, and the Muses with their attributes, his library was guarded by Mercury, and an apartment devoted to the three Graces was embellished by Doric columns, and paintings of the most pleasing kind. Such was the interior! Without, the pure and transparent lake spread its broad mirror, rolled its voluminous windings, while the banks were richly covered with oaks and laurels, and in the distance, towers, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatrical blinding with vines, and the elevations of the Alps covered with woods and pasture and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

In the centre of this enchanting habitation stood the Cabinet, where Paulin Jovius had collected, at great cost, the portraits of celebrated men of the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries. The daily view of them animated his mind to compose their eulogiums. These are still curious, both for the facts they possess, and the happy concourse with which Jovius demonstrates a character. He had collected these portraits as others form a collection

of natural history; and he pursued in their characters what others do in their experiments.

One caution in collecting portraits must not be forgotten in respect to their authenticity. We have too many supposititious heads, and ideal personages. Count de Uffenbach, who seems to have been the first collector who projected a methodical arrangement, condemned those portraits which were not genuine, as not only for the amusement of children. The painter does not always give a correct likeness, or the engraver mimes it in his copy. The faithful Vermeer refused to engrave for Houbraeken's set, because they did not authenticate their originals, and some of these are spurious. Busts are not so liable to these accidents. It is to be regretted that men of genius have not been careful to transmit their own portraits to their admirers, it forms a part of their character, a faint decaying has interfered. Erasmus did not like to have his own diminutive person sent down to posterity, but Mothema was always affectionately painting his friend. Bayle and others have refused, but Montaigne once set to Damer, after repeated demands, won over by the ingenious argument of the artist "Do you not think," said Damer, "that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it?"

DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

The literary treasure of antiquity have suffered from the malice of men, as well as that of time. It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unquenching devastation of their rage, have not been satisfied with destroying men, but have even carried their vengeance to books.

Ancient history records how the Persians, both haired of the religion of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, destroyed their books, of which Eutychius notices they possessed a great number. A remarkable anecdote is recorded of the Grecian libraries; one at Gnidus was burnt by the sect of Hippocrates, because the Gnidians refused to follow the doctrines of their master. If the followers of Hippocrates formed the majority, was it not very unreasonable in the Gnidians to prefer taking physic their own way? The anecdote may be suspicious, but factious has often annihilated books.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and the philosophers, the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans, and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews. The greater part of the books of Origen and other heretics were continually burnt by the orthodox party. Gibbon pathetically describes the empty library of Alexandria, after the Christians had destroyed it. "The valuable library of Alexandria was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice. The compositions of ancient genius, so many of which have irretrievably perished, might merely have been deposited from the wreck of idleness, for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages; and

either the zeal or aversion of the archbishop might have been variated with the reward which was the reward of his office.

The curious narrative of Secreta Christiana of the ravages committed by the Christians of the thirteenth century in constant noise was fraudulently suppressed in the printed editions. It has been perverted by Dr Clarke. We cannot know this painful history, step by step, of the pathetic Secreta, without indignant feelings. Dr Clarke observes, that the Turks have committed fewer injuries to the works of art than the barbarous Christians of that age.

The reading of the Jewish Talmud has been forbidden by various edicts, of the Emperor Justinian, of many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt, the intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves preserved that work from annihilation. In 1560 twelve thousand copies were thrown into the flames at Cremona. John Reuchlin interfered to stop the universal destruction of Talmud, for which he became hated by the monks, and condemned by the Elector of Mainz, but appealing to Rome, the prosecution was stopped, and the traditions of the Jews were considered as not necessary to be destroyed.

Conquerors at first destroy with the roughest zeal the national records of the conquered people, hence it is that the Irish deplore the irreparable losses of their most ancient national memorials, which their invaders have been too successful in annihilating. The same event is carved in the conquest of Mexico; and the interesting history of the New World must ever remain imperfect, in consequence of the unfortunate success of the first missionaries, who too late became sensible of their error. Clavigero, the most authentic historian of Mexico, continually laments this affecting loss. Everything in that country had been painted, and painters abounded there, as scribes in Europe. The first missionaries, suspicious that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists, and collecting in the market-place, a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it, and buried in the ashes the history of many most interesting events. Afterwards, sensible of their error, they tried to collect information from the mouths of the Indians, but the Indians were indignantly silent when they attempted to collect the remains of these painted histories, the patriotic Mexican usually burned in contempt the remaining records of his country.

The story of the Caliph Omar proclaiming throughout the kingdom, at the taking of Alexandria, that the Koran contained everything which was useful to believe and to know, and he therefore ordered all the books in the Alexandrian library to be distributed to the masters of the baths, amounting to four, to be used in heat, and their stoves during a period of six months, modern paradox would attempt to deny. But the tale would not be singular even were it true: it perfectly suits the character of a bigot, a barbarian, and a blockhead. A similar event happened in Persia. When Aldeshah, who in the third century of the Mohammedan era governed Khurasan, was journeying at Nishapour with a mob, which was

shown as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Warrick and Warrick composed by the great poet Nushirwan in the Abbasidah. He cried that those of his country and faith had nothing to do with any other book than the Koran, and that the composition of an idolater must be detestable. Not only he decided, accepting it, but ordered it to be burnt in his presence, and further issued a proclamation commanding all Persians into which should be found within the circle of his government to be burnt. Much of the most ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict.

Cardinal Ximenes seems to have retaliated a little on the Saracens, for at the taking of Granada he condemned to the flames five thousand Korans.

The following anecdote respecting a Spanish mural, called St Isidore's, is not uncurious; hard fighting saved it from destruction. In the Moorish wars, all these murals had been destroyed excepting those in the city of Toledo. There in its churches the Christians were allowed the first exercise of their religion. When the Moors were expelled several centuries afterwards from Toledo, Alphonsus the sixth ordered the Roman mural to be used in those churches, but the people of Toledo insisted on having their own preferred, so being drawn up by the most ancient bishops, and revised by St Isidore. It had been used by a great number of saints, and having been preserved pure during Moorish times, it seemed to them that Alphonsus was more tyrannical than the Turks. The contest between the Roman and the Tolitian mural came to that height, that at length it was determined to decide their late by single combat; the champion of the Tolitian mural killed by one blow the knight of the Roman mural. Alphonsus still considered this battle as merely the effect of the heavy arm of the doughty Tolitian, and ordered a fast to be proclaimed, and a great bet to be proposed, into which, after his majesty and the people had joined in prayer for heavenly assistance in this ordeal, both the rival (not the men, but the mural) were thrown into the flames—again St Isidore's mural triumphed, and the iron book was then allowed to be orthodox by Alphonsus, and the good people of Toledo were allowed to do their prayers as they had long been used to do. However, the copies of this mural at length became very scarce; for now, when no one opened the reading of St Isidore's mural, none cared to use it. Cardinal Ximenes found it so difficult to obtain a copy, that he erected a large impenetrable, and built a chapel, consecrated to St Isidore, that this service might be daily chanted as it had been by the ancient Christians.

The works of the ancients were frequently destroyed at the instigation of the monks. They appear sometimes to have mutilated them, for passages have not come down to us, which once evidently existed, and occasionally their interpolations and other forgeries formed a destruction in a new shape, by addition to the original. They were indefatigable in erasing the best works of the most eminent Greek and Latin authors, in order to transcribe their voluminous heresies of saints on the obliterated vellum. One of the books of Livy in the Vatican most painfully defaced by some



DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

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plains father for the purpose of writing on it some animal or poultry, and there have been recently others discovered in the same state. Inflamed with the blindest zeal against everything pagan, Pope Gregory VII ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames. He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the holy scriptures! From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the church has been emphatically distinguished as *profane*—in opposition to *sacred*. This pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that Saint Austin should escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work "the City of God."

The Jesuits, sent by the Emperor Ferdinand to persuade Lutheranism from Bohemia, converted that flourishing kingdom comparatively into a desert, from which it never recovered, convinced that an enlightened people could never be long subjugated to a tyrant, they struck one fatal blow at the national literature: every book they considered was destroyed, even those of antiquity; the annals of the nation were forbidden to be read, and writers were not permitted even to converse on subjects of Bohemian literature. The north tongue was held out to a mark of vulgar contempt, and downy words were made for the purpose of insulting books and the libraries of the Bohemians. With these books and their language they lost their national character and their independence.

The destruction of libraries in the reign of Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries is well known by John Bale, those who purchased the rich MSS. houses took the libraries as part of the booty, with which they would their furniture, or sold the books as waste paper, or sent them abroad in they leads to foreign bookbinders.

The fear of destruction induced many to hide manuscripts under ground, and in old walls. At the Reformation popular rage exhausted itself on illuminated books, or MSS. that had red letters in the title-page: any work that was decorated was sure to be thrown into the flames as a superstitious one. Red letters and embellished figures were sure marks of heresy, papistry and diabolical. We still find such volumes mutilated of the gilt letters and elegant flourishes, but the greater number were annihilated. Many have been found under ground, being forgotten, what escaped the flames were obliterated by the damp: such is the deplorable fate of books during a persecution!

The Puritans burned everything they found which bore the vestige of popish origin. We have an record many curious accounts of their pious depredations, of their maiming images and erasing pictures. The heroic expedition of one burning was purchased by himself a spiritual Quixote, to whom intrepid arm many of our nation's saints sculptured on our cathedrals owe their misfortune.

The following are some details from the diary of this redoubtable Goth, during his rages for reformation. His entries are expressed with a laconic concision, and it would seem with a little

dry humour. "At Southey, we broke down ten mighty great images in glass. At Sarham, broke down the twelve apostles in the chancel, and six superstitious pictures more there; and eight in the church, one a lamb with a cross (a on the back) and dragged down the steps and took up four superstitious inscriptions in brass." At "Lady Bruce's house, the chapel, a picture of God the Father, of the Trinity, of Christ, the Most Ghost, and the three tongues, which we gave orders to take down, and the lady promised to do it." At another place they "broke up hundred superstitious pictures, eight Most Libels, and then, on the floor." And in this manner he and his companions scoured one hundred and fifty parishes! It has been humorously conjectured, that from this ruthless devastation originated the phylloxera to grow a Destroying Bishop Hall tried the workmen of his chapel at Norwich from destruction, by taking out the heads of the figures, and the accounts for the many faces which wondrous such we are supplied by what goes on.

In the various civil wars in reformation, numerous libraries have suffered both in MSS. and printed books. "I dare maintain," says Fuller, "that the worst between York and Lancaster, which lasted many years, were not so destructive to our modern works as ours." He alludes to the parliamentary wars in the reign of Charles I. "For during the former these differences spread in the same religion, impressing them with reverence to all sacred monuments, whilst our civil wars founded in false and variety of pretended religions, exposed all sacred church records to great in armed violence, a sad vacuum, which will be sensible to our English history."

The scarcity of books concerning the Catholics in this country is owing to two circumstances: the destruction of Catholic books and documents by the parliamentarians in the reign of Charles I., and the destruction of them by the Catholics themselves, from the dread of the heavy penalties in which their mere possession involved their owners.

When it was proposed to the great Gustavus of Sweden to destroy the palace of the Duke of Bavaria, that hero nobly refused, observing, "Let us not copy the example of our unlettered ancestors, who, by waging war against every production of genius, have rendered the name of Gotha universally proverbial of the rudest state of barbarity."

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a dissident mob, in the most polished city of Europe, the valuable MSS. of the great Earl Mansfield, which were mostly consigned to the flames during the riots of 1780.

In the year 1590, the hall of the stationers underwent in great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Warren gives a list of the best writers who were ordered for immediate confiscation by the pretious Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritan and Calvinistic lectures. Like slaves and outlaws, they were ordered to be silent whereforever they may be found—"It was also decreed that no letters or epigrams should be printed without the sanction and permission of the archbishop of Canterbury

and the bishop of London; nor any English lawyers, I suppose novels and romances, without the sanction of the privy council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicensed, or now in large and wandering sheets, were to be diligently sought, seized, and delivered over to the ecclesiastical arm at London-house."

At a later period, and by an opposite party, among other extravagant notions made in the parliament, one was to destroy all the records in the Tower, and to settle the nation on a new foundation. The very same principle was attempted to be tried on in the French revolution by the "trac sans-culottes." With us Mr. Matthew Flair showed the weakness of the proposal, and while he drew on his side "all other powers, stopped even the mouths of the frantic people themselves."

To descend to the losses incurred by individual death, whose names ought to have served as an antidote to chafe away the dross of literary destruction. One of the most interesting is the fate of Aristotle's library; he who by a Greek text was now adored as a collector of books. His works have come down to us accidentally, but not without irreparable injuries, and with no slight suspicion respecting their authenticity. The story is told by Strabo, in his thirteenth book. The books of Aristotle came from his scholar Theophrastus to Nefrus, whose parents, an illiterate race, kept them locked up without using them, buried in the earth! One Apollon, a curious collector, purchased them, but finding the text injured by age and mould, consulted the most learned of his contemporaries. It is impossible to know how far Apollon has corrupted and obscured the text. But the mischief did not end here; when this at the taking of Athens brought them to Rome, he consigned them to the care of one Tyrannion, a grammarian, who employed slaves to copy them; he suffered them to pass through his hands without corrections, and made great freedoms with them, the words of Strabo are strong: "Inque Tyrannionem grammaticum in vitiis atque (ut fama est) mendacibus, ut inveniatur." He gave it indeed as a report, but the fact seems confirmed by the state in which we find these works. Aristotle declared that he read Aristotle forty times over before he succeeded in perfectly understanding him; he pretends he did at the one and twentieth time. And to prove this has published five folios of commentary.

We have lost much valuable literature by the dilatory or thoughtless descendants of learned and ingenious persons. Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters have been destroyed, I am informed, by her mother, who did not approve that she should disgrace her family by adding to it literary honours; and a few of her best letters, recently published, were found buried in an old family chest. It would have mortified her ladyship's mother, to have heard that her daughter was the heiress of Britain.

At the death of the learned Pons, a chamber in his house filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age was discovered the insured in Europe had addressed Pons; in their destruction, who was hence called "the Avenger

general" of the republic of letters. Such was the disposition of his niece, that although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred to consign herself occasionally to burning these learned epistles to save the expense of her wood!

The loss of Leonardo da Vinci have equally suffered from his relatives. When a curious collector discovered some, he generously brought them to a descendant of the great painter, who coldly observed, that "he had a great deal more in the garret, which had lain there for many years, if the rats had not destroyed them!" Nothing which this great artist wrote has showed as inventive genius.

Stranger miseries on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS. had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of letters. This gentleman afterwards consigned himself with composing a little treatise *De Bibliotheca incendio*. It must have been sufficiently curious. Even in the present day men of letters are subject to similar misfortunes; for though the fire-officers will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts.

A fire in the Cottonian library shivered and destroyed many Anglo-Saxon MSS.—a loss now irreparable. The antiquary is doomed to spell hard and hardly at the baked fragments that crumble in his hand.

Memoirs of a famous Persian dictionary met with a sad fate. Its enormous rarity is owing to the siege of Vienna by the Turks, a bomb fell on the author's house, and consumed the principal part of his indelible labours. There are few sets of this high-priced work which do not bear evident proofs of the bomb, whose many parts are stained with the water sent to quench the flames.

The sufferings of an author for the loss of his manuscripts is nowhere more strongly described than in the case of Anthony Ursem, one of the most unfortunate scholars of the sixteenth century. The loss of his papers seems immediately to have been followed by madness. At Forth, he had an apartment in the palace, and had prepared an important work for publication. His room was dark, and he generally wrote by lamp-light. Having gone out, he left the lamp burning, the papers were kindled, and his library was reduced to ashes. As soon as he heard the news, he ran furiously to the palace, and knocking his head violently against the gate, uttered this blasphemous language: "Jesus Christ, what great crime have I done! who of those who believed in you have I ever treated as cruel? What what I am saying, for I am in earnest, and am crushed. If by chance I should be so weak as to address myself to you at the point of death, don't hear me, for I will not be with you, but prefer hell and its eternity of torments." To which, by the by, he gave little credit. Those who heard them ran up to console him, but they could not. He quitted the words, and lived tranquilly, wandering about the woods!

Ben Jonson's *Acronicon on Ptolome* was composed on a like occasion; the fruits of twenty years' study were consumed in one short hour; our literature suffered, for among other works



SOME NOTICES OF LOST WORKS.

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of imagining there were many philosophical collections, a commentary on the poetica, a complete critical grammar, a life of Henry V., his journey into Scotland with all his adventures in that martial pilgrimage, and a poem on the ladon of Great Britain. What a catalogue of losses!

Cassiodoro, the Italian commentator on Aristotle, having heard that his house was on fire, ran through the streets exclaiming to the people, *alle Pueri! alle Pueri!* To the Pueri! to the Pueri! He was then writing his commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle.

Several men of letters have been known to have stars from their death-bed, to destroy their own collections have they been not to venture their posthumous reputation in the hands of undisciplined friends. Marmontel relates a pleasing anecdote of Coluccio, the elegant versifier of Pope's epistle of Eloise to Abbeard.

This writer had not yet destroyed what he had written of a translation of Tasso. At the approach of death, he recollected his unfinished labour, he knew that his friends would not have the courage to annihilate one of his works, this was reserved for him. Dying, he raised himself as if animated by an honourable action, he dragged himself along, and with trembling hands seized his papers, and consumed them in one sacrifice—I recollect another instance of a man of letters, of our own country, who acted the same part. He had passed his life in constant study, and it was observed that he had written several loose volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He professed to leave his labours to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death his scrupulous took the alarm, he had the sheets brought to his bed, no one could open them, for they were clutched in his arms. At the sight of his favourite and numerous labours, he pined, he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying, suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired. The late Mrs. Inchbald had written her life in several volumes, on her death-bed, from a motive perhaps of too much delicacy to admit of any argument, she requested a friend to cut them into pieces before her eyes—not having sufficient strength herself to perform this funeral office. These are instances of what may be called the heroism of authors.

The republic of letters has suffered irreparable losses by shipwrecks. Gasparo Veronesi, one of those learned Italians who travelled through Greece for the recovery of us, had his perseverance repaid by the acquisition of many valuable works. On his return to Italy he was shipwrecked, and unfortunately for himself and the world, says Mr. Rancor, he lost his treasures! So painful was his grief on this occasion that, according to the relation of one of his countrymen, his hair became suddenly white.

About the year 1722, Huddle, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburgh, animated solely by literary curiosity, went to China to instruct himself in the

language, and in whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a mandarin in that difficult language, nor did the form of his Dutch face under the physiognomy of China. He succeeded to the dignity of a mandarin, he travelled through the provinces under this character, and returned to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of thirty years, and all these were sunk in the bottomless sea!

The great Prædian library, after the death of its illustrious possessor, stood three vessels to be conveyed to Naples. Pursued by contrary winds, one of the vessels was taken; but the pirates finding nothing on board but books, they threw them all into the sea, such was the fate of a great portion of this famous library. National libraries have often perished at sea, from the circumstance of contraband transporting them into their own kingdoms.

SOME NOTICES OF LOST WORKS.

ALTHOUGH it is the opinion of some critics that our literary taste do not amount to the extent which others imagine, they are however much greater than they allow. Our severest losses are felt in the historical province, and particularly in the earliest records, which might not have been the least interesting to philosophical curiosity.

The history of Phœnix by Eusebius, supposed to be a contemporary with Solomon, is only known to us by a few valuable fragments preserved by Eusebius. The same is the case of the history of Egypt, and Herodotus's history of Chaldeæ. The researches of the philosopher are therefore limited, and it cannot be doubted that the histories of these most ancient nations, however veiled in fable, or clouded by remoteness, would have presented to the philosopher singular objects of contemplation.

Of the history of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five, of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus fifteen books only remain out of forty, and half of the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis has perished. Of the eighty books of the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain. The present opening book of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus! little more than four remain. Murphy elegantly observes, that "The reign of Titus, the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen." Yet Tacitus is fragmentary in still the colossal term of history. It is curious to observe that Velleius Paterculus, of whom a fragment only has reached us, we owe to a single copy; no other having ever been discovered, and which occasions the text of this historian to remain necessarily corrupt. Taste and criticism have certainly incurred an irreparable loss in that *Treatise on the Causes of the Corruption of Eloquence*, by Quintilian, which he has himself enriched with so much satisfaction in his "Institution." Petarch

doctors, that in his youth he had seen the works of Varro, and the second Decad of Livy, but all his endeavours to recover them were fruitless.

These are only some of the many known books which have occurred in the republic of letters, but in reading contemporary writers we are perpetually discovering new and important ones. We have had two precious works in ancient biography: Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans, and Aulus, the friend of Cicero, composed another on the actions of the great men among the Romans; these works were enriched with portraits. When we remember that these writers lived familiarly with the most glorious of their nation, and were equanimous, hospitable, and lovers of the fine arts, their biography and their portraits are felt as an irreparable loss to literature. I suspect however we have had great losses of which we are not always aware, for in that curious letter in which the younger Pliny describes in an interesting manner the sublime industry, for it seems sublime by its greatness, of his uncle (Book III Letter V. of Melmoth's translation), it appears that his Natural History, that vast register of the wisdom and folly of the universe, was not his most extraordinary labour. Among his other works we find a history in twenty books, which has entirely perished. We discover also the works of writers, which by the accounts of them, appear to have equalled or even to have surpassed those which have descended to us. I refer the curious reader to such a part whom Pliny, in Book I Letter XVI, has so fully described. He tells us that "his works are never out of his hands, and whether I sit down to write anything myself, or to revise what I have already wrote, or act on a dissertation to some friend, I constantly take up this agreeable author, and so often so I do so, he is still new." He had before compared this part to Catullus and in a critic of as fine a taste as Pliny, to have cherished so constant an intercourse with the writings of this author, indicates high powers. Instances of this kind frequently occur.

The losses which the poetical world has sustained are sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander, who would have interested us much more than Homer, for he was evidently the domestic poet, and the lyre he touched was tuned to the strings of the human heart. He was the poet of manners, and the historian of the passions. The opinion of Quintilian is confirmed by the golden fragments preserved for the English reader in the elegant version of Cumberland. Even of Alcibiades, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and sixteen of Euripides. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, we only inherit twenty imperfect ones.

I believe that a philosopher would consent to lend any part to resign an historian, nor is this unjust, for some future poet may arise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet, but it is not so with the historian. Fancy may be supplied, but Truth once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled.

QUODLIBETS, OR SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

Mansel observes that the scholastic questions were called *Quæstiones Quodlibetæ*, and they were generally so ridiculous that we have retained the word *Quodlibet* in our vernacular language, to express something ridiculously absurd; something which comes of length to be distinguished into nothingness.

"With all the rash dexterity of wit."

The history of the scholastic philosophy might furnish a philosophical writer with an instructive theme, it would enter into the history of the human mind, and fill a niche in our literary annals. The works of the scholastics, with the debates of these *Quodlibetæ*, at once show the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect, for though they often degenerate into incredibly absurdities, those who have examined the works of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus have confessed their admiration of the Herculean feat of brain which they exhausted in denuding their aerial fabrics.

The following is a slight sketch of the school doctors.

The Christian doctrine in the primitive ages of the gospel were adapted to the simple comprehension of the multitude; metaphysical subtilties were not even employed by the fathers, of whom several are eloquent. The Manichees explained by an obvious interpretation some scriptural points, or inferred by gross distinctions some moral doctrines. When the Arabians became the only learned people, and their empire extended over the greater part of the known world, they imported their own genius on those matters with whom they were allied as friends, or revered as masters. The Arabian genius was fond of abstract studies, it was highly metaphysical and mathematical, for the fine arts their religion did not admit them to cultivate, and it appears that the first knowledge which modern Europe obtained of Euclid and Aristotle was through the medium of Latin translations of Arabic versions. The Christians in the west received their first lessons from the Arabians in the east, and Aristotle, with his Arabic commentaries, was introduced in the schools of Christendom.

Then burst into birth from the dark cave of metaphysics a numerous and ugly spawn of monstrous arts, unnatural children of the same foul mother, who never met but for mutual destruction. Religion became what is called the study of divinity, and they all attempted to reduce the worship of God into a system; the creed into a theorem. Every point relating to religion was debated through an endless chain of infinite questions, incomprehensible distinctions, with differences minute and immaterial, the concrete and the abstract, a perpetual civil war carried on against common sense in all the Aristotelian severity. There existed a rage for Aristotle, and Melancthon complains that in sacred ascription the ethics of Aristotle were read to the people instead of the gospel. Aristotle was placed

school of St. Paul; and St. Thomas Aquinas in his works distinguishes him by the title of "The Philosopher," inferring doubtless that no other man could possibly be a philosopher who disagreed with Aristotle. Of the blind rime paid to Aristotle, the anecdotes of the Nominalists and Realists are noticed in the article "Literary controversy" in this work.

Had these subtle questions and perpetual wranglings only been addressed to the metaphysician in his closet, and had nothing but strokes of the pen occurred, the scholastic disunity would only have formed an episode in the calm narrative of literary history; but it has tended to be registered in political annals, from the numerous persecutions and tragical events with which they too long harassed their followers, and disturbed the repose of Europe. The Thomism, and the Scotism, the Occism, and many others, mixed into the regions of mysticism.

Peter Lombard had laboriously compiled after the celebrated Albertus's "Introduction to Divinity," his four books of "Sentences," from the writings of the Fathers, and for this he is called "The Master of Sentences." These Sentences, on which we have so many commentaries, are a collection of passages from the Fathers, the real or apparent contradictions of which he endeavored to reconcile. But his successors were not satisfied to be mere commentators on these "Sentences," which they now only made use of as a row of pegs to hang on their far-outr metaphysical cobwebs. They at length collected all these quodlibetical questions into enormous volumes, under the terrible form, for those who have seen them, of *Summae de Divinitate*. They contrived by their chimerical speculations, and their modern adversary Origenism, to question the plainest truths, to wrest the simple meaning of the Holy Scriptures, and give some appearance of truth to the most ridiculous and monstrous opinions.

One of the subtle questions which agitated the world in the tenth century, relating to dialectics, was concerning *universals*. For example, man, horse, dog, &c. signifies 'of that or that in particular,' but all in general. These distinguished *universals*, or what we call abstract terms, by the *genus* and *species verum* and they never could decide whether these were *instances of names*. That is, whether the abstract when we form of a horse was not really a being as much as the horse we ride. All this and some congenial points respecting the origin of our ideas, and what ideas were, and whether we really had an idea of a thing before we discovered the thing itself—on a word, what they called *universals*, and the source of *universals*, of all the nonsense on which they at length proceeded to accumulations of history, and for which many learned men were excommunicated, damned, and what not, the whole was derived from the reveries of Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno, about the nature of ideas, than which subject to the present day no discussion ever degenerated into such stupidity. A modern metaphysician knows that we have no ideas at all.

Of these scholastic divines, the most illustrious was Saint THOMAS AQUINAS, styled the Angelical Doctor. Several who volumed not only testify his industry, but even his genius. He was a great

man based all his life with making the charades of metaphysics.

My learned friend Sharon Turner has favoured me with a notice of his greatest work—his "Sum of all Theology," *Summa totius Theologie*, Paris, 1815. It is a metaphysical treatise, or the most abstract metaphysics of theology. It occupies above 1500 folio pages, of very small close print in double columns. It may be worth noticing that to this work are appended 19 folio pages of double columns of errata, and about 200 of additional index.

The whole is thrown into an Aristotelian form; the difficulties or questions are proposed first, and the answers are then appended. There are 160 articles on Love—158 on Angels—100 on the Soul—84 on Demons—152 on the Intellect—134 on Law—3 on the Catastrophe—227 on Sin—17 on Virginity, and others on a variety of topics.

The scholastic tree is covered with precious foliage, but is barren of fruit; and when the scholastics employed themselves in solving the deepest mysteries, their philosophy became nothing more than an instrument in the hands of the Roman Pontiff. Aquinas has composed 350 articles on angels, of which a few of the heads have been called for the reader.

He treats of angels, their substance, orders, offices, nature, habits, &c.—so if he himself had been an old experienced angel!

Angels were not before the world!

Angels might have been before the world!

Angels were created by God—They were created immediately by him—They were created in the Empyrean sky. They were created in grace—They were created in imperfect beatitude. After a severe chain of reasoning he shows that angels are incorporeal compared to us, but corporeal compared to God.

An angel is composed of actum and potentiality; the more superior he is, he has the less potentiality. They have not matter properly. Every angel differs from another angel in species. An angel is of the same species as a soul. Angels have not naturally a body suited to them. They may assume bodies, but they do not want to assume bodies for themselves, but for us.

The bodies assumed by angels are of thick air.

The bodies they assume have not the natural virtue which they show, nor the operations of life, but those which are common to inanimate things.

An angel may be the same with a body.

In the same body there are, the soul formally giving being, and operating natural operations; and the angel operating supernatural operations.

Angels administer and govern every corporeal creature.

God, an angel, and the soul, are not contained in space, but contain it.

Many angels cannot be in the same space.

The motion of an angel in space is nothing else than different contacts of different successive places.

The motion of an angel is a succession of his different operations.

His motion may be continuous and discontinuous as he will.

The continuous motion of an angel is necessary

through every medium, but may be discontinuous without a medium.

The velocity of the motion of an angel is not according to the quantity of his strength, but according to his will.

The motion of the illumination of an angel is threefold, or circular, straight, and oblique.

In this account of the motion of an angel we are reminded of the beautiful description of Malton, who marks it by a continuous motion,

"Smooth-sliding without step."

The reader desirous of being merry with Aquinas's angels may find them in Martinus Scribnerus, in Ch. VII. who inquires if angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? And if angels know things more clearly in a morning? How many angels can dance on the point of a very fine needle, without jostling one another?

All the questions are answered with a subtlety and nicety of distinction more difficult to comprehend and remember than many problems in Euclid; and perhaps a few of the best might still be selected for youth as curious exercises of the understanding. However, a great part of these peculiar productions are loaded with the most trifling, irreverent, and even scandalous discussions. Even Aquinas could gravely debate, Whether Christ was not an Hermaphrodite? Whether there are excrements in Paradise? Whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels? Others again debated, Whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman? Did he seem to be young or old? In what dress was he? Was his garment white or of two colours? Was his linen clean or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon, or evening? What was the colour of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic and liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the Book of Sentences, and all it contains? that is, Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written 1200 years after her death. But these are only trifling matters, they also agitated, Whether when during her conception the Virgin was seated, Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down, Christ also lay down? The following question was a favourite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians, through more than one century, never resolved it. "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the Hog carried to market by the rope or the man?"

In the tenth century (says Jortin, in his Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, Vol. V. p. 17.), after long and ineffectual controversy about the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament, they at length universally agreed to strike a peace! Yet it must not be imagined that this mutual moderation and forbearance should be ascribed to the prudence and virtue of those times. It was mere ignorance and incapacity of reasoning which kept the peace, and deterred them from entering into debates to which they were unequal!

Lord Lyttelton, in his Life of Henry II., laments

the unhappy effects of the scholastic philosophy on the progress of the human mind. The minds of men were turned from classical studies to the subtleties of school divinity, which Rome encouraged as more profitable for the maintenance of her doctrines. It was a great misfortune to religion and to learning, that men of such acute understanding as Abelard and Lombard, who might have done much to reform the errors of the church, and to restore science in Europe, should have depraved both, by applying their admirable parts to weave these cobwebs of sophistry, and to confound the clear simplicity of evangelical truths by a false philosophy and a captious logic.

FAME CONTEMNED.

ALL men are fond of glory, and even those philosophers who write against that noble passion prefix their names to their own works. It is worthy of observation that the authors of two religious books, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The "Imitation of Christ" is attributed, without any authority, to Thomas A Kempis, and the author of the "Whole Duty of Man" still remains undiscovered. Millions of their books have been dispersed in the Christian world.

To have revealed their names, would have given them as much worldly fame as any moralist has obtained; but they contemned it! Their religion was the purest, and raised above all worldly passions! Some profane writers indeed have also concealed their names to great works, but their motives were of a very different cast.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

NOTHING is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to any one of these six things: the Quadrature of the Circle, the Multiplication of the Cube, the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic, and Judicial Astrology. In youth we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility; but it shows a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. "It is proper, however," Fontenelle remarks, "to apply one's self to these inquiries, because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant." The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus—

"Although I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet 'm resolved to search for thee."
The search itself rewards the pains.
So though the chymist his great secret miss,
For neither it in art or nature is;
Yet thine well worth has told his gains,
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way."

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect that he was an imitator. Fontenelle could not have read either; he struck out the



thought by his own reflection; it is very just Glauber searched long and deeply for the philosopher's stone, which though he did not find, yet in his researches he discovered a very useful purging oil, which bears his name.

Maspetius, in a little volume of his Letters, observes on the Philosophical Stone, that we cannot prove the impossibility of obtaining it, but we can easily see the folly of those who employ their time and money in seeking for it. This piece is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it. However it is still a bantling of modern chemistry, who has nibbled very affectionately on it. Of the Perpetual Motion, he observes the improbability, at least in the sense in which it is generally received. On the Quadrature of the Circle, he says he cannot decide if this problem be feasible or not: but he observes, that it is very useless to search for it any more, since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle, such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the geometrical will not mistake by the thickness of a hair. The quadrature of the circle is still, however, a favorite game of some visionaries, and several are still imagining that they have discovered the perpetual motion, the Italians nickname them *motu perpetuo*, and Birkler tells us of the late of one Martinian of Leipzig, who was in such dispute at having passed his life so vainly, in studying the perpetual motion, that at length he hanged himself.

IMITATORS.

Some writers, usually pedants, imagine that they can supply by the labours of industry the deficiencies of nature. It is recorded of Poggio Bracciolini, that he frequently spent a month in writing a single letter. He affected to imitate Cicero. But although he has painfully attained to something of the elegance of his style, he is still destitute of the native grace of unadorned composition. He was one of those whom Erasmus bantered in his *Ciceronians*, as so slavishly devoted to Cicero's style, that they ridiculously employed the utmost precautions when they were seized by a Ciceronian fit. The *Monoposui* of Erasmus tells us of his devotion to Cicero, of his three indices to all his words, and his never writing but in the dead of night, employing months upon a few lines, and his religious veneration for words, with his total indifference about the sense.

Le Brun a Jewit, was a singular instance of such unhappy imitation. He was a Latin poet, and his theses were religious. He formed the extravagant project of substituting a religious *Virgil* and *David* merely by adapting his works to their titles. His *Christian Virgil* consists, like the Pagan *Virgil*, of *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and of an *Epic* of twelve books, with this difference, that devotional subjects are substituted for fabulous ones. His epic is the *Ignorance*, or the pilgrimage of Saint Ignorance. His *Christian David* is in the same taste; everything wears a new face. The *Epithets* are pious ones, the *Poets* are the six days of the Creation, the *Siegens* are the lamentations of Jeremiah, a poem on the Love of God is substituted for the *dry* of

Love; and the history of some *Caracaras* implies the place of the *Metamorphosis*. This Jewit would, no doubt, have approved of a family *Shakespeare*.

A poet of far different character, the elegant Saturnianus, has done much the same thing in his poem *De partu Virginis*. The name of this imitation of ancient taste appears. It pretends to celebrate the birth of Christ, yet his name is not once mentioned in it! The *Virgo* herself is styled *apex doctum*. "The hope of the Gods!" The *Incarnation* is conducted by *Proetus*. The *Virgin*, instead of consulting the sacred writings, reads the *Sybillic oracles*. Her attendants are *Dryads*, *Nereids*, &c. This monstrous mixture of paganism with the mysteries of Christianity appeared in every thing he had about him. In a chapel at one of his country seats he had two statues placed at his tomb, *Apollo* and *Minerva*; Catholic party found no difficulty in the present case, as well as in innumerable others of the same kind, to sacrifice the statue of *Apollo* with the name of *David*, and that of *Minerva* with the female one of *Judith*.

Serena, in his stilted *Rapport*, gives a curious literary anecdote of the sort of imitation by which an inferior mind becomes the monkey of an original writer. At Rome, when Balthus was the fashionable writer, short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity, were affected as so many elegances. Arrontius, who wrote the history of the Ponic Wars, painfully laboured to imitate Balthus. Expressions which are rare in Balthus are frequent in Arrontius, and, of course, without the motive that induced Balthus to adopt them. What rose naturally under the pen of the great historian, the minor one must have run after with a ridiculous anxiety. Serena adds several instances of the servile imitation of Arrontius, which seem much like those we once had of Johnson, by the undiscerning herd of his apes.

One cannot but smile at these imitators, we have abounded with them. In the days of Churchill, every month produced an *epitome* which tolerably imitated his rough and slovenly reminiscence, his coarse invective, and his careless mediocrity—but the genius remained with the English Juvenal. Sterne had his counsellor multitude, and in *Forlind's* time, Tom Jones produced more bastards (as well than the author could ever suspect. To such literary echoes, the reply of Philip of Macedon to one who prided himself on imitating the notes of the nightingale may be applied. "I prefer the nightingale herself!" Even the most successful of this imitating tribe must be doomed to share the fate of Silius Italicus in his cold imitation of Virgil, and Caithorne in his empty harmony of Pope.

To all these imitators I must apply an Arabian anecdote. Ebn Saad, one of Mahomet's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration—"Directed by God the best Creator!" Mahomet approved of the expression, and desired him to write three words down also as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was, that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as his master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy, but the imitator got himself into

trouble, and only escaped with life by falling on his knees, and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the *Verres*, for which he was unable God had never created him.

CICERO'S PUNS.

"I am told," says Menage, "have received great pleasure to have conversed with Cicero, had I lived in his time. He must have been a man very agreeable in conversation, more even Caesar carefully collected his *bon mots*. Cicero has boasted of the great actions he has done for his country, because there is no vanity in exulting in the performance of our duties, but he has not boasted that he was the most eloquent orator of his age, though he certainly was; because nothing is more disgusting than to exult in our intellectual powers.

Whatever were the *bon mots* of Cicero, of which few have come down to us, it is certain that Cicero was an inveterate punster, and he seems to have been more ready with them than with repartees. He said to a stranger, who was the son of a tailor, "*Non ideo linguisti*." You have touched it sharply; *non ideo linguisti* sharpness as well as the point of a needle. To the son of a cook, "*Ego quoque tale jure jorabo*." The ancients pronounced *jore* and *gusare* like *co-bo*, which alludes to the Latin *coqui*, cook, besides the ambiguity of *jore*, which applies to *broth* or *law-jore*. A Sicilian suspected of being a Jew, attempted to get the cause of Verres into his own hands, Cicero, who knew that he was a creature of the great culprit, opposed him, observing, "What has a Jew to do with *coine's* flesh?" The Romans called a *best* *pag-jore*. I regret to add a respectable authority for *best-jore* puns, he ever to have degraded his adversary by such petty personalities, only proves that Cicero's taste was not exquisite.

There is something very original in Montaigne's censure of this great man. Cotton has not expressed the pecuniaries of his author, though he has blundered on a material expression.

"Boldly to controvert the truth, his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious, for his preface, definitions, divisions, and etymologies, take up the greatest part of his work, whatever there is of life and marrow, is smothered and lost in the preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him, which is a great deal for me, and recollect what I have there extracted of *juice* and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind, for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and the reasons that should properly help to *lance* the *best* I would write. For me, who only desired to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical or Aristotelian disquisitions of parts are of no use. I look for good and solid reasons at the first dash. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the doubt, his languish about the subject, and delay our expectation. Those are proper for the schools, for the bar and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after, time enough to nod again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner

to judges, whom a man has a design, right or wrong, to incline to in our favour; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all he can. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attractive, or that he should cry out fifty times *O jui* as the clerics and heralds do.

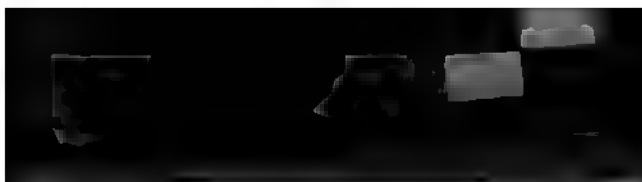
"As to Cicero, I am of the common opinion that, learning excepted, he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an amiable nature, so all fat heavy men *gras* of *gossamer* are the words in the original, meaning perhaps broad jokers, for Cicero was not fat, such as he was, usually are, but given to ease, and had a mighty share of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his pretty bit to be published. It is no great imperfection to write all *verres*, but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his *verres* were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of comparison, and I believe will never be equalled."

PREFACES.

A Preface, being the entrance to a book, should invite by its beauty. An elegant porch announces the splendour of the interior. I have observed, that ordinary readers skip over these little elaborate compositions. The ladies consider them as so many pages lost, which might better be employed in the addition of a picturesque scene, or a tender letter to their coach. For my part I always gather amusement from a preface, be it awkwardly or skillfully written, for drollness, or impertinence may raise a laugh for a page or two. A preface is frequently a superior composition to the work itself, for, long before the days of Johnson, it had been a custom with many authors to solicit for this department of their work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. Cicero tells his friend Atticus, that he had a volume of prefaces or introductions always ready by him to be used as circumstances required. These must have been like our *periphras* of oars. A good preface is as essential to put the reader into good humour, as a good prologue is to a play, or a fine *trifery* to an opera, containing something analogous to the work itself, so that we may feel its want as a desire not elsewhere to be gratified. The *fishians* call the preface *la saiso del sabre*, the *saice* of the book, and if well spiced it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. A preface badly composed prejudices the reader against the work. Authors are not equally fortunate in their little introductions; some can compose volumes more skillfully than prefaces, and others can finish a preface who could never be capable of finishing a book.

On a very elegant preface prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed that they ought never to have come together, but a sarcastic wit remarked that he considered such marriages were allowable, for they were not of kin.

In prefaces an affected haughtiness or an affected humility are alike despicable. There is a deficient dignity in Robertson's, but the haughtiness is now to our purpose. This is called by the French "*Le*



THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS—SOME INGENIOUS THOUGHTS. 27

Morgue littéraire, "the surly pomposity of literature." It is sometimes used by writers who have succeeded in their first work, while the failure of their subsequent productions appears to have given them a literary hypochondriasm. Dr Armstrong, after his classical poem, never shook hands cordially with the public for not relishing his barren labours. In the preface to his lively "Sketches" he tells us, "he could give them much bolder strokes as well as more delicate touches, but that he *dreads the danger of writing too well*, and feels the value of his own labour too sensibly to bestow it upon the *mobility*." Thin pure milk compared to the gall in the preface to his poems. There he tells us, "that at last he has taken the trouble to collect them! What he has destroyed would, probably enough, have been better received by the great majority of readers. But he has always most heartily despised their opinion." These prefaces remind one of the *prælogi gallici*, prefaces with a helmet! as St Jerome entitles the one to his Version of the Scriptures. These *armed prefaces* were formerly very common in the age of literary controversy, for half the business of an author consisted then, either in replying, or anticipating a reply, to the attacks of his opponent.

Prefaces ought to be dated, as these become, after a series of editions, leading and useful circumstances in literary history.

Fuller with quaint humour observes on INDEXES—"An INDEX is a necessary implement, and no impediment of a book, except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed *impedimenta*. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning which is *only indexical*, when scholars (like adeers which only bite the horse's heels nibble but at the tables, which are *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But though the idle deserve no crutches (let not a staff be used by them, but on them), pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to contend it."

THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

FREQUENT and violent disputes have arisen on the subject of the preference to be given to the ancients, or the moderns. The controversy of Perrault and Boileau makes a considerable figure in French literature, the last of whom said that the ancients had been moderns, but that it was by no means clear the moderns would become ancients. The dispute extended to England; Sir William Temple raised even his gentle indolence against the bold attacks of the rough Wotton. The literary world was pestered and tired with this dispute, which at length got into the hands of insolence and ignorance. Swift's "Battle of the Books," by his irresistible vein of keen satire, seems to have laid this "perturbed spirit." Yet surely, it had been better if these acrid and absurd controversies had never disgraced the republic of letters. The advice of Sidonius Apollinaris is excellent, he says, that we should read the ancients with *respect*, and the moderns without *envy*.

SOME INGENIOUS THOUGHTS.

APULSIUS calls those neck-kerchiefs so *glammy fine*, (may I so express myself), which in veiling, discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, *verum textilem*, which may be translated *verum est*. It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

A Greek poet wrote this inscription for a statue of Niobe

The Gods, from living, turned me to stone,
Praxiteles, from stone, restored me to life.

P. Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, says of the flight of a butterfly,

Florem putares mare per liquidum æthera

It flies, and swims a flower in liquid air!

Vosture, in addressing Cardinal Richelieu, says, How much more affecting is it to hear one's praises from the mouth of the people, than from that of the poets.

Cervantes, with an elevation of sentiment, observes that one of the greatest advantages which princes possess above other men, is that of being attended by servants as great as themselves.

— *Lususque salacque,*

Sed lectos pelago, quo Venus orta, sales.

This is written by a modern Latin poet, but the thought is also in Plutarch, in the comparison of Aristophanes and Menander. "In the comedies of Menander there is a natural and divine salt, as if it proceeded from that sea where Venus took her birth." This beautiful thought, observes Montaigne, has been employed by seven or eight modern writers.

Seneca, amongst many strained sentiments, and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. As this on anger: "I wish that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at its first appearance, so that it might injure but *once*—as in the case of the bees, whose sting is destroyed for ever at the first puncture it occasions."

Aristænetus speaks of a beauty, that she seemed most beautiful when *dressed*, yet not *so* beautiful when *undressed*. Of two beauties he says, "they yielded to the Graces only in number."

Ménage has these two verse and printed lines on the portrait of a lady

"Ce portrait ressemble à la belle,
Il est insensé comme elle!"

In this portrait, my fair, thy resemblance I see,
An insensé charm is it—just like thee!

A French poet has admirably expressed the instantaneous sympathy of two lovers. A prince is relating to her confidante the birth of her passion

"Et comme un jeune cœur est bientôt enflammé.
Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, je l'aimai."

Soon is the youthful heart by passion moved;
He saw, and loved me—him I saw, and loved.

Calderon is more extravagant still, he says on a similar occasion

"I saw and I loved her so nearly together, that I do not know if I saw her before I loved her, or loved her before I saw her."

An old French poet, Pichou, in his imitation of Benavente's *Filii de Sciro*, has this ingenious

thought. A nymph is discovered by her lover, fainting under an umbrageous oak—the conflict of beauty and horror is described by a pretty conceit—

"Si l'amour se mourait, on dirait, le voici !
Et si la mort aimait, on la peindrait ainsi."

If Love were dying, we should thank him here !
If Death could love, he would be pictured there !

The same lover comments at length that his mistress shall love his rival, and not inelegantly expresses his feelings in the periphrastic situation :

"Je veux bien que ton âme un double amour
s'assemble

Tu peux aimer sans crime Aminte et Mine ensemble

Et lors que le trépas finira mes douleurs
Avoir pour l'un des feux, et pour l'autre des pleurs."

Yes, with a double love thy soul may burn ;
Oh 'tis no crime to love Aminte and Mine !
And when in my last hour my grief shall close,
Give one your fires, and give the other tears !

It was said of Petronius, that he was *para im-
puritas*, partly impure. *Para*, because of his
style ; *impuritas*, because of his obscenities.

*Quam multa 'quam pauci' is a fine expression,
which was employed to characterize a concise
style pregnant with meaning.*

Now tenderly does Tasso, in one verse, de-
scribe his Olando ! So much love and so much
modesty !

"Stanza oval, poco opera, nulla chiedo."

An exquisite verse, which Monte entirely passes
over in his version, but which Fairfax's finer feel-
ing preserves :

"He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and desired naught."

It was said of an exquisite portrait, that to judge
by the eye it did not want speech ; for this only
could be detected by the ear.

Ma non si parla, di vivo altro non chiedi !
Ma non si parla, di vivo altro non chiedi !

Petrarch has very poetically informed us, that
the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of
the blood—

"— Ignorait jusqu'aux routes certains
Du meandre vivant qui coule dans les veines."
Unknown to them what devious course maintains
The live meander flowing in their veins.

An Italian poet makes a lover, who has survived
his mistress, thus reverently express himself—

"Plango la tua morte, e la mia vita."

Much I deplore her death, and much my life.

It has been usual for poets to say, that rivers
flow to convey their tributary streams to the sea.
This figure, being a mark of subjection, proved
offensive to the patriotic Tasso, and he has
ingeniously said of the river Po, because of its
rapidity—

"Pura

Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare."

See rapid Po to Ocean's empire bring

A war, and not a tribute, from his spring !

EARLY PRINTING.

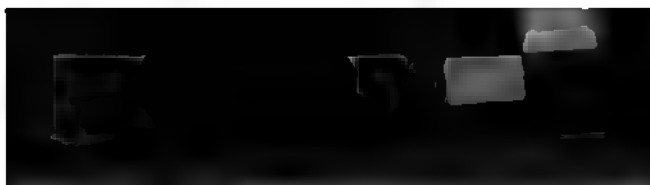
THUS is some probability that this art ori-
ginated in China, where it was practised long
before it was known in Europe. Some European
travellers might have imported the hint. That the
Romans did not practice the art of printing cannot
but excite our astonishment, since they really pos-
sessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed
it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have
seen Roman stereotypes, or printing immovable
types with which they stamped their pottery.
Now in daily practicing the art, though con-
nected to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a
people to print their literary works, is not easily to
be accounted for. Did the war and grave scene
dread those inconveniences which attend an in-
discriminate use ? Or perhaps they did not care to
deprive so large a body as their scribes of their
business. Not a hint of the art itself appears in
their writings.

When first the art of printing was discovered,
they only made use of one side of a leaf ; they had
not yet found out the expedient of impressing the
other. Specimens of these early printed books are
in his Majesty's and Lord Spencer's libraries.
Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank
sides, which made them appear like one leaf.
Their blocks were made of soft woods, and their
letters were carved, but frequently breaking, the
expense and trouble of carving and gluing new
letters suggested our movable types, which have
produced an almost miraculous celerity in this art.
Our modern stereotype consists of entire pages in
solid blocks of metal, and, not being liable to
break like the soft wood at first used, is probably
employed for works which require to be perpetu-
ally reprinted. Printing in carved blocks of wood
must have greatly retarded the progress of univer-
sal knowledge for one set of types could only
have produced one work, whereas it now serves
for hundreds.

When their editions were intended to be curious,
they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter,
for which they left a blank space, that it might be
painted or illuminated, to the fancy of the pur-
chaser. Several ancient volumes of these early
times have been found where these letters are
wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

The initial carved letter, which is generally a
fine wood-cut, among our printed books, is evi-
dently a remains or imitation of these ornaments.
Among the very earliest books printed, which
were religious, the Poor Man's Bible has wonden
cuts in a coarse style, without the least shadowing
or croning of strokes, and these they inelegantly
daubed over with colours, which they termed illu-
minating, and sold at a cheap rate to those who
could not afford to purchase costly manuals, elegantly
written and painted on vellum. Specimens of
these rude efforts of illuminated prints may be
seen in Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers. The
Bodleian library possesses the originals.

In the productions of early printing may be
distinguished the various splendid editions they
made of *Primers*, or *Prayer-books*. They were
embellished with cuts finished in a most elegant
taste : many of them were ludicrous, and several



ERRATA.

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were obscure. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is overcoming Satan; and sometimes St. Anthony is attacked by various devils of most clumsy forms—not of the grotesque and lumber family of Calves!

Printing was gradually practiced throughout Europe from the year 1466 to 1500. Caxton and his successor Wynkyn de Worde were our own earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who in 1466, being sent by Edward IV to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to his country with this valuable art. Notwithstanding his mercantile habits he pursued a literary taste, and his first work was a translation from a French historical miscellany.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bible of the first printer, Faust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered the new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold at sea, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for sea. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at very low prices, while the other copies demanded very high ones, this raised universal astonishment, and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies increased wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician; and in watching his lodgings a great number of copies were found. The red ink, and Faust's red ink is particularly brilliant, which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was universally adjudged that he was in league with the devil. Faust was at length obliged to save himself from a booby, to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of this useful invention.

When the art of printing was established, it became the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and husbands themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

The price of books in these times was considered as an object worthy of the animadversions of the highest powers. This anxiety in favour of the studious appears from a privilege of Pope Leo X. to Aldus Manutius for printing Verro, dated 1515, signed Cardinal Bembo. Aldus is exhorted to put a moderate price on the work, but the Pope should withdraw the privilege, and accord it to others.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, engaged in correcting those who exercised the same profession. It is said that to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect any errors.

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims one admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. The grand building was the chief ornament of the

city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator a countless number of pictures, characters of all figures and all ages, monuments to cast letters, and all other printing materials; which Bailet asserts to amount to numerous tons.

In Italy, the three Manuti were more subsistent of correctness and illustrations than of the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

It is much to be regretted that our publishers are not literary men. Among the learned printers formerly a book was valued because it came from the press of an Aldus or a Stephane, and even in our time the names of Bower and Dodley sacredness a work. Pausanias, in his history of the French Academy, tells us that Camusot was selected as their book-keeper, from his reputation for publishing only valuable works. "He was a man of some literature and good sense, and rarely printed an indifferent work, when we were young I recollect that we always made it a rule to purchase his publications." His name was a test of the goodness of the work. A publisher of this character would be of the greatest utility to the literary world; at home he would induce a number of rigorous men to become authors, for it would be honourable to be inscribed in his catalogue; and it would be a direction for the continental reader.

So valuable a union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the seventeenth century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors and their critics evinced a little delicacy of choice.

The invention of what is now called the *italic* letter in printing was made by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning owes much. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of abbreviations, which were then so frequent among the printers, that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book, and this addressed to the learned! He contrived an expedient, by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called the *italic* letter, though it formerly was distinguished by the name of the inventor, and called the *Aldine*.

ERRATA.

Because the ordinary *errata*, which happen in printing a work, others have been purposely committed that the *errata* may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Wherever the Inquisition had any power, particularly at Rome, it was not allowed to employ the word *factum*, or *facta*, in any book. An author, desirous of using the latter word, and to invent this scheme he had printed in his book *facta*, and, in the *errata*, he put, *facta*, read *facta*.

Scarron has done the same thing on another occasion. He had composed some verses, at the head of which he placed this dedication—*A Gualtero, Chânes de son âme*; but having a quarrel with his sister, he maliciously put into the *errata*,

Instead of *Chiienne de ma Sœur*, read *ma Chiienne de Sœur*.

Lully at the close of a bad prologue said, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum*, it should have been *fi du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docte Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docte Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*. This *Morel* was not the first *docteur* not *docte*.

When a fanatic published a mystical work full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled *Les Délices de l'Esprit*, it was proposed to print in his *errata*, for *Délices*, read *Délires*.

The author of an idle and imperfect book ended with the usual phrase of *cetera desiderantur*, one altered it *non desiderantur sed desunt*; the rest is *wanting*, but not *wanted*.

At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word *FINIS*—a wit put this among the *errata*, with this pointed couplet:

FINIS! an error, or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books—there is no End!

In the year 1561 was printed a work, entitled the *Anatomy of the Mass*. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is accompanied by an *Errata* of 15 pages! The editor, a pious Monk, informs us that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task: for it is, says he, to forestall the *artifices of Satan*. He supposes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first before it was printed, by drenching the ms. in a kennel, and having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered several parts illegible: the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan he was obliged carefully to reperuse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers, under the influence of the Devil. All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the *Errata*.

A furious controversy raged between two famous scholars from a very laughable but accidental *Erratum*; and threatened serious consequences to one of the parties. Flavigny wrote two letters, criticising rather freely a polyglot Bible edited by Abraham Ecchellensis. As this learned editor had sometimes censured the labours of a friend of Flavigny, this latter applied to him the third and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew, which he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid vides festucam in Oculo fratris tui, et trabem in Oculo tuo non vides?* Ver. 5. *Ejice primum trabem de Oculo tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de Oculo fratris tui*. Ecchellensis opens his reply by accusing Flavigny of an enormous crime committed in this passage; attempting to correct the sacred text of the Evangelist, and daring to reject a word, while he supplied its place by another as *impious* as *obscene*! This crime, exaggerated with all the virulence of an angry declaimer, closes with a dreadful accusation. Flavigny's morals are attacked, and his reputation overturned by a horrid imputation. Yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erratum*! The whole arose from the printer having negligently suffered the *first letter* of the word *Oculo* to have dropped from the form, when he happened to touch a line with his finger, which

did not stand straight! He published another letter to do away the imputation of Ecchellensis; but thirty years afterwards his rage against the negligent printer was not extinguished; certain wits were always reminding him of it.

One of the most egregious of all literary blunders is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sixtus V. His Holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with *errata*! A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility! The copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it; a few still remain for the raptures of the biblical collectors; at a late sale the Bible of Sixtus V. fetched above sixty guineas—not too much for a mere book of blunders! The world was highly amused at the bull of the editorial Pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers who in reprinting the work should make any *alteration* in the text!

In the version of the Epistles of St. Paul into the Ethiopic language, which proved to be full of errors, the editors allege a very good-humoured reason—"They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind."

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, Chap. 3, v. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *HERR*, and substituted *NA* in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy *LORD*," (*Herr*) to "and he shall be thy *FOOL*," (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional *erratum*; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

We have an edition of the Bible, known by the name of *The Vinegar Bible*; from the *erratum* in the title to the 20th Chap. of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the *Vineyard*," is printed "Parable of the *Vinegar*." It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

We have had another, where "Thou shalt commit adultery" was printed, omitting the negation; which occasioned the archbishop to lay one of the heaviest penalties on the Company of Stationers that was ever recorded in the annals of literary history.

Herbert Croft used to complain of the incorrectness of our English classics, as reprinted by the booksellers. It is evident some stupid printer often changes a whole text intentionally. The fine description by Akenside of the Pantheon, "SEVERELY great," not being understood by the blockhead, was printed *serenely great*. Swift's own edition of "the City Shower," has "old *ACHES* throb." *Aches* is two syllables, but modern printers, who had lost the right pronunciation, have *aches* as one syllable; and then to complete the metre, have foisted in "*aches will throb*." Thus what the poet and the linguist wish to preserve is altered, and finally lost.



It appears by a calculation made by the printer of H. Evans's edition of Shakespeare, that every other page of that work, text and notes, contains some distinct piece of metal, which in a short compass is 45,000 the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder! With this curious fact before us, the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired, and errors ought more freely to be pardoned than the familiar misnomers of the insect eye of certain critics has allowed.

Whether such a miracle as an infallible edition of a classical author does exist, I have never heard, but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious perfection—and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible in the magnificent edition of *At Landas de Cambrés*, by Dom José Sousa, in 1817. This saint was spared no probability of cost and labour, and flattered himself that by the assistance of Duclot, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume. But an error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *lustrum* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sorts. It must be confessed that this was an *error of misfortune*—rather than an *evolution*.

One of the most remarkable complaints on matters is that of Edw. Leigh, appended to his curious treatise "on Religion and Learning." It consists of two folio pages, in a very minute character, and exhibits an incalculable number of printer's blunders. "We have not," he says,

Platon nor Sophocles amongst us, and it is no easy task to specify the chaotic errors; false interjections there are too many, here a letter wanting, there a letter too much, a syllable too much, one letter for another, words parted where they should be joined, words joined which should be severed, words misplaced, chronological mistakes, &c." This unfortunate folio was printed in 1838. Are we to infer by each frequent complaint of the authors of that day, that either they did not receive proofs from the printers, or that the printers never attended to the corrected proofs? Each doubt evinces seems to have been felt as a stab in the literary feelings of the poor author!

PATRONS.

ASTROLOGERS have too frequently received ill treatment, even from those to whom they dedicated their works.

Some who felt hurt at the characteristic treatment of such much Marstonians have observed that no writer should dedicate his works but to his patron, as was practised by the ancients, who greatly admired them to those who had solicited their labours, or estimated their progress.

Thomson's *Glean* had no other recompense for having inscribed to Henry IV. his translation of the book of Amos, than the *Statue of Amos*, than the price of the binding, which this charitable father of the church most graciously bestowed upon him.

Thomson's *Alibi* his *Mythology* with kind compliments of the neglect of his patrons; and *Thomson* was as little successful in his dedications.

Armando, in presenting his *Orlando Furioso* to the Cardinal d'Este, was gratified with the better success of—"Dove devole avete pagato tanto esigimmo?" Where the devil have you found all this gold?

When the French historian Dupless, whose pen we indeed recall, presented his book to the Duke d'Espernon, this Marstonian, turning to the Pope's Nuncio, who was present, very calmly exclaimed—"Caledidit? ce Monsieur a un Bon courage, il chut un livre toutes les heures!"

Thomson, the ardent author of the *Romanes*, having extravagantly praised a person of rank, who afterwards appeared to be underrating of his person, properly employed his pen in a minute recitation of his error. A very different conduct from that of Dupless, who always spoke highly of those Margaret of France for a little place he held in her household, not after her death, when the place became vacant, spoke of her with all the freedom of nature. Such a too often the character of some of the literati, who only dare to reveal the truth when they have no interest to conceal it.

Poor Mickle, in whom we are indebted for so beautiful a version of *Comenius' Lusus*, having dedicated this work, the continued labour of five years, to the Duke of Sutherland, had the mortification to find, by the discovery of a friend, that he had kept it in his possession three weeks before he could collect sufficient intellectual desire to cut open the first page! and what is worse, the neglect he had experienced from the nobleman proved on his mind, and reduced him to a state of degeneracy. This patron was a political economist, the pupil of Adam Smith! It is pleasing to add, in contrast with the feudal system, that when Mickle wrote to Lisbon, where his translation had passed before him, he found the Prince of Portugal waiting on the quay to be the first to receive the translator of his great national poem, and during a residence of six months, Mickle was warmly regarded by every Portuguese nobleman.

"Every man believes," writes Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Beattie, "that mountains are unfaithful, and patrons are capricious. But he conceals his own misdeeds, and his own patron."

A patron in connection demanded is an odd way. Benvenuto attached himself to Cardinal Mazzini; but his friendship produced nothing but misery. The poet every day indulged his easy and charming vein of satirical and panegyric poetry, while all the world read and admired his verse. One evening the cardinal, in conversation with the king, described his mode of life when at the papal court. He loved the sciences, but his chief occupation was the better letters, composing little pieces of poetry, he said that he was then in the court of Rome, what Benvenuto was now in that of France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the conversation of the cardinal. He quitted them abruptly, and ran to the apartment of his eminence, knocking with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The cardinal had just gone to bed. In vain they informed him of this circumstance, while he persisted in demanding entrance, and so he continued this incessant disturbance, they were com-

called to open the door. He ran to his eminence, fell upon his knees, almost pulled off the sheets of the bed in rapture, imploring a thousand pardons for thus disturbing him, but such was his joy in what he had just heard, which he repeated, that he could not refrain from immediately going vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his eminence for his poetical talents! Had the door not been immediately opened, he should have expired, he was not rich, it is true, but he should now die contented! The cardinal was pleased with his ardor, and probably never suspected his *fatality*, and the next week our new actor was pronounced.

On Cardinal Richelieu, another of his patrons, he gratefully made this epitaph.

C'est toi, seul par ta main tant blâmé
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cause mon ennui
Ma passion avec lui.

Here he, again, 'tis very true?
The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu!
His grief is genuine—read of whom!
Alas! my passion has with him!

Le Brun, the great French artist, painted himself holding in his hand the portrait of his earliest patron. In this accompaniment Le Brun may be said to have portrayed the features of his soul, as his pencil had his physiognomy. If genius has two other complements of its patrons, has it not also often over-valued their protection?

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. "It was at Rome," says Gubben, "on the 15th of October, 1746, as I sat strolling amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-headed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind."

Father Malbranche having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Littering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Dieu* fell into his hands. Having dipped into some parts, he read with such delight, that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Corneille became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's *Fair Queen*, and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted by the Muse, that he grew over-credibly a poet.

Dr Johnson informs us, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's *Treatise*.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and

while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Melvettus, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused, he approached the clock case, and studied its mechanism, what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine, and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

"If Shakespeare's improvidence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town, if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent woolseller had never been the celebrated poet."

"Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation, the father observing it, asked in anger, if his son was to be made an actor. 'Would to God,' replied the grandfather, 'he were as good an actor as Moliere.' The words struck young Moliere, he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer."

"Corneille loved, he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed *Melite*, and afterwards his other celebrated works. The devout Corneille had else remained a lawyer."

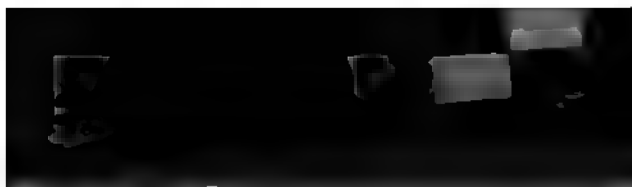
"Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, decimating, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given rise illustrious characters to Europe."

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reaching under an apple tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. Thus led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies, from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pamplona. Having hunted his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order, whence originated the celebrated society of the Jesuits.

Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the Academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated *Dedication* against the arts and sciences. A circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impulse, which directed his future life. He immediately thought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet, that after passing the night in transur-



INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.—CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

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ing his verses in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods, where concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding dryads.

Plamated was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacroboscus's book de Sphaera having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of astronomical studies. Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds: the same accident, of finding on the table of his professor, Beaumont a History of Insects, of which he read more than he attended to the lecture, and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet, that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work, its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life, this naturalist indeed lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

Dr Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

I shall add the incident which occasioned Roger Ascham to write his Schoolmaster, one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary, severe in his own temper, he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr Watson, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Manners, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr Madison seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced, as an evidence, that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed, that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Baskville was silent, but when Ascham after dinner went to the queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal, that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported, for it was the perpetual flapping of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

SEVERAL inequalities are observable in the labours of genius, and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in poetry, in painting, and in music. Faultless mechanic industry can preserve in one continued degree, but excellence, the daring and the happy, can only be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakespeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our poets. With some, their great fault consists in having none.

Caraccio mercenarily said of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titiano, hora superiore del Tintoretto*—"I have seen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now less than Tintoret."

Trublet very justly observes—The more there are beauties, and great beauties, in a work, I am the less surprised to find faults and great faults. When you say of a work that it has many faults, that decides nothing, and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any fault, if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.

CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

THESE are men who have just thoughts in every subject, but it is not perceived, because their expressions are feeble. They conceive well, but they produce badly.

Grammar is a study abhorred, abiding to what then much occupied his mind—that one might be apt to think that they had been taught, in the confinement of a cell, all they had learnt, so scrupulous are they of disclosing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well, for they express with elegance, frequently, what they do not know.

It was observed of one pleader, that he knew more than he said, and of another, that he said more than he knew.

The judicious Quintilian observes, that we ought at first to be more anxious in regard to our conceptions than our expressions—we may attend to the latter afterwards. While Horace thought that expressions will never fail us if we have luminous conceptions. Yet they seem to be different things, for a man may have the clearest conceptions, and at the same time be no pleasing writer, while conceptions of no eminent merit may be very agreeably set off by a warm and colouring diction.

Lucian happily describes the works of those who abound with the most luxuriant language, void of ideas. He calls their unmeaning verbosity anemone-words (*anemone verborum*), for anemones are flowers, which, however brilliant, can only please the eye, leaving no fragrance. Pratt, who was a writer of flowing, but nugatory verses, was compared to the daisy, a flower indeed, but without the fragrance.

GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION

THAT many sciences, not Menage, on which we cannot, indeed, compose in a florid or elegant diction, such as geography, music, algebra, geometry, &c. When Atlas requested Cæsar to write on geography, the latter excused himself, observing, that its scenes were more adapted to please the eye than susceptible of the embellishments of style. However, in these kind of sciences, we may find an element to their dryness by introducing occasional, but elegant allusions, as in the following most judicious suggestion.

Thus when we do but pause in our study, place, for instance, *the Nile*, we may call attention to the residence of *Cæsar*, the parent of our poetry, or as a late traveller, in "an Autumn on the Rhine," when at Englishton, at the view of an old palace built by Charlemagne, adds, with "a hundred columns brought from Rome," and was "the scene of the romantic amours of that monarch's fair daughter, Iseitha, with Einhard, his secretary," and viewing the Gothic ruins on the banks of the Rhine, he says of them as having been the haunts of their illustrious *Antiquaries*, whose studies consisted in tracing the merchants and townsmen, in the thirteenth century, a citizen of Meuse persuaded the merchants of more than a hundred towns to form a league against these little princes and counts, the origin of the famous House of Lorraine, who contributed so much to the commerce of Europe. This kind of erudition gives an interest to all his allusions, and associates in our memory the illustrious personages who were then inhabitants.

The same principle of composition may be pursued with the happiest effect into various interesting subjects, though the profound antiquaries may not approve of these sports of wit or fancy. Dr. Arbuthnot, in his *Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures*, a topic extremely barren of amusement, takes every opportunity of enlivening the dullness of his task: even in these mathematical calculations he betrays his wit, and observes, that "the pious Augustus, the Emperor of the World, had neither any glass in his windows, nor a shirt to his back." These uses of glass and linen were, indeed, not known in his time. Our physician is not less curious and facetious in the account of the *fees* which the Roman physicians received.

LEGENDS.

These ecclesiastical histories entitled *Legends* are said to have originated in the following circumstances.

Several villages were established in the monasteries where the monks were held, the prisoners or scholars frequently gave their pupils the list of saints sent for a trial of their talent at *amplification*. The students, being constantly at a loss to finish out their pages, invented most of these wonderful adventures. Justin observes, that the Christians used to collect out of David, Levi, and other pious poets and historians, the miracles and portraits to be found there, and accommodated them to their own monks and saints. The good

fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of these marvellous compositions, not imagining that, at some distant period, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voragine, Peter Nadal, and Peter Bihedener, wrote the *Lives of the Saints*, they sought for their materials in the libraries of the monasteries, and, deriving from the dust these marvellous signs of superstition, imagined they made an invaluable present to the world, by laying before them these voluminous absurdities. The people received these pious fictions with all imaginable veneration, and as the book is adorned with a number of cuts, these miracles were perfectly intelligible to the eye. Tillmont, Picard, Baillet, Lamoignon, and Brindley, cleared away much of the rubbish, the variable title of *Golden Legend*, by which James de Voragine called his work, has been dispelled, and it had might more aptly express the character of this folio.

When the world began to be more critical in their reading, the monks gave a greater turn to their narratives, and became generous of their absurdities. The learned Catholic contends, that the line of tradition has been preserved unbroken; notwithstanding that the *miracles* were lost in the general wreck of literature. "On the barbarians, we come down in a rapid and perfect state."

Barnard has given the list of many apocryphal saints, for instance, of a *Saint Xenon*, whom he calls a native of Antioch, but it appears that Barnard having read in Chrysostom this word, which requires a copy or two, he mistook it for the name of a saint, and continued to give the most authentic biography of a saint who never existed! The Catholics confirm this sort of blunder is not uncommon, but then it is only fools who laugh! As a specimen of the happier invention, one is given, embellished in the diction of Gibbon—

"Among the stupid legends of ecclesiastical history, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers*, whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without impairing the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time the slaves of Adolph, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the *Seven Sleepers* were permitted to awake. After a slumber so they thought of a few hours, they were pained by the calls of hunger, and resolved that Jacobinism, one of their number, should secretly return to the city to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognise the once familiar aspect of his native country;



and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and unknown language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Darius as the current coin of the empire; and Iamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Iamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

"This popular tale Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria, and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.—The same story has been adopted and adorned, by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

The two curious reader may perhaps require other specimens of the more unlucky inventions of this "Golden Legend," as characteristic of a certain class of minds, the philosopher will not condemn their grotesque fictions.

Three monks imagined that holiness was often proportioned to a man's stinkiness. St Ignatius, say they, delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes, he never used a comb, but let his hair clasp, and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One saint attended to such party as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches; which, after his death, were hung up in public as an *inimitable imitation*. St Francis discovered by certain experience that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were annoyed by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearer, and one of them having declared that the poorest comb was on the devils' bodies. On this they told a story which may not be very agreeable to fashionable delicacy. Brother Juniper was a gentleman perfectly pious on this principle, indeed so great was his intent in this species of mortification, that a brother declared he could always know Brother Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was at the due point. Once, when the blessed Juniper, for he was no monk, was a guest, his host, proud of the honour of entertaining so pious a peregrinator, the intimate friend of St Francis, provided an excellent bed, and the finest dinner. Brother Juniper abhorred such luxury. And this too evidently appeared after his sudden departure to the morning, unknown to his kind host. The great Juniper did this, says his biographer, having said so what he did, not so much from his habitual inclination for which he was so justly celebrated, as from his excessive party, and as much as he could to mortify worldly pride, and to show how a true saint despised clean sheets.

In the life of St Francis we find, among other grotesque maxims, that he preached a sermon in a desert, but he soon collected an immense audience. The birds thrilly warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, and when he finished, dropped with a

holy rapture into four companies, to report his sermon to all the birds in the universe. A grasshopper remained a week with St Francis during the absence of the Virgin Mary, and pattered on his head. He grew so compassionate with a nightingale, that when a mob of swallows began to huddle, he hushed them by deriving them not to little-tattle of their wives, the nightingale. Attacked by a wolf, with only the sign manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his ratted assailant, till the wolf, weary as a lap-dog, stretched his paws on the hands of the saint, followed him through towns, and became half a Christian.

The same St Francis had such a derision of the good things of this world, that he would never suffer his followers to touch money. A friar having placed on a window some money collected at the altar, he desired him to take it in his mouth, and throw it on the dung of an ass! St Philip Neri was such a lover of poverty, that he frequently prayed that God would bring him to that state as to stand in need of a penny, and had nobody that would give him one.

But Saint Marcell was so shocked at having killed a lion, that he endured seven years of penance among the thorns and briars of a forest. A circumstance which seems to have reached Moore, who gives this stroke to the character of his Tartuffe.

*Il s'impute a peché le moindre bagatelle ;
Jacques-le-qu'il se vint, fustes jout, s'écouter
D'avoir pris une puce en l'assort à prier,
Et de l'avoir tué, avec trop de culture !*

I give a ridiculous incident respecting two pious maidens. The night of the Nativity of Christ, after the first mass, they both retired into a solitary spot of their monastery till the second mass was rung. One asked the other, "Why do you want two cushions, when I have only one?" The other replied, "I would place it between us, for the child Jesus, as the R.aphael says, where there are two or three persons assembled I am in the midst of them." This being done, they sat down, feeling a most lively pleasure at their fancy, and there they remained from the Nativity of Christ to that of John the Baptist, but this great interval of time passed with their usual modesty as two hours would appear to others. The abbess and her nuns were alarmed at their absence, for no one could give any account of them. In the eve of St John, a cowherd passing by them, beheld a beautiful child seated on a cushion between this pair of runaway nuns. He hastened to the abbess with news of these stray sheep, who saw this lovely child playfully seated between these scrupulous, who, with blushing countenances, inquired if the second bell had already rung! Both parties were equally astonished to find our young devotees had been there from the Nativity of Jesus to that of St. John. The abbess asked after the child who sat between them, they solemnly declared they saw no child between them, and persisted in their story.

Such is one of these miracles of "the Golden Legend," which a wicked wit might comment on, and see nothing extraordinary in the whole story. The two nuns might be missing between the Nativity, and be found at the last with a

child seated between them.—They might not choose to account either for their absence or their child—the only touch of miracle is, that they ascertained, they saw no child—that I confess is a little (child) too much.

The lives of the saints by Alban Butler is a learned work, and the most agreeable history of these legends. Ribadeneyra's lives of the saints exhibit more of the legendary spirit, for wanting judgment and not faith, he is more volentuous in his details, and more ridiculous in his narratives.

THE PORT-ROYAL SOCIETY.

EVERY lover of letters has heard of this learned society, which, says Gibbon, contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. Their "*Logic, or the Art of Thinking*," for its lucid, accurate and diversified matter, is still an admirable work, notwithstanding the writers at that time had to emancipate themselves from the habituation of the scholastic logic with cautious boldness. It was the conjoint labour of Arnauld and Nicole. Europe has benefited by the labours of these learned men, but not many have attended to the origin and dissolution of this literary society.

In the year 1633, Le Maistre, a celebrated advocate, resigned the bar, and the honour of being *Commander d'Escol*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, Dr. Serouart, who had followed the military profession, quitted it at the same time. Consecrating themselves to the service of God, they retired into a small house near the Port-Royal of Paris, where they were joined by their brothers De Sacy, de M. Elme, and De Val Mont. Arnauld, one of their most illustrious associates, was induced to enter into the Jesuit controversy, and then it was they encountered the powerful persecution of the Jesuits. Constrained to remove from that spot, they fixed their residence at a few leagues from Paris, and called it *Port Royal des Champs*.

With these illustrious recluses many devout gushed persons now retired, who had given up their parks and houses to be appropriated to their solitude, and this community was called the *Society of Port Royal*.

There were no rules, no vows, no constitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and study, and mutual labour, were their only occupations. They applied themselves to the education of youth, and raised up little academies in the neighbourhood where the members of Port Royal, the most illustrious names of literary France, presided. Some considered his birth entitled him to any exemption from their public offices, relieving them from attending on the sick, and employing themselves in their farms and gardens, they were carpenters, ploughmen, gardeners, and vine-dressers, &c. as if they had practiced nothing else, they studied physics, and surgery, and law, in truth, it seems that from religious motives, these learned men attempted to form a community of primitive Christianity.

The Duchesse of Longueville, once a political chief, sacrificed her ambition on the altar of Port-Royal, enlarged the monastic enclosure with spacious gardens and orchards, built a noble house, and often retreated to its seclusion. The learned D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after his studious hours, resorted to the cultivation of fruit-trees, and the fruit of Port Royal became celebrated for its size and flavour. Princesses were sent to the Queen-Mother of France, Anne of Austria, and Cardinal Mazarin, who used to call it "Fruit-herm." It appears that "ladies of rank, affluence, and poetry, who did not wish entirely to give up their avocations in the world, built themselves country-houses in the valley of Port-Royal, in order to enjoy the society of its religious and literary inhabitants."

In the solitude of Port Royal, Racine received his education, and, on his death-bed, desired to be buried in its cemetery, at the feet of his master, Marnon Arnauld, persecuted, and dying in a foreign country, still cast his lingering looks on this beloved retreat, and left the society his heart, which was there buried.

Anne de Bourbons, a princess of the blood-royal, erected a house near the Port Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroness of their studies and religious men, but her death, in 1679, was the fatal stroke which dispersed them for ever.

The envy and the fears of the Jesuits, and their rancour against Arnauld, who with such ability had exposed their dogmas, occasioned the destruction of the Port Royal Society. *Examinez, examinez, neque ad fundamentum in eo*—Annoyance it, annihilate it, to its very foundation! Such are the terms in the Jesuit decree. The Jesuits had long called the little school of Port-Royal the hot-bed of heresy. Gregoire, in his interesting memoir of "Ruin of Port Royal," has drawn an affecting picture of that virtuous society when the Jesuits obtained by their intrigues an order from government to break it up. They raged the buildings, and ploughed up the very foundation; they exhausted their hatred even on the stones, and profaned even the sanctuaries of the dead, the corpses were torn out of their graves, and dogs were suffered to contend for the rags of these thermals. When the Port-Royal had no longer an existence, the memory of that asylum of innocence and learning was still kept alive by those who collected the engravings representing that place by Mademoiselle Morlemorelle. The police, under Jesuit influence, at length seized on the plates in the cabinet of the *Luxurist*—How comic was the report circulated which Arnauld gave the Jesuits: "I do not fear your pen but its knife."

These were men whom the love of retirement had united to cultivate literature, in the midst of solitude, of pen, and of poetry. They formed a society of learned men, of fine taste and sound philosophy. Altho' occupied on sacred, as well as on profane writers, they studied, while they enlightened the world. Their writings fixed the French language. The example of these solitaries show how retirement is favourable to penetrate into the sanctuary of the Muses, and that by meditating on science on the oracles of taste, in imitating we may equal them.



An interesting anecdote is related of Arnauld on the occasion of the dissolution of this society. The dispersion of these great men, and their young scholars, was lamented by every one but their enemies. Many persons of the highest rank participated in their sorrows. The excellent Arnauld, in that moment, was as kindly pursued as if he had been a lion.

It was then the Duchess of Longueville concealed Arnauld in an obs. ure lodging, who assumed the dress of a layman, wearing a sword and full-bottomed wig. Arnauld was attacked by a fever, and in the course of conversation with a physician, Arnauld inquired after news. "They talk of a new book of the Port Royal," replied the doctor, "attributed to Arnauld or to Bacy, but I do not believe it comes from Bacy, he does not write so well." "Now, Sir," exclaimed the philosopher, forgetting his sword and wig, "believe me my nephew writes better than I do."—The physician eyed his patient with amusement—he hastened to the duchess, and told her, "The malady of the gentleman you sent me to is not very serious, provided you do not suffer him to see any one, and insist on his holding his tongue." The duchess, alarmed, immediately had Arnauld conveyed to her palace. She gave him an apartment, concealed him in her chamber, and permitted to attend him herself—"Ade," she said, "what you want of the servant, but it shall be myself who shall bring it to you."

How honourable is it to the female character, that in all similar events their sensibility is not higher than their fortitude! But the Duchess of Longueville saw in Arnauld a model of human fortitude which mortals never excelled. His remarkable reply to Nicole, when they were hunted from place to place, can never be forgotten. Arnauld wished Nicole to meet him in a new work, when the latter observed, "We are now old, is it not time to rest?" "Rest," returned Arnauld, "have we not all eternity to rest in?" The whole of the Arnauld family were the most extraordinary instance of that hereditary character which is continued through certain families—here it was a sublime, and, perhaps, singular union of learning with religion. The Arnaulds, Bacy, Pascal, Tillermont, with other illustrious names, to whom literary Europe will owe perpetual obligations, combined the life of the monastery with that of the library.

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature, time will not abate the growing passion, for old men still cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits, when all others have ceased to interest. Dr. Reid, to his last day, retained a most active curiosity in his various studies, and particularly in the revolutions of modern chemistry. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure, and in old age we may enjoy them with the same relish with which more youthful students commence. Professor Dugald Stewart tells us that Adam Smith observed to him,

that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favourite studies and favourite authors of youth—a remark, which, in his own case, seemed to be more particularly exemplified while he was re-perusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece. I have heard him repeat the observation more than once while Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table."

Socrates learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in his life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study. His acute genius, and ardent application, rivalled those poetic models which he admired; and Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in poetic literature.

The great Arnauld retained the rigour of his genius, and the command of his pen, to his last day; and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnauld.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit. His early years were chiefly passed in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies, but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate disgusted him with those rustic occupations, resolved to attach himself to regular studies, and literary society, he sold his farms, and became the most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learned logic, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

Dr Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. The Marquis de Saint Aulaire, at the age of seventy, began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their freshest flowers. The verses of this French Anacreon are full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were the composition of his latest years: they were begun in his fifty-fourth year, and finished in his sixty-first.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his time. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who himself is one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

The most delightful of autobiographies for artists is that of Benvenuto Cellini, a work of great originality, which was not begun till "the clock of his age had struck fifty-eight."

Koonhert began at forty to learn the Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master; several students, who afterwards distinguished themselves, have commenced as late in life their literary pursuits. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty, and Franklin's philosophical pur-

suits began when he had nearly reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of the law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden's complete works form the largest body of poetry from the pen of one writer in the English language; yet he gave no public testimony of poetic abilities till his twenty-seventh year. In his sixty-eighth year he proposed to translate the whole *Iliad*; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius even in extreme old age: there is a device said to be invented by him, of an old man represented in a go-cart with an hour-glass upon it; the inscription *Ancora impero!*—YET I AM LEARNING!

We have a literary curiosity in a favourite treatise with Erasmus and men of letters of that period, *De Ratone Studio*, by Joachim Sterck, otherwise Fortius de Rhingelberg. The enthusiasm of the writer often carries him to the verge of ridicule; but something must be granted to his peculiar situation and feelings; for Baillet tells us that this method of studying had been formed entirely from his own practical knowledge and hard experience: at a late period of life he commenced his studies, and at length he imagined that he had discovered a more perpendicular mode of ascending the hill of science than by its usual circuitous windings. His work Mr. Knox compares to the sounding of a trumpet.

Menage, in his *Anti-Baillet*, has a very curious apology for writing verses in his old age, by showing how many poets amused themselves notwithstanding their grey hairs, and wrote sonnets or epigrams at ninety.

La Casa, in one of his letters, humorously said, *Io credo ch'io farò Sannetto venti cinque anni, o trenta, poi che io sarò morto.* I think I may make sonnets twenty-five, or perhaps thirty years, after I shall be dead! Petau tells us that he wrote verses to solace the evils of old age—

—— Petavus æger

Cantabat veteris querens solatia morbi.

Malherbe declares the honours of genius were his, yet young—

Je les possède jeune, et les possède encore
A la fin de mes jours!

Maynard moralises on this subject,

En cheveux blancs il me faut donc aller
Comme un enfant tous les jours à l'école;
Que je suis fou d'apprendre à bien parler
Lorsque la mort vient m'oter la parole.

SPANISH POETRY.

PHIL BOURHOUS observes, that the Spanish poets display an extravagant imagination, which is by no means destitute of spirit—shall we say *wit*? but which evinces little taste or judgment.

Their verses are much in the style of our Cowley

—trivial points, monstrous metaphors, and quaint conceits. It is evident that the Spanish poets imported this taste from the time of Marino in Italy; but the warmth of the Spanish climate appears to have redoubled it, and to have blown the kindled sparks of chimerical fancy to the heat of a Vulcanian forge.

Lopes de Vega, in describing an afflicted shepherdess, in one of his pastorals, who is represented weeping near the sea-side, says, "That the sea joyfully advances to gather her tears; and that, having enclosed them in shells, it converts them into pearls."

"Y el mar como imbidioso
A tierra por las lagrimas salia,
Y alegre de cogerlas

Las guarda en conchas, y convierte en perlas."

Villegas addresses a stream—"Thou who runnest over sands of gold, with feet of silver," more elegant than our Shakespeare's "Thy silver skin laced with thy golden blood." Villegas monstrosously exclaims, "Touch my breast, if you doubt the power of Lydia's eyes—you will find it turned to ashes." Again—"Thou art so great that thou canst only imitate thyself with thy own greatness;" much like our "None but himself can be his parallel."

Gongora, whom the Spaniards once greatly admired, and distinguished by the epithet of *The wonderful*, is full of these points and conceits.

He imagines that a nightingale, who enchantingly varied her notes, and sang in different manners, had a hundred thousand other nightingales in her breast, which alternately sang through her throat—

"Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
A quel ruymenor lira, que sospecho
Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho
Que alterna su dolor por su garganta."

Of a young and beautiful lady he says, that she has but a few *years* of life, but many *ages* of beauty.

Muchos siglos de hermosura
En pocos años de edad.

Many ages of beauty is a false thought, for beauty becomes not more beautiful from its age; it would be only a superannuated beauty. A face of two or three ages old could have but few charms.

In one of his odes he addresses the River of Madrid by the title of the *Duke of Streams* and the *Favourite of Rivers*—

"Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el agustismo,
Estáis Duques de Arroyos,
Y Favourite de los Rios."

He did not venture to call it a *Spanish grandee*, for, in fact, it is but a shallow and dirty stream; and as Querevedo wittily informs us, "*Mançanares* is reduced, during the summer season, to the melancholy condition of the wicked rich man, who asks for water in the depths of hell."

Concerning this river a pleasant witticism is recorded. Though so small, this stream in the



time of a flood can spread itself over the neighbouring fields; for this reason Philip the Second built a bridge eleven hundred feet long!—A Spaniard passing it one day, when it was perfectly dry, observing this superb bridge, archly remarked, "That it would be proper that the bridge should be sold to purchase water"—*Es menester, vender la puente, por comprar agua.*

The following elegant translation of a Spanish madrigal of the kind here criticised I found in a newspaper, but it is evidently by a master-hand.

On the green margin of the land,
Where Guadalquivir winds his way,
My lady lay:
With golden key Sleep's gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright—
Her eyes, two sons of light—
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid:
He raised his dripping head,
With woods o'erspread,
Clad in his wat'ry robes approach'd the maid,
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss,
Her soul enshrouded, then flame
Pall and unclouded on th' intruder came.
Amazed th' intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt on the water to escape the fire.

SAINT EVREMOND.

THE portrait of St. Evremond, delineated by his own hand, will not be unacceptable to many readers.

This writer possessed delicacy and wit, and has written well, but with great inequality. His poetry is insipid, and his prose abounds with points; the antithesis was his favourite figure, and its prodigality fatigues. The comparisons he forms between some of the illustrious ancients will interest from their ingenuity.

In his day it was a literary fashion for writers to give their own portraits; a fashion that seems to have passed over into our country, for Farquhar has drawn his own character in a letter to a lady. Others of our writers have given these self-miniatures. Such painters are, no doubt, great flatterers, and it is rather their ingenuity than their truth, which we admire in these cabinet-pictures.

"I am a philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence of debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man, who has never known want, or abundance. I occupy that station of life which is contemned by those who possess every thing, envied by those who have nothing; and only relished by those who make their felicity consist in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation; convinced that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of

a long life. Old, I disliked economy; as I believe that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what nature has done for me, nor do I repine at fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only discover what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memories with an endless number of things at the cost of our judgment. I do not attach myself to the observations of scientific men to acquire science; but to the most rational, that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes, I seek for more delicate minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes, for the gayer, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety: and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion, and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship more tender than a philosopher; and in religion, as constant and as sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity than of penitence. I rest my confidence on God, and hope every thing from his benevolence. In the bosom of providence I find my repose, and my felicity."

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION

THE student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to be obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity that his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of printed composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius, on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speach* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say—"I am not the less Peter Corneille!" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin, or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, said of a scintillant wit—"He com-

quers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Thermistocles, when asked to play on a lute,—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers, but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. Now often, at that moment, he laboured at some future *Spektator*!

Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Maudeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a tie-wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Maudeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyère, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen, but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit, or a fool, but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius Goldenroth. Chaucet was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation; and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition, that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this, for his periphrases served as models to other orators. Aeschines was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Druiden says of himself,—“My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jest in company, or make repartees.”

VIDA.

What a consolation for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain from the humblest obscurity to distinguished eminence! What a transport for the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours! Poor Vida was deprived of this satisfaction; but he is placed higher in our esteem by the present anecdote than even by that classic composition, which rivals the *Art of Poetry* of his great master.

Jerome Vida, after having long served two Popes, at length attained to the episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicitated himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel in embracing their son as their bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt that it was but a few days since they were no more! His stambli-

ties were exquisitely pained. The more, elegantly querulous, dictated more elegant verse; and in the sweetest pathos deplored the death and the disappointment of his parents.

THE SCUDERIES.

Beau heurux Accebay, dont le fertile pome
Peut tous les ans faire enfanter un volume.

BOILEAU has written this couplet on the *Scuderies*, the brother and sister, both famous in their day for composing romances, which they sometimes extended to ten or twelve volumes. It was the favourite literature of that period, as novels are now. Our nobles not unfrequently condescended to translate these voluminous compositions.

The diminutive size of our modern novels is undoubtedly an improvement, but, in resembling the size of primers, it were to be wished that their contents had also resembled their inoffensive pages. Our great-grandmothers were incommoded with enormous folios, and, instead of hushing the eventful history of two lovers at one or two sittings, it was sometimes six months, including *Sandras*, before they could get quit of their *Cleas*, their *Cyruces*, and *Parthenons*.

Mademoiselle Scudery, Menage informs us, had composed *ninety volumes*. She had even finished another romance, which she would not give the public, whose taste, she perceived, no more relished this kind of works. She was one of those unfortunate authors who, living to more than ninety years of age, survive their own celebrity.

She had her panegyrics in her day. Menage observes, "What a pleasing description has Mademoiselle Scudery made, in her *Cyruce*, of the little court at Rambouillet! A thousand things in the romances of this learned lady render them inestimable. She has drawn from the ancients their happiest passages, and has even improved upon them, like the prince in the fable, whatever she touches becomes gold. We may read her works with great profit, if we possess a correct taste, and love instruction. Those who censure their length only show the littleness of their judgment; as if Homer and Virgil were to be despised, because many of their books are filled with episodes and incidents that never really retard the conclusion. It does not require much penetration to observe, that *Cyruce* and *Clelia* are a species of the epic poem. The epic must embrace a number of events to suspend the course of the narrative; which only taking in a part of the life of the hero, would terminate too soon to display the skill of the poet. Without this artifice, the charm of uniting the greater part of the episodes to the principal subject of the romance would be lost. Mademoiselle de Scudery has so well treated them, and so aptly introduced a variety of beautiful passages, that nothing in this kind is comparable to her productions. Some expressions, and certain turns, have become somewhat obsolete, all the rest will last for ever, and outlive the criticisms they have undergone."

Menage has here emphatically uttered a false prophecy. The curious only look over her romances.

They contain doubtless many beautiful inventions; the misfortune is, that *time* and *patience* are rare requisites for the enjoyment of these *Iliads* in prose.

"The misfortune of her having written too abundantly has occasioned an unjust contempt," says a French critic. "We confess there are many heavy and tedious passages in her voluminous romances; but if we consider that in the *Clelia* and the *Artamene* are to be found inimitable delicate touches, and many splendid parts which would do honour to some of our living writers, we must acknowledge that the great defects of all her works arise from her not writing in an age when taste had reached the acmé of cultivation. Such is her erudition, that the French place her next to the celebrated Madame Dacier. Her works, containing many secret intrigues of the court and city, her readers must have keenly relished on their early publication."

Her *Artamenes*, or the Great Cyrus, and principally her *Clelia*, are representations of what then passed at the court of France. The *Map of the Kingdom of Tenderness*, in *Clelia*, appeared, at the time, as one of the happiest inventions. This once celebrated *map* is an allegory which distinguishes the different kinds of Tenderness, which are reduced to esteem, gratitude, and inclination. The map represents three rivers, which have these three names, and on which are situated three towns called Tenderness: Tenderness on *Inclination*; Tenderness on *Esteem*; and Tenderness on *Gratitude*. *Pleasing Attentions*, or *Petit Soins*, is a village very beautifully situated. Mademoiselle de Scudery was extremely proud of this little allegorical map; and had a terrible controversy with another writer about its originality.

GEORGE SCUDERY, her brother, and inferior in genius, had a striking singularity of character:—he was one of the most complete votaries to the universal divinity of Vanity. With a heated imagination, entirely destitute of judgment, his military character was continually exhibiting itself by that peaceful instrument the pen, so that he exhibits a most amusing contrast of ardent feelings in a cool situation; not liberally endowed with genius, but abounding with its semblance in the fire of eccentric gasconade; no man has portrayed his own character with a bolder colouring than himself in his numerous prefaces and addresses; surrounded by a thousand self-illusions of the most sublime class, everything that related to himself had an Homeric grandeur of conception.

In an epistle to the Duke of Montmorency, he says, "I will learn to write with my left hand, that my right hand may more nobly be devoted to your service;" and alluding to his pen, (*plume*), declares "he comes from a family who never used one, but to stick in their hats." When he solicits small favours from the great, he assures them "that princes must not think him importunate, and that his writings are merely inspired by his own individual interest; no! (he exclaims) I am studious only of your glory, while I am careless of my own fortune." And indeed, to do him justice, he acted up to these romantic feelings. After he had published his epic of *Alaric*, Christina of Sweden proposed to honour him with a chain of gold of the value of five hundred pounds, provided

he would expunge from his epics the eulogiums he bestowed on the Count of Guiche, whom she had disgraced. The epic soul of Scudery manfully scorned the bribe, and replied, that "If the chain of gold should be as weighty as that chain mentioned in the history of the Incas, I will never destroy any altar on which I have sacrificed!"

Proud of his boasted nobility and erratic life, he thus addresses the reader: "You will lightly pass over any faults in my work, if you reflect that I have employed the greater part of my life in seeing the finest parts of Europe, and that I have passed more days in the camp than in the library. I have used more matches to light my musket than to light my candles; I know better to arrange columns in the field than those on paper; and to square battalions better than to round periods." In his first publication, he began his literary career perfectly in character, by a challenge to his critics!

He is the author of sixteen plays, chiefly heroic tragedies; children who all bear the features of their father. He first introduced in his "*L'Amour Tyrannique*" a strict observance of the Aristotelian unities of time and place; and the necessity and advantages of this regulation are insisted on, which only shows that Aristotle's art goes but little to the composition of a pathetic tragedy. In his last drama, "*Arminius*," he extravagantly scatters his panegyrics on its fifteen predecessors; but of the present one he has the most exalted notion: it is the quintessence of Scudery! An ingenious critic calls it "The downfall of mediocrity!" It is amusing to listen to this blazing preface—"At length, reader, nothing remains for me but to mention the great *Arminius* which I now present to you, and by which I have resolved to close my long and laborious course. It is indeed my masterpiece! and the most finished work that ever came from my pen; for whether we examine the fable, the manners, the sentiments, or the versification, it is certain that I never performed anything so just, so great, nor more beautiful; and if my labours could ever deserve a crown, I would claim it for this work!"

The actions of this singular personage were in unison with his writings: he gives a pompous description of a most unimportant government which he obtained near Marseilles, but all the grandeur existed only in our author's heated imagination. Bachaumont and De la Chapelle, two wits of those times, in their playful "*Voyage*," describe it with humour:

Mais il faut vous parler du fort
Qui sans doute est une merveille;
C'est notre dame de la garde!
Gouvernement commode et beau,
A qui suffit pour tout garde,
Un Suisse avec sa halebarde
Peint sur la porte du château!

A fort very commodiously guarded; only requiring one sentinel, and that sentinel a soldier painted on the door!

In a poem on his disgust with the world, he tells us how intimate he has been with princes: Europe has known him through all her provinces; he ventured everything in a thousand combats:

L'on me vit obeir, l'on me vit commander,
Et mon poil tout poudreux a blanchi sous les
armes ;
Il est peu de beaux arts ou je ne sois instruit ;
En prose et en vers, mon nom fit quelque bruit ;
Et par plus d'un chemin je parvins à la gloire !

IMITATED.

Princes were proud my friendship to proclaim,
And Europe gazed, where'er her Hero came !
I grasp'd the laurels of heroic strife,
The thousand perils of a soldier's life !
Obedient in the ranks each toilsful day !
Though heroes soon command, they first obey.
'Twas not for me, too long a time to yield !
Born for a chieftain in the tented field !
Around my plumed helm, my silvery hair
Hung like an honour'd wreath of age and care !
The finer arts have charm'd my studious hours,
Versed in their mysteries, skilful in their powers ;
In verse and prose my equal genius glow'd,
Pursuing glory, by no single road !

Such was the vain George Scudery ! whose
heart, however, was warm ; poverty could never
degrade him ; adversity never broke down his
magnanimous spirit !

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE maxims of this noble author are in the
hands of every one. To those who choose to de-
rive every motive and every action from the soli-
tary principle of *self-love*, they are inestimable.
They form one continued satire on human nature ;
but they are not reconcilable to the feelings of
the man of more generous dispositions, or to him
who passes through life with the firm integrity of
virtue. Even at court we find a Sully, a Males-
herbes, and a Clarendon, as well as a Rochefoucault
and a Chesterfield.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault, says Segrais, had
not studied ; but he was endowed with a wonder-
ful degree of discernment, and knew the world
perfectly well. This afforded him opportunities of
making reflections, and reducing into maxims
those discoveries which he had made in the heart
of man, of which he displayed an admirable know-
ledge.

It is perhaps worthy of observation that this
celebrated French duke, according to Olivet in
his History of the French Academy, could never
summon resolution, at his election, to address the
Academy. Although chosen a member, he never
entered ; for such was his timidity, that he could
not face an audience and pronounce the usual
compliment on his introduction ; he whose courage,
whose birth, and whose genius, were alike distin-
guished. The fact is, as it appears by Mad. de
Sévigné, that Rochefoucault lived a close domestic
life ; there must be at least as much *theoretical* as
practical knowledge in the opinions of such a
retired philosopher.

Chesterfield, our English Rochefoucault, we are
also informed, possessed an admirable knowledge
of the heart of man ; and he too has drawn a simi-
lar picture of human nature ! These are two noble
authors whose chief studies seem to have been

made in *courts*. May it not be possible, allowing
these authors not to have written a sentence of
apocrypha, that the fault lies not so much in *human*
nature as in the satellites of Power ?

PRIOR'S HANS CARVEL.

WERE we to investigate the genealogy of our
best modern stories, we should often discover the
illegitimacy of our favourites ; should trace them
frequently to the East. My well-read friend, Mr.
Douce, has collected materials for such a work ;
but his modesty has too long prevented him from
receiving the gratitude of the curious in literature.

The story of the ring of Hans Carvel is of very
ancient standing, as are most of the tales of this
kind.

Menage says that Poggius, who died in 1459,
has the merit of its invention ; but I suspect he
only related a very popular story.

Rabelais, who has given it in his peculiar man-
ner, changed its original name of Philephus to that
of Hans Carvel.

This title is likewise in the eleventh of *Les*
Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles collected in 1461, for
the amusement of Louis XI. when Dauphin, and
living in solitude.

Ariosto has borrowed it, at the end of his fifth
Satire ; but, by his pleasant manner of relating it,
it is fairly appropriated.

In a collection of novels at Lyons, in 1555, it is
also employed, in the eleventh novel.

Celio Malespini has it again in page 288 of the
second part of his Two Hundred Novels, printed at
Venice in 1609.

Fontaine has prettily set it off, and an anonymous
writer has composed it in Latin Anacreontic verses ;
and at length our Prior has given it in his best
manner, with equal gaiety and freedom. After
Ariosto, La Fontaine, and Prior, let us hear of it
no more ; yet this has been done.

Voltaire has a curious essay to show that most
of our best modern stories and plots originally
belonged to the eastern nations, a fact which has
been made more evident by recent researches.
The *Amphitruon* of Molière was an imitation of
Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and
they took it from the Indians ! It is given by Dow
in his History of Hindostan. In Captain Scott's
Tales and Anecdotes from Arabian writers, we are
surprised at finding so many of our favourites very
ancient orientalists.—The *Ephesian Matron*, versi-
fied by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the
Italians ; it is to be found in Petronius, and Petro-
nius had it from the Greeks. But where did the
Greeks find it ? In the Arabian Tales ! And from
whence did the Arabian fabulists borrow it ? From
the Chinese ! It is found in Du Halde, who col-
lected it from the Versions of the Jesuits.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MAN of letters, who is more intent on the
acquisitions of literature than on the plots of
politics, or the speculations of commerce, will
find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis
than in the seclusion of the country.



THE TALMUD.

43

The student, who is no flatterer of the little passions of men, would not be much incommoded by their presence. Gibbon paints his own situation in the heart of the fashionable world. "I had not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of confidence and address which unlock every door and every house. While coaches were rattling through Bond-street, I have passed many a solitary evening in my lodging with my books. I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure." And even after he had published the first volume of his *History*, he observes that in London his confinement was solitary and sad. "th many forget my existence when they are no longer at Brooker's, and the few who sometimes had a thought on their friend were detained by business or pleasure, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on my book-seller Elmslie to enliven the dulness of the evening."

A situation, very elegantly described in the beautifully-published verses of Mr. Rogers, in his "Epistle to a Friend."

When from his class-room dreams the student steals
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed, while around him pass
The meteor forms of equipage and dress,
Alone in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land.

He compares the student to one of the seven sleepers in the ancient legend.

Descent residing in the commercial city of Amsterdam, writing in *Bazaar*, illustrates these descriptions with great force and vivacity.

"You wish to retire, and your intention is to seek the solitude of the Charenton, or, possibly, some of the most beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather advise you, if you wish to observe mankind, and at the same time to lose yourself in the deepest solitude, to join me in Amsterdam. I prefer this situation to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year, for however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniences are wanted which can only be found in a city. One is not alone so frequently in the country as one could wish, a number of imperfections of nature are continually besetting you. Here, as all the world, except myself, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk every day amongst millions of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the same impression on my mind as would the trees of your forests, or the flocks of sheep grazing on your common. The busy hum, too, of these merchants does not disturb me more than the purring of your brooks. If sometimes I amuse myself in contemplating their anxious meditations, I recollect the same pleasure which you do in observing those men who cultivate your land; for I reflect that the end of all their labours is to embellish the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you contemplate with delight the fruits of your orchards, with all the rich promises of abundance, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets that convey to me the

productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which, like this, can so interest your vanity and gratify your taste?"

THE TALMUD.

THE JEWS have their TALMUD, the Catholics their *Isagoge* of Saint, and the Tyrians their *Synodus*. The Protestant has nothing but his *Bible*. The former are three kindred works. Men have imagined that the more there is to be believed, the more are the merits of the believer. Hence all *traditions* formed the orthodox and the strongest part. The word of God is lost amidst those heaps of human inventions, sanctioned by an order of men connected with religious duties, they ought now, however, to be regarded as *CHRISTIANS OF LITERATURE*. I give a sufficiently ample account of the TALMUD and the *Isagoge*, but of the *Synodus* I only know that it is a collection of the traditional opinions of the Turkish prophets, directing the observance of petty superstitions not mentioned in the Koran.

The TALMUD is a collection of Jewish traditions, which have been orally preserved. It comprises the *Mishna*, which is the text, and the *Gemara*, its commentary. The whole forms a complete system of the learning, ceremonies, civil and canon laws of the Jews, treating indeed on all subjects; even gardening, manual arts, &c. The rigid Jews persuaded themselves that these traditional explications are of divine origin. The Pentateuch, as they say, was written out by their legislators before his death in thirteen copies, distributed among the twelve tribes, and the remaining one deposited in the ark. The oral law Moses continually taught in the Sanhedrin, to the elders and the rest of the people. The law was repeated four times, but the interpretation was delivered only by word of mouth from generation to generation. In the fortieth year of the flight from Egypt the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moses was constrained to repeat the oral law, which had been conveyed by successive traditions. Such is the account of honest David Levi. It is the creed of every rabbin—Dared believed in everything, but in Jews.

The history of the Talmud some inclined to suppose apocryphal, even among a few of the Jews themselves. When these traditions first appeared, the keenest controversy has never been able to determine. It cannot be denied that there existed traditions among the Jews in the time of Jesus Christ. About the second century they were industriously collected by Rabbi Juda the holy, the prince of the rabbins, who enjoyed the favour of Antoninus Pius. He has the merit of giving order to this multifarious collection.

It appears that the Talmud was compiled by certain Jewish doctors, who were solicited for this purpose by their nation, that they might have something to oppose to their Christian adversaries.

The learned W. Wotton, in his curious "*Discourses*" on the traditions of the *Archives* and *Pharisees*, supplies an analysis of this vast collection; he has translated entire two divisions of this code of traditional laws with the original text and the notes.

There are two Talmuds: the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. The last is the most esteemed, because it is the most bulky.

R. Juda, the prince of the rabbins, committed to writing all these traditions, and arranged them under six general heads, called orders or classes. The subjects are indeed curious for philosophical inquirers, and multifarious as the events of civil life. Every order is formed of *treatises*: every *treatise* is divided into *chapters*, every *chapter* into *mishnas*, which word means mixtures or miscellanies, in the form of *aphorisms*. In the first part is discussed what relates to *seeds, fruits, and trees*; in the second, *feasts*; in the third, *women*, their duties, their disorders, marriages, divorces, contracts, and nuptials; in the fourth are treated the damages or losses sustained by beasts or men; of *things found*; *deposits*; *usuries*; *rents*; *farms*; *partnerships* in commerce; *inheritance*; *sales* and *purchases*; *oaths*; *witnesses*; *arrests*; *idolatry*; and here are named those by whom the oral law was received and preserved. In the fifth part are noticed *sacrifices* and *holy things*: and the sixth treats of *purifications*; *vessels*; *furniture*; *clothes*; *houses*; *leprosy*; *baths*; and numerous other articles. All this forms the MISHNA.

The GEMARA, that is, the complement, or perfection, contains the DISPUTES and the OPINIONS of the RABBINS on the oral traditions. Their last decisions. It must be confessed that absurdities are sometimes elucidated by other absurdities; but there are many admirable things in this vast repository. The Jews have such veneration for this compilation, that they compare the holy writings to *water*, and the Talmud to *wine*; the text of Moses to *pepper*, but the Talmud to *aromatics*. Of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, they tell us that God employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written law!

St. Jerome appears evidently to allude to this work, and notices its "Old Wives' Tales," and the filthiness of some of its matters. The truth is, that the rabbins resembled the Jesuits and Casuists; and Sanchez's work on "*Matrimonio*" is well known to agitate matters with such *scrupulous niceties*, as to become the most offensive thing possible. But as among the schoolmen and the casuists there have been great men, the same happened to these gemaraists. Maimonides was a pillar of light among their darkness. The antiquity of this work is of itself sufficient to make it very curious.

A specimen of the topics may be shown from the table and contents of "Mishnic Titles." In the order of seeds we find the following heads, which present no uninteresting picture of the pastoral and pious ceremonies of the ancient Jews.

The Mishna, entitled the *Corner*, i.e. of the field. The laws of gleaning are commanded according to Leviticus; xix. 9, 10. Of the corner to be left in a corn-field. When the corner is due, and when not. Of the forgotten sheaf. Of the ears of corn left in gathering. Of grapes left upon the vine. Of olives left upon the trees. When and where the poor may lawfully glean. What sheaf, or olives, or grapes may be looked upon to be forgotten, and what, not. Who are the proper witnesses concerning the poor's due, to exempt it from tithing, &c. The distinguished uncircum-

cised fruit:—it is unlawful to eat of the fruit of any tree till the fifth year of its growth: the first three years of its bearing, it is called uncircumcised; the fourth is offered to God; and the fifth may be eaten.

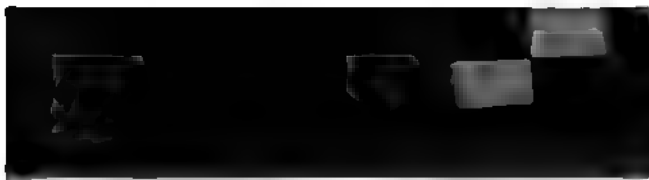
The Mishna, entitled *Heterogeneous Mixtures*, contains several curious horticultural particulars. Of divisions between garden-beds and fields, that the produce of the several sorts of grains or seeds may appear distinct. Of the distance between every species. Distances between vines planted in corn-fields from one another and from the corn; between vines planted against hedges, walls, or espaliers, and anything sowed near them. Various cases relating to vineyards planted near any forbidden seeds.

In their seventh, or sabbatical year, in which the produce of all estates was given up to the poor, one of these regulations is on the different work which must not be omitted in the sixth year, lest (because the seventh being devoted to the poor) the produce should be unfairly diminished, and the public benefit arising from this law be frustrated. Of whatever is not perennial, and produced that year by the earth, no money may be made; but what is perennial may be sold.

On priest's tithes, we have a regulation concerning eating the fruits carried to the place where they are to be separated.

The order of *women* is very copious. A husband is obliged to forbid his wife to keep a particular man's company before two witnesses. Of the waters of jealousy by which a suspected woman is to be tried by drinking, we find many ample particulars. The ceremonies of clothing the accused woman at her trial. Pregnant women, or who suckle, are not obliged to drink; for the rabbins seem to be well convinced of the effects of the imagination. Of their divorces many are the laws; and care is taken to particularise bills of divorces written by men in delirium or dangerously ill. One party of the rabbins will not allow of any divorce, unless something light was found in the woman's character, while another (the Pharisees) allow divorces even when a woman has only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt!

In the order of *damages*, containing rules how to tax the damages done by man or beast, or other casualties, their distinctions are as nice as their cases are numerous. What beasts are innocent and what convict. By the one they mean creatures not naturally used to do mischief in any particular way; and by the other, those that naturally, or by a vicious habit, are mischievous that way. The tooth of a beast is convict when it is proved to eat its usual food, the property of another man; and full restitution must be made; but if a beast that is used to eat fruits and herbs gnaws clothes or damages tools, which are not its usual food, the owner of the beast shall pay but half the damage when committed on the property of the injured person; but if the injury is committed on the property of the person who does the damage, he is free, because the beast gnawed what was not its usual food. As thus: if the beast of A. gnaws or tears the clothes of B. in B.'s house or grounds, A. shall pay half the damages; but if B.'s clothes are injured in A's grounds by A's beast, A.



to him, for what had he to do to put his clothes in A's grounds? They make such subtle distinctions, as when an ox gored a man or beast, the law inquired into the habits of the beast, whether it was an ox that used to gore, or an ox that was not used to gore. However, at such times accidents were rare, they were often ridiculous. No beast could be convicted of being vicious till evidence was given that he had done mischief three successive days, but if he leaves off these vicious tricks for three days more, he is innocent again. An ox was not convicted of going on or off a man, or of going a man and not an ox, or of going on the Sabbath, and not on a working day. Their aim was to make the punishment depend on the proof of the design of the beast that did the injury, but the stringency evidently led them to distinctions much too subtle and obscure. Thus some rabbins say that the morning prayer of the Sabbath must be read at the time they can distinguish blue from green, but another, more indulgent, insists it may be when we can distinguish blue from green, which latter colours are so near akin as to require a stronger light. With the same remarkable acuteness in distinguishing things, in their law respecting not too long ere on the Sabbath. Among those which are prohibited in this constitution, the rabbins allow the murderer to look over young children by lamplight, but he shall not read himself. The murderer is forbidden to read by lamplight, but he should trim his lamp, but he may direct the children where they should read, because that is quickly done, and there would be no danger of his trimming his lamp in their presence or suffering any of them to do it for him. All these regulations, which might seem correct at minute and finical, show a great intimacy with the human heart, and a sense of profound solemnity which he had been capable of achieving great purposes.

The owner of an innocent beast only pays half the costs for the three first wounds. Man is always convicted, and for all men had he done he must pay full costs. However, there are great damages in when a man pours water accidentally on another man, or makes a thorn hedge which always has neighbours, or falling down, and another by stumbling on him secure harm, how such compensations are to be made. He that has a vessel of another's in keeping, and removes it, but in the removal breaks it, must swear to his own integrity, i.e. that he had no design to break it. All attorney or money trades were to be carried on at a certain distance from a town. Where there is an estate, the man inherit and the daughters are maintained, but if there is not enough for all, the daughters are maintained, and the sons must get their living as they can, or even beg. The contrary to this excellent distinction has been observed in Europe.

These few titles may enable the reader to form a general notion of the several subjects on which the Mishna treats. The Omer and Commentary are often overlaid with superstitious and ridiculous subtleties. For instance, in the article of "Negative Commandments." If a man swears he will eat no bread, and does eat all sorts of bread, so that came the perjury is but one, but if he swears that he will eat neither barley, nor wheat, nor rye-bread, the

perjury is multiplied as he multiplies his eating of the several sorts. Again, the Pharisees and the Sadducees had strong differences about touching the holy writings with their hands. The doctors ordained that whenever touched the book of the law must not eat of the truma (first fruits of the wrought produce of the ground), till they had washed their hands. The reason they gave was this. In times of persecution they used to hide their sacred books in secret places, and good men would lay them out of the way when they had done reading them. It was possible then that their rolls of the law might be gnawed by mice. The hands then that touched these books when they took them out of the places where they had hid them up were supposed to be unclean, so far as to defile them from eating the truma till they were washed. On that account they made this a general rule, that if any part of the Bible (except *Sefer Torah*), because that excellent book they sagaciously accounted less holy than the rest, or their phylacteries, or the strings of their phylacteries, were touched by one who had a right to eat the truma, he might not eat it till he had washed his hands. An evidence of that superstitious trifling for which the Pharisees and the later Rabbins have been so justly reprobated.

They were already minute in the literal observance of their vows, and as shamefully subtle in their artful evasion of them. The Pharisees could be easy enough to themselves when convenient, and always as hard and unrelenting as possible to all others. They quibbled, and demanded their vows with extreme exactness. Jesus reproves him the Pharisees in Matthew 23 and Mark 16 for flatteringly violating the fifth commandment, by allowing the use of a son, perhaps made in happy days, as full force, when he had sworn that his father should never be the better for him, or anything he had and by which an indignant father would be mortified to death. There is an express case to this purpose in the Mishna, in the 10th of *Sotah*. The reader may be amused by the story. A man made a vow that his father should not profit by him. This man afterwards made a wedding-feast for his own son, and when his father should be present, but he cannot sit at him because he is tied up in his vow. He invented this expedient. He makes a gift of the court in which the feast was to be kept, and of the feast itself, to a third person in trust, that his father should be invited by that third person with the other company whom he at first designed. This third person then says, - If these things you thus have given me are mine, I will do as they say to God, and then none of you can be the better for them. The son replied, I did not give them to you that you should consecrate them. Then the third man said, You are an old man, and you were willing to eat and drink with your father. Thus, says R. Juda, they defeated each other's intentions, and when the case came before the rabbins, they decreed, that a gift which may not be consumed by the person to whom it is given is not a gift.

The following extract from the Talmud exhibits a subtle mode of reasoning, which the Jews adopted when the learned of Rome sought to pervert them to conform to their idolatry. It turns an entire Mishna, entitled *Shew Bread*, Avoth

Zoro, iv. 3, on idolatrous worship, translated by Watson.

"Some Roman senators examined the Jews in this manner:—If God hath no delight in the worship of idols, why did he not destroy them? The Jews made answer:—If men had worshipped only things of which the world had had no need, he would have destroyed the object of their worship; but they also worship the sun and moon, stars and planets, and then he must have destroyed the world for the sake of these deified men. But still, said the Romans, why does not God destroy the things which the world does not want, and leave those things which the world cannot be without? Because replied the Jews, this would strengthen the hands of such as worship these necessary things, who would then say,—Ye allow now that these are gods, why then are not destroyed?"

RABBINICAL STORIES.

The preceding article furnishes some of the more serious investigations to be found in the Talmud. Its history was serious. I have uncoloured the gross obscenity and immoral dreams. The Talmud contains a vast collection of stories, apocryphal and gross, many display a vein of pessimism, and at times have a wholesome invention which might make the features of an eminent parent. Many extravagant parables were designed merely to reprove their young students. When a child was asked the reason of so much nonsense, he replied that the sages had a custom of introduction, in their lectures, of which an accompanying made them more agreeable. But that not having musical instruments in the schools, the sages invented these strange stories to attract attention. This was ingenious and good, but they made thousands work when they pretended to give them an interpretation to give meaning.

These fables at times, and the legends of the Catholics, though they may be despised, and are sometimes despicable, yet as the great Lord Bacon once said of these inventions, they would "serve to winter talk by the fire-side, and a happy salutation from these stories is much wanted."

In 1711 a German professor of the Oriental language, Dr. Leunclaver, published in two large volumes, under the title "Judaica decepta," a ponderous list of which the scope was to ridicule the Jewish traditions.

I shall give a dangerous adventure into which King David was drawn by the devil. The king one day hunting, Satan appeared before him in the likeness of a man. David discharged an arrow at him, but missed his aim. He pursued the fugitive into the land of the Philistines. This the brother of Goliath instantly recognized the king as him who had slain that giant. He found him and bending him neck and heels, laid him under a white pine in order to prove him to death. A miracle saved David. The earth beneath him became soft, and Goliath could not prove him out of him. That evening in the Jewish congregation a dove whose wings were covered with silver, appeared on great popularity; and evidently signified the king of Israel was in trouble. Abishai, one of

the king's counsellors, inquiring for the king, and finding him absent, was at a loss to proceed, far according to the Mishna, no one may ride on the king's horse, nor sit upon his throne, nor use his sceptre. The school of the rabbins however allowed these things in time of danger. On this Abishai vaults on David's horse, and (with an Oriental metaphor) the lord of the Philistines leaped to him and smote. Arrived at Iddi's house, he beholds his mother Orpa spinning. Perceiving the female, she smothered up her spinning-wheel and threw it at him, so that he was hurt, but not having done, she desired him to bring the spinning-wheel to her. He did not do this exactly, but returned it to her in such a way that she never asked any more for her spinning-wheel. When Iddi saw this, and recollecting that David, though laid up sick and lame, was still under the war press, he cried out, "There are now two who will destroy me." So he threw David high up into the air, and struck his spear into the ground, imagining that David would fall upon it and perish. But Abishai pronounced the magic name, which the Talmudists frequently make use of, and it caused David to hover between earth and heaven, so that he fell not down. Both at length went against Goliath, and at evening that two young men should kill one lion, and so difficultly in getting rid of the brother of Goliath.

Of Solomon, another favourite hero of the Talmudists, a fine Arabian story is told. This king was an adept in sorcery, and a male and a female devil were always waiting for any opportunity. It is observable, that the Arabians, who have many stories concerning Solomon, always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Achmeda, the prince of devils, are numerous; and they both the king and the devil, served one another many a shrewd trick. One of the most remarkable is when Achmeda, who was prisoner to Solomon, the king having contrived to poison himself of the devil's malice and charmed him, one day offered to answer an unwholesome question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his amulet and released his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to accept this offer. Instantly Achmeda swallowed the amulet, and stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. This was done so privately that no one knew anything of the matter. Achmeda then assumed the likeness of Solomon, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, "For then is the reward of all my labour," according to Baruch's words. 3, which this means, one rabbin says, his walking-stick, and another says, his ragged coat. For Solomon went a begging from door to door, and wherever he came he uttered these words:—"I, the preacher, was king ever-living in Jerusalem." At length coming before Solomon, and still repeating these remarkable words, without addition or variation, the rabbin said, "Thou meanest nothing, for a fool is not resistant in his tale." They asked the chamberlain of the king frequently how him, and he replied to them, No! Then they went to the queen, to ask if the king came into their apartments, and they answered, Yes! The rabbins then cast them



a message to take notice of his feet, for the feet of devils are like the feet of coals. The queens acquainted them that his majesty always came to supper, but forced them to embrace at times forbidden by the law. He had attempted to lie with his mother Bathsheba, whom he had almost torn to pieces. At that the rabbots assembled in great haste, and taking the bodies with them, they gave him the ring and the chain in which the great magical stone was engrossed, and led him to the palace. Archimedes was sitting on the throne as the great magician entered, but instantly he shrieked and flew away. Yet to his last day was Solomon afraid of the prince of devils, and had his bed guarded by the valiant turn of Israel, as it written in Cant. iii. 7, 8.

They frequently display much humanity in their judgments, as in the following account of the manners and morals of an infamous town which mocked at all justice. There were in Babylon four judges, who were lazy, and drinkers of wine. When any one had struck his neighbour's wife and caused her to miscarry, these judges thus counseled the husband: "Give her to the adulterer, that he may get her with child for thee." When any one had cut off an ear of his neighbour's son, they said to the owner: "Let him have the ear till the ear is grown again, that it may be returned to thee as thou wishest." When any one had wounded his neighbour, they told the wounded man to "give him a fee for letting him bleed." A bull was enacted in passing a certain bridge, but if anyone chose to wade through the water, or walk round about to see if he was condemned to a double toll. Eleazar, Abraham's servant, carried a bundle, and they wounded him. When before the judge he was ordered to pay his fee for having his blood let, Eleazar flung a stone at the judge and wounded him, on which the judge said to him: "What meanest thou?" Eleazar replied: "Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to me if for wounding thee." The people of that town had a tradition on which they had travellers who asked to run. If any one was too long for it, they cut off his legs, and if he was shorter than the bedstead, they pressed him to its head and feet. When a beggar came to the town, every one gave him a penny, on which was inscribed the donor's name, but they would not let him go until he had eaten. When the beggar died from hunger, they came about him and each man took back his penny. These stories are curious variations of Jewish morality and justice, seasoned with humanity. It is said that of the *Leviticus* decisions of Sancho Panza are to be found in the Talmud.

Abraham is said to have been jealous of his wives, and built an enchanted city for them. He built an iron city and put them in it. The walls were so high and dark, the sun could not be seen in it. He gave them a bowl full of pearls and jewels, which gave forth a light in the dark city equal to the sun. Noah, it seems, when in the ark had no other light than jewels and pearls. Abraham in travelling to Egypt brought with him a chest. At the custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duty for clothes, which Abraham

consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consented to pay for gold. They now suspected it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls, and Abraham generously consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they required to open and examine the chest. And behold as soon as that chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a name in the land of Egypt, it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in this chest.

The whole creation in these rabbinical fancies is strangely gigantic and vast. The works of eastern nations are full of these descriptions, and Menon's *Therapies*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, are full of comparisons with these rabbinical heroes, or rabbinical things. Mountains are buried with all their woods with great ease and creatures start into existence so terrible for our conceptions. The winged monster in the "Arabian Nights," called the *Bor*, is evidently one of the creatures of rabbinical fancy, it is said some times when very hungry, it will fly away with an elephant. Captain Cook found a bird's nest in an island near New Holland, built with all its on the ground, and twenty feet in circumference, and near three feet in height. But of the rabbinical birds, fish, and animals, it is not probable any circumstance will ever trace even the slightest vestige of resemblance.

One of these birds, when it spreads its wings, blows out the sun. An egg from another is out of its nest, and the whole then of broke and glared about three hundred red-hot trees, and so it flowed a village. One of them stands up to the lower joint of the leg in a river and some more, imagining the water was not deep, were hastening to bathe, when a voice from heaven said, "Be ye not in there, for seven years ago there a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

The following passage concerning fat geese is perfectly in the style of these rabbins. "A rabbin once saw in a desert a flock of geese so fat that three fathers fell off, and the river flowed in fat. Then said I to them, Shall we have part of you in the other world when the Messiah shall come? And one of them lifted up a wing, and another a leg, to signify these parts we should have. We should otherwise have had all parts of these geese, but we hereafter shall be called to do without touching these fat geese, because their outcries are owing to us. It is one inquiry that have delayed the coming of the Messiah, and these geese suffer greatly by reason of their excessive fat, which daily and daily increases, and will increase till the Messiah comes."

What the *manna* was which fell in the wilderness has often been disputed, and still is disputable. It was sufficient for the rabbins to have found in the Bible that the taste of it was "as a wafer made with honey," to have raised their fancy to its pitch. They declare it was "like oil to children, honey to old men, and cakes to middle age." It had every kind of taste except that of cucumbers, melons, garlic, and onions, and looks, for they were those Egyptian roots which the *Israelites* so much

regretted to have lost. This manna had, however, the quality to accommodate itself to the palate of those who did not murmur in the wilderness; and to these it became fish, flesh, or fowl.

The rabbins never advance an absurdity without quoting a text in scripture; and to substantiate this fact they quote Deut. ii. 7. where it is said, "Through this great wilderness, these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee, and *thou hast lacked nothing!*" St. Austin repeats this explanation of the rabbins that the faithful found in this manna the taste of their favourite food! However, the Israelites could not have found all these benefits as the rabbins tell us, for in Numbers xi. 6. they exclaim, "There is *nothing at all besides this manna* before our eyes!" They had just said that they remembered the melons, cucumbers, &c. which they had eaten of so freely in Egypt. One of the hyperboles of the rabbins is, that the manna fell in such mountains that the kings of the east and the west beheld them; which they found in a passage in the 23rd Psalm: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies!" These may serve as specimens of the forced interpretations on which their grotesque fables are founded.

Their detestation of Titus, their great conqueror, appears by the following wild invention.—After having narrated certain things too shameful to read, of a prince whom Josephus describes in far different colours, they tell us that on sea Titus tauntingly observed in a great storm that the God of the Jews was only powerful on the water, and that therefore he had succeeded in drowning Pharaoh and Sisera. "Had he been strong, he would have waged war with me in Jerusalem." On uttering this blasphemy, a voice from heaven said, "Wicked man! I have a little creature in the world which shall wage war with thee!" When Titus landed, a gnat entered his nostrils, and for seven years together made holes in his brains. When his skull was opened, the gnat was found to be as large as a pigeon: the mouth of the gnat was of copper, and the claws of iron.

That, however, there are some beautiful inventions in the Talmud, I refer to the story of "Solomon and Sheba," in the present collections.

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER SNEEZING.

It is probable that this custom, so universally prevalent, originated in some ancient superstition; it seems to have excited inquiry among all nations.

Some Catholics, says Father Feyjoo, have attributed the origin of this custom to the ordinance of a pope, Saint Gregory—who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be used on such occasions, at a time when, during a pestilence, the crisis was attended by *sneezing*, and in most cases followed by *death*.

But the rabbins, who have a story for everything, say, that before Jacob men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*: they assure us that that patriarch was the first who died by natural disease, before him all men died by sneez-

ing; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all nations* by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing. But these are Talmudical dreams, and only serve to prove that so familiar a custom has always excited inquiry.

Even Aristotle has delivered some considerable nonsense on this custom; he says it is an honourable acknowledgment of the seat of good sense and genius—the head—to distinguish it from two other offensive eruptions of air, which are never accompanied by any benediction from the bystanders. The custom at all events existed long prior to Pope Gregory. The lover in Apuleius, Gyton in Petronius, and allusions to it in Pliny, prove its antiquity; and a memoir of the French Academy notices the practice in the New World on the first discovery of America. Everywhere man is saluted for sneezing.

An amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the *sneezing* of a king of Monomotapa shows what a national concern may be the sneeze of despotism.—Those who are near his person, when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the antechamber hear it, and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city; so that at each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals.

When the king of Sennaar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

With the ancients sneezing was ominous; from the *right* it was considered auspicious; and Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says, that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest! Catullus, in his pleasing poem of Acme and Septimus, makes this action from the deity of Love from the *left* the source of his fiction. The passage has been elegantly versified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the gods sneezing on the *right* in *heaven* is supposed to come to us on *earth* on the *left*.

Cupid *sneezing* in his flight
Once was heard upon the *right*
Boding woe to lovers true;
But now upon the *left* he flew,
And with sporting *sneeze* divine,
Gave to joy the sacred sign.
Acme bent her lovely face,
Flush'd with rapture's rosy grace,
And those eyes that swam in bliss,
Prest with many a breathing kiss;
Breathing, murmuring, soft, and low,
Thus might life for ever flow!
"Love of my life, and life of love!
Cupid rules our fates above,
Ever let us vow to join
In homage at his happy shrine."
Cupid heard the lovers true,
Again upon the *left* he flew,
And with sportive *sneeze* divine,
Renew'd of joy the *sacred sign!*



BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.—GROTIUS.

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BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.

A happy art in the relation of story is, doubtless, a very agreeable talent—it has obtained La Fontaine all the applause which his charming *favoured* deserves.

"*Bonaventure de Periers, Poète de Chambre de la Reine de Navarre*," of which the French have three little volumes of tales in prose, shows that pleasant and sportive vein in which the tales of that time frequently abound. The following short anecdote is not given as the best specimen of our author, but as it introduces a novel etymology of a word in great use.

"A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity, not that he was overburdened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assiduity and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined to read at the *Ministry*. In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of large cabbages. Thus for a long time he pursued his studies, and repeated his lectures to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen*, and balancing his words to them as if they had composed an audience of scholars. After a fortnight or three weeks' preparation, he thought it was high time to take the chair, imagining that he should be able to lecture his scholars as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but before a dozen words his tongue stutters between his teeth. Confused and hardly knowing where he was, all he could bring out was—*Domini! Ago bene videri quod non sum scilicet*, that is to say, for there are some who will have everything in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages!* In the garden he could conceive the cabbages to be scholars; but in the chair, he could not conceive the scholars to be cabbages."

On this story La Monnoye has a note, which gives a new origin to a famous term.

"The hall of the School of Equity at Poitiers, where the institutes were read, was called *La Minuterie*. On which head, Florissand de Remond (book vi. ch. 11), speaking of Albert Balzac, one of the first disciples of Calvin, after having said he was called 'The good man,' adds, that because he had been a student of the institutes at this *Minuterie* of Poitiers, Calvin, and others, styled him *Mr. Minister*, from whence, afterwards, Calvin took occasion to give the name of *Ministère* to the pastors of his church."

GROTIUS.

THE Life of Grotius has been written by De Bunge; it shows the singular felicity of a man of letters and a statesman, and in what manner a student can pass his hours in the closest im-

prisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions; studious from his infancy, he had also received from Nature the faculty of grouch; and was so fortunate as to find in his father a tutor who had formed his early taste and his moral feelings. The younger Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated his gratitude in verse.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, which strongly marks his genius and fortitude, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. Other men, condemned to exile and captivity, if they survive, they despair; the man of letters counts those days as the sweetest of his life.

When a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin essay on the means of terminating religious disputes, which occasioned many reflections in the state, in the church, and in families; where he was carried to Louvain, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philæmon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the Scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of the work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health he composed his treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another. He used to consult his observations on the Tragic poets of Greece. He wrote several other works, particularly a little Catechism, in verse, for his daughter Cornelia, and collected materials to form his Apology. Added to these various labours an extensive correspondence he held with the learned and his friends, and his letters were often so many treasures. There is a printed collection amounting to two thousand.

Grotius had never ready for every classical author of antiquity whenever they prepared a new edition, an account of his plans and his performances might furnish a volume of themselves, yet he never published in haste, and was fond of revising them; we must recollect, notwithstanding such uninterrupted literary avocations, his hours were frequently devoted to the public functions of an ambassador. "I only reserve for my studies the time which other ministers give to their pleasures, to conversations often useless, and to such trifling amusements, such is the language of this great man! Although he produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, that the mind of Grotius had never been imprisoned.

Perhaps the most sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling, he was suddenly struck by the hand of death, at the village of Rostock. The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go on in the usual phrase, but Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in exhortations, turned to him and told him that he needed them

and concluded by saying, *Sum Græci—i am Græcius. Te magnus ille Græcius!*—"What! are you the great Græcius?" interrogated the duncie. "What an eulogium!" This anecdote seems, however, apocryphal, for we have a narrative of his death by the (certainly) honest. On the death of Græcius a variety of tales, raised by different persons, were spread concerning his manner of dying.

In the approbation of the *revenue* to grant this "Vie de Græcius," it is observed that while "his history gives us a clear idea of the extent of the human mind, it will further inform us, that Græcius died without reaping any advantage from his great talents."

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICS.

I OFFER to the contemplation of those unfortunate mortals who are nominated to undergo the criticisms of lords, this pair of spectacles—

Basilina, the Countess of Portmore, having had a statue made by the great Michael Angelo, when it was finished came to inspect it, and having for some time negatively considered it, putting now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the feet itself the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, only by lavishing his praise. But easy to praise might appear as if there had been an abundance in the beams of his criticism. He trembled to read a task, but a fault must be found. At length he ventured to mention something concerning the nose, it might, he thought, be something more Græcius. Angelo differed from his grace, but he said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chisel, and conceived some marble dust in his hand, beginning to remove the part, he abruptly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed "Ah, Angelo! you have now given an admirable grace."

When Pope was first introduced to read his libel to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition, but, like the cardinal, this punster, and that word, this turn, and that expression, formed the broken case of his criticisms. The happy part was sung with rapture, but, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those with which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with his servant Girth he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. "Oh," replied Girth, laughing, "you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as yourself. he must conclude at last that you read to him those very passages as they now stand, tell him that you have collected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself." Pope made use of this stratagem, it took, like the marble dust of Angelo, and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—"Dear Pope, they are now admirable!"

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

SOME authors have practiced singular impostures on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historical compositions, but when they became more known, the scholars of other countries discovered the reputation which he had unjustly acquired. "His continual professions of sincerity produced many in his favour, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the secret recesses of the cabinet; but the public were at length undeceived, and were convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts had no foundation, being wholly his own inventions—though he endeavoured to make them pass for relations by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary." He had read almost everything historical, printed and manuscript, but he had a fertile political imagination, and gave his conjectures as facts, while he quoted at random his pretended authorities. Burnet's book against Varillas is a curious little volume.

Geneth Carver, a Neapolitan gentleman, for many years never quitted his chamber, contented by a tedious indolence, he amused himself with writing a *Travels round the World*, giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them; and his volumes are still very interesting. De Haje, who has written so voluminously in account of China, compiled it from the Memoirs of the Memouran, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life; though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with Chinese manners.

Danbarger's travels were recently made a great sensation and the public were duped, they proved to be the ideal voyages of a member of the German Grotz-Street, about his own garden. Two sheets of cut "Travels" have been manufactured to fill a certain use, and some which bear names of great authors were not written by the pretended authors.

There is an excellent observation of an anonymous author—"Dunces who never visited foreign countries, and yet others, who have run through immense regions with flying pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people, evidently collected from the idle reports and absurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received their relations which we see accompanied with such unaccountable credulity."

Some authors have practiced the singular imposture of announcing a variety of titles of works as if preparing for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written.

Pachau, historiographer of France, had a reason for these ingenious inventions, he continually announced such titles, that his promise for writing on the history of France might not be stopped. When he died, his historical labours did not exceed six pages.

Gregorio Leti is an historian of such the same stamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and longer generally quickened his pen. His

took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history not to be found elsewhere, and perhaps ought not to have been there if truth had been consulted. His great aim was above to make a book; he wrote his volumes with digressions, intersperses many ridiculous stories, and applies all the epigrams he collected from old novel writers to modern characters.

Such fictions abound, the numerous "Toujours et Partout" of Colbert, Masani, and other great ministers, were fictitious equally from the Dutch press, as are many pretended political "Memoirs."

Of our old translations from the Greek and Latin authors, many were taken from French versions.

The travels written in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, of which we have a curious translation, are, I believe, apocryphal. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been with his nightcap on, being a perfect dream. It is said that to impart and give importance to his nation he pretended that he had travelled to all the synagogues in the east, he mentions places which he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes as one has known. He calculates that he has found nine eight hundred thousand Jews, of which about half are independent, and not subjects of any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned, particularly to those who in their zeal to authenticate them followed the literal footsteps of the Hypocrite of Rabbi Benjamin. He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the river Euphrates, Westward of Gournon, and many other interests, travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia, to reach the tomb and examine the library, but the fairy treasures were never to be seen, nor even heard of.

The first on the list of impudent impostors is Anton de Vlerbe, a Dominican, and master of the sacred palace under Alexander VI. He pretended he had discovered the genuine works of Sancho Panza, Mañetho, Britton, and other works, of which only fragments are remaining. He published seventeen books of antiquities. But not having any use to produce, though he declared he had found them buried in the earth, these literary fabrications occasioned great controversy, for the author died before he made up his mind to a confession. At their first publication universal joy was diffused among the learned. Suspicion upon him, and detection followed. However, as the larger never would acknowledge himself as such, it has been unjustly conjectured that he himself was imposed on, rather than that he was the impostor, or, as in the case of Chatterton, possibly all may not be fictitious. It has been said that a great volume in MS. anterior by two hundred years to the seven books of Anton, exists in the Bibliothéque Colbertine, in which these pretended histories were to be read, but as Anton would never point out the sources of his, the whole may be considered as a very wonderful imposture. I refer the reader to Tyrwhitt's Vindication of his Appendix to Rowley's or Chatter-

ton's Poems, p. 120, for some curious observations, and some facts of literary imposture.

An extraordinary literary imposture was that of one Joseph Vella, who, in 1794, was an adventurer in Sicily, and pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Levi in Arabic; he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purchased it from a thief in St. Sophia's church at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-dormant books, and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expence. He had the courtesy, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixteenth book, but that book took up no more than one octavo page. A professor of Oriental literature in Prussia introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud; it proved to be nothing more than the epitome of Plinius. He also gave out that he possessed a code which he had picked up in the abbey of St. Martin, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period comprehending above two hundred years, and of which again their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that island. Vella was now loaded with honours and presents. It is true he showed Arabic MSS., which, however, did not contain a syllable of what he said. He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Palermo and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him with money to assist his researches. Four volumes in quarto were at length published. Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic MSS. he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks labour to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line and word for word, but interpreted numbering dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a lacuna, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labour, and every one thought his person ought to have been rewarded. Everything prospered about him, except his eye, which some thought was not so bad neither. It was at length discovered by his blindness, like that the whole was a forgery, though it had now been patronised, translated, and extracted through Europe. When this was examined by an Orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family. Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

The Spanish antiquary, Merdino Corde, in order to favour the pretensions of the church in a grand library, forged deeds and inscriptions, which he buried in the ground, where he knew they would shortly be dug up. Upon their being found, he published engravings of them, and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be as many authentic proofs and evidences of the continued antiquity of the clergy.

The Russian ambassador purchased of him a

copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inscription and many certificates to be genuine, and found among the ruins of the Alhambra, with other treasures of its last king, who had hid them there in hope of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hand, made out of an old brass candlestick!

George Psalmanazar, to whose labours we owe much of the great Universal History, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His Island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and great must have been that erudition which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people: it is said that the deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he had deceived and baffled the most learned. The literary impostor Lauder had much more audacity than ingenuity, and he died condemned by all the world. Ireland's Shakespeare served to show that commentators are not blessed, necessarily, with an interior and unerring tact. Genius and learning are ill directed in forming literary impositions, but at least they must be distinguished from the fabrications of ordinary impostors.

A singular forgery was practised on Captain Willford by a learned Hindu, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived, among other attempts, to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his "*Purana*," under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Willford having read the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract; the whole was an interpolation by the dexterous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. As books in India are not bound, it is not difficult to introduce loose leaves. To confirm his various impositions, this learned forger had the patience to write two voluminous sections, in which he connected all the legends together in the style of the *Puranas*, consisting of 12,000 lines. When Captain Willford resolved to collate the manuscript with others, the learned Hindu began to disfigure his own manuscript, the captain's, and those of the college, by erasing the name of the country and substituting that of Egypt. With as much pains, and with a more honourable direction, our Hindu Lauder might have immortalised his invention.

We have authors who sold their names to be prefixed to works they never read; or, on the contrary, have prefixed the names of others to their own writings. Sir John Hill, once when he fell sick, owned to a friend that he had overfatigued himself with writing seven works at once! one of which was on architecture, and another on cookery! This hero once contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he perfectly recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language! Nor did there exist a French translation. The work, however, was not the less

done for this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so well paid as the knight. He rebargained with a third, who perfectly understood his original, for twelve guineas! So that the translators who could not translate feasted on venison and turtle, while the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread! The craft of authorship has many mysteries. The great patriarch and primeval dealer in English literature is said to have been Robert Green, one of the most facetious, profligate, and indefatigable of the Scribleri family. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty of literary emperors. The first act by which he proved his claim to the throne of Grabstreet has served as a model to his numerous successors—it was an ambidextrous trick! Green sold his "*Orlando Furioso*" to two different theatres, and is supposed to have been the first author in English literary history who wrote as a trader; or as crabbed Anthony Wood phrases it in the language of celibacy and cynicism, "he wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow." With a drop still sweeter, old Anthony describes Gayton, another worthy; "he came up to London to live in a *shirking condition*, and wrote *true things* merely to get bread to sustain him and his wife." The hermit Anthony seems to have had a mortal antipathy against the Eves of literary men.

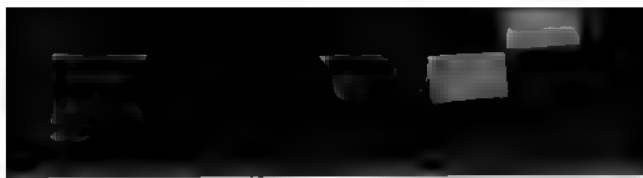
CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE present anecdote concerning Cardinal Richelieu may serve to teach the man of letters how he deals out criticisms to the great, when they ask his opinion of manuscripts, be they in verse or prose.

The cardinal placed in a gallery of his palace the portraits of several illustrious men, and he was desirous of composing the inscriptions to be placed round the portraits. The one which he intended for Montluc, the marechal of France, was conceived in these terms: *Multa fecit, plura scripsit, vir tamen magnus fuit*. He showed it without mentioning the author to Bourbon, the royal Greek professor, and asked his opinion concerning it. He reprobated it, and considered that the Latin was much in the style of the breviary; and, if it had concluded with an *allelujah*, it would serve for an *anthem* to the *Magnificat*. The cardinal agreed with the severity of his strictures, and even acknowledged the discernment of the professor; "for," he said, "it is really written by a priest." But however he might approve of Bourbon's critical powers, he punished without mercy his ingenuity. The pension his majesty had bestowed on him was withheld the next year.

The cardinal was one of those ambitious men who foolishly attempt to rival every kind of genius; and seeing himself constantly disappointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, those talents which are so frequently the *all* that men of genius possess.

He was jealous of Balzac's splendid reputation,



and offered the rider helmets ten thousand crowns to write a criticism which should ridicule his elaborate compositions. This Helmsus refused, because Helmsus threatened to revenge Balzac on his *Herodes Infanticide*.

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's *Cid*, by opposing to it one of the most ridiculous dramatic productions, it was the allegorical tragedy called "Europe," in which the minister had congregated the four quarters of the world! Much political matter was thrown together, divided into scenes and acts. There are appended to it keys of the dramatic persons and of the allegories. In this tragedy Francion represents France, Iberie, Spain, Parthenope, Naples, &c., and there have their attendants—Lilias (alluding to the French lilies) is the servant of Francion, while Minaple is the confidant of Iberie. But the key to the allegories is much more copious—*Astoria* signifies England, *three moths of the horn of Austrasia* mean the towns of Clermont, Menay, and Jarret, these places once belonging to Lorraine. *A horn of diamonds of Austrasia* is the town of Nancy, belonging once to the dukes of Lorraine. *The key of Iberia's great porch* is Perpignan, which France took from Spain; and in this manner is this sublime tragedy composed! When he first sent it anonymously to the French Academy it was republished. He then tore it in a rage, and scattered it about his study. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his secretary passed the night in unringing the scattered limbs. He then ventured to show himself, and having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the sublime Academy retracted their censures, but the public pronounced its melancholy fate on its first representation. This lamentable tragedy was intended to thwart Corneille's *"Cid."* Enraged at its success, Richelieu even commanded the Academy to publish a severe critique of it well known in French literature. Boileau on this occasion has these two well-turned verses—

"En vain contre le *Cid*, un ministre ot ligue;
Tout Paris, pour *Chimere*, a les yeux de Rodrigue."
To oppose the *Cid*, in vain the statesman tries;
All Paris, for *Chimere*, has *Roderick's* eyes.

It is said that in consequence of the fall of this tragedy the French custom is derived of securing a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their first representations. I had the following dull anecdote concerning this dull tragedy in Beauchamp's *Richelieu au la Follie*.

The minister, after the ill success of his tragedy, retired unaccompanied the same evening to his country house at Eucl. He then sent for his favourite Desmaret, who was at supper with his friend Petit. Desmaret, conjecturing that the interview would be stormy, begged his friend to accompany him.

"Well!" said the cardinal as soon as he saw them, "the French will never possess a taste for what is lofty; they seem not to have relished my tragedy."—"My lord," answered Petit, "it is not the fault of the piece, which is so admirable, but that of the players. Did not your eminence perceive that not only they knew not their parts, but that they were all drunk?"—"Really," replied the

cardinal, something pained, "I observed they acted it dreadfully ill."

Desmaret and Petit returned to Paris, flew directly to the players to plan a new mode of performance, which was to secure a number of spectators; so that at the second representation bursts of applause were frequently heard!

Richelieu had another singular variety of closely imitating Cardinal Ximenes. Many was not a more servile imitator of Cicero. Marville tells us that, like Ximenes, he placed himself at the head of an army like him, he degraded princes and nobles, and like him, rendered himself formidable to all Europe. And because Ximenes had established schools of theology, Richelieu undertook likewise to raise into notice the schools of the Sorbonne. And, to conclude, as Ximenes had written several theological treatises, our cardinal was also desirous of leaving posterity various political works. But his gallantry rendered him more ridiculous. Always in ill health, this miserable lover and grave cardinal would, in a freak of love, dress himself with a red feather in his cap and sword by his side. He was more hurt by an offensive nickname given him by the queen of Louis XIII than even by the loss of the queen and the critical condemnation of academies.

Cardinal Richelieu was accordingly a great political genius. Sir William Temple observes, that he constituted the French Academy to give employment to the wits, and to hinder them from inspecting too narrowly his politics and his administration. It is believed that the Marshal de Grammont lost an important battle by the orders of the cardinal, that in this critical conjuncture of affairs his majesty, who was inclined to dismiss him, could not then absolutely do without him.

Vanity in this cardinal levelled a great genius. He who would attempt to display universal excellence will be impelled to practice meanness, and to act follies which, if he has the least sensibility, must occasion him many a pang and many a blush.

ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

No philosopher has been so much praised and censured as Aristotle, but he had this advantage, of which some of the most eminent scholars have been deprived, that he enjoyed during his life a splendid reputation. Philip of Macedon must have felt a strong conviction of his merit when he wrote to him on the birth of Alexander—"I receive from the gods this day a son, but I thank them not so much for the favour of his birth, as his having come into the world at a time when you can have the care of his education; and that through you he will be rendered worthy of being my son."

Diogenes Laertius describes the person of the Stagyrte—His eyes were small, his voice hoarse, and his legs lank. He stammered, was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. He had a mistress whom he loved passionately, and for whom he frequently acted in conformity with the philosophic character; a thing so common with philosophers as with other men. Aristotle had



position of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris a work which has since been canonized in the Sorbonne, and on which the scholastic theology is founded. The objectionable passage is an illustration of the Trinity by the nature of a syllogism.—"As," says he, "the three propositions of a syllogism form but one truth, so the Father and Son constitute but one nature.—The major represents the Father, the minor the Son, and the conclusion the Holy Ghost." It is curious to add that Bernard himself has explained this mystical union precisely in the same manner, and equally clear. "The understanding," says this man, "is the image of God. We had it consists of three parts—memory, intelligence, and will. To memory, we attribute all which we know, without cognition, to intelligence, all truths we discover which have not been deposited by memory. By memory, we resemble the Father, by intelligence the Son, and by will the Holy Ghost." Bernard's *Lib. de Amor.* Cap. I. *Wom. 6*, quoted in the "Mém. Secretes de la République des Lettres." We may add, also, that because Abelard, in the warmth of honest indignation, had reproved the monks of St. Denis, in France, and St. Gilles de Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and assisted to embitter the life of this ingenuous scholar, who perhaps was guilty of no other crime than that of loving too ardently an attachment to one who not only possessed the enchanting attractions of the softer sex, but, what indeed is very unusual, a congeniality of disposition, and an enthusiasm of imagination.

"Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?"

It appears by a letter of Peter de Chury to Eloisa, that she had solicited for Abelard's absolution. The abbot gave it to her. It runs thus:—"Ego Petrus Clunacensis Abbas, qui Petrus Abelardum in monachum Clunacensem recepi, et corpus ejus furum delictum Heloise abbatis et monachi Paracleti concepit, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei et omnium sanctorum abluere eum pro omni et ob omnibus peccatis suis."

An ancient chronicle of Tours records that when they deposited the body of the Abbess Heloise in the tomb of her lover Peter Abelard, who had been there interred twenty years, this faithful husband raised his arms, stretched them, and closely embraced his beloved Eloisa. This pious action was invented to sanctify, by a miracle, the frailties of their youthful days. This is not wonderful, but it is strange that Du Chene, the father of French history, not only relates this legendary tale of the sick monk, but gives it as an incident well authenticated, and maintains its possibility by various other examples. Such fanciful incidents once not only embellish poetry, but color history.

Bayle tells us that *bellets doux* and *amorous verses* are two powerful machines to employ in the conquest of love, particularly when the passionate songs the poetical lover composes are sung by himself. This secret was well known to the elegant Abelard. Abelard so touched the sensible heart of Eloisa, and infused such fire into her frame, by whispering his *flow-ers* and his *flow-ers*, that the

poor woman never recovered from the attack. She herself informs us that he displayed two qualities which are rarely found in philosophers, and by which he could instantly win the adoration of the female,—he wrote and sang easily. He composed *love-sonnets* so beautiful, and so agreeable, as well for the words as the airs, that all the world got them by heart, and the name of his mistress was spread from province to province.

What a gratification to the enthusiastic, the amorous, the vain Eloisa of whom Lord Litchton in his curious life of Henry II. observes, that had she not been compelled to read the fathers and the legends in a monastery, and had been suffered to improve her genius by a continued application to poetic literature, from what appears in her letters, she would have excelled any man of that age.

Eloisa, I suspect, however, would have proved but a very indifferent poetess. She writes to have had a certain delicacy in her manner which rather belongs to the *fine lady*. We cannot but smile at an observation of hers on the *apostles* which we find in her letters. "We read that the *apostles*, even in the company of their Master, were so *rustic* and *ill-bred* that, regardless of common decorum, as they passed through the cornfields they plucked the ears and ate them like children. Now did they wash their hands before they sat down to table. To eat with unwashed hands, and our behavior to those who were offended, doth not denote a man."

It is on the misconception of the mild apologetical reply of Jesus, indeed, that the *apostles* have been so much censured. The *apostles* did not drink, and not to live them in a *state of* and *disobedience*, is an act of piety, just as it is political fanaticism, who thought that public order consisted in the most offensive dissipation. On this principle, that it is saint-like to go dirty, ragged, and shaven, says Bishop Lavigne, "Both-land of the Methodists and Papists," how *poorly* did Whitefield take care of the outward man, who in his journals writes, "My apparel was mean—thought it unbecoming a preacher to have powdered hair. I wore wooden gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes."

After an injury, not less cruel than humiliating, Abelard raises the school of the Paraclete, with what enthusiasm is he followed to that desert! His scholars in crowds hasten to their adored master. They cover their mud-soled shoes with the branches of trees. They care not to sleep under better roofs, provided they remain by the side of their unfortunate master. How lively must have been their taste for study! It furnished these military passions, and the love of glory was gratified even to that desert.

The two reprehensible lines in Pope's *Eloisa*, too celebrated among certain of its readers,

"Not Caesar's empire would I deign to prove;
No,—make me mistress to the man I love!"

are, however, found in her original letters. The author of that excellent work, "The History of the *Reign*," has given it thus nearly, a specimen of the natural style in those days.

Si l'empereur, qui est a Rome
Souhait que devient être tout homme

Me daignoit prendre pour sa femme,
Et me faire du monde dame ;
Si vouldroye-je mieux, dist-elle
Et Dieu en tesmoing en appelle
Etre sa Putaine appelée
Qu'être emperiere couronnée.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

A VERY extraordinary physiognomical anecdote has been given by De la Place in his "*Pieces Interessantes et peu Connues*," vol. iv. p. 8.

A friend assured him that he had seen a voluminous and secret correspondence which had been carried on between Louis XIV. and his favourite physician De la Chambre on this science: the faith of the monarch seems to have been great, and the purpose to which this correspondence tended was extraordinary indeed, and perhaps scarcely credible. Who will believe that Louis XIV. was so convinced of that talent which De la Chambre attributed to himself, of deciding merely by the physiognomy of persons not only on the real bent of their character, but to what employment they were adapted, that the king entered into a *secret correspondence* to obtain the critical notices of his *physiognomist*? That Louis XIV. should have pursued this system, undetected by his own courtiers, is also singular; but it appears by this correspondence that this art positively swayed him in his choice of officers and favourites. On one of the backs of these letters De la Chambre had written, "If I die before his majesty, he will incur great risk of making many an unfortunate choice!"

This collection of physiognomical correspondence, if it does really exist, would form a curious publication; we have heard nothing of it! De la Chambre was an enthusiastic physiognomist, as appears by his works; "The Characters of the Passions," four volumes in quarto; "The Art of knowing Mankind;" and "The Knowledge of Animals." Lavater quotes his "Vote and Interest" in favour of his favourite science. It is, however, curious to add, that Philip Earl of Pembroke, under James I., had formed a particular collection of portraits, with a view to physiognomical studies. According to Evelyn on Medals, p. 302, such was his sagacity in discovering the characters and dispositions of men by their countenances, that James I. made no little use of his extraordinary talent on the *first arrival of ambassadors at court*.

The following physiological definition of *PHYSIOGNOMY* is extracted from a publication by Dr. Gwither, of the year 1604, which, dropping his history of "The Animal Spirits," is curious.

"Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous impressions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving his affections: and not only the *objects* themselves have this power, but also the very *images* or *ideas*; that is to say, anything that puts the animal spirits into the same motion that the *object* present did will have the same effect with the object. To prove the first, let one observe a man's face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and so

forth. For the second, that *ideas* have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.

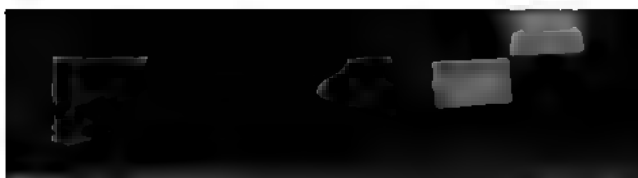
"The manner I conceive to be thus. The animal spirits moved in the sensory by an object, continue their motion to the brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is most suitable to the design of its creation; having first made an alteration in the *face* by its nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motoru* actuating its many muscles, as the dial-plate to that stupendous piece of clock-work which shows what is to be expected next from the striking part. Not that I think the motion of the spirits in the sensory continued by the impression of the object all the way, as from a finger to the foot: I know it too weak, though the tenseness of the nerves favours it. But I conceive it done in the medulla of the brain, where is the common stock of spirits; as in an organ, whose pipes being uncovered, the air rushes into them; but the keys let go, are stopped again. Now, if by repeated acts or frequent entertaining of a favourite idea of a passion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to, or custom dragged, the *face* is so often put into that posture which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such latent passages into its nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably set: as the *Indian* religious are by long continuing in strange postures in their *pagous*. But most commonly such a habit is contracted, that it falls insensibly into that posture when some present object does not obliterate that more natural impression by a new, or dissimulation hide it.

"Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with *eyes* generally set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass at the time of drinking; which were therefore called *bibitory*. *Lascivious* persons are remarkable for the *oculorum mobilis petulantia*, as Petronius calls it. From this also we may solve the *Quaker's* expecting face, waiting for the pretended spirit; and the melancholy face of the *sectaries*; the *studious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though silence in a sort may awhile pass for wisdom, yet sooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the disguise to undo all. A *changeable face* I have observed to show a *changeable mind*. But I would by no means have what has been said understood as without exception; for I doubt not but sometimes there are found men with great and virtuous souls under very unpromising outsides."

The great Prince of Conde was very expert in a sort of physiognomy which showed the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends, that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air.

CHARACTERS DESCRIBED BY MUSICAL NOTES.

THE idea of describing characters under the names of Musical Instruments has been already



displayed in two most pleasing papers which embellish the *Taster*, written by Addison. He dwells on this idea with uncommon success. It has been applauded for its originality, and in the general preface to that work, these papers are distinguished for their felicity of imagination. The following paper was published in the year 1709, in a volume of "Philosophical Transactions and Collections," and the two numbers of Addison in the year 1710. It is probable that this inimitable writer borrowed the seminal hint from this work.

"A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.

"Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice, that in ordinary discourse words were spoken in perfect notes, and that some of the company used *exalta*, some *fleta*, some *terda*, and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his words, as in their tone, consisted most of *concord*, and were of *dissonance* of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best situated in the company. This suggests a reason why many discourses which one hour with much pleasure, when they come to be read scarcely merit the same thing.

"From this difference of Music in Orators, we may conjecture that of Temperance. We know, the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety, the Lydian, buxomness and freedom, the Æolic, sweet stillness and quiet composure, the Phrygian, polity and youthful levity, the Ionic in a stiffer of warms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may not we reasonably suppose, that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in nature hereto congruous? *Cæciliæ* may show me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *Flauti* *Sol re ut*, to be peevish and edeminate. *Flauti*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will in some measure agree with all *chords*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the Tints so *vari-bright* may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic; *minimus*, grave and serious, *crascheri*, a prompt wit, *quæter*, vehemency of passion, and a cold wit. *Brachibrevi-ress*, may denote one either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter, *minim-ress*, one that debilitates; *crascheri-ress*, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of MOOD, NOTE, and TINT, we may collect DISPOSITIONS."

MILTON.

It is painful to observe the animosity which the most eminent scholars have infused frequently in their controversial writings. The politeness of the present times has in some degree softened the malignity of the cause, in the dignity of the author, but this is by no means an irreparable law.

It is said not to be honourable to literature to give such controversy, and a work entitled "Quæstiones Literariæ," when it first appeared, excited loud murmurs. But it has its moral; like showing the drunkard to a youth that he may

turn aside disgusted with ebriety. Must we suppose that men of letters are exempt from the human passion? Their sensibility, on the contrary, is more irritable than that of others. To observe the ridiculous attitudes in which great men appear, when they employ the arts of the sub-market, may be one great means of restraining their ferocious pride often breaking out in the republic of letters. Johnson at least appears to have entertained the same opinion, for he thought proper to republish the low invective of Dryden against *Artis* and what I have published my "Quarrel of Authors," it becomes me to say no more.

The celebrated controversy of *Salmasius* continued by *Morus* with *Milone*—the first the pleader of King Charles, the latter the advocate of the people—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper-war of these two great men. The answer of *Milone*, who perfectly mastered *Salmasius*, is now read but by the few. Whatever is addressed to the times, however great may be its merits, is doomed to perish with the times; yet on these pages the philosopher will not contemplate in vain.

It will form no uninteresting article to gather a few of the rhetorical words, for *Salmasius* we cannot well call them, with which they mutually punctured each other. Their tancour was at least equal to their erudition, the two most learned antagonists of a learned age!

Salmasius was a man of vast erudition, but no taste. His writings are learned, but sometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defensio Regis, Defensio of Kings*. The opening of this work provokes a laugh. "Englishmen! who on the heads of kings as on many tennis-balls, who play with crowns as if they were hoops, who look upon sceptres as so many crooks!"

That the deformity of the body is an idea we attach to the deformity of the mind, the vulgar must acknowledge, but surely it is unpardonable in the enlightened philosopher thus to compare the crookedness of corporeal matter with the rectitude of the intellect, yet *Milbourne* and *Dennis*, the last a formidable critic, have frequently contended, that comparing Dryden and Pope to whet-ciret the eye turned from with displeasure was very good argument to lower their literary abilities. *Salmasius* seems also to have entertained this idea, though his open in England gave him wrong information, or, possibly, he only drew the figure of his own disordered imagination.

Salmasius sometimes reproaches Milton as being but a puny piece of man, an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being, composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, he only to flag his hoys and sometimes elevating the ardour of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him the words of Virgil, "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*." Our great poet thought this monstrous denunciation merited a serious refutation; perhaps he did not wish to appear despicable in the eyes of the ladies, and he would not be silent on the subject, he says, but any one should consider him as the credulous Spaniards are made to believe by their priests, that a heretic is a kind of chimerical or a dog-headed monster.

Milton says, that he does not think any one ever considered him as unbeautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that he still felt the same courage and the same strength which he possessed when young, when, with his sword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robust than himself; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger. And very pathetically he adds, "that even his eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver."

Morus, in his Epistle dedicatory of his *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, compares Milton to a hangman; his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom.

When Salmasius found that his strictures on the person of Milton were false, and that, on the contrary, it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery against those graces with which Nature had so liberally adorned his adversary. And it is now that he seems to have laid no restrictions on his pen; but raging with the irritation of Milton's success, he throws out the blackest calumnies, and the most infamous aspersions.

It must be observed, when Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius he had lost the use of one of his eyes: and his physicians declared, that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever. His patriotism was not to be baffled but with life itself. Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place. Thus a learned man in the occupations of study fell blind: a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity.

Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles. He does not now reproach him with natural deformities; but he malignantly sympathises with him, that he now no more is in possession of that beauty which rendered him so amiable during his residence in Italy. He speaks more plainly in a following page; and in a word, would blacken the austere virtue of Milton with a crime too infamous to name.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancour. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered, with the ferocity of the irritated passion—"And I shall cost him his life!" A prediction which was soon after verified: for Christina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Salmasius, and sided with Milton. The universal neglect the proud scholar felt hastened his death in the course of a twelve-month.

How the greatness of Milton's mind was degraded! He actually condescended to enter into a correspondence in Holland to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus, and deigned to adulate the unworthy Christina of Sweden, because she had expressed herself favourably on his "Defence." Of late years we have had but too many instances of this worst of passions; the antipathies of politics!

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

WE are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettes* was perhaps derived from *gazzera*, a magpie or chattering; or more probably from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Another etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news. The Spanish derive it from the Latin *gaza*, and likewise their *gazalero* and our *gazetteer* for a writer of the *gazette*, and, what is peculiar to themselves, *gazetista*, for a lover of the gazette.

Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly: but it was merely the newspaper of the government. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name; from a solitary government gazette, an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us.

Mr. George Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, gives a curious particular of these Venetian gazettes. "A jealous government did not allow a printed newspaper: and the Venetian *gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in manuscript." In the Magliabechian library at Florence are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettes all in manuscript.

Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians *menantes*; because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by these loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *menantes*, from the Latin *minantes*, threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *menare*, which signifies to lead at large, or spread afar.

Mr. Chalmers discovers in England the first newspaper. It may gratify national pride, says he, to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which were printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled "The English Mercurie," which by authority "was imprinted at London by her highnesses printer, 1588." These were, however, but extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published. In this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid which speaks of putting the queen to death, and the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet.

Mr. Chalmers has exultingly taken down these patriarchal newspapers, covered with the dust of two centuries.



The first newspaper in the collection of the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter. It contains the usual articles of news like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper, there are news dated from Whitehall on the 12th July, 1588. Under the date of July 26 there is the following notice: "Yesterday the Scots ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a witty and spiritual saying of this young prince (he was twenty-two) to the queen's minister at his court, viz. That all the fatout he did expect from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, to be the last detoured." Mr. Chalmers derives the guarantee of the present day to give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign minister. The speech of King James's (classical saying) carried it from the newspaper into history. I must add, that in respect to his wit no man has been more injured than this monarch. More pointed sentences are recorded of James I. than perhaps of any prince, and yet, such is the delusion of that medium by which the popular eye sees things in this world, that he is usually considered as a mere royal pedant. I have referred more largely on this subject in an "Inquiry into the literary and political character of James I."

From one of these "Mercuries," Mr. Chalmers has given some observations of books, which run much like those of the present times, and exhibit a picture of the literature of those days. All these publications were "imprinted and sold" by the queen's printers, Field and Baker.

1st. An admonition to the people of England, wherein are answered the slanderous insinuations reproachfully uttered by *Mar-proule*, and others of his brood, against the bishops and chief of the clergy.

2dly. The copy of a letter sent to Don Bernardin Mendosa, ambassador in France, for the king of Spain, declaring the state of England, &c. The second edition.

3dly. An exact journal of all passages at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. By an eye-witness.

4thly. Father Parson's coat well dented; or short and pithy animadversions on that infamous fornicator of shame and lascivious, entitled *Leicester's Commonwealth*?

5thly. *Elisabetha Triumphans*, an heroic poem by James Aske, with a declaration how her excellence was entertained at the royal court at Tilbury, and of the overthrow of the Spanish fleet.

Periodical papers seem first to have been more generally used by the English, during the civil

war of the usurper Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. *Peter Heylin*, in the preface to his *Comptography*, mentions, that "the affairs of each town of war were better presented to the reader in the *Weekly News-book*." Hence we had some papers entitled *News from Hull*, *Truths from York*, *Warrenand Things from Ireland*, &c. We had also "The Scots' Dove" opposed to "The Parliament Echo," or "The Secret Owl."—*Samuel* sometimes produced keener titles. "*Mercurius ridens*" found an antagonist in "*Democritus ridens*," and "The Weekly Discoverer" was shortly met by "The Discoverer stript naked." "*Mercurius Britannicus*" was grappled by "*Mercurius Martis*, faithfully lashing all Scots, *Mercurius, Post, Spain*, and others." Under all these names papers had appeared, but a Mercury was the prevailing title of them "News-books," and the principles of the writer were generally shown by the additional epithet. We had an alarming number of these *Mercurius*, which, were the story not too long to tell, might excite some laughter; they present us with a very curious picture of those singular times.

Devoted to political purposes, they soon became a public nuisance by sowing an impression of party malice, and echoing to the farthest ends of the kingdom the insinuating voice of all factions. They set the minds of men more at variance, inflamed their tempers to a greater fierceness, and gave a deeper edge to the sharpened sword of civil discord.

Such works will always find adventure, adapted to their seditious purposes, who neither want at times either talents, or business, or wit, or argument. A vast crowd issued from the press, and are now to be found in a few private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to most readers of these times; the names of some of their chiefs, however, have just reached us, and in the minor chronicle of domestic literature I rank three notable heroes, *Marchmont Needham*, *Sir John Birkenhead*, and *for Roger L. Kestrange*.

Marchmont Needham, the great patriarch of newspaper writers, was a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and most successful, because the most prodigal of his tribe. We had an ample account of him in *Anthony Wood*. From college he came to London; was an usher in Merchant Tailors' school, then an under clerk in Gray's Inn; at length studied physic and practiced chemistry; and finally he was a captain, and in the words of honest Anthony, "mingling with the rout and rum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his insouciance, called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his rascals were to satirize the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and was known under the name of Captain Needham of Gray's Inn, and whatever he now wrote was deemed oracular. But whether from a slight imprisonment for opposing Charles I. or some pique with his own party, he requested an audience on his knees with the king, reconciled himself to his majesty, and showed himself a violent royalist in his "*Mercurius*."

* I have written the history of the *Mar-proule* faction, in "Quarrels of Authors," which our historians appear not to have known. The materials were suppressed by government, and not preserved even in our national depositories.

† A curious secret history of the Earl of Leicester, by the Jesuit Perten.

rius Pragmaticus," and galled the presbyterians with his wit and quips. Some time after, when the popular party prevailed, he was still further enlightened, and was got over by President Bradshaw, as easily as by Charles I. Our Mercurial writer became once more a virulent presbyterian, and lashed the royalists outrageously in his "*Mercurius Politicus*;" at length on the return of Charles II. being now conscious, says our friend Anthony, that he might be in danger of the halter, once more he is said to have fled into Holland, waiting for an act of oblivion. For money given to a hungry courtier, Needham obtained his pardon under the great seal. He latterly practised as a physician among his party, but lived universally hated by the royalists, and now only committed harmless treasons with the College of Physicians, on whom he poured all that gall and vinegar which the government had suppressed from flowing through its natural channel.

The royalists were not without their Needham in the prompt activity of Sir John Birkenhead. In buffoonery, keenness, and boldness, having been frequently imprisoned, he was not inferior nor was he at times less an adventurer. His "*Mercurius Aulicus*" was devoted to the court, then at Oxford. But he was the fertile parent of numerous political pamphlets, which appear to abound in banter, wit, and satire. He had a promptness to seize on every temporary circumstance, and a facility in execution. His "*Paul's Church Yard*" is a bantering pamphlet, containing fictitious titles of books and acts of parliament, reflecting on the mad reformers of these times. One of his poems is entitled "*The Jolt*," being written on the Protector having fallen off his own coach-box: Cromwell had received a present from the German Count Oldenburgh, of six German horses, and attempted to drive them himself in Hyde Park, when this great political Phaeton met the accident, of which Sir John Birkenhead was not slow to comprehend the benefit, and hints how unfortunately for the country it turned out! Sir John was during the dominion of Cromwell an author by profession. After various imprisonments for his majesty's cause, says the venerable historian of English literature, already quoted, "he lived by his wits, in helping young gentlemen out at dead hits in making poems, songs, and epistles on and to their mistresses; as also in translating, and other petite employments." He lived however after the Restoration to become one of the masters of requests, with a salary of 300*l.* a year. But he showed the baseness of his spirit (says Anthony), by slighting those who had been his benefactors in his necessities.

Sir *Roger L'Estrange* among his rivals was esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing. The temper of the man was factious, and the compositions of the author seem to us coarse, yet I suspect they contain much idiomatic expression. His *Æsop's Fables* are a curious specimen of familiar style. Queen Mary showed a due contempt of him after the Revolution, by this anagram:

*Roger L'Estrange,
Lye strange Roger!*

Such were the three patriarchs of newspapers. De Saint Foix, in his curious *Essais historiques sur*

Paris, gives the origin of newspapers to France. Renaudot, a physician at Paris, to amuse his patients was a great collector of news; and he found by these means that he was more sought after than his more learned brethren. But as the seasons were not always sickly, and he had many hours not occupied by his patients, he reflected, after several years of assiduity given up to this singular employment, that he might turn it to a better account, by giving every week to his patients, who in this case were the public at large, some fugitive sheets which should contain the news of various countries. He obtained a privilege for this purpose in 1632.

At the Restoration the proceedings of parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority; and the first daily paper after the Revolution took the popular title of "*The Orange Intelligencer*."

In the reign of Queen *Anne*, there was but one daily paper: the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and others topics of a more general speculation. Sir *Ricard Steele* formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of manners and morals, of literature, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of *Addison* to banish this painful topic from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the diurnal narrator of political events, which so frequently originate in rumours and party fiction. From this time, newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works—at present, there seems to be an attempt to revive this union; it is a retrograde step for the independent dignity of literature.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

THE strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the middle ages, conducted with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers of religion, were pronounced to be the *judgments of God*! The ordeal consisted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water: the popular affirmation—"I will put my hand in the fire to confirm this," appears to be derived from this sole custom of our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place; swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread, sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or weighing a witch; stretching out the arms before the cross, till the champion soonest wearied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which was decided by this very short chancery suit, called the *judicium crucis*. The bishop of Paris and the abbot of St. Denis disputed about the patronage of a monastery: Pepin the Short, not being able to decide on their confused claims, decreed one of these judgments of God, that of the Cross. The

bishop and abbot each chose a man, and both the men appeared in the chapel, where they stretched out their arms in the form of a cross. The spectators, more drawn than the mob of the present day, but still the mob, were equally attentive, but bated however, save for one man, now for the cause and critically watched the slightest movement of the arms. The bishop's man was first tried—he let his arms fall, and turned his patron's case for ever. Though sometimes these trials might be studied by the artifice of the priest, accidents were the innocent victims who unquestionably suffered in these superstitious practices.

From the tenth to the twelfth century they were very common. Hildebert, bishop of Maine, being accused of high treason by one Willhelm Rufus, was prepared to undergo one of these trials, when Leo, bishop of Chartres, convinced him that they were against the canon of the constitution of the church, and adds that in this manner *homocidii defendere et homicidii perire*.

An abbot of St. Aubin of Angers, in 1166, having refused to present a harve to the Viscount of Tennes, which the viscount claimed in right of his lordship, whenever an abbot was made prisoner of that abbot, the ecclesiastic offered to justify himself by the trial of the ordeal, at his duel, in which he proposed to furnish a man. The viscount at first agreed to the duel, but, reflecting that these combats, though sanctioned by the church, depended wholly on the skill or vigour of the adversaries, and would therefore afford no substantial proof of the equity of his claim, he proposed to compromise the matter on a question which strongly characterises the times, he waived his claim, on condition that the abbot should not forget to mention in his prayers himself, his wife, and his brothers. As the abbot appeared to the abbot, in company with the harve, of little or no value, he accepted the proposal.

In the tenth century the right of representation was not fixed. It was a question, whether the son of a man ought to be recognised among the children of the family; and succeed equally with their uncles, if their fathers happened to die while their grandfathers survived. This point was decided by one of these combats. The champion in behalf of the right of children to represent their deceased father proved victorious. It was then established by a perpetual decree that they should thenceforward share in the inheritance together with their uncles. In the eleventh century the same mode was practised to decide respecting two royal brothers. A pair of knights, clad in complete armour, were the chosen to decide which was the authentic and true Leung.

If two neighbours, say the capitulation of Dagobert, dispute respecting the boundaries of their possessions, let a piece of turf of the contested land be dug up by the judge, and brought by him into the court, and the two parties shall touch it with the points of their swords, calling on God as a witness of their conduct, after this let them retire, and let us have decide on their rights.

In Germany a similar custom was practised in these judicial combats. In the night of the 16th, they placed a bar—by its side stood the accuser and the accused, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bar, and brandished their

swords to profound silence, before they began the combat.

Mr. Ellis, in his elegant preface to War's *Fabliaux*, shows how faithfully the manners of the age are painted in these ancient tales, by observing the judicial combat introduced by a writer of the fourteenth century, who in his poem represents Plato as challenging Jesus Christ to single combat, and another who describes the person who pierced the side of Christ as a knight who jousted with Jesus.

Judicial combat appears to have been practised by the Jews. Whenever the rabbins had to decide on a dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce evidence to substantiate his claim, they terminated it by single combat. The rabbins were impressed by a notion that continuance of right would give additional confidence and strength to the rightful possessor. This appears in the recent sermon of a rabbin. It may, however, be more philosophical to observe that such judicial combats were more frequently favourable to the criminal than to the innocent, because the bold wicked man is usually more ferocious and hardy than he whom he engages out of his own, and who only wishes to preserve his own quiet enjoyment, on this can the assailant in the most terrible combatant.

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the man had been laid; and if they could not swallow it, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was imposed by adding to the bread a dose of herbs, and such was their credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy bread and herbs called the *corselet*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the herbs made of cow's milk in the month of May.

Du Cange observed that the expression,—"May this piece of bread choke me"—comes from this custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this observation, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Amongst the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages was that of the bleeding of a corpse. If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the body, if the slightest change was observable in the eye, the mouth, feet, or hands of the corpse, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many credulous spectators must have suffered death. "As when a body is full of blood, warmed by a sudden external heat and a perturbation coming on, some of the blood vessels will burst, so they will all in time." This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the unenlightened parts of those kingdoms as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers, and their histories and ballads are laboured into posies by dwelling on this phantasm.

Robertson observes that all these absurd institutions were cherished from the superstitions of the age believing the legendary histories of those events, who crowd and disgrace the Roman calendar. These institutions must have been declared authentic by the bulls of the popes and the decrees

of councils; they were greedily swallowed by the populace; and whoever believed that the Supreme Being had interposed miraculously on those trivial occasions mentioned in legends, could not but expect his intervention in matters of greater importance when solemnly referred to his decision. Besides this ingenious remark, the fact is, that these customs were a substitute for written laws, which that barbarous period had not; and as no society can exist without *laws*, the ignorance of the people had recourse to these *customs*, which, bad and absurd as they were, served to close controversies which might have given birth to more destructive practices. Ordeals are in truth the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced enough in civilization to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtle distinctions, and elaborate investigations which a court of law demands.

We may suppose that these ordeals owe their origin to that one of Moses, called the "Waters of Jealousy." The Greeks likewise had ordeals, for in the Antigonus of Sophocles, the soldiers offer to prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron, and walking between fires. One cannot but smile at the whimsical ordeals of the Siamese. Among other practices to discover the justice of a cause, civil or criminal, they are particularly attached to using certain consecrated purgative pills, which they make the contending parties swallow. He who *retains* them longest gains his cause! The practice of giving Indians a consecrated grain of rice to swallow is known to discover the thief, in any company, by the contortions and dismay evident on the countenance of the real thief.

But to return to the middle ages.—They were acquainted in those times with *secrets* to pass unhurt these singular trials. Voltaire mentions one for undergoing the ordeal of boiling water. Our late travellers in the East have confirmed this statement. The Mevlekeh dervises can hold red-hot iron between their teeth. Such artifices have been often publicly exhibited at Paris and London. Mr. Sharon Turner observes on the ordeal of the Anglo-Saxons, that the hand was not to be immediately inspected, and was left to the chance of a good constitution to be so far healed during three days (the time they required to be bound up and sealed, before it was examined) as to discover those appearances when inspected, which were allowed to be satisfactory. There was likewise much preparatory training, suggested by the more experienced; besides the accused had an opportunity of *going alone into the church*, and making *terms* with the priest. The few spectators were always *distant*; and cold iron, &c., might be substituted, and the fire diminished at the moment, &c.

Doubtless they possessed these secrets and medicaments, which they had at hand, to pass through these trials in perfect security. Camerarius, in his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," gives an anecdote of these times which may serve to show their readiness. A rivalry existed between the Austin-friars and the Jesuits. The father-general of the Austin-friars was dining with the Jesuits; and when the table was removed, he entered into a formal discourse of the superiority of the monastic order, and charged the Jesuits, in unqualified terms, with

assuming the title of "*fratres*," while they held not the three vows, which other monks were obliged to consider as sacred and binding. The general of the Austin-friars was very eloquent and very authoritative:—and the superior of the Jesuits was very unlearned, but not half a fool.

He did not care to enter the list of controversy with the Austin-friar, but arrested his triumph by asking him if he would see one of his friars, who pretended to be nothing more than a Jesuit, and one of the Austin-friars who religiously performed the aforesaid three vows, show instantly which of them would be the readier to obey his superiors? The Austin-friar consented. The Jesuit then turning to one of his brothers, the holy friar Mark, who was waiting on them, said, "Brother Mark, our companions are cold. I command you, in virtue of the holy obedience you have sworn to me, to bring here instantly out of the kitchen-fire, and in your hands, some burning coals, that they may warm themselves over your hands." Father Mark instantly obeys, and to the astonishment of the Austin-friars, brought in his hands a supply of red burning coals, and held them to whoever chose to warm himself; and at the command of his superior returned them to the kitchen-hearth. The general of the Austin-friars, with the rest of his brotherhood, stood amazed; he looked wistfully on one of his monks, as if he wished to command him to do the like. But the Austin monk, who perfectly understood him, and saw this was not a time to hesitate, observed,—"*Reverend father, forbear, and do not command me to tempt God! I am ready to fetch you fire in a chafing-dish, but not in my bare hands.*" The triumph of the Jesuits was complete; and it is not necessary to add, that the *miracle* was noised about, and that the Austin-friars could never account for it, notwithstanding their strict performance of the three vows!

INQUISITION.

INNOCENT the Third, a pope as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the heretics they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse in the year 1200. He called in the aid of temporal arms, and published against them a crusade, granting, as was usual with the popes on similar occasions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against these *Mahometans*, so he styled these unfortunate men. Once all were Turks when they were not Catholics! Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were passed on the edge of the sword, without distinction of age or sex. It was then he established that scourge of Europe, THE INQUISITION: for having considered that though all might be compelled to submit by arms, numbers might remain who would profess particular dogmas, he established this sanguinary tribunal solely to inspect into all families, and inquire concerning all persons who they imagined were unfriendly to the interests of Rome. Dominic did so much by his persecuting inquiries, that he firmly established the inquisition at Toulouse.



Not before the year 1494 it became known in Spain. To another Dominican, John de Torquemada, the court of Boile owed this obligation. As he was the confessor of Queen Isabella, he had entered from her a promise that if ever she assented the throne, she would use every means to extirpate heresy and heretics. Ferdinand had conquered Granada, and had expelled from the Spanish realms multitudes of unfortunate Moors. A few remained, whom, with the Jews, he compelled to become Christians: they at least assumed the name: but it was well known that both these nations naturally respected their own faith, rather than that of the Christians. This race was afterwards distinguished as *Christianos Nuevos*: and in forming marriages, the blood of the Moors was considered to lose its purity by mingling with such a suspicious source.

Torquemada pretended that this destruction would greatly hasten the conversion of the holy religion. The queen listened with respectful diffidence to her confessor, and at length assented over the king to consent to the establishment of this unwholesome tribunal. Torquemada, indoligable in his zeal for the holy war, in the space of four years that he exercised the office of chief inquisitor, is said to have persecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames.

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror such proceedings spread. "A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were at an end. Brothers were afraid of brothers, fathers of their children."

The situation and the feelings of one imprisoned in the crisis of the inquisition are forcibly painted by Oroon, a mild, and meek, and learned man, whose converse with Luther is well known. When he escaped from Spain he took refuge in Holland, was persecuted, and died a philosophical Jew. He has left this admirable description of himself in the cell of the inquisition: "Inclosed in this dungeon I could not even find space enough to turn my head about, I suffered so much that I felt my head disordered. I frequently asked myself, am I really Don Baltazar Oroon, who used to walk about so free at my pleasure, who so much enjoyed myself with my wife and children? I often imagined that all my life had only been a dream, and that I really had been born in this dungeon. The only amusement I could invent was metaphysical disputations. I was at once opponent, respondent, and perorator."

In the cathedral at Seville is the tomb of a famous inquisitor, six pillars surround this tomb, to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burnt. On this St. Peter indignantly observes, "If ever the Jack Bitch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model."

The inquisitor, as Boile informs us, punished heretics by fire to evade the maxim, *Leturus non aut it possit vivere*. For burning a man, say they, does not shed his blood. Ordo, the bishop of the Norman inquisition, in the tapestry worked by Blotius the queen of William the Conqueror, is represented with a noose in his hand, for the purpose that when he despatched his antagonist he might

not spill blood, but only break his bones! Religion has had her quibblers as well as Law.

The establishment of this despotic order was rendered in France, but it may perhaps surprise the reader that a recorder of London in a speech urged the necessity of setting up an inquisition in England. It was on the trial of Penn the Quaker, in 1670, who was acquitted by the jury, which seems highly to have provoked the said recorder. "Magna Charta," writes the preface to the trial, "with the recorder of London, is nothing more than Magna Charta." It appears that the jury, after being kept two days and two nights to change their verdict, were in the end both fined and imprisoned. Sir John Howell, the recorder said, "Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the inquisition among them, and certainly it will not be well with us, till something like ours the Spanish inquisition be in England." Thus it will ever be, while both parties, struggling for the pre-eminence rush to the sharp extremity of things, and annihilate the trembling balance of the constitution. But the adopted motto of Lord Enkine must ever be that of every Briton, "Trial by jury."

So late as the year 1761, Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy, was burnt by three evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon press. And for what was this unhappy Jewist condemned? Not, as some have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conspiracy against the king of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial but that of having indulged certain heretical notions, which one other tribunal but that of the inquisition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of a fanatical old man. Will posterity believe that in the eighteenth century an aged visionary was led to the stake for having said, amongst other extravagances, that "The holy Virgin having commanded him to write the life of Ant. Christ, told him that he, Malagrida, was a second John, but more Christ than John the Evangelist, that there were to be three Ant. Christs, and that the last should be born at Milan, of a maid and a nun, in the year 1761, and that he would marry Providence, one of the infernal forces."

For such reasons as these the unhappy old man was burnt in recent times. Oranges assure us that in his remembrance a hour that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, for no significant tokens, was, together with his owner, put into the inquisition for both of them dealing with the devil. A man of letters declared that, having taken into their hands, nothing surprised him so much as the ignorance of the inquisitor and his council, and it seemed very doubtful whether they had read even the Scriptures.

One of the most interesting anecdotes relating to the terrible inquisition, exemplifying how the use of the diabolical engines of torture forces men to confess crimes they have not been guilty of, was related to me by a Portuguese gentleman.

A nobleman in Lisbon having heard that his physician and friend was imprisoned by the inquisition, under the false pretext of Judaism, addressed a letter to one of them to request his freedom, amongst the inquisitor that his friend was so orthodox a Christian as himself. The physician,

notwithstanding this high recommendation, was put to the torture, and, as was usually the case, at the height of his sufferings confessed everything they wished. This enraged the nobleman, and signing a dangerous illness, he begged the inquisitor would come to give him his last spiritual aid.

As soon as the Dominicans arrived, the lord, who had prepared his confidential servants, commanded the inquisitor in their presence to acknowledge himself a Jew, to write his confession, and to sign it. On the refusal of the inquisitor the nobleman ordered his people to put on the inquisitor's head a red-hot helmet, which to his astonishment, in drawing aside a screen, he beheld glowing in a small furnace. At the sight of this new instrument of torture, "Take your crown," the monk wrote and subscribed the abhorred confession. The nobleman then observed, "See now the extremity of your manner of proceeding with unhappy men! His poor physician, like you, has confessed Judaism; but with this difference, one tormentor has forced that from him, which least alone has drawn from you!"

The inquisition has not failed of receiving its due praises. Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, has discovered the "Origin of the Inquisition" in the territorial Pontifex, and presumes to allege, that God was the first who began the functions of an inquisitor over Cain and the workmen of Babel! Macedo, however, is not so dreaming a personage as he appears, for he obtained a professor's chair at Padua for the arguments he delivered at Venice against the pope, which were published by the title of "The Literary Rootings of the Lion at St. Mark." Besides he is the author of 100 different works, but it is curious to observe how far our interest is apt to percolate over our conscience, Macedo praised the Inquisition up to heaven, while he sank the pope to nothing!

Among the great revolutions of this age, and since the last edition of these volumes, the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal is abolished—but its history enters into that of the human mind, and the history of the inquisition by Linschbach, translated by Chandler, with a very curious "Introduction," loses none of its value with the philosophical mind. This monstrous tribunal of human opinions aimed at the sovereignty of the intellectual world, without intellect! It may again be restored, to keep Spain stationary at the middle age!

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

The philosophical compiler of *L'Esprit des Loix et des Coutumes* has arranged the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses, and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unmolested. This custom probably arises from the usage, in early periods of society, concealing himself to eat, he fears that another with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and snatch his meal from him. The ideas of witchcraft are also widely spread among barbarians;

and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals.

In noticing the barbaric meal of the Maldivian Islander, another reason may be alleged for this monanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to arrive at equality, they are condemned to lead the unsocialable life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one, and we are assured that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

Savages on Montague, when they eat, "*Seignent les doigts aux couteaux, à la houe des gentes, et à la pioche des pards.*" We cannot forbear exulting in the polished civility of naphies!

The tables of the rich Chinese dine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, and forks; every guest has two little staves or chop sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Usherteans, who are naturally sociable, and very gentle in their manners, feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide, two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became a habit, which persisted even when the fountain was near to them. A people transplanted, observes our ingenious philosopher, preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to prevent them with some amusement, for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wears himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, men wish to show their confidence to their friends; they treat their guests as relations, and it is said that in China the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, stoops himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartar pulls a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth, then they clap their hands and dance before him,



No custom seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamtschatkan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of him whom he had so handsomely repaid, in that case the guest would take possession of his cabin, till he had the presents returned to him which the other had in so singular a manner obtained.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alleged. It is meant to put the person to a trial, whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschatkan, who is at the expense of the fire, and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree, and for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. The most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to understand them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschatkan kneels before his guests, he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out "Tana!"—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. After their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

MONARCHS.

BAIRN CUNNINGHAM has this very acute observation on kings: many monarchs are infected with a strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings desire it, as they imagine, continues this pious politician, that their glory will appear the more splendid by the contrast; and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to counterbalance their own misdeeds.

Princes, says Gracian, are willing to be added,

but not surpassed; which maxim is thus illustrated.

A Spanish lord having frequently played at chess with Philip II and won all the games, perceived, when his majesty rose from play, that he was much ruffled with chagrin. The lord, when he returned home, said to his family, "My children, we have nothing more to do at court; there we must expect no favour: for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of chess."—As chess entirely depends on the genius of the player, and not on fortune, King Philip the chess-player conceived he ought to suffer no rival.

This appears still clearer by the anecdote told of the Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I, who was partial to the game of chess. He once played with the Lord of Cluny, and the learned Cunningham, the editor of Horace. Cunningham, with too much skill and too much success, beat his lordship. "The earl was so irritated at his superiority and surliness, that he dismissed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himself sometimes to be beaten, and by that means got his pardon, with something handsome besides."

In the Critique of Gracian, there is a singular anecdote relative to kings.

A Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful at how whether the porter could be his majesty. At length they ventured to express their complaints that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employment. His majesty having heard them, replied, "Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quoted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I labour. I have slept more on four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Next whom you choose. For me, who am as well, it were madness to return to court." Another Polish king, who succeeded this philosophic monarch and porter, when they played the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed,—"I had rather manage an ass!" The vacillating fortunes of the Polish monarchy present several of these anecdotes; their monarchs appear to have frequently been philosophers; and, as the world is made, an excellent philosopher proves but an indifferent king.

Two observations on kings were made to a courtier with great *raison* by that experienced politician the Duke of Alva—"Kings who affect to be familiar with their companions make use of *men* as they do of *oranges*; they take oranges to extract their juice, and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you aside to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough." "The squeezed orange," the king of Prussia applied in his dispute with Voltaire.

When it was suggested to Dr. Johnson that kings must be unhappy because they are deprived

of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society, he observed that this was an ill-founded notion. "Being a king does not exclude a man from such society. Great kings have always been social. The king of Prussia, the only great king at present (this was THE GREAT Frederic, is very so. Charles the Second, the last king of England who was a man of parts, was social; our Henries and Edwards were all social."

The Marquis of Halifax in his character of Charles II. has exhibited a *trait* in the Royal character of a good-natured monarch; that *trait*, is *sauntering*. I transcribe this curious observation, which introduces us into a levee.

"There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses, who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called SAUNTERING, was the sultana queen he delighted in.

"The thing called SAUNTERING is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others.—The being galled with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretences; the deformity of fraud ill-disguised:—all these would make any man run away from them, and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast."

OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS, HIGHNESS, AND EXCELLENCE.

THE title of *illustrious* was never given, till the reign of Constantine, but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms, or in letters. Adulation had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius composed a book to record those who had possessed this title; and, as it was *then* bestowed, a moderate volume was sufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Constantine, the title of *illustrious* was given more particularly to those princes who had distinguished themselves in war; but it was not continued to their descendants. At length, it became very common; and every son of a prince was *illustrious*. It is now a convenient epithet for the poet.

There is a very proper distinction to be made between the epithets of ILLUSTRIOUS and FAMOUS.

Niceron has entitled his laborious work, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Hommes ILLUSTRES dans la Republique des Lettres*. The epithet ILLUSTRIOUS is always received in an honourable sense; yet in these Memoirs are inserted many authors who have only written with the design of combating religion and morality. Such writers as Vanini, Spinoza, Woolston, Toland, &c. had been better characterised under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be said, that the ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS. In the rage for TITLES the ancient lawyers in Italy were not satisfied by calling kings ILLUSTRES; they went a step higher, and would have emperors to be *super-illustres*, a barbarous coinage of their own.

In Spain, they published a book of titles for

their kings, as well as for the Portuguese; but Selden tells us, that "their *Cortesias* and giving of titles grew at length, through the adfection of heaping great attributes on their princes, to such an insufferable forme, that a remède was provided against it." This remedy was an act published by Philip III. which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, as they termed these strange phrases, they had so servilely and ridiculously invented, should be reduced to a simple subscription, "To the king our lord," leaving out those fantastical attributes which every secretary had vied with his predecessors in increasing their number.

It would fill three or four of the present pages to transcribe the titles and attributes of the Grand Signior, which he assumes in a letter to Henry IV. Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, first part, p. 148, has preserved it. This "emperor of vicious emperors," as he styles himself, at length condescended to agree with the Emperor of Germany, in 1606, that in all their letters and instruments they should be only styled *father* and *son*: the emperor calling the sultan his son; and the sultan the emperor, in regard of his years, his *father*.

Formerly, says Housaie, the title of *highness* was only given to kings; but now it has become so common, that all the great houses assume it. All the Great, says a modern, are desirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to seize on the privileges of royal dignity. We have already come to *highness*. The pride of our descendants, I suspect, will usurp that of *majesty*.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and his queen Isabella, of Castile, were only treated with the title of *highness*. Charles was the first who took that of *majesty*: not in his quality of king of Spain, but as emperor. St. Foix informs us, that kings were usually addressed by the titles of *most illustrious*, or *your serenity*, or *your grace*; but that the custom of giving them that of *majesty* was only established by Louis XI., a prince the least majestic in all his actions, his manners, and his exterior—a severe monarch, but no ordinary man, the Tiberius of France; whose manners were of the most sordid nature:—in public audiences he dressed like the meanest of the people, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In an account found of his household, this *majestic* prince has a charge made him, for two new sleeves sewed on one of his old doublets.

Formerly kings were apostrophized by the title of *your grace*. Henry VIII. was the first, says Housaie, who assumed the title of *highness*; and at length *majesty*. It was Francis I. who saluted him with this last title, in their interview in the year 1520, though he called himself only the first gentleman in his kingdom!

So distinct were once the titles of *highness* and *excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II., was permitted to take up the latter title, and the city of Granada saluted him by the title of *highness*, it occasioned such serious jealousy at court, that had he persisted in it, he would have been condemned for treason.

The usual title of *cardinals*, about 1600, was *seignoria illustrissima*; the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister and cardinal, in his old age, assumed the title of *excellencia reverendissima*,



TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.—ROYAL DIVINITIES.

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The church of Rome was in its glory, and to be called *reverend* was then accounted a higher honour than to be styled the *almirant*. But by use *almirant* grew familiar, and *reverend* vulgar, and at last the cardinals were distinguished by the title of *cardinal*.

After all these historical notices respecting these titles, the reader will smile when he is acquainted with the reason of an honest curate, of Montserrat, who refused to bestow the title of *highness* on the duke of Mantua, because he found in his breviary these words, *Tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus*, from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *highness*. The "Titles of Honours" of Belden is a very curious volume, and as the learned Bishopp said Evelyn, the most valuable work of this great scholar. The best edition is a folio of about 1000 pages. Belden vindicates the right of a king of England to the title of *emperor*.

"And never yet was *title* did not move;
And never eke a mind, that *title* did not love."

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

In countries where despotism exists in all its force, and is gratified in all its caprices, either the intimation of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn and the most fantastic titles; or the royal duties and functions were considered of so high and extensive a nature, that the people expressed their notion of the pure monarchical state, by the most energetic descriptions of oriental fancy.

The chiefs of the *Natches* are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles which some chiefs assume are not always honourable in themselves, it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quixira calls himself the *great lion*; and for this reason lions are there so much respected, that they are not allowed to kill them, but at certain royal meetings.

The king of Monomotapa is surrounded by musicians and poets, who adulate him in such refined flatteries as *lord of the sun and moon*, *great magnificence*, and *great chief*.

The Asiatics have bestowed what to us appears as ridiculous titles of honour on their princes. The king of Arracan assumes the following ones: "Emperor of Arracan, possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Bama, lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet."

His majesty of Ava is called *God*, when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself the king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals, the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas! These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the kings of Achem are singular, though voluminous. The most striking ones are sovereign of the universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude, whose eye glitters like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round, who when he flies shades all his people, from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted, &c. &c.

Dr. Davy, in his recent history of Ceylon, has added to this collection the authentic titles of the Kandian sovereign. He too is called *father*, *God*. In a deed of gift he possesses his extraordinary attributes. "The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexhausted perfume buds, the stars, &c., whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom, &c."

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the king of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions, the *fruits of honour*; the *mirror of virtue*, and the *rose of delight*.

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

There is a curious dissertation in the "Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres," by the Abbé Mongault, "on the distinctions which were paid to the governors or provinces during the Roman republic," in their lifetime these originally began in gratitude, and at length degenerated into flattery. These facts curiously show how far the human mind can advance, when led on by customs that operate insensibly on it, and blind us in our absurdities. One of these ceremonies was exquisitely ridiculous. When they voted a statue to a provincial, they placed it among the statues of the gods in the festival called *Lectisternum*, from the ridiculous circumstances of this solemn festival. On that day the gods were invited to a repast, which was, however, spread in various quarters of the city, to satiate mouths more mortal. The gods were however taken down from their pedestals, laid on beds ornamented in their temples, pillows were placed under their marble heads; and while they reposed in this easy posture they were served with a magnificent repast. When Cæsar had conquered Rome, the senate senate put him to dine with the gods! Fatigued by, and ashamed of these honours, he desired the senate to raise from his statue in the Capitol the title they had given him of a *demigod*!

We know that the first Roman emperors did not want flatterers, and that the adulations they sometimes lavished were extravagant. But perhaps few know that they were less offensive than the flatteries of the third century under the Pagan, and of the fourth under the Christian emperors. Those who are acquainted with the character of the age of Augustulus have only to look at the one, and the other code, to find an infinite number of passages which had not been heatable even in that age. For instance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, published in 404.

"Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that those who, instigated by a sacrilegious temerity, dare to oppose the authority of our divinity, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated." The letters they wrote are holy. When the sons speak of their fathers, it is "Thou father of divine memory," or "Thou divine father." They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celestial oracles*. So also their subjects address them by the titles of "*Four Princes, your Majesty*." And it appears by a law of Throned the Great that the emperor at length added this to their titles. It begins, "If any magistrate, after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than that of our Princes, let him be judged guilty of high treason." All this reminds one of "the celestial empire" of the Chinese.

Whenever the Great Mogul made an observation, Bernier tells us that some of the best Omrahs lifted up their hands, crying, "Wonder! wonder! wonder!" And a proverb current in his dominion was, "If the king saith at noonday it is night, you are to see, Behold the moon and the stars!" Such adulation, however, could not alter the general condition and fortune of this unhappy being, who became a sovereign without knowing what it is to be one. He was brought out of the struggle to be placed on the throne, and it was he, rather than the spectators, who might have truly used the interjection of astonishment!

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

Fortune never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to become mendicants. Half a century ago it was not imagined that our own times should have to record many such instances. After having contemplated kings raised into divinity, we are then now depressed no longer. Our own times, in two opposite senses, may emphatically be distinguished as the age of kings.

In Candour or the Optimist, there is an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and none of them with out sufficient money to pay for a scrupulous dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be right monarchs in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns!

What added to this exquisite satire was, that there were eight living monarchs at that moment wandering on the earth;—a circumstance which has since occurred!

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario, king of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her age, was besieged in Pavia by Berengar, who resolved to constrain her to marry him soon after Pavia was taken; she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum: to reach it, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the daytime among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV., after having been

deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V., escaped from prison, poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entrusted the bishop of Speyer to grant him a lay prebend in his church. "I have studied," said he, "and have learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you." The request was denied, and he died inevitably and obscurely at Liège, after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur!

Mary of Medici, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII., mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the sacraments of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition reads, with this supplicatory opening, "*Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, deuant, que depuis le 25 Fevrier elle aurait été arriuee prisonniere au chateau de Compeigne, sans être ni secourue ni soupconnee.*" &c. Lill, the astrologer, in his Life and Death of King Charles the First, presents us with a melancholic picture of this unfortunate monarch. He has also described the person of the old queen mother of France.

"In the month of August, 1647, I beheld the old queen mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepit, poor queen ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only matrix and magnificent woman of Europe; wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens."

In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio, king of Portugal. His body was interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth could compel this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and Elizabeth assisted him with troops; but at length he died in France in great poverty. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare in all his miseries: he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries, and for the recompense of his services he only wished to be buried at the feet of his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised altars, was Dom Diego Bothet, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Haume supplies me with an anecdote of singular oral distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had "a moderate prison assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credits ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henrietta, was obliged to be shod for want of a far to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France!" We find another proof of her



excessive poverty. Another... celebrated... the... friend for... queen of... would not have...

The... the... husband... George, and... more...

A... Prince... into the... told a... his... C... had... has... says... good... know...

Many... experience... reference...

We... colony... been... Irish... a... has... in... king, and...

FEDERAL...

Barbary... were the... society. The... and... dependent... safety... the... public... but... short... tion, and... cited by... barbaric... institution... tion of... gradually... tyranny, and... the... of that... judges, call... distinguished by... probably our... "exorable... and justice, slaves withdrew themselves from that obedience which they owed to their masters." Such was the expiring voice of aristocratic tyranny. This subject has been ingeniously discussed by Robertson in his preliminary volume to Charles V., but the following facts constitute the picture which the historian leaves to be gleaned by the minister inquirer.

...the... of... were... to... the... of... was... both... the... was... sold... if... they...

the sum the guardian would have obtained by the other party had it taken place. This cruel custom was a source of domestic unhappiness, particularly in love-affairs, and has served as the groundwork of many a pathetic play by our older dramatists.

There was a time when the German lords reckoned amongst their privileges that of robbing on the highways of their territory, which ended in raising up the famous Hanseatic Union to protect their commerce against rapine and avenging exactions of toll.

Geoffrey, lord of Coventry, compelled his wife to ride naked on a white palfrey through the streets of the town, that by this mode he might restore to the inhabitants those privileges of which his wantonness had deprived them. This anecdote some have suspected to be fictitious from its extreme barbarity; but the character of the middle-ages will admit of any kind of wanton barbarism.

When the abbot of Fyresac makes his entry into that town, the lord of Montbrun, dressed in a harquain's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled by an ancient custom to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horse by the bridle.

The feudal harpist frequently combined to share amongst themselves those children of their villans who appeared to be the most healthy and serviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and not unfrequently sold them in their markets.

The feudal attitude is not, even in the present enlightened times, abolished in Poland, in Germany, and in Russia. In those countries the bondmen are still entirely dependent on the caprice of their masters. The peasants of Hungary or Bohemia frequently revolt, and attempt to shake off the pressure of feudal tyranny.

An anecdote of comparatively recent date displays their unfeeling caprice. A lord or prince of the northern countries passing through one of his villages, observed a small assembly of peasants and their families amusing themselves with dancing. He commands his domestics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houses. He orders the coats of the women to be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. The men were then liberated, and those who did not recognise their wives in that state received a severe castigation.

Absolute dominion hardens the human heart, and nobles accustomed to command their bondmen will treat their domestics as slaves, as the captives or inhuman West Indians are known to do their poor wretched slaves. Those of Siberia punish them by a free use of the cudgel or rod. The Abbe Chappé saw two Russian slaves undress a chambermaid, who had by some trifling negligence given offence to her mistress after having uncovered as far as her waist, one placed her head betwixt his knees, the other held her by the feet, while both, armed with two sharp rods, violently lashed her back till it pleased the domestic tyrant to decree it was enough.

After a perusal of these anecdotes of feudal tyranny, we may exclaim with Goldsmith—

"I fly from PETTY TYRANTS—to the TYRONS."

Mr. Hallam's recent view of the "State of

Europe during the Middle-Ages" renders this short article superfluous in a philosophical view.

JOAN OF ARC.

Of the Maid of Orleans I have somewhere read that a bundle of rags was substituted for her, when she was supposed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our historians notice this anecdote; though some have mentioned that after her death an impostor arose, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom she had several children. Whether she deserved to have been distinguished by the appellation of *The Maid of Orleans* we have great reason to suspect; and some in her days, from her hardness for men's apparel, even doubted her sex. We know little of one so celebrated as to have formed the heroine of epics. The following epitaph on her I find in Winstanley's "Historical Rarities," and which, possessing some humour, merits to be rescued from total oblivion.

"Here lies Joan of Arc, the which
Some count saint, and some count witch;
Some count man, and something more;
Some count maid, and some a whore.
Her life is in question, wrong or right;
Her death's in doubt, by loss or might.
Oh, innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to guilt dost sit.
How thou too near to wonder art—
(Misanthrope, from a wonder art—
A woman rule, 'ganst Rabque Law')
But, reader, be content to stay;
Thy censure till the judgment day;
Then shalt thou know, and not before,
Whether saint, witch, man, maid, or whore."

GAMING.

GAMING appears to be a universal passion.—Some have attempted to deny its universality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where such a passion becomes most capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

The fatal propensity of gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongst those of the milder climates. The savage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated by the hope of accumulating wealth without the labour of industry.

Barbryrac has written an elaborate treatise on gaming, and we have two quarto volumes by C. Moore on suicide, gaming, and duelling, which may be put on the shelf by the side of Barbryrac. All these works are excellent sermons, but a sermon to a gambler, a duellist, or a suicide! A dice-box, a sword and pistol, are the only things that seem to have any power over these unhappy men, for ever lost in a labyrinth of their own construction.

I am much pleased with the following thought, "The ancients (says the author of *Amusements*



Belles et Comiques) assembled to see their gladiators kill one another; they claimed this among their games! What barbarity! But are we less barbarous, we who call a game an assembly who meet at the faro table where the actors themselves confess they only meet to destroy one another?" In both these cases the philosopher may perhaps discover their origin in one cause, that of the fitless perishing with *consci* requiring an immediate impulse of the passions; and very inconducive as to the fatal means which procure the desired agitation.

The most ancient treatise by a modern on this subject, according to Barbier, was that of a French physician, one Ecluse, who published it in 1780, entitled *De Alee, sive de curanda ludendi in praesentem capitis*, that is, "of games of chance, or a cure for gaming." The treatise itself is only worth noting from the circumstance of the author being himself one of the most inveterate gamblers; he wrote this work to convince himself of this folly. But in spite of all his solemn vows, the prayers of his friends, and his own book perpetually quoted before his face, he was a great gambler to his last hour! The same circumstance happened to Sir John D'Arden. They had not the good sense of old Montaigne, who gives as the reason why he gave over gaming, "I used to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice, but of this folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good consequence I put on when I lost, I did not feel my recreation the less." Goldsmith fell a victim to this madness. To play any game will require serious study, time, and experience. If a man of letters plays deeply, he will be duped even by shallow fellows, or his professed gamblers.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the *cock*, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes, to which the Chinese, who are desperate gamblers, add the use of cards. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his wife or his child, on the cast of a die, or courage and strength of a martial bird. It still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is himself.

In the island of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatran are addicted to the use of dice. A strong spirit of play characterizes a Malay. After having regained everything to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then looses a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all the raving gambler meets. He intoxicates himself with opium, and working himself into a fit of frenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as this lock is seen flowing it is lawful to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this which our sailors call "To run a muck." Thus Dryden writes—

"Frontless, and satire-proof, he roams the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets."

Thus also Pope—

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet."

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *muck*. To "run a muck" is an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately; and has since been ascertained to be a Malay word.

To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their families, and at length themselves. The Chinese play night and day, till they have lost all they are worth, and then they usually go and hang themselves. Such is the propensity of the Japanese for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that, "Whoever ventures his money at play shall be put to death." In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquisitions, on running-matches. "We saw a man," says Cook, "beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property."

The ancient nations were not less addicted to gaming, Persians, Greeks, and Romans; the Goths, and Germans. To notice the modern ones were a melancholy task: there is hardly a family in Europe which cannot record, from their own domestic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this passion.

Gambling and *cheating* were synonymous terms in the time of Shakespeare and Jonson; they have hardly lost much of their double signification in the present day.

The following is a curious picture of a gambling-house, from a contemporary account, and appears to be an establishment of more systematic even than the "Hell" of the present day.

"A list of the officers established in the most notorious gaming-house," from the *Daily Juno*, Jan. 9th, 1771.

1st. A COMMISSIONER, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

2nd. A DIABOLUS, who superintends the mom.

3rd. An EVIL-DOER, who deals the cards at a cheating game, called Faro.

4th. Two CROWDERS, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.

5th. Two PRIMS, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

6th. A CLEER, who is a check upon the PRIM, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

7th. A SQUIB is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

8th. A FLASHER, to swear how often the bank has been swept.

9th. A DUNKER, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

10th. A WAITER, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.

11th. AN ATTORNEY, a Newgate solicitor.

12th. A CAPTAIN, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.

13th. AN USHER, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.

14th. A PORTER, who is generally a soldier of the Foot Guards.

15th. AN ORDERLY MAN, who walks up and

down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constable.

16th A RHYMER, who is to get intelligence of the justices' meeting.

17th LIXE-BUTS, COACHMEN, CHAIRMEN, or others who bring intelligence of the justices' meetings, or of the constables being out, at half-a-guinea reward.

18th COMMON-RAIL, AFFIDAVIT-MEN, RECIPIANTS, BRAYOLA, ASSASSINS, *cum multis aliis.*

The "Memoirs of the most famous Gamesters from the Reign of Charles II to Queen Anne, by T. Lucas, Esq. 1714," appears to be a bookseller's job, but probably a few traditional stories are preserved.

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

The Arabic chronicle of Jerusalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For such is the stupid superstition of the Arabs, that they pride themselves on being ignorant of whatever has passed before the mission of their Prophet. The most curious information it contains is concerning the crusades according to Longerus, who said he had translated several portions of it, who ever would be craved in the history of the crusades should attend to this chronicle, which appears to have been written with impartiality. It renders justice to the Christian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de St. Gilles.

Our historians chiefly write concerning Godfrey de Bouillon, only the learned know that the Count de St. Gilles acted there so important a character. The stories of the *Saracens* are just the reverse: they speak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently distinguish Saint Gilles.

Tasso has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former so eminent, at the cost of the other heroes, in his Jerusalem Delivered. Thus Virgil transformed by his magical power the chaste Dido into a distracted lover, and Homer the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requisite for poets to be historians, but historians should not be so frequently poets. The same charge, I have been told, must be made to the Grecian historians. The *Persians* are viewed to great disadvantage in Grecian history. It would form a curious inquiry, and the result might be unexpected to some, were the Oriental student to comment on the Grecian historians. The Grecians were not the demigods they paint themselves to have been, nor those they attacked the contemptible multitudes they describe. These boasted victories might be diminished. The same observation attaches to Caesar's account of his British expedition. He never records the defeats he frequently experienced. The national prejudices of the Roman historians have undoubtedly occasioned us to have a very erroneous conception of the Carthaginians, whose discoveries in navigation and commercial enterprises were the most considerable among the ancients. We must indeed think highly of that people, whose works on agriculture, which they had raised into a science, the senate of Rome ordered to be trans-

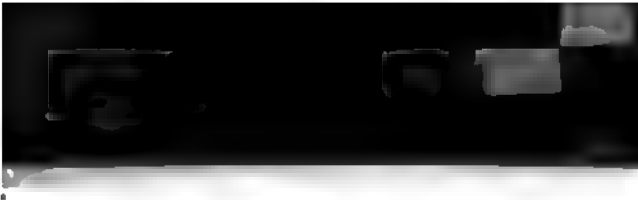
lated into Latin. They must indeed have been a wise and brave people.—Yet they are stigmatized by the Romans for faction, cruelty, and cowardice; and their bad faith has come down to us in a proverb: but *Livy* was a Roman! and there is a patriotic malignity!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If we except the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue, and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of the metempsychosis. The pains and the pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in an anterior state: so that, says St. Pons, we cease to wonder that among men and animals, some enjoy an easy and agreeable life, while others seem born only to suffer all kinds of miseries. Preposterous as this system may appear, it has not wanted for advocates in the present age, which indeed has revived every kind of fanciful theories. Mercier, in *L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante*, seriously maintains the present one.

If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity, and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. The notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it, but he does not inform us of the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the immortality of the soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls. The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth, and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Africa, Persia, Siam, Cambodia, Tonquin, Cochinchina, Japan, Java, and Ceylon, still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic traditions of the Welsh are full of this belief, and a Welsh antiquary insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Britons of India from Wales! The Welsh bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble, till after a circuit of such periclitous journeys, they are purified for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the immortality of the dove.

My learned friend Sharon Turner, the accurate and philosophical historian of our Saxon ancestors, has explained, in his "Vindication of the ancient British Poems," p. 231, the Welsh system of the metempsychosis. Their bards mention three circles of existence. The circle of the all-encompassing circle holds nothing alive or dead,



SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

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but God. The second circle, that of felicity, is that which men are to provide after they have passed through the various changes. The circle of evil is that in which human nature passes through those various stages of existence which it must undergo before it is qualified to inhabit the circle of felicity.

The progress of man through the circle of evil is marked by three inflections: Recurrence, oblivion, and death. The deaths which follow our changes are to make escapes from their power. Man is a free agent, and has the liberty of choosing; his wanderings and changes cannot be foreseen. By his misconduct he may happen to fall retrograde into the lowest state from which he had emerged. If his conduct in any one state, instead of improving his being, had made it worse, he fell back into a worse condition to commence again his purifying revolutions. Humanity was the heart of the degraded transmigration. All the changes above humanity produced felicity. Humanity is the scene of the contest, and after man has traversed every state of animated existence, and can remember all that he has passed through, that re-annihilation follows which he attains in the circle of felicity. It is on this system of transmigration that Talmies, the Welsh bard, who wrote in the sixth century, gives a recital of his pretended transmigration. He tells how he had been a serpent, a wild an, a buck, or a crane, &c., and this kind of reminiscence of his former state, this recovery of memory, was a proof of the mortal's advances to the happier circle. For to forget what we have been was one of the curses of the circle of evil. Talmies, therefore, adds Mr. Turner, so profusely boasts of his recovered reminiscence as any modern secretary can do of his state of grace and election.

In all these wild reveries there seems to be a moral fable in the notion, that the clearer a man recollects what a *brute* he has been, it is a certain proof that he is in an improved state!

According to the authentic Cavigero, in his history of Mexico, we find the Pythagorean transmigration carried on in the west, and not less faithfully than in the countries of the east. The people of Tlacala believe that the souls of persons of rank went after their death to inhabit the bodies of *beautiful and sweet singing birds*, and those of the *nobler quadrupeds*, while the souls of inferior persons were supposed to pass into *weasels, beetles*, and such other *meaner animals*.

There is something not a little ludicrous in the description Plutarch gives at the close of his treatise on "the delay of heavenly justice." Thespisus saw at length the souls of those who were condemned to return to life, and whom they violently forced to take the forms of all kinds of animals. The labourers charged with this transformation forged with their instruments certain parts; others, a new form; and made some totally disappear; that their souls might be rendered proper for another kind of life and other habits. Among these he perceived the soul of Nero, which had already suffered long torments, and which stuck to the body by nails red from the fire. The workmen seized on him to make a

riper of, under which form he was seen to live, after having devoured the breast that had carried him.—But in this Plutarch only copies the tale current at Paris.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in royal palaces is very strict, writes Baron Bunsfeld, we keep order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was severely visited by the plague; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his groans would not suffer him to rise from the chair. The domestics could not *perceive* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Posa appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke D'Almada ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the king endured it, rather than deviate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1601, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was overtaken by fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms, but the Spanish *etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess however interceded, in consideration of the circumstances, to *parade* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life.

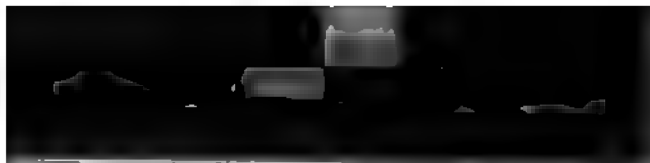
When Isabella, mother of Philip II., was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished, that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered in good Spanish, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

"Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth

May largely give, nor fear herself a death!"

CHRONICLE.

Philip the Third was a weak bigot, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the clouds of his flattery; besides that the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his counsel.



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He caused to be laid on his table, one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King Mr Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escorial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escorial. Jeits of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

THE GOTHs AND HUNS.

THE terrific honours which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history, by the interment of Attila, king of the Huns; and Alaric, king of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast campaign in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels, rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial.

The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric in 410, at Cornava, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Varento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulations of riches. After having caused the river to resume its usual course, they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

OF VICARS OF BRAY.

THE vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth, he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal in the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an unconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so scilicet; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray."

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to this country, "The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened that this *vicar* should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kiichen, bishop of Llandaff, from an idle abbot under Henry VIII was made a busy bishop, Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a

parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*!

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded as a species of Puritanic savageness and Gothic barbarism, that no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a tragedy which tended by no means to hurt the morals, but on the contrary, by awakening the pieties of domestic affections with the nobler passions, would rather elevate and purify the mind.

When Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh, and because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastic spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

"On Wednesday, February the 2nd, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed paper, intitled, 'An admonition and exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;' which, among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *unlancholy* but *notorious* facts, that one who is a minister of the church of Scotland did himself write and compose a *stage-play*, intitled, 'The tragedy of Douglas,' and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh, and that he with several other ministers of the church were present; and *some* of them *afterwards* *than* *once*, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience. The presbytery being *deeply* *afflicted* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c." Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader, but which they appear not yet to have purified and corrected, as they have shown in the case of Logan and other Scotchmen, who have committed the crying sin of composing dramas!

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

Mrs. MORIN, in the memoirs of the French Academy, has formed a little history of Poverty, which I abridge.

The writers on the genealogies of the gods have not noticed this deity's, though admitted as such in the pagan heaven, while she has had temples and altars on earth. The allegorical Plato has pleasantly narrated, that at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, Poverty modestly stood at the gate of the palace to gather the fragments of the celestial banquet, when she observed the god of riches, inebriated with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence, and passing into the Olympian gardens, throw himself on a verdant bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the god. The frolicsome deity honoured her with his carmen; and from this amour sprung the god of Love, who resembles his father

in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nodity. The all-gory is ingenious. The union of poverty with it, however, produces the most delightful of pleasures.

The golden age, however, had but the duration of a flower, when it faded, poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree, the vagrant Cain encountered her. She was firmly established in the patriarchal age. We hear of merchants who publicly practiced the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

In the Scriptures, legislators paid great attention to their relief. Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands, by tribes and families, the perpetual jubilee, the regulation to bestow at the harvest time a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for those families who were in want, and the obligation of his moral law to love one's neighbour as one's self, were in many mouths erected against the inundations of poverty. The Jews under their Theocracy had few or no mendicants. Their kings were unjust, and rapaciously seizing on inheritances which were not their right, increased the numbers of the poor. From the reign of David there were oppressive governors, who devoted the people as their prey. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman emperors. Such were the exhortations of their prelates, and the avices of their governors, that the number of mendicants continually augmented, and it was probable for that reason that the principal families converted a tenth part of their property for their support, as appears in the time of the evangelists. In the preceding ages no more was given as their charity assured us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part, a custom which this unfortunate nation still practice. If there are on poor of these nations where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other, and at the close of the year render an account to the poor of their nation.

In the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to the poor. Like him they published laws respecting the division of lands, and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those whom fire, inundations, war, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleness* more inevitably introduced poverty than any other cause, it was rigorously punished, the Egyptians made it criminal, and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered under any pretence whatever. Those who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public, when labour was offered to them, were punished with death. The Egyptian task-masters observed that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are probably the works of men who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich*; they lived and laboured in common. As in the present times, every family has its *shops* and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c., a conviction of capital poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manner, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state, and pronounces as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen, for as these people have nothing to lose, they plan opportunities to destroy the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public prosperity, were not indolent to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their censors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Those who were condemned as incorrigible mendicants were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as an occupation. They were convinced that their liberality were ill placed in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *besi* and the *anti* were often held out as an example, and the last, particularly where Virgil says, that they have elected governors who correct the sluggishness.

— *Pax agmina cogunt,
Cantantque moras.*

And if we must trust the narratives of our travellers, the *besi* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exactly than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animating, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans, who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickets of mire of their marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death which rendered their reactive insensibility.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness, they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those unfortunate poor, whose indigence was occasioned by infirmity, by age, or unforeseen calamities. Every family constantly assisted its branches to save them from being reduced to beggary, which to them appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and prevented himself to Eurymachus, this prince observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to give him to his ill fortune. When the Roman emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to exempt those from receiving a share whose bad conduct kept them in misery, for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery served as an efficacious corrective of idleness; it clearly appears how little was the misery, and how few the numbers of their poor. This they did, too, without having recourse to hospitals.

At the establishment of Christianity, when the apostles commanded a community of wealth among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed brethren: but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This prince published edicts in favour of those Christians who had been condemned in the preceding reigns to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these miserable men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmities. The Christian families were then not numerous; they could not satisfy these claimants. The magistrates protected them: they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The emperors, and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals examining the patients; they assisted the helpless; they dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion, that Julian the Apostate introduced this custom among the pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

These retreats were found insufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons; and under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed with art the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition gladly embraced it. It spread so wide that the succeeding emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and individuals were allowed to seize on these mendicants for their slaves and perpetual vassals: a powerful preservative against this disorder. It is observed in almost every part of the world, but ours; and prevents that populace of beggary which disgraces Europe. China presents us with a noble example. No beggars are seen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame; and only those who are incapable of labour live at the public expense. What is done *there* may also be performed *here*. Instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police as to morality, we should see the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realized: Poverty may be embraced by the god of Riches; and if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, she would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious parent of the Arts and Manufactures.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

A RABBIN once told me of an ingenious invention, which in the Talmud is attributed to Solomon; and this story shows that there are some pleasing tales in that immense compilation.

The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court; there, one day to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, and the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature; so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and one, it must be confessed, worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. Applied to the *ladies*, this would give it pungency. In the "Practical Education" of the Edgeworths, the reader will find a very ingenious conversation about this story.

HELL.

OLDHAM, in his "Satires upon the Jesuits," work which would admit of a curious commentary, alludes to their "lying legends," and the innumerable impositions they practised on the credulous. I quote a few lines in which he has collected some of those legendary miracles, which I have noticed in the article LEGENDS, and the amours of the Virgin Mary are detailed in Vol. II. art. *Religious Nouvellettes*.

Tell, how blessed *Virgin* to come down was seen,
Like play-house punk descending in machine,
How she writ *billet-doux* and *love-discourse*,
Made *assignments*, *visits*, and *amours*:
How hosts distress, her *smock* for *banner* wore,
Which vanquished foes!



—how fish in conventicles met,
And mackerel were with bait of doctrine caught;
How cattle have judicious hearers been;
How consecrated heves with bells were hung,
And bees kept mass, and holy anthems sung;
How pigs to th' rosary kneel'd and sheep were taught
To beat *Te Deum* and *Magnificat*.
How fly-flap, of church-censured houses rid
Of insects, which at curse of *Jays* died
How ferrying cowls religious pilgrims bore
O'er waves, without the help of oar or oar;
How sealions crab, the sacred image bore,
And swam a Catholic to the distant shore.
With shams like these the giddy rout mislead,
Their folly and their superstition feed

All these are alusions to the extravagant fictions in "the Golden Legend." Among other gross impositions to deceive the mob, Oldham likewise attacks them for certain publications on topics not less unguise. The tales he has recounted, Oldham says, are only baits for children, like toys at a fair, but they have their profounder and higher matters for the learned and the inquisitive. He goes on

One undertakes by scales of miles to tell
The bounds, dimensions, and extent of HELL;
How many German leagues that realm contains;
How many chaldrons HELL each year expends
In coals for roasting Huguenots and friends;
Another frights the rout with useful stories
Of wild Chimeras, limbo's PURGATORIES;
Where boasted souls in smoky durance hung,
Like a Westphalia gammon or neat's tongue,
To be redeem'd with masses and a song

Rather IV

The readers of Oldham, for Oldham must ever have readers among the curious in our poetry, have been greatly disappointed in the poem's edition of a Captain Thompson, who illustrates none of his allusions. In the above lines Oldham alludes to some singular works.

Treatises and topography of descriptions of HELL, PURGATORY, and even HEAVEN, were once the favourite researches among certain zealous defenders of the Romish church, who exhausted their ink horns in building up a Hell to their own taste, or for their particular purpose. We have a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmine a Jesuit, on *Purgatory*, he seems to have the science of a surveyor, among all the secret tricks and the formidable divisions of the bottomless pit.

Bellarmino informs us that there are beneath the earth four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. The deepest of these places is *Hell*, it contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the resurrection, and likewise all the demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged, or rather where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says that the same fires and the same torments are alike in both these places, the only difference between *Hell* and *Purgatory* consisting in their duration. Next to *Purgatory* is the limbo of those infants who die without having received the sacrament, and the fourth place is the limbo of the Fathers, that is to say, of

those just men who died before the death of Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer, this last division is empty, like an apartment to be let. A later Catholic theologian, the famous Tillmont, condemns all the illustrious pagans to the eternal torments of Hell, because they lived before the time of Jesus, and therefore could not be benefited by the redemption. Speaking of young Tiberius, who was compelled to fall on his own sword, Tillmont adds, "Thus by his own hand he ended his miserable life, to begin another, the misery of which will never end." Yet history records nothing bad of this prince. Jortin observes, so that he added this reflection in his later edition, so that the good man as he grew older grew more uncharitable in his religious notions. It is in this manner too that the Benedictine editor of Justin Martyr speaks of the illustrious pagans. This Father, after highly applauding Socrates, and a few more who resembled him, inclines to think that they are not *heaven* in Hell. But the Benedictine editor takes great pains to clear the good father from the shameful imputation of supposing that a *virtuous pagan* might be saved as well as a Benedictine monk. For a curious specimen of this *odium theologum*, see the "Censure" of the Sorbonne on Marmonie's *Blasphemes*.

The adverse party, who were either philosophers or reformers, received all such information with great suspicion. Anthony Cotellius, a lawyer in the 16th century, wrote a small tract, which was so effectually suppressed, as a monster of atheism, that a copy is now only to be found in the hands of the curious. This author ridiculed the absurd and horrid doctrine of *infant damnation*, and was instantly deemed an atheist, and the printer prosecuted to his ruin. Cassius Secundus Curtius, a noble Italian, published a treatise *De Imperio line* *beati regni Dei*, to prove that *Heaven* has more inhabitants than *Hell*, or in his own phrase, that the *elect* are more numerous than the *reprobate*. However we may incline to smile at these works, their design was beneficent. They were the first streaks of the morning light of the Reformation. Even such works assisted mankind to examine more closely, and held in greater contempt, the extravagant and pernicious doctrines of the domineering papistical church.

THE ABSENT MAN.

With the character of Brucere's *Absent Man* the reader is well acquainted. It is translated in the *Spectator*, and it has been exhibited on the theatre. The general opinion runs that it is a fictitious character, or at least one the author has too highly coloured. It was well known, however, to his contemporaries to be the Count De Brancas. The present anecdotes concerning the same person have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Brucere, and are to the tale as extraordinary as those which characterize *Ménauas*, or the *Absent Man*.

The count was reading by the bedside, but Heaven knows with what degree of attention, when the nurse brought him his next glass. He throws down the book, he takes the glass in his

arms. He was playing with her, when an important visitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he hastily flung the squalling innocent on the table.

The count was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him.—“God bless thee, poor man!” exclaimed the count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him:—“Is it not enough,” cried the count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; “is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the streets.” Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the Absent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant! La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent men; and Poretieri relates a circumstance which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death, but recovering from his surprise, observed—“True! True! I recollect I went to his funeral.”

WAX-WORK.

We have heard of many curious deceptions occasioned by the imitative powers of wax-work. A series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax was projected by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, under the direction of Fontana. Twenty apartments have been filled with those curious imitations. They represent in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of denudation, the organs of sense and reproduction; the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and the bony system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature than injected preparations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other art could have made so lively a record.

There is a species of wax-work which, though it can hardly claim the honours of the fine arts, is adapted to afford much pleasure. I mean figures of wax, which may be modelled with great truth of character.

Menage has noticed a work of this kind. In the year 1675, the Duke de Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the size of a moderate table. On the door was inscribed, “*The Apartment of Wit.*” The inside exhibited an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was seated the figure of the duke himself composed of wax, the resemblance the most perfect imaginable. On one side stood the Duke de la Rochefoucault, to whom he presented a paper of verses for his examination. Mr. De Marcillac, and Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, were standing near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette sat retired, reading a book. Boileau, the satirist, stood at the door of the gallery, hindering seven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau stood Racine, who seemed to beckon to La Fontaine to come

forwards. All these figures were formed of wax; and this philosophical baby-house, interesting for the personages it imitated, might induce a wish in some philosophers to play once more with one.

There was lately an old canon at Cologne who made a collection of small wax models of characteristic figures, such as, personifications of misery, in a haggard old man with a scanty crust and a brown jug before him; or of avarice, in a keen-looking Jew miser counting his gold, which were done with such a spirit and reality that a Flemish painter, a Hogarth or Wilkie, could hardly have worked up the *feeling* of the figure more impressively. All these were done with truth and expression which I could not have imagined the wax capable of exhibiting, says the lively writer of “*An Autumn near the Rhine.*” There is something very infantine in this taste; but I have preserved it long in life, and only lament that it is very rarely gratified by such close copiers of nature as was this old canon of Cologne.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

ALL the world have heard of these *statues*: they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrolled despotism. The *statue of Pasquin* (from whence the word *pasquinade*) and that of *Marforio* are placed in Rome in two different quarters. *Marforio's* is an ancient *statue* that lies at its whole length. That of *Pasquin* is a marble *statue*, greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursinos, supposed to be the figure of a gladiator. Whatever they may have been is now of little consequence: to one or other of these *statues*, during the concealment of the night, are affixed those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Pasquin* comes to his succour; and when *Pasquin* is the sufferer, he finds in *Marforio* a constant defender. Thus, by a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies and defended by their friends.

Misson, in his travels in Italy, gives the following account of the origin of the name of the *statue of Pasquin*:—

A satirical tailor, who lived at Rome, and whose name was *Pasquin*, amused himself with severe raillery, liberally bestowed on those who passed by his shop; which in time became the lounge of the newsmongers. The tailor had precisely the talents to head a regiment of satirical wits, and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day; but his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest cross-legged on his shopboard. When any lampoons or amusing bon-mots were current at Rome, they were usually called from his shop, *pasquinades*. After his death this *statue* of an ancient gladiator was found under the pavement of his shop. It was soon set up, and by universal consent was inscribed with his name; and they still attempt to raise him from the dead, and keep the caustic tailor alive, in the marble gladiator of wit.

There is a very rare work, with this title:—"Pasquillorum, Tomi Duo." The first containing the verse, and the second the prose pasquinades, published at Basil, 1544. The rarity of this collection of satirical pieces is entirely owing to the arts of suppression practised by the papal government. Sallengre, in his Literary Memoirs, has given an account of this work; his own copy had formerly belonged to Daniel Heinsius, who, in two verses written in his hand, describes its rarity and the price it cost:

Roma meos fratres igni dedit, unica Phoenix
Viro, aureisque venio centum Heinsius.

Rome gave my brothers to the flames, but I survive a solitary Phoenix. Heinsius bought me for a hundred golden ducats.

This collection contains a great number of pieces composed at different times, against the popes, cardinals, &c. They are not indeed materials for the historian, and they must be taken with grains of allowance; but Mr. Roscoe might have discovered in these epigrams and puns that of his hero Leo X., and the more than infamous Lucretia of Alexander VI. even the corrupt Romans of the day were capable of expressing themselves with the utmost freedom. Of these three respectable personages we find several epigrams. Of Alexander VI. we have an apology for his conduct:—

Vendit Alexander Claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.

"Alexander sells the keys, the altars, and Christ; As he bought them first, he had a right to sell them."

On Lucretia:—

Hec tu mulo dormit Lucretia nomine, sed in
Thais, Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus!

"Beneath this stone sleeps Lucretia by name, but by nature Thais; the daughter, the wife, and the daughter-in-law of Alexander!"

Leo X. was a frequent butt for the arrows of Pasquin:—

Sacra sub extremâ, si forte requiritis, porta
Cur Leo non potuit sumere; vendiderat.

"Do you ask why Leo did not take the sacrament on his death-bed?—How could he? He had sold it!"

Many of these satirical touches depend on puns. Urban VII., one of the *Barberini* family, pillaged the Pantheon of brass to make cannon, on which occasion Pasquin was made to say:—

Quod non fecerant *Barberi* Romæ, fecit *Barberini*.
On Clement VII., whose death was said to be occasioned by the prescriptions of his physician:—

Curtius occidit Clementem, Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parva salus.

"Dr. Curtius has killed the pope by his remedies; he ought to be paid as a man who has cured the state."

Another calls Dr. Curtius, "The Lamb of God who annuls or takes away all worldly sins."

The following, on Paul III., are singular conceptions:—

Papa Medusæ caput eat, coma turba Nepotum:
Petrus cæde caput, Cæsaris perit.

"The pope is the head of Medusa; the horrid tresses are his nephews, Petrus, cut off the head, and then we shall be rid of these serpent-locks."

Another is sarcastic:—

Ut cænerent aera multa oim sunt Vatribus æra.
Ut taccam, quantum tu mihi, Paul, dabis?

"Heretofore money was given to poets that they might sing. how much will you give me, Paul, to be silent?"

This collection contains, among other classes, passages from the Scriptures which have been applied to the court of Rome; to different nations and persons, and one of "*Series Virgiliana per Pasquillum collecta*,"—passages from Virgil frequently happily applied, and those who are curious in the history of those times will find this portion interesting. The work itself is not quite so rare as Daniel Heinsius imagined; the price might now reach from five to ten guineas.

Marforio is a statue of *Mars*, found in the *Forum*; which the people have corrupted into *Marforio*. These statues are placed at opposite ends of the town, so that there is always sufficient time to make Marforio reply to the jibes and jeers of Pasquin, in walking from one to the other. I am obliged for this information to my friend Mr. Duppa, the elegant biographer of Michael Angelo.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guxurat. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goat; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown, and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Peruvians have a strong aversion to red hair the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks nor wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his

equable negroes for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise, and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are being various materials, such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses, and the fact is, as some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinaman carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose, the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Mycenians is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad, with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax: but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Nodai wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually mount the head with a paper grime, which, mixing with the hair, fastens these bonnets for their lives.

MODERN PLATONISM.

BRADDOCK in his age of religious revolution expressed an alarm, which in some shape has been since realized. He strangely, yet acutely, observed, that "inspiration began to make a great and happy progress; but," he adds, "I fear two things, that the study of *Nebuchadnezzar* will promote *Judaism*, and the study of *philology* will revive *Paganism*." He speaks to the same purpose in the *Adagio*, c. 18th, as *Jeffers* observes, p. 90. Blackwell in his curious *Life of Homer*, after showing that the ancient oracles were the fountains of knowledge, and that the god of Delphi actually was believed by the vulgar, from the oracle's perfect acquaintance with the country, parentage, and fortunes of the suppliant, and many predictions having been verified, that besides all this, the oracles that have reached us discover a wide knowledge of everything relating to Greece,—as if a hint to account for a knowledge that he thinks has something divine in it,—it was a knowledge to be found nowhere in

Greece but among the oracles. He would account for this phenomenon, by supposing there existed a succession of learned men devoted to this purpose. He says, "Neither we must admit the knowledge of the priests, or turn converts to the oracles, and believe in the existence of *Apollon*, which in this age I know nobody is forward of." Yet to the astonishment of this writer, were he now living, he would have witnessed this incredible fact! Even Bradshaw himself might have wondered.

We discover the origin of MODERN PLATONISM, as it may be distinguished, among the Italians. About the middle of the fifteenth century, some time before the Turks had become masters of Constantinople, a great number of philosophers flourished. *Gemistus Piritho* was one distinguished by his gravity, his erudition, and his fervent passion for platonism. His famous notices Piritho, "My discourse had so powerful an effect upon Cosimo de Medici, who was his constant auditor, that he established an academy at Florence, for the sole purpose of cultivating this new and more elevated species of philosophy." The learned *Marcus Ficinus* translated Platonism, that great arch-enemy of platonism, mysticism. Such were Piritho's eminent abilities, that in his old age those whom his novel system had greatly irritated, either feared or respected him. He had scarcely breathed his last when they began to abuse Plato and our Piritho. The following account is written by George of Trebizond.

"Lately has arisen amongst us a second Mahomet, and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first, by the dreadful consequences of his wicked doctrine, as the first has exceeded Plato. A disciple and rival of this philosopher in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was *Gemistus*, but he assumed that of *Piritho*. Perhaps *Gemistus*, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven, and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs, of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with no vulgar art, and with no common elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs, and at the same time has vomited forth a great number of blasphemies against the Catholic religion. He was so zealous a platonist that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato, concerning the nature of the gods, souls, sacrifices, &c. I have heard him myself, when we were together at Florence, say, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace with one common consent, and with one mind, a single and simple religion, as the firm instructions which should be given by a single preaching. And when I asked him if it would be the religion of Jesus Christ, or that of Mahomet? he answered, 'Neither one nor the other; but a third, which will not greatly differ from paganism.' These words I heard with as much indignation, that were that time I have always hated him. I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence."



ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

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The *plano* writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might, perhaps, have bestowed a smile of pity or contempt; but the legends and fables are not less common than the impious themselves.

It was when Plato died full of years and honours, that the majority of his enemies collected all its weapons. A circumstance that seems to prove that his abolition must have been great indeed to have kept such crowds silent, and it is not impossible that this scheme of impiety was less impious than was imagined. Not a few Catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loss of Plato's work, which, they say, was not meant to subvert the Christian religion, but only to unfold the system of Plato, and to collect what he and other philosophers had written on religion and politics.

Of his religious scheme, the reader may judge by this summary account. The general title of the volume ran thus: "The best treatise of the laws of the best form of government, and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner." The whole was divided into three books. The titles of the chapters where paganism was openly insinuated are reported by Cicero, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the substance of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legislation appeared, above all, in the articles which concerned religion. He acknowledges a plurality of gods: some superior, whom he placed above the heavens, and the others inferior, on this side the heavens. The first existing from the remotest antiquity, the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all these gods, and he called him ZEVS, or Jupiter, as the pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the stars have a soul, the dragons were not malignant spirits, and the world was eternal. He established polygamy, and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with such reverses, and with not a few impieties, which my great author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Plato were, it would be rash to determine. If the work was only an arrangement of paganism, or the platonic philosophy, it might have been an innocent, if not a curious volume. He was learned and humane, and had not passed his life entirely to the solitary recesses of his study.

To strain human curiosity to the utmost limits of human credulity, a modern Plato has arisen in Mr Thomas Taylor, who, consistent to the platonic philosophy, in the present day religiously professes *polytheism*. At the close of the eighteenth century, he it recorded, were published many volumes, in which the author affects to pose himself a zealous Platonist, and asserts he can prove that the Christian religion is "a bastard and barbarous Platonism!" The divinites of Plato are the divinites to be adored, and we are to be taught to call God, Jupiter, the Virgin, Venus, and Christ, Cupid! And the *Book of Homer* allegorized, is converted into a Greek bible of the arcana of nature! Extraordinary as this literary lunacy may appear, we must observe, that

it stands not singular in the annals of the history of the human mind. The Platonic academy, which Censor founded, had, no doubt, some classical enthusiasts, but who, perhaps, according to the political character of those masters, were prudent and reserved. The platonic tutor, however, appears to have reacted other countries. The following remarkable incident has been given by St Fox, in his "*Essai historique sur Paris*." In the reign of Louis XII a scholar named Menon de la Poivre, a native of Abbeville, by continually reading and admiring the Greek and Latin writers, became mad enough to persuade himself that it was impossible that the religion of such great geniuses as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil was a false one. On the 25th of August, 1563, being at church, he suddenly snatched the host from the hands of the priest, at the moment it was raised, exclaiming, "What! does this folly?" He was immediately seized and put in prison. In the hope that he would abjure his extravagant errors, they delayed his punishment, but his obstinacy was inveterate. He persisted in maintaining that Jupiter was the sovereign God of the universe, and that there was no other paradise than the Elysian fields. He was burnt alive, after having first had his tongue pierced, and his hand cut off. Thus perished an ardent and learned youth, who ought only to have been condemned as a heretic.

Dr More, the most rational of our modern Platonists, above all, however, with the most extravagant reverses, and was inflated with agnostism and enthusiasm, as much as any of his mystic predecessors. He conceived that he held an intercourse with the divinity itself; that he had been shot as a very dart into the world, and he hoped he had hit the mark. He carried his enthusiasm to such extravagance, that he thought his words might like waters, and his body in the spring season had a sweet odour, a perfection peculiar to himself. These monarcs indulge the most fanciful vanity.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A volume on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result, the subject otherwise appears of trifling value, the very farthing piece of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, henns, and other monstrous devices. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. Full-bottomed wigs were in-

vented by a French barber, one Duveller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an operation in the shoulder of the Dauphin Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. These with very long pants, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Aquitaine, to conceal a large excoriation on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the hand, it became a prevailing fashion of court. Others, on the contrary adopted turbans to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabella of Savaria, remarkable for her gallantry, and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances so silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, could not to change her hair till Queen Elizabeth, then queen, voluntarily for her comfort, limited three years, and the supposed recipe of the archduchess's hair gave rise to a fashionable colour hence called *l'indienne*, or the Isabella, a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy. Sometimes they originate to some temporary event as after the battle of Marston, where the allies were largely defeated, by which the French frequently seized hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV., crests were called *Marston*, and after the battle of Raminthe, was received that denomination.

The coat in all ages and in every country are the mediocrity of fashions, so that of the ridicule, of which there are no exceptions, must fall on them, and not upon their service necessary the common. This complaint is made even as far back as in 1460, by Jean des Carreaux, so old French proverb, who, in declaiming against the fashions of his day, noticed one, of the ladies carrying mirrors, *fiand in their hands*, which seemed to employ their eyes in perpetual activity. From this mode evil result, according to honest Des Carreaux, their eternal destination. "Alas! (he exclaims) in what an age do we live to see such depravity which we see, that induces them even to bring into church their *handful mirrors* hanging about their waists! Let all husbands distrust, butman, and prudent be dissuaded, never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever those brought into public by the most respectable of the age. It is true, at present come but the fashions of the court venture to meet them, but long it will not be before every common's daughter, and every female peasant, will wear them." Such is all others has been the rise and decline of fashion, and the absurd mystery of the common, even of the lower classes, to their very ruin, in striving to rival the wisest fashions, has justified and guided the proverb.

On this subject old Candide, in his *Bernard*, relates a story of a trick played off on a citizen, which I give in the plainness of his own venerable style. "The Philip Calthrop pursued John Drake, the steward of Bernard, in the time of King Henry VIII. of the good name which our people have in the of the good name's son. Then Knight brought on a time as much for French money rich as should make him a grove, and sent it to the

writer's to be made. John Drake, a steward of that town, coming to the end Taylor's, and seeing the Knight's gown cloth lying there, being it well, caused the Taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and further bade him to make it of the same fashion that the Knight would have it made of. Not long after, the Knight coming to the Taylor to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the Taylor where it was? Quoth the Taylor, it is John Drake the steward, who will have it made of the self same fashion that yours is made of. 'Well' said the Knight, so good time be it! I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy cloths can make it. 'It shall be done' said the Taylor, whereupon, having the time drew near, he made haste to finish both these garments. John Drake had no time to go to the Taylor's till Christmas day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown, perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to sneer at the Taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. 'I have done nothing,' quoth the Taylor, 'but that you bid me, for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours.' 'By my becket' quoth John Drake, 'I will never wear your garment if fashion again.'"

Sometimes fashions are quite reversed in their use in one age from another. Begg, when first in fashion in France, were only worn on *habille*, in suits of ceremony, the hair was tied by a ribbon and fastened over the shoulders, which is exactly reversed in the present fashion. In the year 1715 the men had no hats but a little *chapeau de bois*, in 1745 they wore a very small hat, in 1755 they wore an enormous one, so that he seen in Jeremy's curious "Collection of Modes in all Nations." Old Parrisham, in his very rare work, "The Art of Poets," p. 129, on the present topic gives some curious information. "Henry VIII. raised his own head, and all his country, to be puffed, and his head to be cut short before that time it was thought more decent, both for old men and young, to be all shaven, and wear long hair, either rounded or square. Now again at this time Elizabeth's reign, the young gentlemen of the court have taken up the long hair trailing on their shoulders, and think that more decent, so what respect I would be glad to know."

When the fair sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaven chin excited feelings of horror and aversion, so much indeed as, in the less heaver age, would a gallant whose insouciant beard should

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaven king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Aquitaine, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage drove the rich provinces of Poitou and Gasconne, and this was the origin of those wars, which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his beard and shave his

heard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of our Queen Elizabeth.

We cannot perhaps sympathize with the feelings of her majesty, though at Constantinople the sight must have been considered unreasonable. There must be something more powerful in *beards* and *mustaches* than we are quite aware of, for when those were in fashion, with what enthusiasm were they not contemplated? When *mustaches* were in general use, an author, in his *Elements of Education*, published in 1660, thinks that "have *barbets*," as Aristotle in "Love's Labour's Lost" calls it, contributed to make men *admirable*. He says, "I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in his mustaches*. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time, for the more he contemplates his *mustaches*, the more his mind will flourish, and be animated by masculine and courageous notions." The best reason that could be given for wearing the *largest and longest beard* of any Englishman was that of a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The grandfather of Mrs. Thomas, the Countess of Cromwell, the literary friend of Pope, by her account, "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet having some hours every morning in *styling his beard and curling his mustaches*, during which time he was always read to." Taylor, the water poet, humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time, which extract may be found in Grey's *Mudlark*, Vol. I. p. 300. The *beard*, says Granger, dwindled gradually under the two Charlemagnes, till it was reduced into *quashes*, and became extinct in the reign of James II., as if its fatality had been connected with that of the house of Stuart.

The hair has in all ages been an endless topic for the declamation of the moralist, and the favourite object of fashion. If the *beaux monde* were their hair *luxurious*, or their wig enormous, the preachers, as in Charles the Second's reign, instantly were men in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermons longer, in consequence, respect was however paid by the world to the use of the wig, in spite of the hair-cutters in the pulpit. Our judges, and till lately our physicians, well knew its magical effect. In the reign of Charles II. the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate, it was not only curled and frizzled with the *needle*, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic terms of *heart-broader* and *love-kiss*. As late as William and Mary, ladies, and even children, wore wigs, and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then wore the hair-dress.

It is observed by the Swiss Viscount de Marville, that there are *flagrant follies* in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of *combs*. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pockets a *rough-hair*, as we do *snuff-boxes*. They used them even on the most solemn occasions when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was forced with his comb-dun in his hand—

Fashions indeed have been carried to an extravagant length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was compelled to banish those disgusting modes by edicts which may be found in *Mercure*. An Italian author of the sixteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of more modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose clothes rather exposed their nakedness than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the renaissance period of our Chaucer in his *Parson's Tale*.

In the reign of our Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place, then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The busset of that day stuffed out these breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled *wooden-shoes*, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise *travellers* for the men of these ponderous breeches. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large *hump larchingales*, two lovers under could scarcely move have taken one another by the hand. In a preceding reign the fashion ran on square toes, inasmuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes. Then succeeded *pickered-pointed shoes*. The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. In that time, says honest John Donne, "he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deepest ruff* and *largest raper* the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other—this caused her Majesty to make *proclamations* against them both, and to place *watched grave citizens* at every gate to cut the *ruffs* and *break the rapers*; points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length of their rapers, and a nail of a yard in depth of their ruffs." These "grave citizens," at every gate cutting the ruff and breaking the rapers, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some *unpleasant opposition*; but this regulation was in the spirit of that age, desperate and effectual. The late Emperor of Russia one day ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore *pantaloons*, and with their hangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches, so that a man's legs depended *graceless* on the skirt now and humanity of a Russian's Court. However, this war against *pantaloons* was very successful, and obtained a complete triumph in favour of the *breeches* in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 35 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the unbecoming luxury of dress. Chaucer says, they had "change of *riching* every day." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice, this was told him by her majesty's own tailor, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any man he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe.

when she died. She was possessed of the dress of all countries.

The Catholic religion has ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the slightest part of its religious communism, their devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. In the reign of our Catholic Queen Mary, the dress of a priest was costly indeed, and the exquisite and grand embroidered Fuller gown, on his Wortham, the will of a priest, to show the wardrobe of men of his order, and dream that the priest was not be served for the gallantry of his splendid apparel. He bestowed on various parish churches and persons. My vestment of crimson satin—my vestment of crimson velvet—my robe and laces set with pearls—my black gown faced with taffeta, &c.

Chaucer has minutely detailed, in "The Parson's Tale" the grotesque and the costly labyrinths of his day, and the simplicity of the venerable priest will interest the antiquary and the photographer. Much, and curious, have his quaint severity in leisure humour dandled on the "much superfluous," and "out of cloth in vestment," as well as "the disordinate carveries." In the spirit of the good old times he calculates "the cost of the embroidery or embroidery, embroidery or lacing, winding or wavy, pinking or imitating pale, and winding or lacing, the costume turning in the gown, so much pinking moving of cloth to make holes (that is punched with a bodkin), or much dapping of sleeves, cutting into elaps, with the superfluous in length of the gown trailing in the dung and in the mire, on horse and rike on foot, as well of men as of woman—that all this raising," he early believes, which women, commoners, want threadbare, and is rotten with dung, are all to the damage of "the poor folk," who might be clothed only out of the diamonds and draggish-tail of three children of a poor. But then his Puritan is not less bitter against "the horrible disordinate carveries of clothing," and very especially he describes, though perhaps in terms, and with a humour too coarse for me to transcribe, the commensurateness of those very tight dresses. Of these persons, among other offensive matters, he says "the burlesques behind as if they were the hinder part of a shape in the tail of the mouse." He notices one of the most grotesque of all modes, the one they then had of wearing a parti-coloured dress, one stocking, part white and part red, so that they looked as if they had been flayed, or white and blue, or white and black, or black and red, that this variety of colours seems as if their members had been corrupted by St. Anthony's fire, or by cancer, or other mischief.

The modes of dress during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were so various and ridiculous, that they afforded perpetual food for the sage satirist.

The conquest of Edward III. introduced the French fashions into England; and the Scotch adopted them, by their alliance with the French court, and close intercourse with that nation.

Walsingham dates the introduction of French fashions among us from the taking of Calais in 1347, but we appear to have possessed such a rage for imitations in dress, that an English house was actually a fantastical compound of all the fashions

in Europe, and even Asia, in the reign of Elizabeth. In Chaucer's time the prevalence of French fashions was a common topic with our satirist, and he notices the affectation of our female citizens in speaking the French language—a study of mine which, after more than four centuries, is not yet obsolete. A superior education, and a reverence at the west end of the town, however, to give another character to the daughters of our citizens. In the prelude to the *Prologue*, Chaucer has their humorous inn:—

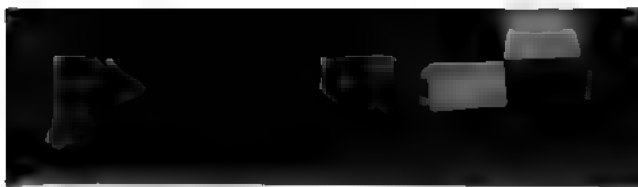
Entrained in her voice full merrily,
And French she spake full blithely;
After the fash of Stratford at Bowe,
The French of Paris was to her unknown.

A hint of the reign of Henry IV. has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe, that they were then long-pointed shoes to such an immense length, that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, then chose the English bean of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver, but the pretentious fashion did not reach here, for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fastidious.

The wild variety of dress worn in the reign of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shoes in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borel, a factious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Blaming on my mind, what repentment I shall wear;
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
And now I will wear, what I cannot tell what.

At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on *The Arte of Partie*, p. 390. This author was a travelled courtier, and has interspersed his curious work with many lively anecdotes, and curious pictures of the times. This is his fantastical hero in the reign of Elizabeth: "His is not more enough for a courtier to know how to weave a *franchise* and at his caper affiant, his *chapeau à la turque*, a straight fashion, of *Anglais*, à la mode de *la Perse*, the *cap de Espagne*, the *breuch à la Française*, and by several manner of new-fashioned garments, to dangle his body and his face with as many counterpoises, wherein it seems there he many that make a very awe and studie, who can show themselves most free, I will not say most foolish or ridiculous." So that a beaus of those times were in the same dress a grotesque mixture of all the fashions in the world. About the same period the sea ran on a different course in France. There, fashion commenced on an affected negligence of dress, for Montaigne honestly laments in Book I. Cap. 25.—"I have never yet been apt to imitate the nextest garb which is yet observable among the young men of our time, so wear my cloak on one shoulder, my hose on one side, and one stocking is something more disorderly than the other, meant to express a merry disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art."



ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

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The fashions of the Elizabethan age have been chronicled by honest John Stowe. Stowe was originally a tailor, and when he laid down the shears, and took up the pen, the taste and currency for dress was still retained. He is the grave chronicler of matters not grave. The chronology of ruffs, and tufted tassetts, the revolution of steel peking-sticks, instead of bone or wood used by the housewives. The viciations of these buckles, and the total root of their name, that grand adventure of a certain Flemish lady, who introduced the art of staining the ruffs with a yellow tinge into Britain while Mrs. Montague emulated her in the royal favour, by presenting her highness the queen with a pair of black silk stockings, instead of her cloth hose, which her majesty now for ever rejected, the heroic achievements of the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who first brought from Italy the whole mystery and craft of perfumery, and costly washes, and among other pleasant things besides, a perfumed jerkin, a pair of perfumed gloves rimmed with roses, to which the queen took such delight, that she was actually pictured with these gloves on her royal hands, and for many years after, the event was called the Earl of Oxford's Perfume. These, and as curious as venerable, receive a pleasant line of historical pomp in the important, and not in common, narrative of the antiquary and the tailor. The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her movements were her votaries: it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery. Out of grace and elegance they had not the slightest feeling. There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going to a procession to Lord Mordaunt. This procession is led by Lord Mordaunt, who no doubt was the leader of the fashion, but it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up wigs, ruff, ring above head, about stays, or bodice, so long wanted as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop furthorings, so both seem to enclose her in a capacious tub, much her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes. The anonymous Sir Walter Raleigh would have found words of the words of honour the most impregnable fortification his gallant spirit ever assumed: a *semp de stans* was impossible.

I shall transcribe from old Stowe a few extracts, which may amuse the reader.

"In the second year of Queen Elizabeth (1561), her sister, Maria Montague, presented her majesty for a new year's gift, a pair of black best silk stockings, which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highness so well, that the suit for Maria Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her in any more; who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully at purpose only for your majesty, and moving them please you as well, I will presently get more in hand.' So so, (quoth the queen), for indeed I like silk stockings as well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that thereafter I will wear no more cloth stockings, and from that time upon her death the queen never wore any more cloth hose, but only silk stockings, for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did wear only

cloth hose, or hose cut out of all-broade taffety, or that by great chance there came a pair of Spanish silk stockings from Spain. King Edward the First had a pair of long Spanish silk stockings sent him for a great present. Duke's daughters then wore gowns of cotton of Bruges (Bruges) upon certain days. Cushions, and window pillows of velvet and damask, formerly only properly furniture, now by very plentiful in most christian houses."

"Mistress of Malmesbury had not then any gloves embroidered, or trimmed with gold, or silk, neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangings, neither could they make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fifteenth year of the queen, the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, purple baggins, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four talles, or roses of coloured silk. The queen took such pleasure in these gloves, that she was pictured with these gloves upon her hands, and for many years after it was called 'The Earl of Oxford's perfume.'"

In such a chronology of fashions, an event not less important surely was the origin of starch, and here we find it treated with the utmost historical dignity.

"In the year 1564, Maria Daighen Van den Pisse, borne at Tienen in Flanders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better education, and there professed herself a *starcher*, wherein she excelled, unto whom her own nation generally repaired, and paid her very liberally for her work. Some very few of the best and most curious wares of that time, shewing the *strength and beauty of the Dutch for white-work*, and *fine weaving of linen*, made them *cambric ruffs*, and sent them to Maria Daighen to *starch*, and after awhile they made them *ruffs of lawn*, which was at that time a stuff most strange, and wonderful, and therefore was a *general ruff* or *by-word*, that shortly they would make *ruffs of a spider's web*, and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Maria Daighen to *starch* their hair, her usual price was at that time, *three or five pence*, to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings here to *starch*."

Thus Italy, Holland, and France supplied us with fashions and ornaments. But in those days they were, as I have shown from Portsmouth, in *contravention* of the laws of these potent imposed degenerate decrements. Stowe affords us another curious extract: "Diverse noble persons made them *ruffs*, a full quarter of a pound deep, and two lengths in one ruff. This fashion in London was called the *French fashion*, but when Englishmen came to Paris, the French knew it not, and in derision called it the *English manner*." An exact parallel then of many of our own Puritan modes in the present day, and a circumstance which shows the same reality in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of George IV.

This was the golden period of cosmetics. The beauty of that day, it is evident, used the admirable art of painting their faces as well as the women. Our old comedies abound with perpetual

all-sorts to odes, thistles, quailmen, pom-poms, perfumes, past white and red, &c. One of their prime counters was a frequent use of the duff, and the application of some Scotch quivers from an old use a recipe to make the face of a beautiful red colour. The person was to lie in a bath that he might perspire, and afterwards wash his face with wine, and "so should be both lusty and rosy." In Mr Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," I observe a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the keeping of the water-bate of Queen of Scots. The earl notices that the queen looked in wine, and complains of the expense, and requires a further allowance. A learned French physician informed me, on my pointing out this passage, that wine was used for their purposes. They also made a bath of malt. Edict because looked in wine to get rid of their wrinkles, and perhaps not without reason, wine being a great antiseptic. Unwashed beauties looked in milk, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin. Our venerable beauties of the Elizabethan age were initiated quakers, and the mistress of their science might be worth observing.

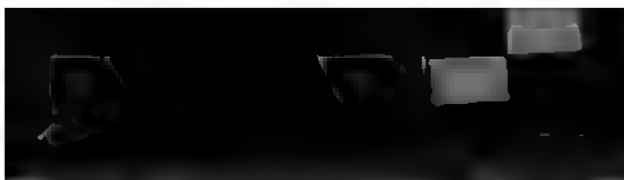
The reign of Charles II. was the dominion of French fashion. In some respects the taste was a little lighter, but the moral effect of dress, and which no doubt it has, was much worse. The dress of our French queen was very magnificent, and the beauty of the features of the portrait painted, for Peter Leys, has been observed. The queen of Charles II. exposed her breast and shoulders without even the gloss of the lightest gauze, and the fashion of standing up on her knees, with her hands behind her back, and her arms upon her staff. The custom of having the hands so much exposed, agreed by the authors of that age. That famous doctor, Richard Baxter, wrote a preface to a book, entitled "A just and reasonable reprehension of naked Breasts and Shoulders." In 1673 a book was published, entitled "New instructions unto youth for their behaviour, and also a discourse upon some occasions of modesty and decency, against powdering of hair, naked Breasts, black spots, or patches, and other unseemly customs." A whimsy of fashion was prevailing among the ladies, of strongly ornamenting their faces with abundance of black patches (as into grotesque forms, such as a comb and beaver, or a, rings, snail, mouse, cow, or, and moose). The author has prepared two lists of heads; the one representing France, and the other the Dutch. France is a lady modestly habited, with a black velvet head, and a plain white forehead on her neck, with a band. The Dutch no handkerchief, her dress cut low, so that they display great part of the bosom, and a variety of fantastical patches on her face.

The immorality of fashions in the reign of Charles II. were watched with a jealous eye by the enemies of those most puritan, who were ready only point out their hair in such unseemly exhibition. They affected all positive pleasure and morality. When courtesans were frequent, and they cut their hair short, when they adopted hair, and broad plumes, they tapped on round black caps, and dressed up their pale religious faces, and when their backs were turned, they were sitting. The sublime Milton, perhaps, conceived an

his impudency of still wearing larches? The Taster ridicules the William to larches for his impudency in still affecting them. "Thou dost it at Shrewsbury, how shall I draw thee? Thou dost outside, will you be coming your way, playing with your hair, or picking your teeth, or? Age and stuff-dress were then the rage. Steele's own wig, it is recorded, made at one time a considerable part of his annual expenditure. His large black perwig cost him, even at that day, no less than forty guineas. We wear nothing at present so this degree of extravagance. But such a wig was the dot of fashion, and they were performing perpetually their worship with infinite self-complacency, combing their wigs in public as then the very spirit of gallantry and rank. The hero of Richardson, youthful and vigorous as he called him to be, is represented waiting at an amplexion, and describing his sufferings to his mother by lamenting that "his wig and his hair were dropping with the heat from drooping on them." Even Betty, Charon's lady's maid, is described as "tapping on her stuff-hair" and frequently taking snuff. At this time nothing was so common as the head-dresses of the ladies in Queen Anne's reign. They formed a kind of edifice of three stories high, and a fashionable lady of that day much resembles the mythological figure of Cybele, the mother of the gods, with three towers on her head.

It is not worth noticing the changes in fashions, unless to rid us of them. However, there are some who had amusement in these records of luxurious idleness, their thousand and one laces. Modern fashions, till very lately a pure taste has obtained among our females, were generally mere copies of obsolete ones, and were originally fantastical. The dress of some of our queens will still be known in a few years hence by their characters. In 1731 the dress of a lady is described in the Inspector. A black velvet coat, a gown and skirt white, yellow velvet beneath, and blue stockings. This was the era of black and white, an extraordinary novelty, against which "some forward people attempted to run up toward in emulation." A nation of women has derided a book almost forty years ago, one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to have been one of our contemporaries. "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves, a pair of black velvet hose with breeches, without buttons in the pockets, crowded with stockings, but no legs, a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it, a hat of the size of an onion on a black neck worth a farthing."

As this article may probably arrest the volatile eyes of my fair readers, let me be permitted to illustrate them so that they may content in elegance in the forms of their dress, and the taste and knowledge of art which they frequently exhibit. But let me remind them that there are universal principles of beauty so true independent of all fashions. Tacitus remarks of Poppa, the consort of Nero, that she concealed a part of her face, to the end that, the imagination having full play by uniting curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed. The sentiment is beautifully ex-



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pressed by Tumo, and it will not be difficult to remember it :—

"Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espone."

I conclude by preserving a poem, written in my youth, not only because the great poet of this age has honoured it by placing it in "The English Minstrelsy," but as a memorial of some fashions which have become extinct in my own days.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO LAURA, ENTREATING HER NOT TO
PAINT, TO POWDER, OR TO GAME, BUT TO
RETREAT INTO THE COUNTRY.

Ah, LAURA! quit the noisy town,
And FASHION'S persecuting reign;
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the silent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimic charm receive?
Believe, my fair! the faithful muse,
They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Mist rubies art, with tortuous steel,
Thy artless locks of gold deface,
In serpent folds their charms conceal,
And spoil, at every touch, a grace?

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waste on midnight's noxious crew;
Let wrinkled age the night consume:
For age has but its boards to lose!

Sacred to love and sweet repose,
Behold that trellis'd bower is nigh!
That bow'rs the lilac walls enclose,
Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,
A goddess shall the muse behold,
And many a votive sigh shall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite
A feeble mortal once array'd;
Then trembled in the mortal's sight,
And own'd divine the power he made.*

A SENATE OF JESUITS.

In a book entitled "Intérêts et Maximes des Princes et des États Souverains, par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666," an anecdote is recorded concerning the Jesuits so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf nor Vertot have noticed it in their histories, though its authority cannot be higher.

When Sigismund, king of Sweden, was elected king of Poland, he made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. By his war with the Ottoman court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, compelled to remain in Poland to encounter such powerful enemies, he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this in some shape, by the advice of the Jesuits, who had

gained an ascendancy over him, he created a senate to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen Jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour, promised them with letters patent, and invested them with the royal authority.

While this senate of Jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that the Swedes should receive them as his own royal person. A public council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismund, the prelates, and the lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But in a private council, they came to very contrary resolutions for the prince said, he could not bear that a senate of priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many princes and lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this holy senate. The archbishop rose, and said, "Since Sigismund has disdained to be our king, we also must not acknowledge him as such, and from this moment we should no longer consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is *in suspense*, because he has bestowed it on the Jesuits who form this senate. The people have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I absolve you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects." When he had said thus, the prince of Bithynia addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the king, said, "I own no other king than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to hunt these vermin from this state." All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this senate in their entry into the harbour, who were now on board a great galloon, which had anchored two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fireworks they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before this senate. Wheeling about and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galloon bearing this senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galloon immediately filled with water and sunk, without one of the unfortunate Jesuits being saved, on the contrary, their assistants cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan, and if they chose, they could walk on the water!

The report of the cannon, and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the crisis or the subversion of the holy fathers from being observed, and as if they were conducting the senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum*; and to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for this ill-fated senate.

* The *Lama*, or God of the Tartars, is composed of such frail materials as mere mortality; contrived, however, by the power of priestcraft, to appear immortal; the *incarnation of Lamas* never failing!

The terms of the city of Stockholm having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the Fathers, perceived their tom. They directly pointed up *placards* of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the senate of James to perish. They urged the people to rebel, but they were soon expelled the city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismund, king of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1655, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the advances of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Comacks, a truce was concluded; but Sigismund lost both his crown, by his legendary attachment to Roman Catholicism.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bouguer. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers, and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable that the true history will be acceptable, for so tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

I find it in some shape related by Howet, in his "Paraphrase Letters," to one addressed to Ben Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject "which peradventure you may make use of in your way," and concludes by saying, "In my opinion, which is to you, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of."

The Lord De Concy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Peyri, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief the lady heard from her lover, that he had resolved to accompany the king and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land, but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dampen the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrow of the most lively tenderness. The lady, on quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of her own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, as a magnificent band which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady Du Peyri, and he poured forth the fervour of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands on quitting her.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and the presents to the lady of Du Peyri. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, till he could find some favourable moment to con-

spire his presents. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognised him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life if he did not divulge the occasion of his return.

The squire assured him that his master was dead, but Du Peyri not believing it, drew his sword on him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed everything, and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master.

Du Peyri, prompted by the fittest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a request to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Peyri inquired of his wife if she had found the request according to her taste: she answered him that she had found it excellent. "It is for this reason that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much like. You have, Madam," the squire Du Peyri continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Concy."

But she would not believe, till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she said him—"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved; for never could it find its superior, and once I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of violence worth shall ever be mixed with it." Grief and passion checked her utterance. She retired to her chamber, she closed the door for ever, and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

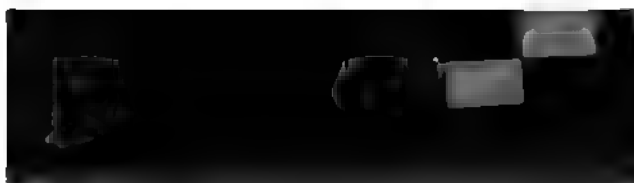
THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

THE present learned and curious dissertation is compiled from the papers of an ingenious antiquary, from the "Present State of the Republic of Letters." Vol. X. p. 249.

The antiquary of the port of Aram will form our first inquiry, and we shall then show its various uses in the several ages of the world.

It has been imagined that gloves are noticed in the Jewish Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his shoe over Edom, and still farther back, supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 2, where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his shoe and giving it to his neighbor, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything. The word in these two texts usually translated *shoe* by the Chaldean paraphrast, in the latter is rendered *glove*. Camusden is of opinion that *gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, from the word here mentioned being explained in the Talmud. *Lezaron, the clothing of the hand*. But are not these mere conjectures, and has not the Chaldean paraphrast taken a liberty in his version?

Joseph gives a clear and distinct account of gloves, speaking of the manners of the Persians, as a proof of their antiquity, he observes, that



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not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with *their gloves*. *History*, describing Laetius at work in his garden, represents him with *gloves* on his hands, to serve them from the *sterns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans: In his *de re rustica*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those gathered with *gloves*. *Athenaeus* speaks of a celebrated *gladiator* who always came to battle with *gloves* on his hands, that he might be able to handle and cut the meat whole hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities show that the ancients were not strangers to the use of gloves, though their use was not common. In a hot climate to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy. We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of gloves prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. *Athenaeus*, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says, *It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings*. Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. *Pliny* the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Verona, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkably, and that he had *gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

In the beginning of the sixth century, the use of gloves was become so universal, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Leodegarius* or *Deobertus*, the council of Ais ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheepskin.

That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Gloves, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of investiture, in bestowing lands, or in conferring dignities. Giving possession by the delivery of a glove prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Munster were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some abbots in France promising to wear gloves, the council of Paderborn interposed in the affair, and forbade them the use, on the same principle as the ring and mitre, those being peculiar to bishops, who frequently wore them richly adorned on their backs with process.

From thence, that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France, which still remains, is a remnant of the ancient practice of investiture by a glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mansfeld*. When having ascended the scaffold, the usurper prince lamenting his hard fate, married his right to the crown, and as a token

of investiture, threw his glove among the crowd; intrusting it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, and brought to Peter king of Arragon, who in virtue of this glove was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carleton, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. *Walsingham*, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, "His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off, &c."

Another use of gloves was in a duel, he who threw one down, was by this act understood to give defiance, and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the oracles of fire and water, was in succeeding ages procured for deciding rights and property. Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by *Sperman* of a duel appointed to be fought in Tottenham Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiff appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed, this office was however adjusted by the queen's judicious interference.

The ceremony is still practised of challenging by a glove at the coronation of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion entering Westminster Hall completely armed and mounted.

Challenging by the glove is still in use in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party is a challenge to a duel.

The last use of gloves was for carrying the hawk, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France still remaining, on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbidden to wear gloves on the bench. His reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges sit under no such restraint, for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *maiden assize*; a custom of great antiquity.

Our curious antiquary has preserved a singular anecdote concerning gloves. *Chambers* informs us that it is not safe at present to cover the maimed of princes without pulling off our gloves. He does not tell us in what the danger consists, but it is an ancient established custom in Germany, that whoever enters the mansion of a prince, or great man, with his gloves on his hands, is obliged to

redem them or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag, in which case if the gloves are not taken off, they are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. The French king never failed of pulling off one of his gloves on that occasion. The reason of this custom seems to be lost.

We meet with the term *glove-money* in our old records, by which a knight's gloves given to servants to buy gloves. This probably is the origin of the phrase giving a pair of gloves, to signify making a present for some labour or service.

Gough in his "Sepulchral Monuments" informs us that gloves formed no part of the female dress till after the Reformation. I have seen some as late as in Anne's time richly worked and embroidered.

There must exist in the Denny family some of the oldest gloves extant, as appears by the following glove anecdote.

At the sale of the Earl of Arden's goods, April 6th, 1756, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny were sold for 38s. 12d. Those given by James I. to his son Edward Denny for 25s. 6d., the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, 25s. 6d.; all which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny, of Ireland, who was descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry VIII.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

When relics of saints were first introduced, the religious-mania was universal; they bought and they sold, and, like other collectors, made no scruple to steal them. It is interesting to observe the ungainly adoration and grasping avidity of some, to enrich themselves with these religious novelties, their little disquisitions, the curious temptations of the vendor, and the greed both and conceits of the purchaser. The prelate of the place sometimes ordered a fast to implore God that they might not be cheated with the relics of saints, which he sometimes purchased for the holy benefit of the village or town.

Guibert de Nogent wrote a treatise on the relics of saints, acknowledging that there were many false ones, as well as false legends; he repudiated the invention of them being miracles. He wrote his treatise on the occasion of a visit of our Lord's, by which the monks of St. Medard de Soissons pretended to operate miracles. He asserts that this pretension is as chimerical as that of several persons, who believed they possessed the novel, and other parts too decent, of the body of Christ!

A monk of Berghem has given a history of the translation of St. Lewis, a virgin and a martyr; her relics were brought from England to Berghem collected with religious care the first from her birthplace, especially from the countess of those relics from England. After the history of the translation, and a panegyric of the saint, he relates the miracles performed in Flanders since the arrival of her relics. The preceding passage of the times to possess fragments of saints is well marked, when the author particularizes with a certain complacency all the knavish modes they used to carry

off these in question. None then objected to this sort of robbery; because the gratification of the reigning passion had made it worth while to supply the demand.

A monk of Clair has given a history of the translation of the body of St. Indreux, one of the earliest Spanish bishops, written by order of the Abbot of St. Juan de la Peña. He protests he advances nothing but facts, having himself seen, or learnt from other witnesses, all he relates. It was not difficult for him to be well informed, since it was to the monastery of St. Juan de la Peña that the holy relics were transported, and those who brought them were two monks of that house. He has authenticated his minute detail of circumstances by giving the names of persons and places. No account was written for the great festival immediately instituted in honour of this translation. He informs us of the manner in which they were so fortunate as to discover the body of this bishop, and the different plans they concerted to carry it off. He gives the names of the two monks who accompanied the holy remains. They were not a little checked in their long journey by rains and murders.

Another has written a history of what he calls the translation of the relics of Saint Magran to the monastery of Aldemagne. *Translation* is in fact only a softened expression for the robbery of the relics of the saint committed by two monks, who carried them off secretly to enrich their monastery, and they did not hesitate at an artifice, or lie, to complete their design. They thought everything was permitted to acquire these fragments of sanctity, which had now become a branch of commerce. They even regarded their promoters with an hostile eye. Such was the religious opinion from the south in the twelfth century. Our Canonic commenced his agent at Rome to purchase Saint Augustin's arm for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold; a much greater sum, observes Granger, than the finest statue of antiquity would have then sold for.

Another monk describes a strange act of devotion attested by several contemporary writers. When the saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votaries, they flugged their relics with rods, in a spirit of impatience which they conceived was necessary to make them bend into compliance.

Theobald, abbot of Epsworth, to raise our admiration, relates the daily miracles performed by the relics of saints, their ashes, their clothes, or other mortal spoils, and even by the instrumentum of their martyrdom. He inveighs against that luxury of ornaments which was indulged under a religious pretext. "It is not to be supposed that the monks are desirous of such a possession of gold and silver. They wish not that we should row in them such magnificent churches, to exhibit that ingenuous order of pillars which shine with gold, nor those rich ceilings, nor those altars sparkling with pearls. They desire not the purple pavement of green for their oratory, the liquid gold to embelish the letters, nor the precious stones to decorate their covers, while you have such little care for the sustenance of the altar." The pious writer has not forgotten himself in this paragraph; account with the monks.



PERPETUAL LAMPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

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The Roman church not being able to deny, says Bayle, that there have been false relics, which have operated miracles, they reply that the good intentions of those impostors who have recourse to them obtained from God the reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it was shown that two or three bodies of the same sort are used to grant in different places, and that therefore they all could not be authentic; it was answered, that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and made abundantly produced them for the comfort of the faithful! A curious specimen of the resemblance of good sense.

When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected by it, that he went in person to pay the pious all possible honour. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a precious box of relics. The prince having returned home, some monks requested permission to try the effects of these relics on a demoniac, who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with much pomp, and deposited on the altar, accompanied by an immense crowd. After the usual conjurations, which were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly recovered. The people called out a miracle! and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed that a young gentleman, who was keeper of this treasure of relics, walked, and by his motions indicated the miracle. The prince indignantly took our young keeper of the relics to task, who, on promise of pardon, gave the following *aveu* in intelligence concerning them. In travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics, and not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats, and other trifles similar to what were lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was adored with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box that the prince discovered the gross impostures of the monks and the demoniac, and Radzivil afterwards became a zealous Lutheran.

The elector Frederic, concerned the relics, was an indefatigable collector of relics. After his death, one of the monks employed by him solicited payment for several parcels he had purchased for our own elector; but the times had changed! He was obliged to give over this business, the relics for which he desired payment they were willing to return, that the price had fallen considerably since the reformation of Luther; and that they would be more unknown, and find a better market, in Italy than in Germany!

Sorthern, in his *Traité préparatif à l'Apologie pour Herésie*, c. 10, says, "A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been, the most of the miraphors that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a crucifixion, one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh); some rays of the star which appeared to the three kings in the east; a phial of St. Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hair of Joseph's garment, which he wore

when he received wood, &c." all which things, observes our treasure of relics, I have brought very devoutly with me home. Our Henry III. was deeply touched with the supererogation of the age, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet in London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The king there acquainted them that the great master of the Knights Templars had sent him a phial containing a small portion of the precious blood of Christ which he had shed upon the cross! and attested to be genuine by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others. He commanded a procession the following day, and the historian adds, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey was very dusty and dirty, the king kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the abbey, "which made all England shake with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward."

Lord Herbert, in his *Life of Henry VIII.*, notices the great fall of the price of relics at the dissolution of the monasteries. "The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell, so much as I find by our records, that a piece of St. Andrew's finger (covered only with an ounce of silver), having laid to pledge by a monastery for forty pounds, was left unsold at the dissolution of the house, the king's commissioners, who upon surrender of any foundation undertook to pay the debts, refusing to return the price again." That is, they did not choose to repay the forty pounds to retrieve a piece of the finger of St. Andrew.

About this time the property of relics suddenly sunk to a South-Sea bubble. For, shortly after, the artifice of the Road of Grace, at Benley, in Kent, was fully opened to the eye of the populace, and a so-called relic of Mahon, or Glow-worm, of the blood of Christ, was at the same time exhibited. It was shown in a phial, and it was believed that none could see it who were in mortal sin, and after many trials usually repeated to the same purpose, the divided pilgrims at length went away fully satisfied. This relic was the blood of a deer, renewed every week, and put in a phial; one side was opaque, and the other transparent; the monk turned either side to the pilgrim as he thought proper. The success of the pilgrim depended on the oblation he made; those who were scanty in their offerings were the longest to get a sight of the blood. When a man was in despair, he usually became generous!

PERPETUAL LAMPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

No. 379, of the Spectator, relates an anecdote of a person who had opened the apothecary of the famous Restoration. He discovered a lamp burning, which a statue of clock-work struck into powder. Hence the disciples of this Vacuum said, that he made use of this method to show "that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients."

Many writers have made mention of these wonderful lamps; Marville appears to give a satisfactory account of the nature of these flames.

It has happened frequently, that inquisitive men, examining with a flambeau ancient sepulchres which have been just opened, the fat and gross vapours, engendered by the corruption of dead bodies, kindled as the flambeau approached them, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who frequently cried out *a miracle!* This sudden inflammation, although very natural, has given room to believe that these flames proceeded from *perpetual lamps*, which some have thought were placed in the tombs of the ancients, and which, they said, were extinguished at the moment that these tombs opened, and were penetrated by the exterior air.

The accounts of the perpetual lamps which ancient writers give have occasioned several ingenious men to search after their composition. Lictetus, who possessed more erudition than love of truth, has given two receipts for making this eternal fire by a preparation of certain minerals; an opinion in vogue amongst those who are pleased with the wonderful, or who only examine things superficially. More credible writers maintain, that it is possible to make lamps perpetually burning, and an oil at once inflammable and inconsumable; but Boyle, assisted by several experiments made on the air-pump, found that these lights, which have been viewed in opening tombs, proceeded from the collision of fresh air. This reasonable observation conciliates all, and does not compel us to deny the accounts.

The story of the lamp of Rosicrucius, even if it ever had the slightest foundation, only owes its origin to the spirit of party, which at the time would have persuaded the world that Rosicrucius had at least discovered something; but there is nothing certain in this amusing invention.

The reason adduced by Marville is satisfactory for his day; and for the opening of sepulchres with flambeaux. But it was reserved for the modern discoveries made in natural philosophy, as well as those in chemistry, to prove that air was not only necessary for a medium to the existence of the flame, which indeed the air-pump had already shown; but also as a constituent part of the inflammation, and without which a body, otherwise very inflammable in all its parts, cannot however burn but in its superficies, which alone is in contact with the ambient air.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS RESEMBLING ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITIONS.

SOME stones are preserved by the curious, for representing distinctly figures traced by nature alone, and without the aid of art.

Pliny mentions an agate, in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St. John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert, seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St. Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly on a white

marble the image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given but one leg. At Ravenna, in the church of St. Vital, a cordelier is seen on a dusky stone. They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed. At Snelberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen on divers rocks the figures of camels, horses, and sheep. Pancirollus, in his *Lost Antiquities*, attests, that in a church at Rome, a marble perfectly represented a priest celebrating mass, and raising the host. Paul III. conceiving that art had been used, scraped the marble to discover whether any painting had been employed: but nothing of the kind was discovered. "I have seen," writes a friend, "many of these curiosities. They are *always helped out* by art. In my father's house was a gray marble chimney-piece, which abounded in portraits, landscapes, &c. the greatest part of which was made by myself." My learned friend the Rev. Stephen Weston possesses a very large collection, many certainly untouched by art. One stone appears like a perfect cameo of a Minerva's head; another shows an old man's head, beautiful as if the hand of Raphael had designed it. Both these stones are transparent. Some exhibit portraits.

There is preserved in the British Museum a black stone on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer. Stones of this kind, possessing a sufficient degree of resemblance, are rare; but art appears not to have been used. Even in plants, we find this sort of resemblance. There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Kent, &c. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the BEE-FLOWER. Langhorne elegantly notices its appearance.

"See on that flowret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

"Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the LIVING BEE to find,
And found the PICTURE of a BEE."

The late Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, wrote to me on this subject: "This orchis is common near our sea-coasts; but instead of being exactly like a BEE, it is not like it at all. It has a general resemblance to a fly, and by the help of imagination may be supposed to be a fly pitched upon the flower. The mandrake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs. I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes."

An ingenious botanist, a stranger to me, after reading this article, was so kind as to send me specimens of the fly orchis, *ophrys muscifera*, and of

the live orchids, *spicy spots*. Their resemblance to these insects which is "all there" is the most perfect conservative they are distinct plants. The poetical eye of Longfellow was clearly attracted to the fanciful; and that too of Jackson, who differed positively. Many comparisons have been drawn out, from a want of a more direct knowledge, as that of the sea with; and the far more, with narrow views to be made.

Another curious specimen of the party's operations of nature is the man-made. A party made, when it is bare of nerves, perfectly over the face of the human form. The growing tree is a perfect for the same appearance. The over the same tree has noticed:

"Mark how the forest shadows were
His human feet, his human hands.
Oft, as his shadowy form he went,
Aching the forest about the same."

He closes this beautiful tale with the following stanza, not unapposite to the current subject of this article :

"Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear
Where nature's studios had engraven
The peasant's form, and gave it life."

THE POETICAL GARLAND OF JULIA.

Next has given a charming description of a present made by a lover to his mistress, a gift which romance has seldom equalled for regularity, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the Garland of Julia. To understand the nature of this gift, it will be necessary to give the history of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, was making war in Germany, with the most epidemic success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new-year's gift, the POETIC AL GAZETTE, of which the following is a description.

The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, one Robert, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. The duke solicited the wits of the time to assist in the composition of these little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had his madrigal written by a penman, M. du Jarry, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. It is decorated by a frontispiece, which represents a splendid garland composed of these twenty-nine flowers; and on turning the page a Cupid is painted. These were magnificently bound, and inclosed in a bag of rich Spanish leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on new-year's day, she found lying

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

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1. 凡在本行開辦之各項業務，均應遵守本行所訂之各項規章，並應隨時注意本行所訂之各項規章，如有違反者，本行將依法究辦。

The following are some of the most important
factors in determining the success of a business:

At the sale, the library of the Duke de la Vallée, in 1864, among the numerous literary curiosities the garland appeared. It was actually the extravagant sum of 12,500 francs (16,250 £) that, in 1870, at Galignani's sale, it cost the library. It is described, "a manuscript on vellum, composed of twenty-nine flowers painted by one Ribou, under which are inserted madrigals by various authors." But the Abbe Rive, the superintendent of the Vallée library, published in 1870 an inflammatory notice of this garland, and so he and the duke had the art of appreciating, and it has been said making spurious literary curiosities, this notice was no doubt the occasion of the manuscript price.

In the revolution of France, this literary curiosity found its passage into this country. Booksellers offered it for sale at the enormous price of gold, sterling!¹ No curious collector has been discovered to have purchased this unique, which is most remarkable for the extreme folly of the purchaser who gave the 14,510 livres for poetry and painting not always exquisite. The history of the garland of Julia is a child's lesson for certain rash and inexperienced collectors, who may here

"Learn to do well by others' harm."

TRAGIC ACTORS

MONTIENNA, a French player, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the "Paraphrase Reformée" makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely dull in his lamentations, with a severe railing on the inconveniences to which tragic actors are so liable.

h' how sincerely do I wish that tragedies

had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have ended agreeably, and have worked off my spirit in laughing! I have wanted my lungs to the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than *Le Brun* ever painted or conceived. I was myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances, to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane, to frighten others by extravagant grimaces, to insinuate on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred, to make the palems of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair, to cry out like a demoniac; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fit to accompany these different impressions. The man then who would know of what I did, let him not ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout, but let him know that it was of the *Andromache*!"

The *Jesuit Rapin* informs us, that when *Montfary* acted *Herod* in the *Marianne* of *Tristan*, the spectators quitted the theatre murmuring and thoughtful, as tenderly were they penetrated with the sorrows of the unfortunate heroine. In this melancholy pleasure, he says, we have a rude picture of the strong impressions which were made by the *Grecian* tragedians. *Montfary* indeed left us powerfully the character he assumed, that it cost him his life.

Some readers will recollect the death of *Rond*, who felt so exquisitely the character of *Languan* in *Zara*, which he personated when an old man, that *Zara*, when she addressed him, found him dead in his chair!

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of irritable and delicate nerves, has often a tragical effect on the mental faculties. We might draw up a list of actors, who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. Several have died on the stage, and, like *Palmer*, usually in the midst of some agitated appeal to the feelings.

Baron, who was the French *Garrick*, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be seated on the lap of *quorum*. Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might one day in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron*. A variety of anecdotes testify the admirable talents he displayed. Whenever he meant to compliment the talents or merit of distinguished characters, he always delivered in a pointed manner the striking passages of the play, fixing his eye on them. An observation of his respecting actors is not less applicable to poets than to painters. "RUESS," said this sublime actor, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head, but if *PARSON* carries them, it will be well done, *PARSON* KNOWS MORE THAN ART."

Betterson, although his countenance was ruddy and sanguine, when he performed *Hamlet*, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror at the presence of his father's spectre, instantly turned as white as his neckcloth, while

his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor. Had his father's apparition actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. This struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror so apparent in the actor. *Darwin* in his *Dramatic Miscellanies* records this fact, and in the *Richardsoniana*, we find that the first time *Booth* attempted the ghost when *Betterson* acted *Hamlet*, that actor's look at him struck him with such horror that he became disconcerted to such a degree, that he could not speak his part. Here seems no want of evidence of the force of the ideal presence in the marvellous acting of these facts might deserve a philosophical investigation.

Le Kain, the French actor, who retired from the Parisian stage, covered with glory and gold, was one day congratulated by a company on the retirement which he was preparing to enjoy. "As to glory," modestly replied that actor, "I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by men, and you yourself would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied, at the Italian theatre three shillings is far more considerable than money, so actors there may get twenty to twenty-five thousand livres, and my share amounts of the most to ten or twelve thousand." "How," the devil?" exclaimed a rude character of the order of St. Louis, who was present, "How the devil? a vile actor is not content with twelve thousand livres annually, and I, who am in the king's service, who sleep upon a cannon and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a pension of one thousand livres." "And do you account as nothing, sir, the liberty of addressing me thus?" replied *Le Kain*, with all the subtlety and coarseness of an irritated *Oronotus*.

The memoirs of *Madie Claron* display her exalted feeling of the character of a sublime actress, she was of opinion, that in common life the truly sublime actor should be a hero or heroine off the stage. "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in *Agrippina* at *Brurama*, during the remaining four." In society she was nicknamed the *Queen of Carthage*, from her admirable personification of *Dido* in a tragedy of that name.

JOCULAR PREACHERS.

These preachers, whose works are excessively rare, form a race unknown to the general reader. I shall sketch the characters of these pious buffoons, before I introduce them to his acquaintance. There, as it has been said of *Stevie*, seemed to have walked, every now and then, to have thrown their wigs into the faces of their auditors.

Their preachers flourished in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; we are therefore to attribute their extravagant mixture of grave admonition with facetious illustration,



comic tales which have been occasionally adopted by the most devoted writers, and minute and lively descriptions, to the great simplicity of the times, when the greatest indelicacy was never concealed under a gentle periphrasis, but everything was called by its name. All this was enhanced by the most daring personalities, and was seconded by those descriptive allusions which neither spared, nor feared even the throne. These ancient customs therefore are singularly precious, in those whose inquisitive pleasures are gratified by tracing the manners of former ages. When Henry Stephens, in his apology for Herodotus, describes the immorality of the age, and the manner of national manners, he effects this chiefly by extracts from these satirists. Their wit is not always the brightest, nor their satire the most pregnant, but there is always that prevailing matter of the age, running through these rude eloquence, which interests the reflecting mind. In a word, these satirists were addressed to the multitude, and therefore they show good sense and soundness, fancy and purity; satire and simplicity; extravagance and truth.

Olivier Maillard, a famous comedian, died in 1508. This preacher having pointed some keen traits to his sermons at Louis XI, the irritated monarch had our comedian informed that he would throw him into the river. He replied undaunted, and not forgetting his satire: "The king may do as he chooses, but tell him that I shall sooner get to paradise by water, than he will arrive by all his great-horses." He alluded to travelling by post, which this monarch had lately introduced into France. This bold answer, it is said, intimidated Louis, it is certain that Maillard continued as courageous and satirical as ever in his point.

The following extracts are descriptive of the manners of the times.

In attacking rapine and robbery, under the first head he describes a kind of usury, which was practised in the days of Ben Jonson, and I am told in the present, as well as in the times of Maillard. "Thus," says he, "is called a polluted usury. It is thus. When a person is in want of money, he goes to a treasurer (a kind of banker or merchant), on whom he has an order for some crown, the treasurer tells him that he will pay him in a fortnight's time, when he is to receive the money. The poor man cannot wait. Our good treasurer tells him, I will give you half in money and half in goods. So he passes his goods that are worth ten crowns for 500." He then touches on the bribe which these treasurers and clerks in office took, excusing themselves by alleging "the little pay they otherwise received. All these practices he sent to the devil!" cries Maillard, in thus addressing himself to the ladies: "It is for you all this damnation comes. Yes! yes! you must have rich satins, and girdles of gold out of this accursed money. When any one has anything to receive from the husband, he must first make a present to the wife of some new gown, or girdle, or ring. If you ladies and gentlemen who are bawling on your pleasures, and wear a rich clothes, I believe if you were closely put in a good gown, we should see the blood of the poor gush out, with which your arsehole is dyed."

Maillard notices the following curious particulars of the mode of cheating in trade in his times.

He is violent against the apothecaries for their cheats. They mix ginger with cinnamon, which they sell for real spices; they put their bags of ginger, pepper, nutmeg, cinnamon, and other drugs in dining cellars, that they may weigh heavier; they mix oil with saffron, to give it a colour, and so make it weightier. He does not forget those tradesmen who put water in their wool, and moisten their cloth that it may stretch; tavern-keepers, who sophisticate and mingle wines, the butchers who blow up their meat, and who mix hog's lard with the fat of their meat. He terribly declaims against those who buy with a great allowance of measure and weight, and then sell with a small measure and weight, and curses those who, when they weigh, press the scales down with their finger. But it is time to conclude with Master Oliver. His catalogue is, however, by no means exhausted, and it may not be amiss to observe, that the present age has retained every one of the vices.

The following extracts are from Menot's sermons, which are written like Maillard's, in a barbarous Latin mixed with old French.

Michael Menot died in 1518. I think he has more wit than Maillard, and occasionally displays a brilliant imagination, with the same ungainly mixture of grave declamation and farcical humour. He is called in the title-page the golden tongue. It runs thus, *Prædicatoris qui lingua aurea, non impudens concupiscent, sermone quadragesimali, ab ipso olim Terentio desinens. Paris, 1515, 8vo.*

When he compares the church with a vine, he says, "There were more more Britons and Englishmen who would have carried away all France into their country, because they found out wine better than their beer, but as they well knew that they could not always remain in France, nor carry away France into their country, they would at least carry with them several stocks of vines; they planted some in England, but these stocks soon degenerated, because the soil was not adapted to them." Notwithstanding what Menot said in 1508, and that we have tried so often, we are still scattering ourselves that if we plant vineyards we may have English wine.

The following beautiful figure describes those who live neglectful of their aged parents, who had cherished them into prosperity. "See the tree flourish and recover their leaves, it is the root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the care which they want."

He acquaints us with the following circumstances of the immorality of that age: "Who has not got a mistress besides his wife? The poor wife eats the fruits of bitterness, and even makes the bed for the mistress." Oaths were not unfashionable in his day. "Since the world has been world, this crime was never greater. There were once penalties for these oaths, but now this crime is so common, that the child of five

years can wear; and even the old dotard of eighty, who has only two teeth remaining, can fling out an oath!"

On the power of the fair sex of his day, he observes, "A father says, my son, studies; he must have a bookish, or an absterge of his loves. Then he will have dogs, horses, and mistresses, like others. Another says, I will have my son placed at court, and have many honourable dignities. To succeed well, both require the mediation of women, unhappily the church and the law are entirely at their disposal. We have artists, Dalmians who shoot us close. For twelve crowns and an ell of velvet given to a woman, you gain the worst lesson, and the best thing."

In his last sermon, Mest recaptulates the various topics he had touched on during Lent. This extract will present a curious picture, and impress the mind with a just notion of the versatile talents of these preachers.

"I have told *recherchés* how they should conduct themselves, not that they are ignorant of their duties, but I must ever repeat to girls, not to suffer themselves to be seduced by them. I have told them ecclesiastics that they should imitate the lark, if she has a grain she does not remain idle, but lets her pleasure be singing, and in singing, always is ascending towards heaven. So they should not remain, but cheer the hearts of all to God, and not do as the frogs who are crying out day and night, and think they have a long throat, but always remain fixed on the mud."

"I have told the sons of the law that they should have the qualities of the eagle. The bird is, that this bird when it sees him sit on the sun, so all judges, counsellors, and attorneys, in judging, writing, and signing, should always have God before their eyes. And secondly, this bird is never greedy, it willingly shares its prey with others, so all lawyers, who are rich in crowns after having had their little pond, should distribute some to the poor, particularly when they are conscious that their money arose from their prey."

"I have spoken of the marriage state, but all that I have said has been disregarded. For those wretches who break the inviolable chains, and abandon their wives, they pass their holidays out of their parishes, because if they remained at home they must have joined their wives at church, they take their prostitution better, and it will be so every day in the year! I would as well dine with a Jew or a heathen, as with them. What an infected place is this! Mistrum Lubricity has taken possession of the whole city, look in every corner, and you'll be convinced."

"For you married women! If you have heard the nightingale's song, you must know that she sings during three months, and that she is silent when she has young ones. So there is a time in which you may sing and take your pleasure in the marriage state, and another to watch your children. Don't damn yourselves for them, and remember it would be better to see them drowned than dandied."

"As to widows, I observe, that the turtle withdraws and sighs in the woods, whenever she has lost her companion, so must they retire into the wood of the cross, and having lost their temporal husband, take no other but Jesus Christ."

"And to close all, I have told girls that they must fly from the company of men, and not permit them to embrace, nor even touch them. Look on the rose, it has a delightful odour, it embalmes the place in which it is placed, but if you grasp it underneath, it will prick you till the blood issues. The beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl. The beauty and perfume of the first serve to unroll and to handle it, but when it is touched underneath it pricks sharply, the beauty of a girl likewise torments the hand, but you, my young ladies! you must never suffer this, for I tell you that every man who does this designs to make you barren."

These simple extracts will, I hope, convey the same pleasure to the reader, which I have received by collecting them from their scarce originals, little known even to the curious. Mest, it cannot be denied, displays a poetic imagination, and a fertility of conception, which distinguishes him among his rivals. The same taste and popular manner came into our country, and were moved to the simplicity of the age. In 1727 our Bishop Latimer preached a sermon, in which he expressed himself thus—"Now, ye have heard what I meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to play I purpose again to deal unto you another card of the same suit, for they be so high affinity, that one cannot be well played without the other." It is curious to observe about a century afterwards, as Father informs us, that when a country clergyman visited these familiar altitudes, the taste of the congregation had so changed that he was interrupted by peals of laughter!

Even in more modern times have Mest and Mardier found an imitator in little Father Andre, so well as others. His character has been variously drawn. He is by some represented as a kind of buffoon in the pulpit; but others more judiciously observe, that he only indulged his natural gaiety, and uttered humorous and lively things, as the good father observes himself, to keep the attention of his audience awake. He was not always laughing. "He told many a bold truth," says the author of *Guerra des Anciens anciens et modernes*, "that went bathos to their doctrine, and made many a quizzette blush. He possessed the art of being when he smiled, and more ably combated vice by his ingenious satire, than by those vague apostrophes, which so out taken to himself. While others were drawing their minds to catch at sublime thoughts, which no one understood, he lowered his talents to the most humble situations, and to the most common things. From them he drew his examples and his comparisons, and the one and the other never failed of success." Mardier says, that "his expostulations were full of shrewd simplicity. He made very free use of the most popular proverbs. His comparisons and figures were always borrowed from the most familiar and lowest things." To ridicule effectively the reigning vices, he willingly employed quibbles or puns rather than sublime thoughts, and he was little conscious of his choice of expression. Gaspare Gozzi, in Italy, had the same power in drawing unexpected inferences from vulgar and familiar occurrences. It was by this art WARD had obtained so many followers. In Pons's French Synonymes, Vol. II. p. 285,



we have an instance of Goetz's manner. In the time of Charles II. it became fashionable to introduce humour into sermons. Sermons seem to have revived it in his; South's sparkle perpetually with wit and pun.

For different, however, are the characters of the sublime preachers, of whom the French have preserved the following descriptions.

We have not any more Bourdaloue, Le Ruc, and Maimillon; but the idea which still exists of their manner of addressing their auditors may serve instead of lessons. Each had his own peculiar mode, always adapted to place, time, circumstance, to their auditors, their style, and their subject.

Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action; with eyes generally half closed, he penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. The tone with which a sacred orator pronounced the words, *Fu es ille vir!* "Thou art the man!" in suddenly addressing them to one of the kings of France, struck more forcibly than their application. Madame de Sevigne describes our preacher, by saying, "Father Bourdaloue thunders at Notre Dame." Le Ruc appeared with the air of a prophet. His manner was irresistible, full of fire, intelligence, and force. He had strokes perfectly original. Several old men, his contemporaries, still shuddered at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance, *Evangelium gladium tuum!*

The person of Maimillon is still present to many. He seems, say his admirers, that he is yet in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those undivided gestures, that pensive tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, and conveying to the mind the most brilliant light, and to the heart the most tender emotions. Baron, the tragedian, coming out from one of his sermons, truth forced from his lips a confession humiliating to his profession. "My friend," said he to one of his companions, "this is an orator! and we are only actors."

MASTERLY IMITATORS.

There have been found occasionally some artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skilful connoisseurs. Michael Angelo sculptured a sleeping Cupid, of which having broke off an arm, he buried the statue in a place where he knew it would soon be found. The critics were never tired of admiring it, as one of the most precious relics of antiquity. It was sold to the Cardinal of St. George, to whom Michael Angelo discovered the whole mystery, by joining to the Cupid the arm which he had reserved.

An anecdote of Peter Mignard is more singular. This great artist painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with Mignard, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as a secret that he was to receive from

Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and his masterpiece. The chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price.

He was informed he had been imposed upon, and that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, but the amateur would not believe it, all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion.

The chevalier came to Mignard—"Some persons assure me that my Magdalen is your work."—"Mine! they do me great honour. I am sure that Le Brun is not of this opinion."—"Le Brun swears it can be no other than a Guido. You shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs."

On the day of meeting, the picture was again more closely inspected. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of that great master, he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived, and added, that if it was Guido's he did not think it in his best manner. "It is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun, with warmth, and all the critics were unanimous. Mignard then spoke in a firm tone of voice. "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido." The dispute now became violent. Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such that it could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, sir," replied the latter, "I am too honest to bet when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you two hundred crowns; the money must be returned,—the painting is mine." Le Brun would not believe it. "The proof," Mignard continued, "is easy. On this canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a cardinal; I will show you his cap." The chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to credit. The proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall repeat it," said Mignard. He took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, discovered the cap of the cardinal.—The honour of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed, Le Brun veiled, sarcastically exclaimed, "Always paint Guido, but never Mignard."

There is a collection of engravings by that ingenious artist Bernard Picart, which has been published under the title of *The Innocent Impostors*. Picart had long been venerated at the time of his day, which ran wholly in favour of antiquity, and no one would look at, much less admire, a modern master. He published a pretended collection, of a set of prints, from the designs of the great painters; in which he imitated the etchings and engravings of the various masters, and much were these prints admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and others. Having had his joke, they were published under the title of *Impostures Innocentes*. The connoisseurs, however, are strangely divided in their opinion of the merit of this collection. Goupin classes these "Innocent Impostures" among the most entertaining of his works, and is delighted by the happiness with which he has outdone in their own excellences the artists whom he copied, but Strutt, too grave to admit of jokes that twitch the connoisseur, declares that they

could never have deceived an experienced judge, and reprobates such kinds of ingenuity, played off at the cost of the venerable brotherhood of the cognoscenti !

The same thing was however done by Goltzius, who being disgusted at the preference given to the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and others of that school, and having attempted to introduce a better taste, which was not immediately relished, he published what were afterwards called his *masterpieces*. These are six prints in the style of these masters, merely to prove that Goltzius could imitate their works, if he thought proper. One of these, the Circumcision, he had painted on soiled paper, and to give it the brown tint of antiquity, had carefully smoked it, by which means it was sold as a curious performance, and deceived some of the most capital connoisseurs of the day, one of whom bought it as one of the finest engravings of Albert Durer. Even Strutt acknowledges the merit of Goltzius's *masterpieces* !

To these instances of artists I will add others of celebrated authors. Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous by an artifice which he practised. He sent some verses which he pretended were copied from an old manuscript. The verses were excellent, and Scaliger was credulous. After having read them, he exclaimed they were admirable, and affirmed that they were written by an old comic poet, Trabeus. He quoted them, in his commentary on Varro *De Re Rustica*, as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. It was then, when he had fixed his foot firmly in the trap, that Muretus informed the world of the little dependence to be placed on the critical sagacity of one so prejudiced in favour of the ancients, and who considered his judgment as intallible.

The Abbé Regnier Desmarais, having written an ode, or, as the Italians call it, Canzone, sent it to the Abbé Strozzi at Florence, who used it to impose on three or four academicians of Della Crusca. He gave out that Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, in examining carefully the mss. of Petrarch preserved there, had found two pages slightly glued, which having separated, he had discovered this ode. The fact was not at first easily credited ; but afterwards the similarity of style and manner rendered it highly probable. When Strozzi undeceived the public, it procured the Abbé Regnier a place in the academy, as an honourable testimony of his ingenuity.

Père Commire, when Louis the XIVth resolved on the conquest of Holland, composed a Latin fable, entitled "The Sun and the Frogs," in which he assumed with such felicity the style and character of Phædrus, that the learned German critic Wolfius was deceived, and innocently inserted it in his edition of that fabulist.

Faminius Strada would have deceived most of the critics of his age, if he had given as the remains of antiquity the different pieces of history and poetry which he composed on the model of the ancients, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*. To preserve probability he might have given out that he had drawn them from some old and neglected library ; he had then only to have added a good

commentary, tending to display the conformity of the style and manner of these fragments with the works of those authors to whom he ascribed them.

Sigonius was a great master of the style of Cicero, and ventured to publish a treatise *De Consolatione*, as a composition of Cicero recently discovered ; many were deceived by the counterfeit, which was performed with great dexterity, and was long received as genuine ; but he could not deceive Lipsius, who, after reading only ten lines, threw it away, exclaiming, "*Vah ! non est Ciceronis !*" The late Mr. Burke succeeded more skillfully in his "Vindication of Natural Society," which for a long time passed as the composition of Lord Bolingbroke : so perfect is this ingenious imposture of the spirit, manner, and course of thinking, of the noble author. I believe it was written for a wager, and fairly won.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

OUR Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous prince ; and probably owed his crown to his handsomeness, his enormous debts, and passion for the fair sex. He had many Jane Shores. Honest Philip de Comines, his contemporary, says, "That what greatly contributed to his entering London as soon as he appeared at its gates was the great debts this prince had contracted, which made his creditors gladly assist him ; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeoises*, into whose good graces he had frequently glided, and who gained over to him their husbands, who, I suppose, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depose, or to raise monarchs.—Many ladies and rich citizens' wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their husbands and relations."

This is the description of his voluptuous life ; we must recollect that the writer had been an eye-witness, and was an honest man ; while modern historians only view objects through the colouring medium of their imagination.

"He had been during the last twelve years more accustomed to his ease and pleasure than any other prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reasonable* ; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his person. When he went in their seasons to these hunting-matches, he always had carried with him great pavilions for *les dames*, and at the same time gave splendid entertainments ; so that it is not surprising that his person was as jolly as any one I ever saw. He was then young, and as handsome as any man of his age ; but he has since become enormously fat."

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be displeased, if he attends to a little more of his *naïveté*, which will appear in the form of a *conversazione* of the times. He relates what passed between Edward and the king of France.

"When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was desirous of being friendly, began to say to the king of England, in a laughing way, that he must come to Paris, and be jovial amongst our ladies ; and that he would give

him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confessor, who would very willingly absolve him of any *sin* which perchance he might commit. The king of England seemed well pleased at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the said cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon*. When the king was returning, he spoke on the road to me; and said, that he did not like to find the king of England so much inclined to come to Paris. 'He is,' said he, 'a very handsome king; he likes the women too much. He may, probably, find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or stay too long. His predecessors have already been too much at Paris and in Normandy;' and that 'his company was not agreeable *this side of the sea*: but that, beyond the sea, he wished to be *bon frère et amy*.' "

I have called Philip de Comines *honest*. The old writers, from the simplicity of their style, usually receive this honourable epithet; but sometimes they deserve it as little as most modern memoir-writers. No enemy is indeed so terrible as a man of genius. Comines's violent enmity to the Duke of Burgundy, which appears in these *Memoirs*, has been traced by the minute researchers of anecdotes; and the cause is not honourable to the memoir-writer, whose resentment was implacable. De Comines was born a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, and for seven years had been a favourite; but one day returning from hunting with the Duke, then Count de Charolois, in familiar jocularly he sat himself down before the prince, ordering the prince to pull off his boots. The count laughed, and did this, but in return for Comines's princely amusement, dashed the boot in his face, and gave Comines a bloody nose. From that time he was mortified in the court of Burgundy by the nickname of the *booted head*. Comines long felt a rankling wound in his mind; and after this family quarrel, for it was nothing more, he went over to the king of France, and wrote off his bile against the Duke of Burgundy in those "*Memoirs*," which give posterity a caricature likeness of that prince, whom he is ever censuring for presumption, obstinacy, pride, and cruelty. This Duke of Burgundy, however, it is said, with many virtues, had but one great vice, the vice of sovereigns, that of ambition!

The impertinence of Comines had not been chastised with great severity; but the nickname was never forgiven: unfortunately for the duke, Comines was a man of genius. When we are versed in the history of the times, we often discover that memoir-writers have some secret poison in their hearts. Many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed on their nose. Personal rancour wonderfully enlivens the style of Lord Orford and Cardinal de Retz. *Memoirs* are often dictated by its fiercest spirit; and then histories are composed from memoirs. Where is TRUTH? Not always in histories and memoirs!

ELIZABETH.

THIS great queen, says Marville, passionately admired handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her

with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for men who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunchbacked, &c.; in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

"There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which its chains and its slavery are liked!"

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces was by an act of gallantry. Raleigh spoiled a new plush cloak, while the queen stepping cautiously on it, shot forth a smile, in which he read promotion. Captain Raleigh soon became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the passion which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I shall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know probably the *reason* why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further at the highest than boisterous or extreme gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talents to exalt *her charms* and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majesty, who was then *sixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childish drollery, by which, however, her court seemed a court of love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck and in her bosom a portrait; the queen spying it, inquired about it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The queen insisted on having it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her shoe, walked long with it; afterwards she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there. Secretary Cecil hearing of this, composed some verses, and got them set to music; this music the queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sang that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favour she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very secret." In this manner she contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants, and her servants on her.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the

private anecdotes of those times know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, "were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way."

She encouraged every person of eminence; she even went so far, on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked amongst her suitors Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and when Henry IV. sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

"This queen," writes Du Maurier, in his *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*, "who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible, of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white."

Another anecdote, not less curious, relates to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth, and one more proof of her partiality for handsome men. The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

"Francis Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth, queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first see his person. If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends (who were as little able of judging as himself), paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The said lady contemplated his person: she found him ugly, disfigured by deep scars of the small-pox, and that he also had an ill-shaped nose, with swellings in the neck! All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces."

Puttenham, in his very rare book of the "Art of Poesie," p. 248, notices the grace and majesty of Elizabeth's demeanour, "her stately manner of walk, with a certaine granditie rather than gravitie, marching with leysure, which our sovereign ladye and mistresse is accustomed to doe generally, unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heate in the cold mornings."

By the following extract from a letter from one of her gentlemen, we discover that her usual habits, though studious, were not of the gentlest kind, and that the service she exacted from her attendants was not borne without concealed murmurs. The writer groans in secrecy to his friend, Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir Robert

Cecil in 1598. "I was all the afternowne with her majestie, at my booke, and then thinking to rest me, went in agayne with your letter. She was pleased with the Filosofer's stone, and hath ben all this days reasonably quyet. Mr. Grevell is absent, and I am tyed so as I cannot styrr, but shall be at the wourse for yt, these two dayes!"

Puttenham, p. 249, has also recorded an honourable anecdote of Elizabeth, and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts, as well as in her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm, who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting to be sent to the Tower: she replied mildly, "Do you not know that we are descended of the lion, whose nature is not to harme or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?"

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. I have seen her first writing-book preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library: the gradual improvement of her majesty's handwriting is very honourable to her diligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward; a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince.

The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical; she thought and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophthegms, and a terseness of ideas and language, that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word. "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer, ANSWERLESS!"

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

THE Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about 330 words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, and even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult, says Mr. Asle, for an European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French *z*. In fact they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different tones which they give them, that the same character differently accented signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

From the twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* I take the present critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months' residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father. "God knows how much this



first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination, and then adds to all that in our dictionaries distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak: adverb, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others in a word, with the Chinese the same word is substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must manage the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more, that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase the least inattention would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chow* signifies a book, so that I thought whenever the word *chow* was pronounced, a book was the subject. Not at all! *Chow*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a tree. Now I was to recollect, *chow* was a book, or a tree. But this amounted to nothing; *chow*, I found, expressed also great heat; *chow* is to relate; *chow* is the *Aurora*; *chow* means to be accustomed; *chow* expresses the loss of a wager, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, in the pronunciation every word may be pronounced in five different tones, yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it. These monosyllables by with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave anything of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone you must pass immediately to an even one, from a whistling note to an inward one, sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate, sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public, and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon (as the Chinese express themselves), they hardly understood three. Fortunately, the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language."

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr. Hager tells us in his *Elementary Characters of the Chinese*, that "Native are often composed in China, which, if you attend to the characters, their import is pure and sublime, but if you regard the tone only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene." He adds, "In the Chinese one word sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand

characters, a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which myriads of different words are expressed by the same letters."

MEDICAL MUSIC.

In the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1866, we find that "several of the medical societies on the continent are at present engaged in making inquiries and experiments upon the influence of music on the cure of diseases." The learned Dureau is said to lead the band of this new tribe of amateurs and experimenters.

The subject having excited my curiosity, though I must have found that it is no new discovery, the reader ought to receive indulgently the proof of my discoveries, all which I do not wish to pass on him for more than they are worth.

There is a curious article in Dr. Burner's *History of Music*, "On the Medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients," which he derived from the learned labours of a modern physician, M. Borette, who doubtless could play a tune to, as well as prescribe one to his patient. He conceives that music can relieve the pains of the asthma, and that independent of the greater or less skill of the musician, by softening the ear, and diverting the attention, and occasioning certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove those obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Borette, and many modern physicians and philosophers, have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind, and the whole nervous system, so as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure. Dr. Maizen, Bianchini, and other respectable names, have pursued the same career. But the ancients record miracles!

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Mitchell of Brighthelmston wrote a dissertation, "*De Arte Mendendi, apud Præcos Musici: sive atque Carminum*," printed for J. Nichols, 1783. He writes under the assumed name of Michael Caspar, but whether this learned dissertation be grave or jocular, more than one critic has not been able to resolve me. I suspect it to be a satire on the parade of learning of certain German erudits, who prove any point by the weakest analogies and the most fanciful comments. The following summary will convey an idea of this dissertation.

Amongst barbarous or half-civilized nations, diseases have been generally attributed to the influence of evil spirits. The depression of mind which is generally attendant on sickness, and the delirium accompanying certain stages of disease, seem to have been considered as especially denoting the immediate influence of a demon. The effect of music in raising the courage of the mind, or what we commonly call animal spirits, was obvious to early observation. Its power of attracting strong attention may in some cases have appeared to affect even those who laboured under a considerable degree of mental disorder. The accompanying depression of mind was considered as a part of the disease, perhaps rightly enough, and music was prescribed as a remedy to remove the symptom, when experience had not accustomed

the probable cause. Homer, when Ilium exhibited high passions, but not repressed passions, represented the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization, accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants, and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic licence, speaks of *Amorpha* healing acute disorders with nothing more, but *Amorpha*, who they mean or derive, or invent both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pindar traces the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject, *Amorpha* Throphenon as suggesting a tune for the cure of the hip joint, and Cato, as corroborating a fancy that it had a good effect when limbs were out of joint, and that Varro thought it good for the gout. Andro Gelion cites a work of Throphenon, which recommends music as a specific for the bite of a viper. Boyle and Shakespeare mention the effects of music upon various diseases. "Musica," and Bononcini's *Travels*, relate the effects of music on them who are bitten by the tarantula. Sir W. Temple seems to have given credit to the stories of the power of music over demons.

The secret we indeed record music, at least none in "the golden legend" appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pulse is changed away by the vibrations of an harmonicon lyre. That deaf people can hear that on a great noise is a fact alleged by some moderns, on favour of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. Dr. Wille tells us, says Dr. Barrow, of a lady who could hear only when a drum was beating, and that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation.

Music and the sounds of instruments, even the bells of *Ignacio de Maria*, contribute to the health of the body and the mind, they move the circulation of the blood, they dissipate vapours, and open the veins, so that the action of perspiration is free. He tells a story of a person of distinction who annoyed him, that once having suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians, and these musicians played so well in his chamber, that his illness became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously banished. I once heard a story of Farinelli the famous singer, who was sent for to Madrid, to try the effect of his magical voice on the king of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy; nothing could raise an emotion in him, he lived in a total oblivion of life, he ate in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physician ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an outer room, and for the first day or two this was done, without any effect on the royal patient. At length it was observed, that the king, awaking from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his

chamber to be left open—and at length the perturbed spirit calmed left our modern Saul, and the medicinal voice of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

I now propose to give the reader some facts which he may consider as a trial of credulity. These authorities are however not contemporary. Naturalists assert that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oak," as Congress informs us, are sensible to the charms of music. This may serve as an instance. An effort was made in the Bastille. He begged the governor to permit both the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see breaking out of their hoarse groans of woe, and descending from their woeen habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle all of him while he continued breathing his soul-seducing instrument. His surprise was at first so great that he was petrified with astonishment, when having come to play, the animals who did not come to see him given but to hear his instrument, immediately lay he up. As he had a great desire to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the society of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the animals were far more numerous than at first, and in the course of further time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred musical animals. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

The Abbe Olier has described an experiment of Primus during his confinement in the Bastille, which consisted in feeding a spider, which he discovered tearing its web in the corner of the small window. For some time he placed himself at the edge, while his sister, who was with him played on a bagpipe. Little by little, the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and moved from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and playing the first at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, to draw the spider by regular exercise, so that it at length never failed appearing at the first sound to arise on the fly provided for it, even on the verge of the prison.

Morille has given us the following curious anecdote on this subject. He says, that doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that brutes themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country I stepped into the truth, and, while a man was playing on the trumpet, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a hare, an ox, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hen, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping on the sun all the time; the hare snapped short



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from time to time before the window, raising his hand up now and then, as he was feeding on the grain; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadily at the player, the man did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably, the blind blind up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive, the cows slept a little, and after getting, as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward, some little birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing, but the cock, who roared only his hen, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring doughnut, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trumpet music.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the island of Madagascara that the birds are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the power of his instrument. He tells us, also, that when the songsters catch them, for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them. Struensee, in his expedition to Surinam, describes certain birds among the songsters, who, among several singular practices, can charm or conjure down from the tree certain serpents, who will wrath about the same, neck, and breast of the pretended snakes, listening to her voice. The sacred writers speak of the charming of adders and asps; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These anecdotes, which may startle some, seem to be fully confirmed by Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindus.

"After food, when the operation of digestion and absorption give so much employment to the vessels, that a temporary state of mental repose must be found, especially in hot climates, essential to health, it seems reasonable to believe that a few agreeable airs, either heard or played without effort, must have all the good effects of sleep, and none of its disadvantages, putting the soul in tune, as Milton says, for any subsequent exertion, an experiment often successfully made by myself. I have been amazed by a credible eye-witness, that two wild monkeys used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Goryllodas, entertained himself with conceits, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the moment, in whose soul there was no music, shot out of them to display his archery. A learned native told me, that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing some of a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutena, surrounded by a large company, in a grove near Isfahan, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach

the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he ascribed this, by a change in the mode."

Jackson of Exeter, in reply to the question of Dryden, "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" sarcastically returns, "What passion can music raise or quell?" Would not a savage, who had never listened to a musical instrument, feel certain emotions at listening to one for the first time? But civilized man is, no doubt, particularly affected by *assimilation of ideas*, as all poems of national music evidently prove.

The *Race des Vents*, mentioned by Rousseau in his Dictionary of Music, though without anything striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Spaniards, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the 3rd regiment, in the French service, on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune, which has the same effect on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 5th Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on their right, and remained in his solitary station during the whole of the battle, encouraging the men with a loud and cheerful charge tune, and actually upon the retreat and complete rout of the French changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland, upon the retreat of and victory over an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit of the "Last Minstrel," who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree and in so venerable a character.

MINUTE WRITING.

The blind of Homer in a nutshell, which Piny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. As a notice an artist who wrote a Dutch in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquists and modern times record many such wonders, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indifferently writing, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits which appeared at first to be lines and sketches thrown down at random, one of them formed the face of the Dauphine with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this prince, containing more than a thousand of verses, written by an officer in a space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country, where the minute writing has equalled any on record. Peter Baire, a celebrated calligrapher in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders by showing them what they

could not see; for in the Marston was 138, we have a narrative of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Boken, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chantry," it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible "in an English without or bigger than a hen's egg. The most boldness the book there are so many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." We are told that this wonderfully unobtainable copy of the Bible was "seen by many thousands." There is a drawing of the head of Charles I. in the library of St John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The head of the head, and the rest, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the historian assures the marvellous spectator includes the entire contents of a thin John, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth remarking, that the learned Hieron asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the world in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible. One day in company at the Dolphin's, this learned man smiled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a cross-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 1500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Bible. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected, and if on any occasion paper should be most extremely scarce, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.

NUMERICAL FIGURES.

THE learned, after many opinions, have at length agreed that the numerical figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, usually called *Arabic*, are of Indian origin. The Arabians do not pretend to have been the inventors of them, but borrowed them from the Indian nations. The numerical characters of the Bramins, the Persians, and the Arabians, and other eastern nations, are similar. They appear afterwards to have been introduced into several European nations, by their respective travellers, who returned from the East. They were admitted into calendars and chronicles, but they were not introduced into charters, says Mr. Aspley, before the sixteenth century. The Spaniards, no doubt, derived them not from the Moors who invaded them. In 1490, the Alphonsonian astronomical tables were made by the order of Alphonso X. by a Jew and

an Arabian; they used these numerals, from whence the Spaniards learned that they were first introduced by them.

They were not generally used in Germany until the beginning of the fourteenth century, but in general the forms of the cyphers were not perceptibly altered till after the year 1331. The Romans were strangers to them, before Peter the Great had banished his travels in the beginning of the present century.

The origin of these useful characters with the Indians and Arabians, is attributed to their great skill in the arts of astronomy and of arithmetic, which required more convenient characters than alphabetic letters, for the expressing of numbers.

Before the introduction into Europe of these Arabic numerals, they used alphabetical characters, or *Roman numerals*. The learned authors of the *Notionum Tractatus*, the most valuable work on everything concerning the arts and progress of writing, have given some curious notices on the origin of the Roman numerals. They say, that originally men counted by their fingers; then to mark the first four numbers they used an I, which naturally represented them. To mark the fifth, they chose a V, which is made out by bending inward the three middle fingers, and stretching out only the thumb and the little finger, and for the tenth they used an X, which is a double V, our placed together under the other. From this the progression of these numbers is also seen from one to five, and from five to ten. The hundred was signified by the capital letter of that word in Latin C. custom. The other letters D for ten, and M for one, were afterwards added. They subsequently abbreviated their characters, by placing one of these figures before another; and the figure of less value before a higher number, denoted that so much may be deducted from a greater number, for instance, IV signifies five less one, that is four, IX ten less one, that is nine; but these abbreviations are not found amongst the ancient monuments. These numerical letters are still continued by us, in recording accounts in our exchequer.

That men counted originally by their fingers, is an improbable supposition, it is still naturally practised by the vulgar of the most civilized nations. In more uncivilized states, small numbers have been used, and the etymologists derive the words *calculate* and *calculus* from *calculus*, which is the Latin term for a pebble-stone, and by which they denominated their counters used for arithmetical computations.

Prof. Ward, in a learned dissertation on this subject in the *Philosophical Transactions*, concludes, that it is easier to justify the Arabic cyphers than the Roman alphabetic numerals; when 1375 is dated in Arabic cyphers, if the 3 is only changed, those centuries are taken away; if the 3 is made into a 9 and take away the 1, four hundred years are added. Such accidents have amply procured much confusion among our ancient manuscripts, and will do so on our printed books, which is the reason that Dr. Robertson in his histories has always preferred writing his dates in words, rather than commit them to the care of a negligent printer. Gibbon observes, that some remarkable mistakes have happened by the word *mil*, to mean,



which is an abbreviation for *adversus*, or for thousands, and to the number he attributes the incredible number of masterpieces, which cannot otherwise be accounted for by historical records.

ENGLISH ASTROLOGERS.

A BELIEF in judicial astrology can now only exist in the people, who may be said to have no belief at all, for mere traditional ornaments can hardly be said to amount to a belief. But a faith in this ridiculous system in our country is of late existence, it was a favourite superstition with the learned, and so the ingenious Tenhove observes, whenever an idea germinates in a learned head, it shoots with additional luxuriance.

When Charles I. was confined, Lilly the astrologer was consulted for the hour which would favour his escape.

A story, which strongly proves how greatly Charles II. was hinged to judicial astrology, and whose mind was certainly not overbrightened, is recorded in Burnet's History of his Own Times.

The most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Elias Ashmole, Dr. Owen, and others, were members of an astrological club. Congress's character of Foresight, in *Love for Love*, was then no uncommon person, though the humour now is scarce intelligible.

Dryden cast the nativities of his sons; and, what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles took place. This incident is of so late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up; but, if it is a fact, we must allow it affords a rational exaltation to its oracular adepts.

In 1670, the passion for horoscopes and esopounding the stars prevailed in France among the first rank. The new-born child was usually presented naked to the astrologer, who read the first lineaments in its forehead, and the transverse lines in its hand, and thence wrote down its future destiny. Catherine de Medicis brought Henry IV. when a child, to old Hentredamus, whom antiquaries esteem more for his chronicle of Provence than his vaticinating powers. The sight of the reverend man, with a beard which "streamed like a meteor in the air," terrified the future hero, who dived a whipping from a grave a perambulator which he credited that one of these magicians having assured Charles IX. that he would live so many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, that his majesty every morning performed that totema even for an hour; the principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round.

It has been reported of several famous for their astrologic skill, that they have suffered a voluntary death merely to verify their own predictions; this has been said of Cardan, and Barro the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

It is curious to observe the shifts to which astrologers are put when their predictions are not verified. Great winds were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1686. No unusual storms however happened. Bodin, to save the reputation of the art, applied it as a *Agave* to some revolution

in the state, and of which there were instances enough at that moment. Among these lucky and unlucky days, they pretend to give those of various illustrious persons and of families. One is very striking. "Thursday was the unlucky day of our Henry VIII. He, his son Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all died on a Thursday." This fact had, no doubt, great weight in the controversy of the astrologers with their adversaries.

The life of Lilly the astrologer, written by himself, is a curious work. He is the *Salustius* of Barro. It contains so much action narrative, and at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth. In a sketch of the state of astrology in his day, these adepts, whose characters he has drawn, were the lowest mountaineers of the town. They all speak of each other as rogues and impostors. Such were Barro, George Wharton, Godbary, who gained a livelihood by practising on the credulity of even men of learning as late as 1690, to the eighteenth century. In Ashmole's *Life* no account of these artificial impostors may be found. Most of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conquered themselves up to the gallows. This seems a true statement of facts. But Lilly informs us, that in his various conferences with *sages*, their voice resembled that of the *trud*.

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The manners of Lilly and his mistresses are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts, and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention.

Astrology greatly flourished in the time of the civil wars. The royalists and the rebels had their astrologers, as well as their *adversus*; and the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

On this subject, it may gratify curiosity to notice three or four works, which bear an enormous price. The price cannot entirely be occasioned by their rarity, and I am induced to suppose that we have still adepts, whose faith must be strong, or whose scepticism weak.

The Chaldean signs were nearly put to the rest by a quarto park of artillery, fired on them by Sir John Chamber in 1690. Apollo did not see Mar-tyr so much indignantly than his scourging pro the mystical race, and his perambulators made them feel more sore. However, a Norwich knight, the very Quixote of astrology, arrayed in the enchanted armour of his occult authors, encountered this paper in a most stately caracol. He came forth with "A Defence of Judicial Astrology, in answer to a treatise lately published by Sir John Chamber. By Sir Christopher Heydon, Knight, printed at Cambridge (1693)." This is a handsome quarto of about 200 pages. Sir Christopher is a learned and lively writer, and a knight worthy to defend a better cause. But his Delirium had wrought most wonderfully on his imagination.

This defence of this fanciful science, if erected it may be called, demonstrates nothing, while it derides everything. It contains, according to the knight's own claim, it alleges a few scattered facts in favour of astrological predictions, which may be picked up in that immensity of fables which dis-

gram history. He strenuously denies, or ridicules, what the greatest writers have said against this tawdry art, while he lags great stress on some passages from obscure authors, or what is worse, from authors of no authority. The most pleasant part is at the close, where he defends the art from the objections of Mr Chamber by reprimanding Chamber for having charged himself by medical practice, and when he charges the astrologers with merely aiming to gain a few beggarly pence, Mr Christopher cautions him, and shows by his quotations, that if we are to dispute an art, by its professors attempting to sustain on it, or for the objects from which they are raised against its vital principles, we ought by this argument most heartily to despise the medical science and medical men! He gives here all he can collect against physics and physicians, and from the confessions of Hippocrates and Galen, Avicenna and Agerippa, medicine appears to be a more swindle than even astrology! Mr Christopher is a shrewd and ingenious adversary, but when he says he means only to give Mr Chamber oil for his vinegar, he has totally mistaken its quality.

The defence was answered by Thomas Viran in his "Madness of Astrology."

But the great work is by Lilly; and entirely devoted to the astrology. He defends nothing, for this article debases his dictum, and details every event as matters not questionable. He sits on the tripod, and every page is embellished by a horoscope, which he explains with the utmost facility. This voluminous monument of the folly of the age is a quarto valued at some guineas! It is entitled, "Christian Astrology, minutely treated of in three books, by William Lilly, student to Astrology, and edition, 1659." The most curious part of this work is "a Catalogue of some astrological authors." There is also a portrait of this arch rogue, and astrologer; an admirable illustration for Lavater!

Lilly's opinions, and his pretended science, were such harmonious with the age, that the learned Gataker wrote profusely against this popular delusion. Lilly, at the head of his star-exposing friends, not only formally replied to but prosecuted Gataker successively in his predictions, and even struck at his ghost, when beyond the grave Gataker died on July, 1644, and Lilly having written in his almanac of that year for the month of August this barbarous Latin verse:—

Non in tumbo jacet predixit et orbis!

Here in this tomb lies a quackster and a knave! he had the impudence to assert that he had predicted Gataker's death! But the truth is, it was an epigram his indignation to let it stand empty ready for the first passenger to inhale! Had any other of that sort of any eminence died in that month, it would have been as appositely applied to him. But Lilly was an exquisite rogue, and never at a fault. Having prophesied in his almanac for 1645, that the parliament should upon a hithering foundation, when taken up by a messenger, during the night, be consumed to cinders the paper, printed of another, and showed his copies before the committee, among them that the others were none of his own, but forged by his disciples.

ALCHYMY.

I have seen an advertisement in a newspaper, from a proponent of the hermetic art. With the assistance of "a little money," he could "positively" assure the lover of this science, that he would repay him "a thousand-fold." This science, if it merits to be distinguished by the name, has doubtless been an imposture, which, striking on the feeblest part of the human mind, has so frequently been successful in carrying on its delusion.

Mrs. Thomas, the Countess of Devon, in her life, has recorded one of these delusions of alchemy. From the circumstances it is very probable the sage was not less deceived than his patroness.

An interested lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold, that is, in their language, the imperfect metals to the perfect one. This hermetic philosopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness. A long laboratory was built, and, that his labours might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot, so that, unseen, and unheeded, his meals were conveyed to him without distracting the sublime contemplations of the sage.

During a residence of two years, he never condescended to speak but two or three times in the year to his interested patroness. When she was admitted into the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, numerous caldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian furnaces blazing at different corners of this magical tower, and did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and night vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon his progress, and having minutely condescended to explain the mysteries of the arcane, the hybrid, or seemed to behold, streams of fluid, and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he recovered a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune in supplying the demands of the philosopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had now elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her uneasiness to the philosopher. He candidly confessed he was himself surprised at his tardy progress, but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been necessitated in emptying. His patroness retired, and the golden visions of expectation renewed all their lustre.

One day as they sat at dinner, a terrible shiver, and one crash followed by another, told us the report of cannon, amidst their ears. They hastened to the laboratory, two of the greatest stills had burst, and one part of the laboratory and the house were in flames. We are told that after another adventure of this kind, this victim to alchemy, after raising another patron, in despair swallowed poison.



From more recently we have a history of an alchemist in the life of Remyer, the painter. This alchemist, after bestowing much time and money on preparations for the grand projection, and being near the decrepit hour, was induced, by the too earnest request of his wife, to quit his furnace one evening, to attend some of her company at the amiable. While the projection was attending the ladies his furnace blew up. In consequence of this event, he conceived such an antipathy against his wife, that he could not endure the idea of living with her again.

Henry VI was so reduced by his extravagance, that Evelyn observes in his Memorials, he advertised to recruit his empty coffers by alchemy. The record of this singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the philosopher's stone, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary." This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Sciden to his learned friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the Alchemist.

After this patent was published, many promised to convert the king's expectations so effectually (the same writer adds) that the next year he published another patent, wherein he tells his subjects, that the happy hour was drawing nigh, and by means of this stone, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver. The persons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patent itself, being a most "miscellaneous table" of friars, grocers, mercers, and hucksters.

This patent was likewise granted *authoritate patris* (as it was).

Proctor, who has given this patent in his *Survey of the State*, p. 135, concludes with this serious observation—"A project never so unreasonable and necessary as now! And thus we repeat, and our successors will no doubt imitate us."

Alchemists were formerly called *magicians*; as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

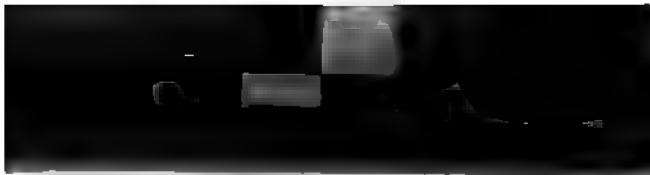
"Hence from henceforth shall we to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of *magicians*, and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony."

Every philosophical mind must be convinced that alchemy is not an art, which would have successfully traced to the remotest times; it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cannot even-manned the treatise of alchemy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions? Cæsar, who is not less to be admitted as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this secret passage relative to alchemy. "The ancient books of alchemy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Socrates, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of chemistry. In that immense empire, where Plato has deposited the deceptions, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and

the persecution of Dioscorides is the first authentic event in the history of alchemy. The conquest of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Consequent to the abuse of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages insured a favorable reception to every tale of wonder, and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchemy, and the present age, however destitute of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry."

Bliss Ashmole writes in his diary—"May 23, 1653. My father Backhouse, an astrologer who had adopted him for his son, a common practice with these men living with in Fleet street, over against Saint Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in *private* the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he inquired to me as a legacy." By this we learn that a universal wreck knew the art of making gold, yet always lived a beggar, and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the *philosophy of a secret*; he has however built a curious monument of the learned follies of the last age, in his "*Treatatum Chemicum Britannicum*." Though Ashmole is rather the historian of this vain science, than an adept, it may amuse literary knaves to turn over this quarto volume, in which he has collected the works of several English alchemists, supplementing his commentaries. It affords a curious specimen of those rascally mysteries, and Ashmole relates stories, which vie for the marvellous with the wildest fancies of Arabian invention. Of the philosopher's stone, he says, he knows enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. That he has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthly matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, brim into stone, &c., but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcanes have been entered into, by the choice fathers of hermetic mysteries. The vegetable world has power over the natures of man, beast, birds, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed, while the magical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. These great mysteries are supported by innumerable facts, and illustrated by prints of the most divine and incomprehensible designs, which we would hope were intelligible to the initiated. It may be worth observing, however, how false even the latter were to blunder on these mysterious hieroglyphics. Ashmole, in one of his chemical works, prepared a frontispiece, which, in several compartments, exhibited Phœbus on a lion, and opposite to him a lady, who represented Diana, with the moon on one hand and an arrow in the other, sitting on a crab. Mercury on a tripod, with the scheme of the heavens in one hand, and his caduceus in the other. These were intended to express the materials of the stone, and the season for the process. Upon the altar is the bust of a man, his head covered by an astrological scheme dropped from the clouds; and on the altar are three vessels, Hieroglyphics



Amphoeus, i. e. the English lover of hermetic philosophy. There is a tree, and a little creature governing the root, a pilot adorned with musical and mathematical instruments, and another with military ensigns. The strange composition created great inquiry among the chemical sages. Deep mysteries were conjectured to be veiled by it. Verses were written in the highest strain of the Resurrection language. *Amphoeus* contained he meant nothing more than a kind of pun on his own name, for the tree was the oak, and the creature was a male. One pillar tells his love of music and Freemasonry, and the other is military preference, and astronomical studium! He afterwards regretted that we too added a second volume to his work, from which he himself had been banished, for the honour of the Lamb of Hermes, and "to show the world what excellent men we had once of our nation, famous for this kind of philosophy, and masters of so transcendent a secret."

Modern chemistry is not without a hope, not to say a certainty, of verifying the golden visions of the alchemists. Dr. Gortalsen, of Göttingen, has lately advertised the following prophecy: "In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practiced. Every chemist and every artist will make gold. Kitchens wherein will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned as present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food. Phil Mag Vol VI p 385. This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal bliss, which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical friend writes to me, that "The metals seem to be composite bodies, which nature is perpetually preparing, and it may be reserved for the future sciences of science to trace, and perhaps to imitate, some of these curious operations."

TITLES OF BOOKS.

If it were inquired of an ingenious writer what page of his work had occasioned him most periphrasis, he would often point to the title-page. That concavity which we would excise, is most fastidious to gratify. Yet such is the perversity of man, that a modest simplicity will fail to attract, and yet we complain that we are duped.

Among them who appear to have felt this trifling weakness, are most of our periodical writers. The "Tadler" and the "Spectator" enjoying penitents of conception, have adopted titles with characteristic felicity, but perhaps the invention of the authors began to fail on the "Reader," the "Lover," and the "Theatre." Succeeding writers were so unfortunate in their titles, as their works, such as the "Universal Spectator," and the "Lavatory" "The copious mind of Johnson could not discover an appropriate title, and indeed in the first "Idler," acknowledged his despair. The "Rambling" was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist has translated it "*Le Chevalier Serrant*," and when it was corrected to *L'Esprit*, a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently address-

ing him by the appellation of Mr. "Vagabond." The "Adventurer" cannot be considered as a fortunate title, it is not appropriate to those pleasing macrelism, for any writer is an adventurer. The "Leviathan," the "Mirror," and even the "Cynosurus," if examined accurately, present nothing in the titles descriptive of the works. As for the "World," it could only have been given by the fashionable optimism of its authors, who considered the world as merely a little circuit round St. James's Street. When the celebrated father of all reviews, *Les Journaux des Français*, was first published, the very title repulsed the public. The author was obliged in his succeeding volumes to soften it down, by explaining its general tendency. He there shows the curious, that not only men of learning and taste, but the bombastic mechanic, may find a profitable amusement. An English novel, published with the title of "The Champion of Virtue," could find no readers, it was quaint, formal, and unadvised like "The Pilgrim's Progress." It afterwards passed through several editions under the happier imitation of "The Old English Baron" "The Concubine," a poem by Mickle, could never find purchasers, till it assumed the more delicate title of "St. Martin."

As a subject of literary curiosity, some amusement may be gathered from a glance at what has been done in the world, concerning the important portion of every book. Boileau, in his "Deuils of the Learned," has made very extensive researches, for the matter was important to a student of Boileau's character.

The French and many oriental authors were fond of allegorical titles, which always indicate the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might excite an able enigmatist to explain their allusions, for we must understand by "The Heart of Aaron," that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. "The Bones of Joseph" is an introduction to the Talmud. "The Garden of Ruth," and "The Golden Apples," are theological questions, and "The Pomegranate with its Flower," is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practiced. Justin gives a title, which he says of all the fantastical titles he can recollect, is one of the prettiest. A rabbin published a catalogue of rabbinical writers, and called it *Liber Dormitionum*, from Cantic vi. 9. "Like the best wine of my beloved that girth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." It hath a double meaning, of which he was not aware, for most of his rabbinical brethren talk very much like men in their sleep.

Almost all their works bear such titles as bread—gold—silver—cane—iron—&c., in a word, anything that signifies nothing.

Adapted title-pages were not peculiar to the orientals, the Greeks and the Romans have shown a great taste. They had their *Cynosurus* or horns of abundance. *Limonum* or meadows—*Pneumonum* or labrets—*Pancrapium* or all sorts of fruits, they not unhappily adapted for the macrelism. The most books of Herodotus, and the most epistles of Aeschylus, were respectively honoured by the name of a *Rum*, and three editions of the latter, by those of the *Greece*.

The moderns likewise have had a most barbarous taste for titles. We could produce numbers from



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abroad, and at home. Some works have been called, "Matches lighted at the Divine Fire,"—and one "The Gun of Providence," a collection of passages from the fathers is called "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary," we have "The Bank of Faith," and "The Dispensary of Divine Spirit"—one of these works bears the following elaborate title, "Some New Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully reserved for the Children of the Church, the Spouses of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation." Somewhere there quaintness has some humour. One Mr Humphrey Lind, a serious partisan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled "A pair of Spectacles for Mr Humphrey Lind." The doughty knight retorted, by "A Case for Mr Humphrey Lind's Spectacles."

Some of these obscure titles have an entertaining absurdity, as "The Three Daughters of Job," which is a treatise on the three virtues of patience, fortitude, and piety. "The Innocent Love, or the holy Knight," is a description of the unknown of a saint for the Virgin. "The Sound of the Trumpet," is a work on the day of judgment; and "A Fan to drive away Sin," is a theological treatise on purgatory.

We must not write to the wiser subject of our title, and a fan author should have the literary pity of ever having "the fear of his title-page" before his eyes. The following are improper titles. Don Matthew, chief butlerman to Philip IV of Spain, entitled his book "The Origin and Dignity of the Royal House;" but the entire work relates only to hunting. De Chasteterus composed several moral essays, which being at a loss how to entitle, he called "The Education of a Prince." He would persuade the reader in his preface, that though they were not composed with a view to that subject, they should not, however, be censured for the title, as they partly related to the education of a prince. The world were too generous to be duped, and the author in his second edition acknowledges the absurdity, drops "the magnificent title," and calls his work "Moral Essays." Montaigne's immortal history of his own mind, for such are his "Essays," have assumed perhaps too modest a title, and not sufficiently descriptive. Borelli equivocally entitled a collection of essays, "The Walks of Rochester," because they were composed at that place. "The Affix Rights" of Anton Gellius were so called, because they were written in Attica. Mr Tooke, in his grammatical "Diverstums of Parley," must have deceived many.

A rhodomontade title-page was a great favourite in the last century. There was a time when the republic of letters was over-built with "Palaces of Pleasure," "Palaces of Honour," and "Palaces of Eminence," with "Temples of Memory," and "Theatres of Human Life," and "Amphitheatres of Providence." "Phantasies, Gardens, Pictures, Treasures." The epistles of Quaresna dazzled the public eye with their splendid title, for they were called "Golden Epistles," and the "Golden Legend" of Yonagius had been more appropriately entitled *leaden*.

They were once so fond of novelty, that every book recommended itself by such titles as "A new Method, new Elipses of Geometry, the new

Letter Writer, and the new Art of Cookery." The title which Ouzep Gascogne, who had great merit in his day, has given to his collection, may be considered as a specimen of the titles of his time. They were printed in 1590. He calls his

"A hundred sundry flowers brewed up in one small press, gathered partly by translation in the fine and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention out of our own husbandry orchards in England; yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-wishing noses of learned readers."

To excite the curiosity of the pious, some writers employed articles of a very ludicrous nature. Some made three tales rhyming verses, as the one of a father, who has given his works under the title of *Scale des ames*, and *Jesus est never Grille*, &c. Some have distributed them according to the measure of time, as one Father Nodan, the greater part of whose works are *years, months, weeks, days, and hours*. Some have borrowed their titles from the parts of the human body, and others have used quaint expressions, such as, *Think before you leap—He that all day—Compel them to enter*, &c. Some of our poets authors appear not to have been aware that they were borrowing regions. One Marston having written a moral explanation of the ancient anthem sung in Advent, which begins with the letter *o*, published this work under the pleasing title of *La douce Meille, or la douce franchise des os de Sacerdotes de l'Advent*.

The Marquis of Carnarvon, a religious writer, not long ago published a book with the ambiguous title of *La Jeunesse de son-meur*. Induced by the epigrammatic title-page, the sale of the work was continual with the libraries, who, however, found nothing but very tedious essays on religion and morality. In the sixth edition the marquis greatly exults in his successful enterprise, by which means he had purchased the vicious curiosity of certain persons, and perhaps had persuaded some, whom otherwise his book might never have reached.

It is not an injudicious observation of Boileau that if a title be obscure, it raises a prejudice against the author, we are apt to suppose that an ambiguous title is the effect of an intricate or confused mind. He censures the following one: the *théorème Macrom-macrom-macrom* of one Boche. To understand this title, a grammarian would need an inventory to a geographer, and be to a natural philosopher, neither would probably think of recurring to a physician, to inform one that this ambiguous title signifies the connection which exists between the motion of the water with that of the blood. He also censures Leo Allatrin for a title which appears to me not intelligently conceived. This writer has entitled one of his books the *Vie des Rois*, it is an account of those illustrious writers who flourished during the pontificate of one of the Barberins. To connect the allusion, we must recollect that the *Rei* were the arms of this family and Urban VIII the Pope designed.

The false idea which a title conveys is also prejudicial to the author and the reader. Titles are generally too prodigal of their promises, and

their authors are condemned; but the works of modest authors, though they present more than they promise, may fail of attracting notice by their extreme simplicity. In either case, a collector of books is prejudiced, he is inclined to collect what merits no attention, or he passes over those valuable works whose titles may not happen to be interesting. It is related of Pinelli, the celebrated collector of books, that the booksellers permitted him to remain hours, and sometimes days, in their shops to examine books before he bought them. He was desirous of not injuring his precious collection by useless acquisitions, but he confessed that he sometimes could not help suffering himself to be dazzled by magnificent titles, nor to be deceived by the simplicity of others, which the modesty of their authors had given to them. After all, it is not improbable, that many authors are really neither so vain, nor so honest, as they appear, and that magnificent, or simple titles, have been given from the difficulty of forming any others.

It is too often with the Titles of Books, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts, where, in general, the picture itself is more curious and interesting than the enclosed animal.

LITERARY FOLLIES.

THE Greeks composed hypogrammatic works, works in which one letter of the alphabet is omitted. A hypogrammatical is a letter-dropper. In this manner Triphiodorus wrote his *Odyssey*, he had not a in his first book, nor ß in his second, and so on with the subsequent letters one after another. This *Odyssey* was an imitation of the hypogrammatical *Iliad* of Nestor. Among other works of this kind, Athenæus mentions an ode by Pindar, in which he had purposely omitted the letter S, so that this inept ingenuity appears to have been one of those literary fashions which are sometimes encouraged even by those who should first oppose such progress into the realm of non-sense.

There is in Latin a little prose work of Fulgentius, which the author divides into twenty-three chapters, according to the order of the twenty-three letters of the Latin alphabet. From A to O are still remaining. The first chapter is without A, the second without B, the third without C, and so on with the rest. Du Chat, in the *Ducatus*, says, there are five novels in prose of Lopez de Vega, the first without A, the second without E, the third without I, &c. Who will attempt to examine them?

The Orientalists are not without this literary folly. A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jamî a gazel of his own composition, which Jamî did not like; but the writer replied it was notwithstanding a very curious sonnet, for the letter *Alif* was not to be found in any one of the words. Jamî sarcastically replied, "You can do a better thing yet, take away all the letters from every word you have written."

To these works may be added the *Éclage de Calvi*, by Hughald the Monk. All the words of this silly work begin with a C. It is printed in Dorna-

vius. Paganus Perconum, all the words beginning with a P, in the *Nagus Venabulo*. *Canem cum calidâ certamen*, the words beginning with a C, a performance of the same kind in the same work. Gregorio Leti presented a discourse to the Academy of the Mammucuti at Rome, throughout which he had purposely omitted the letter R, and he entitled it the *cailed R*. A friend having requested a copy, as a literary curiosity, for so he considered this idle performance, Leti, to show it was not so difficult a matter, replied by a copious answer of seven pages, in which he had observed the same severe ostentation against the letter R. Lord North, one of the noble gentlemen in the court of James I., has written a set of Sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet. The Earl of Rivers, in the reign of Edward IV. translated the Moral Proverbs of Christians of Pisa, a poem of about two hundred lines, the greatest part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E, an instance of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which, Lord Orford observes, had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance.

It has been well observed of these minute trifles that extreme exactness is the sublime of fools, whose labours may be well called, in the language of Dryden,

"Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry."

And Martial says,

Turpe est difficile habere uenas,

Et stultus labor est insipiarum.

"'Tis a folly to sweat o'er a difficult trifles,

And for silly devices invention to toil."

I shall not dwell on the wits who composed verses in the form of hearts, wings, altars, and true-love knots, or as Ben Jonson describes these grotesque shapes,

"A pair of scissars and a comb in verse."

Tom Nash, who loved to push the ludicrous to its extreme, in his amusing invective against the classical Gabriel Harvey, tells us that "he had wit verses in all kinds, in form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pothooks, &c." They are not less absurd, who expose to public ridicule the name of their mistress by employing it to form their acrostics. I have seen some of the latter, where *both sides* and *cross-ways*, (the name of the mistress or the patron has been sent down to posterity with eternal torture. The great difficulty where one name is made out *four times* in the same acrostic, must have been to have found words by which the letters forming the name should be forced to stand in these particular places. It might be incredible that so great a genius as Boccaccio could have lent himself to these literary fashions, yet one of the most gigantic of acrostics may be seen in his works. It is a poem of fifty cantos, of which Guarnieri has preserved a specimen in his *Literary History of Italy*, vol. iii. p. 54. Puttenham, in that very scarce book, "The Art of Poetrie," p. 14, gives several odd specimens of poems in the form of lances, rhomboids, pillars, &c. some of them from Oriental poems communicated by a traveller. Puttenham is a very lively writer, and has contrived to form a defence for describing



and making such trifling devices. He has done more: he has erected two pillars himself to the honour of Queen Elizabeth, every pillar consists of a base of eight syllables, the shaft or middle of four, and the capital is equal with the base. The only difference between the two pillars consists in this; in the one "ye must read upwards," and in the other the reverse. These pillars, notwithstanding the fortunate device and variation, may be said to be two columns in the porch of the vast temple of literary folly.

It was at this period when *words on verse* were tortured into such fantastic forms, that the trees in gardens were twisted and sheared into obelisks and giants, peacocks or flower-pots. In a copy of verse, "To a hair of my mistress's eyelash," the merit, next to the choice of the subject, must have been the arrangement or the disarrangement of the whole poem into the form of a heart. With a pair of wings many a sonnet fluttered, and a sacred hymn was exposed by the mystical triangle *devoutly* as formed from the initial letters of every verse; but a different concert regulated *chronograms*, which were used to describe *dates*—the *anagrammatic letters* in whatever part of the word they stood were distinguished from other letters by being written in capitals. In the following *chronogram* from Horace,

—*seriam sidera vertice,*

by a strange elevation of CAPITALS the *chronogrammatist* compels even Horace to give the year of our Lord thus,

—*seriam sidera Vertice. MDVI.*

The Acrostic and the Chronogram are both ingeniously described in the mock Epic of the Scribleriad. "The mutual letters of the acrostics are thus alluded to in the literary wars."

Firm and compact, in three fair columns wove,
O'er the smooth plain, the bold acrostics move;
High o'er the rest the towering LEADER RISE
With *in. in. gigantis* and *superior stus*

But the looser character of the *chronogram*, and the disorder in which they are found, are ingeniously sung thus:

Not thus the *loose chronograms* prepare,
Careless their troops, undisciplined in war;
With *rank irregular*, confused they stand,
The CHIEFTAINS MINGLING with the vulgar band.

He afterwards adds others of the illegitimate races of wit.

To join these squadrons, o'er the champain came
A numerous race of no ignoble name,
Riddle and *Rebus*, Riddle's dearest son,
And *solus Centurion* and *caudatus Pen*.
Pottius, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground,
And *Rondeau*, wheeling in repeated round.
On their fair standards by the wind display'd
Eggs, *stars*, *snags*, *paps*, *axes* were pourtray'd.

I find the origin of *Bouts-rimés*, or "Rhyming Beds," in Goujet's Bib. fr. xvi. p. 181. One Dulot, a foolish poet, when sonnets were in demand, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems to be filled up at his leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting most the loss of three hundred sonnets: his friends were

astounded that he had written so many which they had never heard. "They were *blank sonnets*," he replied, and explained the mystery by describing his *Bouts-rimés*. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became fashionable to collect the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines.

The *Charade* is of such recent birth, that it has not yet opened its mystical conceits; nor can I discover the origin of this species of logoglyphics. It was not known in France so late as in 1771, in the last edition of the great Dictionnaire de Trevoux, where the term appears as the name of an Indian sect of a military character, and has no connexion with our charades.

Anagrams were another whimsical invention; with the *letters* of any name they contrived to make out some entire word, descriptive of the character of the person who bore the name. These anagrams, therefore, were either injurious or complimentary. When in fashion, lovers made use of them continually. I have read of one, whose mistress's name was Magdalen, for whom he composed, not only an epic under that name, but as a proof of his passion, one day he sent her three dozen of anagrams only on her lovely name. Scoppius imagined himself fortunate that his adversary Scaliger was perfectly *barbidge* in all the oblique cases of the Latin language; on this principle Sir John Woot was made out, to his own satisfaction—a wit. They were not always correct when a great compliment was required, the poet John Cleveland was strained hard to make *Helensian dew*. This literary trifle has, however, in our own times been brought to singular perfection, and several, equally ingenious and caustic, will readily occur to the reader.

Verses of grotesque shape have sometimes been contrived to convey ingenious thoughts. Pannard, a modern French poet, has tortured his agreeable vein of poetry into such forms. He has made some of his Bacchanalian songs take the figures of *bottles*, and others of *glasses*. These objects are perfectly drawn by the various measures of the verse which form the songs. He has also introduced an *echo* in his verses which he contrives so as not to injure their sense. This was practised by the old French bards in the age of Marot, and this poetical whim is ridiculed by Butler in his Hudibras, Part I. Canto 3, Verse 199. I give an example of these poetical echoes. The following ones are ingenious, lively, and satirical.

Pour nous plaire, un plaisir
Moi
Tout en manger
Mais on trouve souvent
Puis
Dans son langage.
On y voit des Commis
Moi
Comme des Princes,
Après être venus
Moi
De leurs Provinces.

I must notice the poetical whim of Cretin, a great poet in his day he died in 1534. He brought into fashion punning or equivocal rhymes, such as the following which Marot addressed to

him, and which, indulging the same rhyming folly as his own, are superior for a glimpse of sense, though very unworthy of their author:

L'homme, sotart, et non sçavant
Comme un rotisseur, qui lave eye,
La faute d'autrui, nance arant
Qu'il la cognoisse, ou qu'il la veye, &c.

In the following nonsensical lines of Du Bartas, this poet imagined that he imitated the harmonious notes of the lark:

La gentille aloiette, avec son tirelire,
Tirelire, à lire, et tirelire lire,
Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu,
Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

The French have an ingenious kind of Nonsense Verses called *Amphigouris*. This word is composed of a Greek adverb signifying *about*, and of a substantive signifying *a circle*. The following is a specimen—it is elegant in the selection of words, and what the French called richly rhymed—in fact it is true poetry, but it has no meaning whatever! Pope's Stanzas, said to be written by a person of quality, to ridicule the tuneful nonsense of certain Bards, and which Gilbert Wakefield mistook for a serious composition, and wrote two pages of Commentary to prove this song was disjointed, obscure, and absurd, is an excellent specimen of these *Amphigouris*.

AMPHIGOURIS.

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !
Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre
Quand le bonheur est suspendu !
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarez un cœur éperdu,
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

IMITATED

How happy to defend our heart,
When Love has never thrown a dart !
But ah ! unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bias suspends !
Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain !
Oft in mistaken language wooed
The skilful lover's understood

These verses have such a resemblance to meaning, that Fontenelle having listened to the song imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and requested to have it repeated. "Don't you perceive," said Madame Tencin, "that they are *Nonsense Verses*?" The malicious wit, never without a retort, replied, "They are so much like the true verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should be for once mistaken."

In the "Scribblenad" we find a good account of the *Cento*. A *Cento* primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing *Centos*. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two; one half to be con-

nected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules he has made a pleasant nuptial *Cento* from Virgil.

The Empress Eudoxia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, Proba Falconia from Virgil. Among these grave triflers may be mentioned Alexander Ross, who published "Virgilius Evangelizans, sive historia Domini et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi Virgiliano verbus et versibus descripta." It was republished in 1769.

A more difficult whim is that of "*Reciprocal Verses*," which give the same words whether read backwards or forwards. The following lines by Sidonius Apollinaris were once infinitely admired.

"Signa te signa temere me langu et angui."
"Roma tibi iubilo motibus ibit amor."

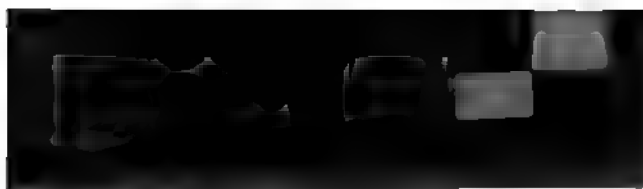
The reader has only to take the pains of reading the lines backwards, and he will find himself just where he was after all his fatigue.

Capitaine Lasprius, a French self-taught poet, whose work preceded Malherbe's, boasts of his inventions; among other singularities, one has at least the merit of *la difficile vaincue*, and might in ingenious hands be turned to some account. He asserts that this novelty is entirely his own, it consists in the last word of every verse forming the first word of the following verse.

Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux,
Amoureux, jouissant d'une beauté craintive,
Craintive à recevoir la douceur excessive,
Excessive au plaisir qui tend l'amant heureux;
Heureux si nous avions quelques paisibles lieux,
Lieux ou plus sûrement l'ami fidèle arrive,
Arrive sans soupçon de quelque ami attentif,
Attentif à vouloir nous surprendre tous deux.—

Francis Colonna, an Italian Monk, is the author of a singular book entitled "The Dream of Poliphilus," in which he relates his amours with a lady of the name of Polia. It was considered improper to prenex his name to the work, but being desirous of marking it by some peculiarity, that he might claim it at any distant day, he contrived that the initial letters of every chapter should be formed of those of his name, and of the subject he treats. This odd invention was not discovered till many years afterwards when the wis employed themselves in deciphering it, unfortunately it became a source of literary alteration, being susceptible of various readings. The correct appears thus: POLIAM FRATER FRANCISCUS COLUMNA PERAMAVIT. "Brother Francis Colonna passionately loved Polia." This gallant Monk, like another Petrarch, made the name of his mistress the subject of his amatorial meditations; and as the first called his Laura, his Laurel, thus called his Polia, his Polita.

A few years afterwards Marcellus Palingenius Sicelatus employed a similar artifice in his *Zodiac's VITÆ*, "The Zodiac of Life," the initial letters of the first twenty-nine verses of the first book of this poem forming his name, which curious particular is not noticed by Warton in his account of this work.—The performance is divided into twelve books, but has no reference to astronomy, which we might naturally expect. He distinguished his



twelve books by the twelve names of the celestial signs, and probably extended or confined them purposely to that number, to honour his lady. Warton however observes, "the strange pedantic title is not totally without a context, as the author was born at *Stellada* or *Stellata*, a province of Ferrara, and from whence he called himself *Marcellus Stellatus* or *Stellatus*." The work itself is a curious satire on the Pope and the Church of Rome. It commenced Bayle to commit a remarkable literary blunder, which I shall record in its place. Of Italian comets in those times, of which Ferrara was the father, with his perpetual play on words and on his *Laura*, or his mistress *Laura*, he has himself afforded a remarkable example. But part lost his mother, who died in her thirty-eighth year, he has commemorated her death by a sonnet composed of thirty-eight lines. He seems to have conceived that the tractation of the number was equally natural and tender.

Are we not to class among literary follies the strange research which writers, even of the present day, have made in *Antiquities* times? Forages of the greatest nature have been alluded to, or quoted as authorities. A host of *Knave* once attracted considerable attention; this curious finger has been recroft translated, the fabricans pretend they possess a book written by *Adam* and that work has been recently appeared in its favour of a visionary theory! Amie gravely observes, that "with respect to *History* attributed to the *Antediluvians*, it seems not only decent but rational to say that we know nothing concerning them. Without alluding to living writers, Dr. Parnell, in his erudite "Remains of *Japhet*," tracing the origin of the alphabetical character, supposes that letters were known to *Adam*. Some too have noticed astronomical histories in the Ark of Noah's such historical memorials are the deliriums of learning, or are founded on legends.

Hugh Boulton, a writer of controversy in the reign of James the First, shows us in a tedious dissertation on Scripture chronology, that *Salah* was a hermit of ten years of age; and enters into many grave discussions concerning the release of *Aaron* & *Epaph*, the language which *Eve* first spoke, and other claims of erudition. This writer is ridiculed in Ben Jonson's *Comedies*—he is not without rivals even in the present day! Contrivance, after others of his school, discover that when male children are born they cry out with an *A*, being the first vowel of the word *Adam*, while the female infants prefer the letter *E*, in allusion to *Eve* and we may add that, by the parish of a negligent nurse, they may probably learn all their vowels. Of the pedantic triflings of commentators, a controversy among the Portuguese on the works of Camoens is not the least. Some of these pedantic critics who affected great delicacy in the laws of Epic poetry, pretended to be doubtful whether the poet had lived on the right time for a *song's dream*; whether, and there, a king should have a prophetic dream on his first going to bed or at the dawn of the following morning? No one seemed to be quite certain, they posited each other till the controversy closed in this frigid manner, and attended both the night and the dawn critics. Barreto discovered that an assent on any of the words alluded to in the controversy would answer the

purpose, and by making King Manuel's dream to take place at the dawn would restore Camoens to their good opinion, and preserve the dignity of the poet.

Chervet began his *History of the World* in these words: "Several learned men have examined in what season God created the world, though there could hardly be any season then, since there was no sun, no moon, nor stars. But as the world must have been created in one of the four seasons, this question has exercised the talents of the most curious, and opinions are various. Some say it was in the month of *March*, that is, in the spring; others maintain that it was in the month of *May*, which begins the civil year of the Jews, and that it was on the sixth day of this month, which answers to our September, that *Adam* and *Eve* were created, and that it was on a *Friday*, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon." This is according to the Rabbinical notion of the eve of the Sabbath.

The Irish antiquarian mentions public libraries that were before the flood; and Paul Christian Baker, with profound erudition, has given an exact catalogue of *Adam's*. *Memories of O'Mahony*, O'Connor, and O'Mahony, have most graciously recorded as authentic, narratives the wildest legendary traditions, and more recently, to make confusion doubly confounded, others have built up what they call theories of black art they contrive to prove that an Irishman is an Indian, and a Peruvian may be a Welshman, from certain emigrations which took place many centuries before Christ, and some about two centuries after the flood. Keating, in his "History of Ireland," starts a favourite hero in the great Partholoon, who was descended from *Japhet*, and landed on the coast of Munster eight May, in the year of the world 1871. This giant succeeded in his enterprise, but a domestic misfortune attended him among his Irish friends—he was exposed him to their laughter by her name *Irishman*, and provoked him to such a degree that he killed two fortunate greyhounds; and this the learned historian avers was the first instance of female indecency ever known in Ireland!

The learned, not contented with Homer's poetical government, make him the most authentic historian and most accurate geographer of antiquity, burdening him with all the arts and sciences to be found in our Encyclopædia. Even in surgery, a treatise has been written to show by the variety of the wounds of his heroes, that he was a most scientific anatomist, and a military scholar has lately told us that from him is derived all the science of the modern adjutant and quartermaster-general; all the knowledge of *tactics*; which we trace from him, and that Xenophon, Epistemon, Philop, and Alexander, owed all their warlike reputation to Homer!

To return to pleasant fiction. Dr. Fontana, the journalist, who had wit and malice, inserted the fragment of a letter which the poet Camoens wrote to the young Rucio whilst he was at the Hague. These were the words: "I enjoy the conversation within these few days of my amicitia in *Paradise*. My dream is an excellent antidote against melancholy; but"—Dr. Fontana

tales maliciously stopped at this 'at' in the letter of Ronsard it was, "but unfortunately he departs soon." Piron was very sensibly affected at this equivocal *but*, and resolved to revenge himself by composing one hundred epigrams against the malignant critic. He had written sixty before Des Fontaines died, but of these only two attracted any notice.

Towards the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Antonio Cornazzano wrote a hundred different sonnets on one subject, "the eyes of his mistress," to which possibly Shakespeare may allude, when Jaques describes a lover, with his

"Woe-bell'd,

Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Not inferior to this ingenious trifler is Niccolò Franco, well known in Italian literature, who employed himself in writing two hundred and eighty satirical sonnets, chiefly on the famous Peter Arctin. This lampooner had the honour of being hanged at Rome for his defamatory publications. In the same class are to be placed two other writers, Berbeut, who wrote one hundred and fifty epigrams against a painted lady. Another wit, desirous of emulating him, and for a literary brigade, continued the same subject, and pointed at this unfortunates for three hundred more, without once repeating the thoughts of Berbeut! There is a collection of poems called "La Pica des grands Jours de Poitiers." The *épître* of the carnival of Poitiers. These poems were all written by the learned Frequier upon a riddle which he found one morning in the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roches!

Not long ago, a Mr. and Mrs. Bidderdit, in Flanders, published poems under the whimsical title of "White and Red." His own poems were called white, from the colour of his hair, and those of his lady red, in allusion to the colour of the rum. The idea must be Flemish!

Giles, in his "Laws of Poets," commenting on this line of the Duke of Buckingham's "Essay on Poetry,"

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

very profoundly informs his readers "That what is here said has not the least regard to the penmanship, that is, to the form or badness of the handwriting." &c., and proceeds throughout a whole page, with a panegyric on a *fine handwriting*. Dull men seem to have at times great claims to originality!

Litteton, the author of the Latin and English Dictionary, seems to have indulged his Loxian propensity to punning so far as even to introduce a pun in the grave and elaborate work of a Lexicon. A story is here related to account for it, and it has been attributed to the impatient interpretation of the lexicographer to his scribe, who, taking no offence at the perverseness of his master, put it down in the Dictionary. The article alluded to is, "Concilio, to run with others, to run together, to come together, to fall foul on one another; to converse, to converse."

Mr Todd, in his Dictionary, has laboured to show "the inaccuracy of this pretended narrative." Yet a similar blunder appears to have happened to Ash. Johnson, while composing his Dictionary,

sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine to inquire the etymology of the word *carpetmugger*. Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer "Carpetmugger, a vicious way of pronouncing *carpet merchant*. An unknown correspondent." Ash copied the word into his Dictionary in this manner: "*Carpetmugger*, from the French *carre*, unknown, and *merchant*, a correspondent." This singular negligence ought to be placed in the class of our literary blunders: these form a pair of lexicographical anecdotes.

Two singular literary follies have been practised on Milton. There is a *poor* version of his "Paradise Lost," which was innocently translated from the French version of his Epic! One Green published a specimen of a new version of the "Paradise Lost" into *Hand Verse*. For this purpose he has utterly ruined the harmony of Milton's cadences, by what he conceived to be "bringing that amazing work somewhat nearer the summit of perfection."

A French author, when his book had been received by the French Academy, had the privilege of Cardinal Richelieu engraved on his title-page, encircled by a crown of forty rays, in each of which was written the name of the celebrated *forty academicians*.

The self-exaltations of authors, frequently employed by injudicious writers, place them in ridiculous attitudes. A writer of a bad dictionary, which he intended for a Cyclopaedia, formed such an opinion of its extensive sale, that he put on the title-page the words "*First edition*," a hint to the gentle reader that it would not be the last. Desmarais was so delighted with his "*Cleopatra*," an Epic Poem, that he solemnly concludes his preface with a thanksgiving to God, to whom he attributes all its glory! This is like that conceited member of a French parliament, who was overheard, after his tedious harangue, muttering most devoutly to himself "Vive *notre Dieu*!"

Several works have been produced from some odd coincidence with the name of their authors. Thus Dr Sowerby has written a 5th volume, consisting of panegyrics of persons of eminence, whose Christian names were *Sowerby*, because *Sowerby* was his own name. Two Jesuits made a similar collection of illustrious men whose Christian names were *Theophilus* and *Philip*, being their own. *Anthony Sanderson* has also composed a treatise of *illustrious Antiphones*. And we have one *Buchanan*, who has written the lives of those persons who were so fortunate as to have been his namesakes.

Several forgotten writers have frequently been introduced on the public eye, merely through such trifling coincidences as being members of some particular society, or natives of some particular country. Cordeliers have stood forward to revive the writings of Duns Scotus, because he had been a Cordelier, and a Jesuit compiled a *scholastic* on the antiquities of a country, merely from the circumstance that the founder of his order, Ignatius Loyola, had been born there. Several of the classics are violently extolled above others, merely from the accidental circumstance of their editors having collected a vast number of notes, which they resolved to discharge on the public. County histories have been frequently compiled, and pro-

On such literary topics Melancthe has made the keenest observation. The critics, standing in some way connected with the author, their self-love inspires them, and abundantly furnishes eulogium which the author never merited, that they may thus obliquely reflect some praise on themselves. This is made so adroitly, so delicately, and so concealed, that it is not perceived.

The following are strange inventions, originating in the wilful bad taste of the authors. OTTO VON STRA, the master of Rubens, is the designer of *Le Théâtre moral de la Vie humaine*. In this emblematical history of human life, he has taken his subjects from Horace; but certainly his conceptions are not Horatian. He takes every image in a literal sense. If Horace says, "*Mors stultitiam coxillis brevem*," behold Venius takes *brevem* personally, and represents folly as a little short child of not above three or four years old! In the emblem which answers Horace's "*Raro antea deditum nequitum deseruit* PEDIS PENA CLAUDO," we find Punishment with a wooden leg.—And for "*PULVIS ET UMBA SUMUS*," we have a dark burying vault, with dust sprinkled about the floor, and a shadow walking upright between two rings of urns. For "*Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima stultitiae curare*," most flatly he gives seven or eight Vices pursuing Virtue, and folly just at the heels of Wisdom. I saw in an English Bible printed in Holland an instance of the same taste: the artist, to illustrate "*Thou seest the mote in thy neighbour's eye, but not the beam in thine own*," has actually placed an immense beam which projects from the eye of the caviller to the ground!

As a contrast to the too obvious taste of VENUS, may be placed Cesare di RIPA, who is the author of an Italian work, translated into most European languages, the *Iconologia*; the favourite book of the age, and the fertile parent of the most absurd offspring which Taste has known. Ripa is as darkly subtle as Venius is obvious; and as far-fetched in his conceits as the other is literal. Ripa represents Beauty by a naked lady, with her head in a cloud; because the true idea of beauty is hard to be conceived! Flattery, by a lady with a flute in her hand, and a stag at her feet, because stags are said to love music so much, that they suffer themselves to be taken, if you play to them on a flute. Fraud, with two hearts in one hand, and a mask in the other:—his collection is too numerous to point out more instances. Ripa also describes how the allegorical figures are to be coloured; Hope is to have a sky-blue robe, because she always looks towards heaven. Enough of these *Capriccios*!

LITERARY CONTROVERSY.

IN the article on MILTON I had occasion to give some strictures on the asperity of literary controversy: the specimens I brought forward were drawn from his own and Salmasius's writings. If to some the subject has appeared exceptionable, to me, I confess, it seems useful, and I shall there-

fore, I think, be permitted to repeat some of the heavy blows which I have dealt to the literary asperity and bitterness of the controversy, yet they were employed by the first scholars in Europe.

Martin Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, or of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with invectives, and singularities of abuse. The great reformer of superstition had himself all the vulgar ones of his day: he believed that flies were devils; and that he had had a butting with Satan, when his left ear felt the prodigious beating. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: "The Papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses."

Gentle and moderate, compared with a salute to his Holiness.—"The Pope was born out of the Devil's posteriors. He is full of devils, lies, blasphemies, and idolatries; he is anti-Christ; the robber of churches; the ravisher of virgins; the greatest of pimps; the governor of Sodom, &c. If the Turks lay hold of us, then we shall be in the hands of the Devil; but if we remain with the Pope, we shall be in hell. What a pleasing sight would it be to see the Pope and the Cardinals hanging on one gallows, in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the Pope! What an excellent council would they hold under the gallows!"

Sometimes, desirous of catching the attention of the vulgar, Luther attempts to enliven his style by the grossest buffooneries: "Take care, my little Popa! my little ass! go on slowly: the times are slippery: this year is dangerous: if thou faltest, they will exclaim, See! how our little Pope is spoilt!" It was fortunate for the cause of the Reformation that the violence of Luther was softened in a considerable degree at times by the meek Melancthon: he often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry bee. Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head; a great good fortune for an obscure controversialist, and the very *punctum saliens* of controversy. Our Henry VIII. wrote his book against the new doctrine: then warm from scholastic studies, Henry presented Leo X. with a work highly creditable to his abilities, and no inferior performance according to the genius of the age. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, has analysed the book, and does not ill describe its spirit: "Henry seems superior to his adversary in the vigour and propriety of his style, in the force of his reasoning, and the learning of his citations. It is true he leans too much upon his character, argues in his garter-ropes, and writes as 'twere with his scepter." But Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII. in the following style: "It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. This Henry has lied." Some of his original expressions to our Henry VIII.

are these: "Stulta, ridicula, et verissime *Memorabilia*, et *Thomistica* sunt hæc—*Sagax Augustus Henricum utrum plane monitus, &c.*—*Hoc agit inquietus Asian*, ut cum a scriptura sacra per *memorabilia Henrici, &c.*"—He was repaid with capital and interest by an anonymous reply, and he have been written by the Thomas More, who concludes his arguments by invoking Luther in language not necessary to translate "*cum sui furis et furonibus, cum suis meritis et sterconibus cacantem cacatoremque*" Such were the vigorous signatures of a controversy on the seven sacraments! Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these "bitter herbs," for in the bull of the condemnation of Ignatius Loyola in August, 1583, Luther is called *monstrum horrendum et detestabile peritum*.

Calvin was less tolerable, for he had no *Melancthon*! His adversaries are never others than *Ingram*, *Ionianus*, *drunkards*, and *omnium*! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellation of *bulls*, *nuns*, *cats*, and *hogs*! By him Catholic and Lutheran are alike hated. Yet, after having given vent to this violent humour, he frequently boasts of his mildness. When he reads over his writings, he tells us, that he is astonished at his forbearance; but this, he adds, is the duty of every Christian! At the same time, he generally finishes a period with—"Do you hear, you dog? Do you hear madman?"

Besa, the disciple of Calvin, sometimes imitates the boisterous style of his master. When he writes against *Tellman*, a Lutheran minister, he bestows on him the following titles of honour: "*Polyphemus*; an ape, a great an who is distinguished from other apes by wearing a hat, an ape on two feet, a monster composed of part of an ape and wild an; a villain who merits hanging on the first tree we find." And Besa was, no doubt, daunted of the office of executioner!

The Catholic party is by no means inferior in the felicity of their style. The Jesuit *Raynaud* calls Erasmus "the *Ratorian* buffoon," and accuses him of nourishing the egg which Luther hatched. These men were alike supposed by their friends to be the inspired regulators of Religion!

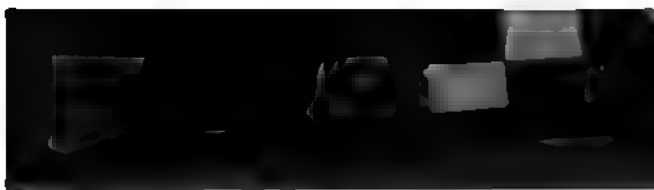
Bishop *Bodell*, a great and good man, respected even by his adversaries, in an address to his clergy, observes, "Our calling is to deal with errors, not to disgrace the man with wounding words. It is said of Alexander, I think, when he overthrew one of his soldiers rushing headly against Darius his enemy, that he reproved him, and added, 'Pretid, I entertain thee to fight against Darius, not to revile him,' and my sentiments of treating the Catholics," concludes *Bodell*, "are not conformable to the practice of Luther and Calvin; but they were but men, and perhaps we must condemn they suffered themselves to yield to the violence of passion."

The Fathers of the church were prudent in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously defended it. St. *Augustine* affirms that the keenest provocation may produce a wonderful effect, in opening a man's eyes to his own faults. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother Saint *Monica* with her maid. Saint *Monica* certainly would have been a confirmed

drunkard, had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse—"My mother had by little and little accustomed herself to drink wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family; she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself, and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults miserably increase, she at length blew wine, and drank bumpers. But one day being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a drunkard! That single word struck her so powerfully that it opened her understanding, and reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she quitted her ever from its use."

To jest and play the droll, or, in his own words, *de hominibus*, was a mode of controversy the great *Arnould* defended as permitted by the writings of the holy fathers. It is still more singular, when he not only brings forward an example of this ribaldry, *Blasphemy* in the form of a satire, but God himself laughing at the first man after his fall. He justifies the injurious epithets which he has so liberally bestowed on his adversaries by the example of Jesus Christ and the apostles! It was on these grounds also that the celebrated *Pascal* apologized for the invectives with which he has so occasionally disgraced his *Provincial Letters*. A Jesuit, famous for twenty years which contain his works, has collected "An Alphabetical Catalogue of the names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterized the Heretics!" It may be found in *Erasmiana de malis ac bonis libris*, p. 63, 64, 1633, of Father *Barraud*. This list of brutes and insects, among which are a vast variety of serpents, is accompanied by the names of the heretics designated!

What, in his Irish Writers, informs us of one *Henry Fitzgibbon*, an Irish Jesuit, who was imprisoned for his papistical dogmas and audacious preaching. During his confinement he proved himself to be a great amateur of controversy. He said, "he felt like a bear tied to a stake, and wanted somebody to bait him." A kind office, seriously undertaken by the learned *Leber*, then a young man. He engaged to dispute with him once a week on the subject of *antichrist*! They met several times. It appears that our bear was quite satisfied, and declared any further dog-baiting. This spread an universal joy through the Protestants in Dublin. Such was the spirit of those times, which appears to have been very different from our own. Dr. *Dunne* gives an anecdote of a modern bishop who was just advanced to a mitre; his bookishness begged to republish a popular theological tract of his against another bishop, because he might owe more to him on equal terms. He had answered—"Mr. . . . no more controversy now!" Our good bishop resembled *Baldwin*, who, from a simple monk, arrived to the honour of the see of Canterbury. The successive honours successively changed his manners. Urban, the second inscribed his brief to him in this curious description—*Baldwinus liberioris conversationis, abbas solida, Episcopus rapida, Archiepiscopus cunctis!*



On the subject of literary controversy we cannot pass over the various acts of the scholastics, a volume might easily be compiled of their ferocious wars, which in more than one instance were accompanied by means and daggers. The most memorable on account of the extent, the violence, and duration of their contests, are those of the Nominalists and the Realists.

It was a most subtle question, certainly, and the world thought for a long while that their happiness depended on deciding, whether universals, that is genera, have a real essence, and exist independent of particulars, that is species—whether, for instance, we could form an idea of *man*, prior to individual *men*? Realists, in the eleventh century, adopted the opinion that universals have no real essence, either before, or in individuals, but are mere names and words by which the kind of individual is expressed, a tract propagated by Abelard, which produced the sect of the Nominalists. But the Realists asserted that universals existed independent of individuals, though they were somewhat divided between the various opinions of Plato and Aristotle. Of the Realists the most famous were, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. The cause of the Nominalists was almost desperate, till towards the fourteenth century revived the dying embers. Louis XI adopted the Nominalists, and the Nominalists flourished at large in France and Germany, but unfortunately, Pope John XXIII patronised the Realists, and throughout Italy it was dangerous for a Nominalist to open his lips. The French King wavered, and the Pope triumphed, his edicts published an edict in 1476, in which he ordered for ever the Nominalists, and ordered their books to be burned up in their libraries with new chains, that they might not be read by young students! The leaders of that sect fled into England and Germany, where they united their forces with Luther and the first Reformers.

Nothing could exceed the violence with which these disputes were conducted. Vives himself, who witnessed the contests, says that "when the contending parties had exhausted their stock of verbal abuse, they often came to blows, and it was not uncommon in those quarrels about niceties, to see the combatants engaging not only with their fists, but with clubs and swords, so that many have been wounded, and some killed."

I add a curious extract from John of Salisbury, on this war of words, which Medæus has given in his Ecclesiastical History. He observes on all this trifling nonsense, "that there had been more time consumed in it than the Cæsars had employed in making themselves masters of the world; that the riches of Cyrus were inferior to the treasures that had been exhausted in this controversy; and that the contending parties, after having spent their whole lives in this empty noise, had neither been so happy as to determine it to their satisfaction, nor to find in the labyrinth of science where they had been groping any discovery that was worth the pains they had taken." It may be added that Ramus having attacked Aristotle, for "teaching us *chimeras*," all his scholars revolted, the parliament put a stop to his lectures, and at length having brought the matter into a law court, he was declared "to be

unlearned and daring"—the King proscribed his works, he was ridiculed on the stage, and hamed at by his scholars. When at length, during the plague, he opened again his schools, he drew on himself a fresh storm by reforming the pronunciation of the letter Q, which they then pronounced like E—*Quibus* for *Quinquus*, and *Rambon* for *Quinquus*. This move of *man* was once more laid to his charge—a new rebellion! and a new epistation of the Anti-Aristotelian! The brother of that Gabriel Harvey who was the friend of Spenser, and with Gabriel had been the wheatsheaf of the town-cries of his time, distinguished himself by his wrath against the Stage-vice. After having with Gabriel produced an earthquake, and alarmed the kingdom, which never took place (that is the earthquake, not the alarm), he was buffeted him. Ramus said of him that "Fustian at the theatre made him of him, and therefore commenced his attack on him to nothing, in denouncing him with whole bundles of bullies." Marlowe declared him to be "no more than only to preach of the iron age." Strong to maintain by the lively seat of hornets, he attacked himself in a very cowardly manner—he attacked Aristotle himself! for he set Aristotle with his *books* upwards on the school gates at Cambridge, and with *arms* over on his head!

But this controversy concerning Aristotle and the eternal divinity was even prolonged as late as in the last century. Father De Benedectis, a Jesuit, and professor in the college at Naples, published in 1755 four volumes of peripatetic philosophy, to establish the principles of Aristotle. The work was expanded, and he wrote an absolute treatise under the name of *Beneditus Alcinus*. A man of letters, Constantine Grimaldi, replied Alcinus rejoined, he wrote letters, an apology for the letters, and would have written more for Aristotle than Aristotle himself perhaps would have done. However, Grimaldi was no ordinary antagonist, and not to be outwitted. He had not only the best of the argument, but he was resolved to tell the world so, as long as the world would listen. Whether he killed off Father Benedectis is not affirmed, but the latter died during the controversy. Grimaldi, however, afterwards pursued his ghost, and buffeted the father in his grave. Then enraged the University of Naples, and the Jesuits, to a man, denounced Grimaldi to Pope Benedict XIII and Cardinal D'Astrea, the Viceroy of Naples. On this the Pope issued a bull prohibiting the reading of Grimaldi's works, or keeping them, under pain of excommunication, and the cardinal, more ardent than the bull, caused all the copies which were found in the father's house to be thrown into the sea! The author with tears in his eyes beheld them capsize, and hardly hoped they would have been outcasted. However, all the noble family of the Grimaldis were not drowned—for a storm arose, and happily drove ashore many of the floating copies, and then falling into good and charitable hands, the heretical opinions of poor Grimaldi against Aristotle and school divinity were still read by those who were not out-awarded by the Pope's bulls. The *last* passages were sold at hand, and quoted with a double aim against the Jesuits!

We now turn to writers whose controversy was limited only by subjects of polite literature. The particular form a curious picture of the taste and character of the age.

"There is," says Joseph Scaliger, "that great critic and reviewer," "an art of abuse or slandering, of which those that are ignorant may be said to defend others much less than they show a willingness to defame."

"Literary wars," says Bayle, "are sometimes as lasting as they are terrible." A disputation between two great scholars was so interminably violent, that it lasted thirty years! He humorously compares its duration to the German war which lasted as long.

Baſſet, when he refused the patronage of a certain author, always did it without naming him, but when he found any observation which he deemed commendable, he quoted his name. Bayle observes, that "this is an excess of politeness, prejudicial to that freedom which should ever exist in the republic of letters, that it should be allowed always to name those whom we revere, and that it is sufficient for this purpose that we banish civility, flattery, and insincerity."

After these preliminary observations, I shall bring forward various examples where this excellent advice is by no means regarded.

Bramus produced a dialogue, in which he attacked those writers who were severe censors of Cicero, as asserting, that they would employ no expression but what was found in the works of that writer, everything with them was Ciceronianized. This dialogue is written with great humor. Julius Caesar Scaliger, the father, who was then unknown to the world, had been long looking for some occasion to distinguish himself; he now wrote a defence of Cicero, but which, in fact, was one continued invective against Bramus. He there treats the latter as an ignorant, a drowsard, an impudent, an apostate, a hangman, a demon hot from hell! The same Scaliger, acting on the same principle of distinguishing himself at the cost of others, attacked Cardan's best work *De Fabricata*. His criticism did not appear till seven years after the first edition of the work, and then he obstinately stuck to that edition, though Cardan had corrected it in subsequent ones. But this Scaliger chose, that he might have a wider field for his attack. After this, a rumour spread that Cardan had died of venison from our Julius Caesar's monstrous pen, then Scaliger pretended to feel all the regret possible for a man he had killed, and whom he now praised; however, his regret had no little foundation in his triumph, for Cardan outlived Scaliger many years, and valued his criticism too cheaply to have suffered them to have disturbed his quiet. All this does not exceed the practices of Pomponius, who has then entered several literary libels composed against some of his adversaries, Laurentius Valla, Philoponus, &c., who returned the poisoned chalice to his own lips, declamations of murdery obscenity, and calumny, which are noticed in Mr. Shepherd's Life of Pomponius.

Pomponius was a worthy successor of the Strigons; his favourite expression was, that he had trampled down his adversary.

Scaliger was a critic, as skillful as Balzacius or Scaliger, but still more learned in the language of abuse. He was regarded as the Artile of authors. He boasted that he had occasioned the deaths of Camerton and Scaliger, and such was the impudence of this critic, that he attacked with repeated waters our James the First, who, as Arthur Wilson informs us, condemned his writings to be burnt in London. Detested and dreaded as the public scourge, Scaliger, at the close of his life, was fearful he should find no retreat in which he might be secure.

The great Casaubon employs the dialect of St. Giles's in his furious attacks on the learned Dair-hampt, the Latin translator of Athanasius. To this great physician he owed some deeply indebted than he chose to contrive, and to conceal the claims of this literary creditor, he called out *Lectionum' Inanum' Stronum' &c.* It was the fashion of that day with the redoubtable and ferocious heroes of the literary republic, to over-whelm each other with invective, and to consider their own grandeur to consist in the bulk of their books, and their triumphs in reducing their brother giants into puny dwarfs. In warfare, Lomax had a dread of controversy; conquer or conquered we cannot escape without disgrace. Mathurin would have been the great man of his day, had he not meddled with such matters. Who is gratified by "the mad Cornarus," or "the flayed fox?" Titles which Furibund and Cornarus, two enormous latitudes, have bestowed on each other. Some who were too fond of controversy, as they grew wiser, have refused to take up the gauntlet.

The heat and acrimony of verbal critics have exceeded description. Their stigmas and anathemas have been long known to bear no proportion against the offences to which they have been directed. "God condoned you," cried one grammarian to another, "for your theory of impersonal verbs!" There was a long and terrible controversy formerly, whether the Phœnician dialect was to prevail over the other. The academy was put to great trouble, and the Academics were often on the point of annihilating this supremacy, and *non modo ista* was applied to one of these literary customs, and in a letter of three times the following paragraph appears: "Percetti is preparing to give a second answer to Bent, which will not please him; I now believe the prophecy of Casaster Teduchus will be verified, and that this controversy, begun with pens, will end with powder!"

Fabretti, an Italian, wrote furiously against Gronovius, whom he calls *Cronovius*; he compared him to all those animals whose voice was expunged by the word *no*, to great Gronovius was so malignant a critic, that he was distinguished by the title of the "Grammatical Cat."

When critics venture to attack the person as well as the performance of an author, I recommend the salutary proceedings of Hobbes, the writer of an excellent Universal History. He had been so roughly handled by Perizonius, that he obliged him to make the *seceda* honorable in a court of justice.

Certain authors may be distinguished by the

It is a singular circumstance, that, when his name was pronounced, he looked at one of the audience who lived. Scudery, brother of the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, was a true Parnassian bully. The first publication which brought him into notice was an edition of the works of his friend Thucydides. He concludes the preface with these singular expressions—"I do not hesitate to declare, that, amongst all the dead, and all the living, there is no person who has anything to show that approaches the force of this vigorous genius; but if, amongst the latter, any one were so extravagant as to consider that I detract from his imaginary glory, to show him that I fear is little as I esteem him, this is to inform him, that my name is

DE SCUDERY."

A similar ruse-dementade is that of Claude Trelon, a poetical soldier, who begins his poems by challenging the critics; assuring them that if any one attempts to censure him, he will only condescend to answer sword in hand. Father Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, having written against Cardinal Norris, on the monkery of St. Austin, it was deemed necessary to silence both parties. Macedo, compelled to relinquish the pen, sent his adversary a challenge, and according to the laws of chivalry, appointed a place for meeting in the wood of Boulogne. Another edict to forbid the duel! Macedo then murmured at his hard fate, which would not suffer him, for the sake of St. Austin, for whom he had a particular regard, to spill neither his ink nor his blood.

ANRI, prefixed to the name of the person attacked, was once a favourite title to books of literary controversy. With a critical review of such books Baillet has filled a quarto volume; yet such was the abundant harvest, that he left considerable gleanings for posterior industry.

Anti-Gronovius was a book published against Gronovius, by Kuster. Perizonius, another pugilist of literature, entered into this dispute on the subject of the *Æs* grave of the ancients, to which Kuster had just adverted at the close of his volume. What was the consequence? Dreadful!—Answers and rejoinders from both, in which they bespattered each other with the foulest abuse. A journalist pleasantly blames this acrimonious controversy. He says, "To read the pamphlets of a Perizonius and a Kuster on the *Æs* grave of the ancients, who would not renounce all commerce with antiquity? It seems as if an Agamemnon and an Achilles were railing at each other. Who can refrain from laughter, when one of these commentators even points his attacks at the very name of his adversary? According to Kuster, the name of Perizonius signifies a *certain part* of the human body. How is it possible, that with such a name he could be right concerning the *Æs* grave? But does that of Kuster promise a better thing, since it signifies a beadle; a man who drives dogs out of churches?—What madness is this?"

Corneille, like our Dryden, felt the acrimony of literary irritation. To the critical strictures of D'Aubignac it is acknowledged he paid the greatest attention, for, after this critic's *Pratique*

of the French drama, he published a *Pratique* of his own. This occasioned a quarrel between the poet and the critic, in which the former exhibited his bile in several abusive epigrams, which have, fortunately for his credit, not been preserved in his works.

The lively Voltaire could not resist the charm of abusing his adversaries. We may smile when he calls a blockhead, a blockhead; a dotard, a dotard; but when he attacks, for a difference of opinion, the opinion of another man, our sensibility is alarmed. A higher tribunal than that of criticism is to decide on the actions of men.

There is a certain disguised malice, which some writers have most unfairly employed in characterising a contemporary. Burnet called Prior, *our Prior*. In Bishop Parker's History of his own Times, an innocent reader may start at seeing the celebrated Marvell described as an outcast of society; an infamous hypocrite; and one whose talents were even more defective than his person. To such lengths did the heat of party, united with personal rancour, carry this bishop, who was himself the worst of true servers. He was, however, amply repaid by the keen wit of Marvell in "The Rehearsal transposed," which may still be read with delight, as an admirable effusion of banter, wit, and satire. Le Clerc, a cool ponderous Greek critic, quarrelled with Boileau about a passage in Longinus, and several years afterwards, in revising Moreau's Dictionary, gave a short sarcastic notice of the poet's brother; in which he calls him the elder brother of *him who has written the book entitled "Satires of Mr. Boileau D'Espérance"*—the works of the modern Horace, which were then delighting Europe, he calls, with simple impudence, a book entitled *Satires*!

The works of Homer produced a controversy, both long and virulent, amongst the wits of France. This literary quarrel is of some note in the annals of literature, since it has produced two valuable books; La Motte's "*Reflexions sur la Critique*," and Madame Dacier's "*Des Causes de la Corruption du Goût*." Of the rival works it has been said that La Motte wrote with feminine delicacy, and Madame Dacier like an University pedant. "At length," as the author of *Quæstiones Litterariæ* informs us, "by the efforts of Valincour, the friend of art, of artists, and of peace, the contest was terminated." Both parties were formidable in number, and to each he made remonstrances, and applied reproaches. La Motte and Madame Dacier, the opposite leaders, were convinced by his arguments, made reciprocal concessions, and concluded a peace. The treaty was formally ratified at a dinner, given on the occasion by a Madame De Staël, who represented "Neutrality." Libations were poured to the memory of old Homer, and the parties were reconciled.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

WHEN Dante published his "*Inferno*," the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell.

When the *Utopias* of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but imaginary republic, so an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Oranger, "the learned Bodinus, and others, took it for a genuine history, and considered it as highly expedient, that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so vast a nation to Christianity."

It was a long while after publication that many readers were convinced that Guikow's Travels were fictitious.

But the most singular blunder was produced by the ingenious "*Nervosus Redivivus*" of Dr Campbell, a curious buster on the hermetic philosophy, and the universal medicine, but the grave error is so clearly kept up throughout this admirable treatise, that it deserved for a length of time the most learned of that day. No notion of the art of prolonging life, by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies. The late Mr Thackeray seriously adopted the project. Dr Kippax acknowledges that after he read the work in his youth, the remembrance and facts left him several days in a land of lary land. I have a copy with manuscript notes by a learned physician, who seems to have had no doubt of its veracity. After all, the reputation of the work was long doubtful, till Dr Campbell informed a friend it was a mere jeu-d'esprit, that Boyle was considered as standing without a rival on the art of creating at large a difficult subject, without discovering to which side his own arguments leaned, and Dr Campbell had likewise read more unconnected books than most men, he wished to read Boyle, and at the same time to give the world much unknown matter. He has admirably succeeded, and with this key the whole mystery is unlocked.

Palladium, in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on St. Lamer, ambassador of Charles IX. to that council, borrows on him a collar of the order of the Most Holy Spirit, but which order was not constituted till several years afterwards by Henry III. A similar voluntary blunder is that of Horst, in his *Annals de la Cour de Aragon*. The writer represents, in the battles he describes, many persons who were not present; and thus, merely to confer honour on some particular families.

A book was written in praise of Champin by Ferdinand Fabian, who, quoting a French narrative of travels in Italy, took for the name of the author the following words, found at the end of the title-page, *Escrito de don Juan Luis*, that is, "Enriched with two Luis" on this he observes, "that Mr Enriched with two Luis has not failed to do that justice to Champin which he merited." The abridger of Guizot's Bibliotheca scribbles the name of Amadeo to our *Arrodo Obispo*, Remembrance, Obispo. Not knowing that these two words, placed on the title-page of the French edition of that book, formed the translator's Spanish motto.

D'Aquin, the French king's physician, in his *Memoirs on the Preparation of Bark*, takes Mantius, which is the title of the Appendix to the History of Plants by Johnston, for the name of an author, and when, he says, is so extremely rare, that he only knows him by name.

Lord Brougham imagined, that in those famous verses, beginning with *Exordium est, &c.* Virgil attributed to the Romans the glory of having surpassed the Greeks in historical composition according to his idea, those Roman historians whom Virgil preferred to the Greeks were Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus. But Virgil died before Livy had written his history, or Tacitus was born.

An honest friar, who compiled a church history, has placed in the clan of ecclesiastical writers, Goatin, the Italian poet, then error from a small mistake blunder on the length of the title of his celebrated anonymous pastoral, *Il Pastor Fido*, "The Faithful Shepherd," our good father imagined that the character of a curate, vicar, or bishop, was represented in this work.

A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen when their ignorance was so dense. A rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners about paying the church, quoted the authority from St. Peter—*Pecus est illi, non parvam* ago, which he construed, *They are to pay the church, not I*. This was allowed to be good law by a judge, himself an ecclesiastic too.

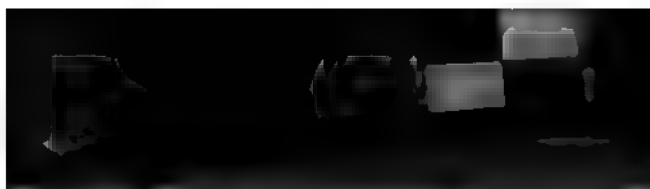
One of the grossest literary blunders of modern times is that of the late Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope. He there takes the well-known "*Song by a Person of Quality*," which is a piece of ridicule on the glittering fanciful nonsense of certain poets, as a serious composition. In a most capacious comment, he fatigues himself to prove that every line seems unconnected with its brethren, and that the whole reflects disgrace on its author, &c. A circumstance which too evidently shows how necessary the knowledge of modern literary history is to a modern commentator, and that those who are profound in verbal Greek are not the best critics on English errors.

Fraser Marchand has recorded a pleasant mistake of Abba Basil, the author of the medallist history of Holland. Having met with a medal, struck when Philip II set forth his *Invincible Armada*, on which was represented the King of Spain, the Emperor, the Pope, Electors, Cardinals, &c., with their eyes covered with a bandage, and bearing for inscription this fine verse of Lucretius.

O cæcis hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

permeated with the false prejudice, that a nation persecuted by the pope and his adherents could not represent them without some insult, he did not examine with sufficient care the cock of the bandage which covered the eyes and waved about the heads of the personages represented on this medal, he easily took them for *auri vera*, and as such they are engraved.

Mabillon has preserved a curious literary blunder of some pious Spaniards, who applied to the Pope for consecrating a day in honour of *Santa*



LITERARY BLUNDERS.

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Flav. His holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one. The only proof brought forward for his existence was this inscription:

S. VIAR.

An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the Catholic calendar, by convincing them that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient surveyor of the roads; and he read their meaning thus:

PERFECTUS VIARUM.

Maffei, in his comparison between Medals and Inscriptions, detects a literary blunder in Spon, who, meeting with this inscription,

Maxime VI Consule,

takes the letters VI for numerals, which occasions a strange anachronism. They are only contractions of *Via Illustris*—VI.

As absurd a blunder was this of Dr. Stukeley on the coins of Carausius; finding a battered one with a defaced inscription of

PORTVNA AVG.

he read it

ORITKA AVG.

And sagaciously interpreting this to be the wife of Carausius, makes a new personage start up in history, he continues even to give some *theoretical Memoirs of the August Orinda*!

In the *Valeriana* we find, that it was the opinion of Father Simon, that St Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins were all created out of a blunder. In some ancient MS. they found *St Ursula et l'undermille P. M.* meaning St. Ursula and Undermille, Virgin Martyr, imagining that *Undermille* with the *P* and *M.* which followed was an abbreviation for *Undermille Milia Martyrum Virginum*, made out of *Two Virgins* the whole *Eleven Thousand*!

Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, informs us, that its story was taken from Cinthio's Novels, *Dec. 8. Nov. 5*. That is, *Decade 8, Novel 5*. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare (as the author of *Connoisseur* observes), puts the words in full length thus, *December 8, November 5*.

Voltaire has given in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, article *Abus des Mots*, a literary anecdote of a singular nature; a complete *quid pro quo*. When the fragments of Petronius made a great noise in the literary world, Meibomius, an erudit of Lubek, read in a letter from another learned scholar of Bologna, "We have here an entire *Petronius*; I saw it with mine own eyes, and with admiration." Meibomius in post-haste travels to Italy, arrives at Bologna, and immediately inquires for the librarian Capponi. He asks him if it was true that they had at Bologna an entire *Petronius*. Capponi assures him that it was a thing which had long been public. Can I see this *Petronius*? Have the kindness to let me examine it. Certainly, replies Capponi. He leads our erudit of Lubek to the church where reposes the body of St. Petronius. Meibomius bathes his lip, calls for his chains, and takes his flight.

A French translator, when he came to a passage

of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough broke an officer; not being acquainted with this Anglicism, he translated it read, broke on a wheel!

Cibber's play of "Levi's last Shift" was entitled "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour." A French writer of Congreve's life has taken his *Mourning* for a *Morning* Bride, and translated it *L'Epouse du Matin*.

Mr John Pringle mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of Dog and Duck water daily, a French translator specifies it as an excellent broth made of a duck and a dog! In a recent catalogue compiled by a French writer of *Works on Natural History*, he has inserted the well-known "Essay on Irish Bulls" by the Edgeworths. The proof, if it required any, that a Frenchman cannot understand the idiomatic style of Shakespeare appears in a French translator, who prided himself on giving a verbal translation of our great poet, not approving of Le Tourneur's paraphrased version. He found in the celebrated speech of Northumberland in Henry IV.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, as war-begones—

which he renders "Alan douleur! va-t'en!"

A remarkable literary blunder has been recently committed by the Abbe Gregoire; who affords another striking proof of the error to which foreigners are liable when they decide on the language and customs of another country. The abbe, in the excess of his philanthropy, to show to what dishonourable offices human nature is degraded, acquaints us that at London he observed a sign-board proclaiming the master to be *favor des parricides de sa majeste*! Bug-destroyer to his majesty! This is no doubt the honest Mr. Tiffin, in the Strand; and the idea which must have occurred to the good abbe was, that his majesty's bugs were hunted by the said destroyer, and taken by hand—and thus human nature was degraded!

A French writer translates the Latin title of a treatise of Philo-Judæus *Omnis bonus liber est*, Every good man is a free man, by *Tout bon est bon*. It was well for him, observes Jortin, that he did not live within the reach of the Inquisition, which might have taken this as a reflection on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

An English translator turned "Dieu défend l'adultère" into "God defends adultery." Guthrie, in his translation of Du Halde, has "the twenty-sixth day of the new moon." The whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days. The blunder arose from his mistaking the word *nouvelle* (nine) for *nouvelle* or *neuve* (new).

The facetious Tom Brown committed a strange blunder in his translation of Gelli's *Circe*. When he came to the word *Starnæ*, not aware of its signification, he boldly rendered it *starnæ*, probably from the similitude of sound; the succeeding translator more correctly discovered *Starnæ* to be red-legged partridges!

In Charles II's reign a new collect was drawn, in which a new epithet was added to the king's title, that gave, says Burnet, great offence, and occasioned great railing. He was styled our most religious king. Whatever the signification of

religious might be in the Latin word, as importing the sacredness of the king's person, yet in the English language it bore a signification that was no way applicable to the king. And he was asked by his familiar courtiers, what must the nation think when they heard him pray for as their most religious king?—Literary blunders of this nature are frequently discovered in the sermons of good classical scholars, who would make the English servilely bend to the Latin and Greek, however, its genius will not bear the yoke their unskilful hands put on its neck. Milton has been justly censured for his free use of Latinisms and Grecisms.

The blunders of modern antiquaries on sepulchral monuments are numerous. One mistakes a lion at a knight's feet for a *water curled dog*, another could not distinguish *ceners* in the hands of angels from *fishing-nets*, *two angels* at a lady's feet were counted as her two *cherubs*—*ke babes*, and another has mistaken a *leopard* and a *badger* for a *cat* and a *rat*. In some of these cases are the antiquaries or the scribes most to be blamed.

A literary blunder of Thomas Warton is a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion.

A Faucon brode in bande he bare,
For he thought he woude thare
Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *Faucon brode* means a falcon bird, or a hawk, and that Saladin is represented with this bird on his hat to express his contempt of his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a Gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback with hawks on their hats, he plunges into feudal times where no gentleman appeared on horseback without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough but skilful Kisson triumphantly triumphed by discovering the magical lances of the more elegant Warton, by explaining a *Faucon brode* to be nothing more than a broad *fauceson*, which, in a duel, was certainly more useful than a bird.

Bask supposes that Marcellus Palingenius, who wrote a poem entitled the *Zodiac*—the twelve books bearing the names of the signs—assumed, from this circumstance, the title of *Poeta Stellatus*. But it appears that this writer was an Italian and a native of *Szellada*, a town in the Ferrarese. It is probable that his birthplace produced the conceit of the title of his poem; it is a curious instance how a critical conjecture may be led astray by its own ingenuity, when ignorant of the real fact.

A LITERARY WIFE.

Marriage is such a rabble rout,
That those that are out, would fain get in;
And those that are in, would fain get out.

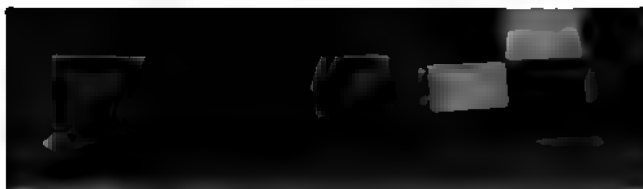
CHAUCER.

HAVING examined some literary blunders, we will now proceed to the subject of a literary wife,

which may happen to prove one. A learned lady is to the taste of few. It is however matter of surprise, that several literary men should have felt such a want of taste in respect to "their soul's far dearer part," as Hector calls his Andromache. The wives of many men of letters have been dissonant, ill-humoured, slatternly, and have run into all the frivolities of the age. The wife of the learned Budæus was of a different character.

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! His wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk, she compared passages, and transcribed quotations, the same genius, the same imaginations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side, and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared in the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular faculty. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two ladies: one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was Philosophy, who produced books. He says, that in his first twelve years, Philosophy had given less in literature than Marriage, he had produced few books than children, he had laboured more corporally than intellectually, but he hoped to make more books than men. "The soul," says he, "will be productive in its turn, it will rise on the ruins of the body, a prolific virtue is not given at the same time to the bodily organs and the pen."

The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Livetius. She felt the same passion in her own breast which animated her husband's, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations, they transcribed manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered points, and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! See Meimoth's translation, Book iv. Letter xix. Of Capernaum, his wife, he says, "Her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause. How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over. While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauds I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture



enjoys my praise. She sings my verse to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured.

On the subject of a literary wife, I must introduce to the acquaintance of the reader, Margaret, daughter of Newcastle. She is known at least by her name, as a voluminous writer; for she extended her literary productions to the number of twelve *large volumes*.

Her labours have been ridiculed by some wits; but had her studies been regulated, she would have displayed an ordinary genius. The Critic has quoted her poems, and her verses have been imitated by Milton.

The Duke, her husband, was also an author; his book on hereditary still preserves his name. He has likewise written comedies, of which Langbaine, in his account of our poets, speaks well; and his contemporaries have not been generous in their criticisms. It is true he was a Duke. Shadwell says of him, "That he was the greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour that ever he knew."

"The life of the Duke is written (to imitate the language of Langbaine) 'by the hand of his incomparable duchess.' It was published in his lifetime. The curious piece of biography is a folio of 197 pages, and is entitled 'The Life of the Three Noble, High, and Potent Prince, William Cavendish.' His titles then follow—

"Written by the Three Noble, Illustrious, and Sacred Prince, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, his Wife. London, 1697." The life is dedicated to Charles the Second; and there is also prefixed a copious epistle to her husband the Duke.

In this epistle the character of our Literary Wife is described with all its peculiarities; and an apology will be required for extracting what relates to our noble author. The reader will be amused while he forms a more correct idea of a literary lady with whose name he must be acquainted.

She writes—"Certainly, my lord, you have had as many enemies and as many friends as ever any one particular person had, nor do I so much wonder of it, since I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues, which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them; for your grace remembers well, that those books I put out first to the judgment of this censorious age were accounted not to be written by a woman, but that somebody else had writ and published them in my name, by which your lordship was moved to publish an epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you answer the world, upon your honour, that what was written and printed in my name was my own; and I have also made known that your lordship was my only tutor, in declaring to the what you had found and observed by your own experience, for I being young when your lordship married me could not have much knowledge of the world; but it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow me with a poetical and philosophical

genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those conceptions and fancies which I writ were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of learning, and on the other side, they said I had plucked feathers out of the universities; which was a very preposterous judgment. Truly, my lord, I confess that for want of scholarship, I could not express myself as well as otherwise I might have done in those philosophical writings I published first; but after I was returned with your lordship into my native country, and led a retired country life, I applied myself to the reading of philosophical authors, on purpose to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools, which at first were as hard to me, that I could not understand them, but was soon to grow at the sense of them by the whole context, and so writ them down, as I found them in those authors, at which my readers did wonder, and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions; so that I and my books are like the old spicewoman mentioned in *Sham*, of a father and his son who rid on an ass. Now follow a long narrative of this fable, which she applies to herself in those words—

"The old man seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many hisses and upbraids for the sake of his art, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so prone-made to burn my writings for the various humours of mankind, and for their finding fault, since there is nothing in this world, but the noisiest and most commendable action whatsoever, that shall escape blameless. As for my being the true and only authoress of them, your lordship knows best; and my attending servants are witnesses that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations, to assist me, and as soon as I set them down I read them to those that are to transcribe them, and fit them for the press; whereof, since there have been several, and amongst them such as only could write a good hand, but neither understood orthography, nor had any learning

I being then in banishment, with your lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries, who hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false and so full of errors, so besides that I want also skill in scholarship and true writing, I did many times not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions; by which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipped into my works, which yet I hope learned and impartial men will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense than carp at words. I have been a student even from childhood, and since I have been your lordship's wife I have lived for the most part a strict and retired life, as is best known to your lordship, and therefore my censurers cannot know much of me, since they have little or no acquaintance with me. 'Tis true I have been a traveller both before and after I was married to your lordship, and sometimes show

myself at your husband's command in public places or assemblies, but yet I converse with few indeed, my lord, I matter not the censures of this age, but am rather proud of them; for it shows that my actions are more than ordinary, and according to the old proverb, it is better to be envied than pitied; for I know well that it is merely out of spite and malice, whereof this present age is so full that none can escape them, and they'll make no doubt to show even your husband's loyal, noble, and heroic actions, as well as they do mine, though yours have been of war and fighting, mine of contemplating and writing. Yours were performed publicly in the field, mine privately in my closet, yours had many thousand eye-witnesses, mine none but my writing-table. But the great God, that hitherto bless'd both your grace and me, will, I question not, preserve both our names to all ages.

"Your grace's honest wife,
"and humble servant,
"M. MANSFIELD."

The last portion of this life, which consists of the observations and good things which she had gathered from the conversation of her husband, forms an excellent *Ans.* and shows that when Lord Orford, in his "Catalogue of Noble Authors," says, that "this stately public couple was a picture of foolish nobility," he writes, as he does too often, with extreme levity. But we must now attend to the review of our model.

Many chagrins may corrode the nuptial state of literary men. *Pomalin* who, prompted by vanity, but not by taste, waste themselves to scholars, must ever be objects of neglect. The innumerable occupations of a library will only present to such a dull dreary solitude. Such a lady declared of her learned husband, that she was more pained of his books than his mistresses. It was probably while *Clover* was composing his "*Loonidas*," that his lady avenged herself for this *Remora* institution to her, and took her flight with a lover. It was peculiar to the learned *Daxter* to be united to a woman, his equal in erudition and his superior in taste. When she wrote in the album of a German traveller a verse from *Sophocles* as an apology for her unskillfulness to place herself among his learned friends, that "Silence is the female's ornament," it was a remarkable trait of her modesty. The learned *Piquet* was coupled to a female of a different character, since he tells us in one of his epigrams that to manage the voracity of his lady, he was compelled himself to become a voracity. "Unfortunate wretch that I am, I who am a lover of universal peace! But to have peace I am obliged ever to be at war."

Mr. *Thomas More* was united to a woman of the hardest temper and the most covetous manners. To soften the meanness of her disposition, "he persuaded her to play on the lute, and other instruments, every day." Whether it was that she had no ear for music, she herself never became harmonious in the instrument she touched. All these ladies may be considered as rather too short in thought, and too spurred to action, but a same cockoo bird who is always repeating the same tune must be very singing. The lady of Samuel Clarke, the great compiler of books in 1666, whose

name was anagrammatised to "*such old cream*," alluding to his indistinguishable labours in making all the cream of every other author, without having any cream himself, is described by her husband as having the most sublime conceptions of his illustrious contemplation. This appears by her behaviour. He says, "that she never ran from table without making him a curry, nor drank to him without brewing, and that his wine was a law to her."

I was much surprised in looking over a correspondence of the times, that in 1590 the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury on the subject of his living separate from his countess, sent as one of his arguments for their union the following curious one, which surely shows the gross and cynical feeling which the law has excited even among the higher classes of society. The language of this good bishop is neither that of truth, we hope, nor civility, that of religion.

"But come will save in your Lordship's behalf that the Countess is a sharper and better shrew, and therefore like enough to shorten your life, if she should keep you company. Indeed, my good Lord, I have heard some say so, but if shrewdom or sharpness may be a just cause of separation between a man and wife, I think few men in England would keep their wives long, for it is a common jest, yet true in some sort, that there is but one shrew in all the world, and every man both her and so every man must be rid of his wife that would be rid of a shrew." It is wonderful this good bishop did not use another argument as explicit, and which would in their times be allowed as something, the name of his lordship, *Shrewsbury*, would have afforded a consoling pun.

The entertaining *Marble* says that the generality of ladies married to lawyers are so vain of the abilities and merits of their husbands, that they are frequently unamiable.

The wife of *Barclay*, author of "*The Argonaut*," considered herself as the wife of a druggist. This appeared plainly after his death, for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of *Barclay*, Mrs. *Barclay* was so irritated at this that she demolished his monument, brought home his head, and declared that the ashes of no great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villainous a prodigy.

Salmanson's wife was a temerarious; and Christina said she admired her patience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew. Mrs. *Salmanson* indeed considered herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as sovereign among the critics. She boasted that she had for her husband the most learned of all the nations, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and declaimed with a tone of majesty. *Salmanson* was mild in conversation, but the reverse in his writings, for our proud *Christine* considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not magnificently call every one names!

The wife of *Roberts*, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of *Descartes*, used to

seat herself on these days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air. So convinced was she that, to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband, it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

The ladies of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews. The wife of Durer compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion: in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone; she wheedled him back, and not long afterwards this great artist fell a victim to her furious disposition. Berghem's wife would never allow that excellent artist to quit his occupations; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping!

Ælian had an aversion to the marriage state. Sigonius, a learned and well-known scholar, would never marry, and alleged no inelegant reason—that "Minerva and Venus could not live together."

Matrimony has been considered by some writers as a condition not so well suited to the circumstances of philosophers and men of learning. There is a little tract which professes to investigate the subject. It has for title, *De Matrimonio Literati, an cælibem esse, an verò nubere conveniat*, i.e. of the Marriage of a Man of Letters, with an inquiry whether it is most proper for him to continue a bachelor, or to marry.

"The author alleges the great merit of some women; particularly that of Gonzaga the consort of Montefeltro, duke of Urbino; a lady of such distinguished accomplishments, that Peter Bembo said, none but a stupid man would not prefer one of her conversations to all the formal meetings and disputations of the philosophers.

"The ladies perhaps will be surprised to find that it is a question among the Learned, *Whether they ought to marry?* and will think it an unaccountable property of learning that it should lay the professors of it under an obligation to disregard the sex. But whatever opinion these gentlemen may have of that amiable part of the species, it is very questionable whether, in return for this want of complaisance in them, the generality of ladies would not prefer the beau and the man of fashion to the man of sense and learning. However, if the latter be considered as valuable in the eyes of any of them, let there be Gonzagas, and I dare pronounce that this question will be soon determined in *their favour*, and they will find converts enough to their charms."

The sentiments of Sir Thomas Browne, on the consequences of marriage, are very curious, in the second part of his *Religio Medici*, Sect. 9. When he wrote that work, he said, "I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions, who never marry twice."—He calls woman "the rib and crooked piece of man." He adds, "I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to procreate the world without this trivial and

vulgar way." He means the union of sexes, which he declares "is the foolishhest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed." He afterwards declares he is not averse to that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful; "I could look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse." He afterwards diserts very profoundly on the music there is in beauty, "and the silent note which Cupid strikes is far sweeter than the sound of an instrument." Such were his sentiments when youthful, and residing at Leyden: Dutch philosophy had at first chilled his passion; it is probable that passion afterwards inflamed his philosophy—for he married, and had four daughters!

Dr. Cocchi, a modern Italian writer, but apparently a cynic as old as Diogenes, has taken the pains of composing a treatise on the present subject—enough to terrify the boldest *Bachelor of Arts*! He has conjured up every chimera against the marriage of a literary man. He seems, however, to have drawn his disgusting portrait from his own country; and the chaste beauty of Britain only looks the more lovely beside this Florentine wife.

I shall not retain the cynicism which has coloured such revolting features. When at length the doctor finds a woman as all women ought to be, he opens a new spring of misfortunes which must attend her husband. He dreads one of the probable consequences of matrimony,—progeny, in which we must maintain the children we beget! He thinks the father gains nothing in his old age from the tender offices administered by his own children: he asserts these are much better performed by menials and strangers! The more children he has, the less he can afford to have servants! The maintenance of his children will greatly diminish his property! Another alarming object in marriage is that, by affinity, you become connected with the relations of the wife. The envious and ill-bred insinuations of the mother, the family quarrels, their poverty or their pride, all disturb the unhappy sage who falls into the trap of connubial felicity! But if a sage has resolved to marry, he impresses on him the prudential principle of increasing his fortune by it, and to remember his "additional expenses!" Dr. Cocchi seems to have thought that a human being is only to live for himself; he had neither a heart to feel, a head to conceive, nor a pen that could have written one harmonious period, or one beautiful image! Bayle, in his article *Raphelengius*, note B, gives a singular specimen of logical subtlety, in "a reflection on the consequence of marriage." This learned man was imagined to have died of grief for having lost his wife, and passed three years in protracted despair. What therefore must we think of an unhappy marriage, since a happy one is exposed to such evils? He then shows that an unhappy marriage is attended by beneficial consequences to the survivor. In this dilemma, in the one case, the husband lives afraid his wife will die, in the other that she will not! If you love her, you will always be afraid of losing her; if you do not love her, you will always be afraid

of not losing her. Our satirical *Celebrations* is grieved by the horns of the dilemma he has conjured up.

James Petreus, a famous botanist, then a bachelor, the friend of Sir Hans Sloane, in an album which I have seen, signs his name with this dedication.

"From the Goat tavern, on the Strand,
London, Nov. 27. In the 34th year of
my freedom, A.D. 1697."

DEDICATIONS.

Great authors excelled in this species of literary artifice. The Italian Dons dedicated each of his letters, in a book called *Le Lettere*, to persons whose name began with the first letter of the epistle, and dedicated the whole collection in another epistle, so that the book, which only consisted of forty-five pages, was dedicated to above twenty persons. This is carrying literary mendacity pretty high. Politi, the editor of the *Martyrologium Amnionum*, published at Rome in 1751, has improved on the idea of Dons; for to the 365 days of the year of this Martyrology he has prefixed to each an epistle dedicatory. It is fortunate to have a large circle of acquaintance, though they should not be worthy of being saints. Galfand, the translator of the Arabian Nights, prefixed a dedication to each tale which he gave, had he finished the "one thousand and one," he would have surpassed even the Martyrologist.

Mademoiselle Scodrey tells a remarkable expedition of an ingenious trader in this line—One Rangouze made a collection of letters which he printed without numbering them. By this means the bookbinder put that letter which the author ordered him first, so that all the persons to whom he presented this book, seeing their names at the head, considered themselves under a particular obligation. There was likewise an Italian physician, who having wrote on Hippocrates's Aphorisms, dedicated each book of his Commentaries to one of his friends, and the index to another.

More than one of our own authors have dedications in the same spirit. It was an expedient to procure dedicatory fees, for publishing books by subscription was an art then undiscovered. One prefixed a different dedication to a certain number of printed copies, and addressed them to every great man he knew, who he thought relished a morsel of flattery, and would pay handsomely for a coarse luxury. Sir Baithazar Gorbier, in his "Council to Builders," has made up half the work with forty-two Dedications, which he excuses by the example of Antonio Perez, yet in these dedications he scatters a heap of curious things, for he was a very universal genius. Perez, once secretary of state to Philip II. of Spain, dedicates his "Obras," first to "Nuestro sanctissimo Padre," and "Al Sacro Colegio," then follows one to "Henry IV.," and then one still more embracing, "A Todos."—Pulter, in his "Church History," has with admirable convenience introduced twelve title-pages, besides the general one, and as many particular dedications, and no less than fifty or sixty of those by inscriptions which are addressed to his benefactors; a circumstance which Mayhew to his severity did not

overlook, for "making his work bigger by forty sheets at the least, and he was so ambitious of the number of his patrons, that having but four leaves at the end of his History, he discovers a particular benediction to inscribe them to." This unlucky lady, the patroness of four leaves, Mayhew compares in Rodericus Regulus, who accepted the consular dignity for that part of the day on which Cecilia by a decree of the senate was degraded from it, which occasioned Regulus to be ridiculed by the people all his life after, as the consul of half a day.

The price for the dedication of a play was at length fixed, from five to ten guineas from the Revolution to the time of George I., when it rose to twenty, but sometimes a bargain was to be struck when the author and the play were alike indifferent. Sometimes the party haggled about the price, or the statue while stepping into his niche would turn round on the author to smelt his invention. A patron of Peter Motteux, disgusted with Peter's colder temperament, actually composed the superlative dedication to himself, and completed the mystery of the apparent author by subscribing it with his name. This circumstance was so notorious at the time, that it occasioned a satirical dialogue between Motteux and his patron Nottingham. The patron, in his zeal to omit no possible destruction that might attach to him, had given one circumstance which no one but himself could have known.

PATRON.

I must confess I was to blame,
That one particular to name;
The rest could never have been known,
I made the style so like thy own.

POET.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for that!

PATRON.

Why d— what would you be at?
I write below myself, you not!
Avoiding figures, tropes, what not;
For fear I should my fancy raise
Above the level of thy plays!

Warton notices the common practice, about the reign of Elizabeth, of an author's dedicating a work at once to a number of the nobility. Chapman's Translation of Homer has sixteen sonnets addressed to lords and ladies. Henry Loxh, in a collection of two hundred religious sonnets, mingles with such heavenly works the terrestrial composition of a number of sonnets to his noble patrons; and not to multiply more instances, our great poet Spenser, in compliance with the disgraceful custom, or rather in obedience to the established tyranny of patronage, has prefixed to the Faery Queen fifteen of these adulatory pieces, which in every respect are the meanest of his compositions. At this period also were, as well as writers, looked up to the peers, as on beings on whom smiles or frowns all tributary good and evil depended. At a much later period, Elizabethan little wit copies round to the chief party, for he wrote for both parties, accompanied by addresses to extort pecuniary presents in return. He had latterly one standard elegy, and one *Epithalamium*, printed off with blanks, which by ingeniously tiffing up with the printed names of any great



prison who died or was married, no one who was going out of his or was entering into it could pass unscathed.

One of the most singular anecdotes respecting *Dedications* in English bibliography is that of the Psalms Bible of Dr Castell. Cromwell, much to his honour, patronised that great labour, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties, both of excise and custom. It was published under the protectorate, but many copies had not been disposed of ere Charles II ascended the throne. Dr Castell had dedicated the work gratefully to Oliver, by mentioning him with peculiar respect in the preface, but he wavered with Richard Cromwell. At the Restoration, he cancelled the two last leaves, and supplied their places with three others, which lowered down the republican strains, and buried Oliver's name out of the book of life! The difference in what are now called the *republican* and the *loyal* copies have amused the curious collectors, and the former being very scarce are most sought after. I have seen the *republican* in the *loyal* copies the patrons of the work are mentioned, but their titles are essentially changed, *democraticians*, *illustrations*, and *monarchians*, were epithets that dared not show themselves under the smiling influence of the great *sanctus* republican.

It is a curious literary folly, not of an individual but of the Spanish nation, when the laws of Castile were reduced into a code under the reign of Alfonso X, nicknamed the Wise, divided the work into *crusade volumes*, that they might be dedicated to the *crusade letters* which formed the name of his majesty.

Never was a gaudy baby of adulation so examined with the soft pap of *Dedications* as Cardinal Richieu. French flattery even exceeded itself. Among the vast number of very extraordinary deeds ascribed to this man, in which the deity itself is supposed of its attributes to bestow them on this miserable creature of vanity, I suspect that even the following one is not the most blasphemous he received. "Who has seen your face without being seized by those infernal terms which made the prophets shudder when God showed the beams of his glory? But as he whom they dared not to approach in the burning bush, and in the noise of thunders, appeared to them sometimes in the freshness of the zephyr, so the influence of your august countenance dissipates at the same time, and changes into dew, the small vapours which cover its majesty." One of those herd of dedications, after the death of Richieu, appeared in a second edition his hyperbolic panegyric, and as a punishment to himself, dedicated the work to Jesus Christ!

The same taste characterises our own dedications on the reigns of Charles II and James II. The great Dryden has carried it to an excessive height, and nothing is more usual than to compare the poem with the *Divinity*—and at times a fair inference may be drawn that the former was more in the author's mind than God himself! A Welsh bishop made an apology to James I for preferring the *Deity*—to his Majesty! Burke has admirably observed on Dryden's extravagant dedications, that they were the victim of the time more than of the man; they were lauded with

flattery, and no disgrace was annexed to such an exercise of men's talents, the craziest being who should go farthest in the most graceful way, and with the best turns of expression.

An ingenious dedication was contrived by Sir Simon Dugge, who dedicated "The Puritan's Counsellor" to Woods, Bishop of Lichfield, with this intention. Dugge highly complimented the Bishop on having most nobly restored the church, which had been demolished in the civil wars, and was rebuilt but left unhurled by Bishop Hacket. At the time he wrote the dedication, Woods had not turned a single stone, and it is said, that much against his will he did something, from having been so publicly reminded of it by this trivial dedication.

PHILOSOPHICAL DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN once appeared to open a new route through the tattered groves of Parnassus. The poet, in a profusely of imagination, united all the minute accuracy of science. It is a highly repolished labour, and was in the mind and in the hand of its author for twenty years before its first publication. The excessive polish of the verse has appeared too high to be endured throughout a long composition; it is certain that, in poems of length, a verification, which is not too forced for lyrical composition, will weary by its brilliancy. Darwin, inasmuch as a rich philosophical fancy constitutes a poet, possesses the entire art of poetry, no one has carried the curious mechanism of verse and the artificial magic of poetical diction to a higher perfection. His volcanic head flashed with imagination, but his torpid heart slept unawakened by passion. His standard of poetry is by much too limited, he supposes that the essence of poetry is something of which a painter can make a picture. A picturesque term was with him a verse completely poetical. But the language of the passions has no connection with this principle, in truth, what he debases as poetry itself, is but one of its provinces. Deceived by his illusive standard, he has composed a poem which is perpetually false, and never passion. Hence his provincial splendour languishes, and his descriptive ingenuously ceases at length to be deficient in novelty, and all the miracles of art cannot supply us with one touch of nature.

Descriptive poetry should be relieved by a skilful intermixture of passages addressed to the heart as well as to the imagination uniform description creates, and has been considered in one of the inferior branches of poetry. Of this both Thomson and Goldsmith were unable. In their beautiful descriptive poems they knew the art of animating the pictures of *Nature* with the glow of *Sentiment*.

Whatever may be thought of the originality of Darwin's poem, it has been preceded by others of a congenial disposition. Brooker's poem on "Universal Beauty," published about 1715, presents us with the very model of Darwin's verification; and the Latin poem of De la Cruz in 1727, entitled "Commodus Florum," with his subject. There exists a race of poems which have hitherto been confined to one object, which the poet selected from

the works of nature, to embellish with all the splendour of poetic imagination. I have collected some titles.

Perhaps it is Homer, in his battle of the *Prægs* and *Mææ*, and *Vergil* in the poem on a *Goat*, attributed to him, who have given birth to those luxury poems. The *Imagines*, particularly when they compared in Latin verse, were partial to such subjects. There is a little poem on *Gold*, by P. Le Perre, distinguished for its elegance, and Brutoy has given the *Art of making Glass*, in which he has described his various productions with equal fidelity and knowledge. P. Vanere has written on *Papier*, Du Cerceau on *Butterflies*. The success which attended these productions produced numerous imitations, of which several were favourably received. Vanere composed three on the *Grass*, the *Intaglio*, and the *Artichoke Garden*. Another poet selected *Oranges* for his theme, others have chosen for their subjects, *Paper*, *Birds*, and *fresh-water Fish*. Tarillon has indulged his imagination with *gunpowder*, a modest grocer, delighted with the eastern pipe, sang of *Sharp*, one who was more pleased with another kind of pipe, has written on *Tobacco*, and a droll grocer wrote a poem on *Wine*. Two writers have formed didactic poems on the *Art of Engraving*, and on *Ships*.

Others have written on moral subjects. Brutoy has painted the *Passions*, with a variety of imagery and variety of description; P. Meyer has disserted on *Anger*. Tarillon, like our *Stillingfleet*, on the *Art of Conversation*, and a lively writer has discussed the subjects of *Honour* and *Shame*.

Guaristiani, an Italian Jesuit, celebrated for his Latin poetry, has composed two volumes of poems on *Fishing* and *Navigating*. Prætorius has written delicately on an indelicate subject, his *Ephedra*. Le Brun wrote a delightful poem on *Amour*, another writer on *Mineral Waters*, and a third on *Printing*. Vida pleases with his *Belshazzar* and his *Chorus*. Bochartus is mysterious with his *Apology*. Malapert has aspired to reach the *Winds*, the philosophic Huot amused himself with *Jail*, and again with *Yea*. The *Garden of Rape* is a short poem than critics grossly can write. Quillet's *Callipedia*, or *Art of getting handsome* Chaddre, has been translated by Rouse, and Du Pommier at length gratifies the connoisseur with his poem on *Painting*, by the embellishments which his verses have received from the poetic diction of Macon, and the commentary of Reynolds.

This list might be augmented with a few of our own poets, and there still remain some virgin themes which only require to be touched by the hand of a true poet. In the "Memoirs of Trévoux" they observe, in their review of the poem on *Gold*, "That poems of this kind have the advantage of instructing us very agreeably. All that has been most remarkably used on the subject is united, compressed in a luminous order, and dressed in all the agreeable graces of poetry. Such writers have no little difficulties to encounter: they give to an arid topic an agreeable form, and to a sterile subject without falling into another extreme—in the other kinds of poetry the matter presents and prompts genius; here we must possess an abundance to display it."

PAMPHLETS.

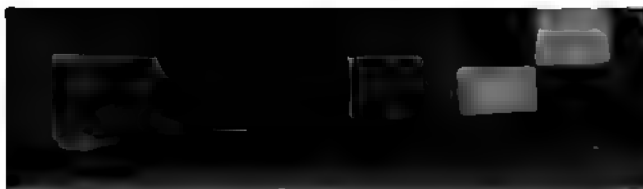
WILSON DAVIES'S "Iron Libeller, or a Critical History of Pamphlets," affords some curious information, and as this is a pamphlet-reading age, I shall give a sketch of its contents.

The author is at once serious and humorous in his preface. He there observes: "From Pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the fathoms of the ignorant, the defects of government, and the mistakes of the courtiers. Pamphlets furnish brains with their own, compare with their charms. Pamphlets are as modest ornaments to gentleman's society as to gentlemen's pockets; they carry reputation of wit and learning to all that make them their companions, the poor find them account in stall-keeping and in hawking them, the rich find in them their shrewd way to the secrets of church and state. There is scarce any class of people but may think themselves interested enough to be conversant with what is published in pamphlets, either as to their private instruction, curiosity, and reputation, or to the public advantage and credit; with all which both ancient and modern pamphlets are too often over-familiar and free. In short, with pamphlets the back-stairs and staircases adorn the party of shop-gazing. Notice accrues to grocers, apothecaries, and chandlers, good furniture, and supplies to numerous retreats and natural occasions. In pamphlets lessons will meet with their christianity, physicians with their rage, doctors with their shibboleth. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive, passions to gossips and coquette, chat to the talkative, catch-words to scholars, fuel to the curious, poison to the unfortunate, balms to the wounded; employment to the idle, and fabulous materials to romancers and novellists."

The author sketches the origin and rise of pamphlets. He deduces them from the short writings published by the Jewish Rabbins, various little pieces at the time of the first propagation of Christianity, and notices a certain pamphlet which was pretended to have been the composition of Jesus Christ, thrown from heaven, and sucked up by the archangel Michael at the entrance of Jerusalem. It was copied by the priest Leora, and sent about from point to point, till Pope Zachary ventured to pronounce it a forgery. He notices several such extraordinary publications, many of which produced an extraordinary effect.

He proceeds in noticing the first Asian and Popish pamphlets, or rather libels, i. e. little books, as he distinguishes them. He relates a curious anecdote respecting the indignities of the monks. Archbishop Usher directed in a manuscript of St. Patrick's life, pretended to have been found at Louvain, in an original of a very remote date, several passages taken, with little alteration, from his own writings.

The following notice of our immortal Pope I cannot pass over: "Another class of pamphlets were by Roman Catholics in that of *Poems*, written chiefly by a Pope himself, a gentleman of that name. He passed always amongst men of his acquaintance for what is commonly called a Whig;



for it seems the Roman politics are divided as well as Popish monasteries. However, one *Kedra*, an apothecary, as he qualifies himself, has published a paper and pamphlet against Mr Pope's *Essay of the Lord*, which he entitled *A Key to the Lord*, wherewith he pretends to unlock nothing less than a plot carried on by Mr. Pope in that poem against the last and this present monarchy and government.

He observes on *Armenia*,—" 'Tis not much to be questioned, but of all modern pamphlets what or wheresoever, the English *etched Armenians* be the most edifying, useful, and instructive, yet they could not escape the critical Mr. Bayle's notice. He says, 'Republique des Lettres,' March, 1710, in his article *London* 'We see here various warm daily from the press. Our eyes only behold reasons are you desirous of knowing the reason? It is, that the ministers being allowed to read these *Armenians* in the pulpit, say all they must wish, and take no other trouble than to read them, and thus pass for very able scholars at a very cheap rate."

He now begins more directly the history of pamphlets, which he branches out from four different etymologies. He says, "However through the word *Pamphlet* may appear, it is a genuine English word, rarely known or adopted in any other language: its pedigree cannot well be traced higher than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In its first state crumbled must have been its appearance, since the great linguist John Minslow, in his *Guide into Younger*, printed in 1617, gives it the most monstrous character of which any list can be capable. Mr. Minslow says (and his words were quoted by Lord Chief Justice Hob),

'A *Pamphlet*, that is *Opusculum Boleorum*, the diminutive performance of fools, from *sâs*, all, and *ephâs*, I fill, to wit, all pieces. According to the vulgar saying, all things are full of fools, or foolish things; for such multitudes of pamphlets, unworthy of the very name of libels, being more vile than common stories and the fifth of beggars, and being flying papers dashed over and besmeared with the foam of drunkenness, are tossed far and near into the mouths and hands of roundwits, neither will the sham oracles of Apollo be esteemed as necessary as a Pamphlet."

Those who will have the word to be derived from *Pan*, the famous name of Loos, do not differ much from Minslow: for the derivation of the word *Pan* is to all probability from *oâs*, all, or the whole or the chief of the game.

Under this first etymological notion of Pamphlets, may be comprehended the vulgar series of the Nine Worthies of the World, of the Seven Champions of Christendom, Tom Thumb, Valentine and Orson, &c., as also most of apocryphal hieroglyphics. The greatest collection of the first sort of Pamphlets are the Rabbinic traditions on folio, and the Popish legends of the Lives of the Saints, which, though not finished, form fifty folio volumes, of which tracts were originally in pamphlet form.

The second idea of the origin of the word *Pamphlet* is, that it taken its derivation from *pan*, all, and *philein*, I love, signifying a thing beloved by all; for a pamphlet being of a small portable form,

and of no great price, is adapted to every man's understanding and reading. In this class may be placed all printed books on various subjects, the best of which fugitive pieces have been generally preserved, and even reprinted in collections of some tracts, discourses, sermons, poems, &c.; and, on the contrary, bulky volumes have been reduced, for the convenience of the public, into the familiar shape of *etched pamphlets*. Both these methods have been thus censured by the majority of the *Armenian house of conversation* 1711. These abuses are thus represented: "They have republished, and collected into volumes, pieces written long ago on the side of infidelity. They have reprinted together in the most contracted manner, many loose and licentious pieces, in order to their being purchased more cheaply, and dispersed more easily."

The third original interpretation of the word Pamphlet may be that of the learned Dr. Skinner, in his *Synonymicon Linguae Anglicanae*, that it is derived from the Belgic word *Pamper*, signifying a little paper, or libel. To this third sort of Pamphlets may be reduced all sorts of printed single sheets, or half sheets, or any other quantity of single paper prints, such as Declarations, Remonstrances, Proclamations, Edicts, Orders, Instructions, Memorials, Addresses, Newspapers, &c.

The fourth radical signification of the word Pamphlet is that homogenous acceptance of it, viz., as it imports any little book, or small volume whatever, whether *etched* or bound, whether good or bad, whether serious or ludicrous. The only proper Latin term for a Pamphlet is *libellus*, or little book. This word indeed signifies in English an abusive paper or little book, and is generally taken in the worst sense.

After all this display of curious literature, the reader may smile at the guesses of Etymologists, particularly when he is reminded that the derivation of *Pamphlet* is drawn from quite another meaning to any of the present, by Johnson, which I shall give for his immediate gratification.

PAMPHLET [*par un fil*, Fr. Whence this word is written anciently, and by Causton, *pauplet*], a small book; properly a book sold unbound, and only *etched*.

The French have borrowed the word Pamphlet from us, and have the goodness of not disfiguring its orthography. *Reaumur* says in also on the same predicament. I conclude that Pamphlets and *Reaumur* have therefore their origin in our country.

I am favoured by Mr. Pinkerton with the following curious notice concerning pamphlets.

Of the etymology of *pamphlet* I know nothing, but that the word is far more ancient than is commonly believed, take the following proof from the celebrated *Palaemon*, ascribed to Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, but written by Robert Becket, at his desire, as Fabricius says, about the year 1266. *Palaemon Bibl. Medii Aevi*, Vol. I., it is in the eighth chapter.

"And reverte librorum cum libris multis, co-dicibusque plus dictis quam scriptis, ac paucis et aliquot phaleris pretiosis palmeris."

"But, indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we have manuscripts better than flowers; and we prefer small pamphlets to war-horses."

This word is as old as Lydgate's time: among *L's* works, quoted by Thomas Watson, is a poem "translated from a *poesie* in French."

LITTLE BOOKS.

MYLES DAVIES has given an opinion of the advantages of Little Books, with some wit and humour.

"The smallness of the size of a book was always its own commendation, as, on the contrary, the largeness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of learning. In short, a big book is a scarecrow in the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller, as well as a harbour of ignorance; hence the inaccessible mysteries of the unapproachable ignorance and superstition of the ancient heathens, degenerate Jews, and of the popish schoolmen, and canonists entrenched under the frightful bulk of huge, vast, and innumerable volumes, such as the great folio that the Jewish rabbins fancied in a dream was given by the angel Raphael to his pupil Adam, containing all the celestial sciences. And the volumes writ by Zimmerman, entitled *The Somnitude*, which is said to have taken up no more space than 1,200 hides of cattle as also the 25,000, or, as some say 30,000 volumes, besides 224 lesser sets, of his *The grammar and multitude of Aristotle* and Varro's books were both a prejudice to the author, and an hinderance to learning, and an occasion of the greatest part of them being lost. The largeness of Plutarch's treatises is a great cause of his being neglected, while Longinus and Spectator, in their pamphlet *Remains*, are every one's companions. (Pryn's 8,000 volumes, as Epiphanius will have it were not only the occasion of his venting more numerous errors, but also for the most part of their perdition.—Were it not for Ruchel's Elements, Hippocrates's Aphorisms, Justinian's Institutes, and Littleton's Tenures in small pamphlet volumes, young mathematicians, freshwater physicians, civilian lawyers, and *his apprentices in law & England*, would be at a loss and stand, and fatal discouragement. One of the greatest advantages the *Dupuy* has over *King Arthur* is its pamphlet size. So Boileau's *Lutrin*, and his other pamphlet poems, in respect of Perrault's and Chaplain's 84 *Parish* and *La Poirelle* *These* seem to pay a deference to the reader's quick and great understanding; *these* to improve his capacity, and to confine his time as well as his intellect."

Notwithstanding so much may be alleged in favour of books of a small size, yet the scholars of a former age regarded them with contempt. Scaliger, says Baillet, cavils with Drouus for the smallness of his books, and one of the great printers of the time (Moret, the successor of Plantin) complaining to the learned Puteanus, who was considered as the rival of Lipius, that his books were too small for sale, and that purchasers turned away, frightened at their diminutive size, Puteanus referred him to Plutarch, whose works consist of small treatises, but the printer took care at the comparison, and turned him out of his shop, for his vanity at pretending that he

wrote in any manner like Plutarch! a specimen thus of the politeness and reverence of the early printers for their learned authors! Jurieu reproaches Calaneo that he is a great author of little books.

At least, if a man is the author only of little books, he will escape the sarcastic observation of Cicero on a voluminous writer that "his body might be burned with his writings,"—of which we have had several, eminent for the worthlessness and magnitude of their *literary*.

It was the literary humour of a certain Marceus, who cheered the lounge of his patronage with the steam of a good dinner, to place his guests according to the size and thickness of the books they had printed. At the head of the table sat those who had published in *folio*, *foliisimo*; next the authors in *quarto*, then those in *octavo*. At that table Blackmore would have had the precedence of Gray Addison, who found this anecdote in one of the *Anais*, has seized this idea, and applied it with his facility of humour in No. 509 of the *Spectator*.

Montaigne's works have been called by a Cardinal, "*The Breviary of Idiots*." It is therefore the book for many men. Francis Osborne has a ludicrous image in favour of such opuscula. "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew fair, may prove them pieces of labour, but afford less of what is *delicate*, *service*, and *well-connected*, than smaller ones."

In the list of titles of minor works, which Antus Gellius has preserved, the lightness and beauty of such compositions are charmingly expressed. Among these we find—*a Basket of Flowers*, *an Embroidered Mantle*; and a *Variagated Meadow*.

A CATHOLIC'S REFUTATION.

In a religious book published by a fellow of the Society of Jesus, entitled, "*The Faith of a Catholic*," the author examines what concerns the incredulous Jews and other infidels. He would show that Jesus Christ, author of the religion which bears his name, did not impose on or deceive the Apostles whom he taught, that the Apostles who preached it did not deceive those who were converted, and that those who were converted did not deceive us. In proving these three not difficult propositions he says, he confounds "the *Atheist*, who does not believe in God, the *Pagan*, who adores several, the *Deist*, who believes in one God, but who rejects a particular Providence, the *Freeholder*, who presumes to serve God according to his fancy, without being attached to any religion; the *Philosopher*, who takes reason and not revelation for the rule of his belief, the *Centist*, who never having regarded the Jewish people as a chosen nation, does not believe God promised them a Messiah, and finally, the *Jew*, who refuses to adore the Messiah in the person of Christ."

I have given this sketch, as it serves for a singular Catalogue of *Heretics*.

It is rather singular that so late as in the year 1785, a work should have appeared in Paris, which bears the title I translate, "*The Christian Religion proved by a single fact*; or a dissertation in which

is shown that those *Catholici* of whom Hæmeric, King of the Vandals, cut the tongues, spoke unparadoxically all the remainder of their days. From whence is deduced the consequence of this miracle against the Ariani, the Sociniani, and the Deisti, and particularly against the author of *Æmilius*, by citing their difficulties. It bears this Epigraph: "*Ecce Ego admittam in faciem populi hunc, ut ostendeat grandis et stupenda*." There needs no further account of this book than the title.

THE GOOD ADVICE OF AN OLD LITERARY SINNER.

ACTRESS of moderate capacity have unceasingly harassed the public, and have at length been remembered only by the number of wretched volumes their unhappy industry has produced. Such an author was the Abbe de Marolles, the subject of this article, otherwise a most amiable and ingenious man, and the father of prose-collectors.

This Abbe was a most egregious scribbler; and so tormented with violent fits of printing, that he even printed lists and catalogues of his friends. I have even seen at the end of one of his works a list of names of those persons who had given him books. He printed his works at his own expense, as the bookellers had unanimously decreed this. Menage used to say of his works, "The reason why I esteem the productions of the Abbe is, for the singular neatness of their bindings, he embellishes them so beautifully, that the eye finds pleasure in them." On a book of his versions of the *Epigrams* of Martial, the Critic wrote, *Epigrams against Martial*. Lastly, for want of employment, our Abbe began a translation of the Bible, but having inserted the notes of the visionary Isaac de la Peyrere, the work was burnt by order of the ecclesiastical court. He was also an abundant writer in verse, and exultingly told a poet, that his verses cost him little. "They cost you what they are worth," replied the sarcastic critic. De Marolles in his *Memoirs* bitterly complains of the injustice done to him by his contemporaries, and says, that in spite of the little favour shown to him by the public, he has nevertheless published, by an accurate calculation, one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-four volumes! Yet this was not the heaviest of his literary sin. He is a proof that a translator may perfectly understand the language of his original, and yet produce an execrable translation.

In the early part of his life this unlucky author had not been without ambition; it was only when disappointed in his political projects that he resolved to devote himself to literature. As he was incapable of attempting original composition, he became known by his detestable versions. He wrote above eighty volumes, which have never found favour in the eyes of the critics, yet his translations are not without their use, though they never retain by any chance a single passage of the spirit of their originals.

The most remarkable anecdote respecting these translations is, that whenever the honest translator came to a difficult passage, he wrote in the margin,

"I have not translated this passage, because it is very difficult, and in truth I could never understand it." He persisted to the last in his unimpaired amusement of printing books, and his readers having long ceased, he was compelled to present them to his friends, who, probably, were not his readers. After a literary existence of forty years, he gave the public a work not destitute of entertainment in his own *Memoirs*, which he dedicated to his relations and all his illustrious friends. The vulgar postscript to his *Epistole* Dedictory contains excellent advice for authors.

"I have omitted to tell you, that I do not advise any one of my relatives or friends to apply himself as I have done to study, and particularly to the composition of books, if he thinks that will add to his fame or fortune. I am persuaded that of all persons in the kingdom, none are more neglected than those who devote themselves entirely to literature. The small number of successful persons in that class (at present I do not recollect more than two or three) should not impose on one's understanding, nor any consequence from them be drawn in favour of others. I know how it is by my own experience, and by that of several amongst you, as well as by many who are now so true, and with whom I was acquainted. Believe me, gentlemen, to pretend to the favours of fortune it is only necessary to render one's self useful, and to be supple and obsequious to those who are in possession of credit and authority, to be handsome in one's person, to adulate the powerful, to smile, while you suffer from them every kind of ridicule and contempt whenever they shall do you the honour to amuse themselves with you, never to be frightened at a thousand obstacles which may be opposed to one, have a face of beam and a heart of stone, insult worthy men who are persecuted, rarely venture to speak the truth, appear devout, with every true scrap of religion, while at the same time every duty must be abandoned when it clashes with your interest. After these any other accomplishment is indeed superfluous."

MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, FARCES, AND BOTTLES.

THE origin of the theatrical representations of the ancients has been traced back to a Circian brother singing in a cart to the honour of Bacchus. Our European exhibitions, perhaps as rude in their commencement, were likewise for a long time devoted to pious purposes, under the titles of *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, &c. Of these primordial compositions of the drama of modern Europe, I have collected some anecdotes and some specimens.

It appears that pilgrims introduced these devout spectacles. Those who returned from the Holy Land or other consecrated places composed canticles of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes of which Christ, the Apostles, and other objects of devotion, served as the themes. Menestrier informs us that these pilgrims travelled in trunks, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, with their staff in hand; while their chaplets and cloak,

covered with shells and images of various colours, formed a picturesque exhibition which at length earned the pity of the citizens to erect occasionally a stage on an extensive spot of ground. These spectacles served as the amusement and instruction of the people. So attractive were these gross exhibitions in the dark ages, that they formed one of the principal ornaments of the reception which was given to princes when they entered towns.

When the Mysteries were performed at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and frequently consisted of the ecclesiastics of the neighbouring villages, who incorporated themselves under the title of *Confrères de la Passion*. Their productions were divided, not into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were performed in the open place. This was at least conformable to the critical precept of that mad knight whose opinion is noticed by Pope. It appears by a MS. in the Harleian Library quoted by Warion, that they were thought to contribute as much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the Popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who reported peaceably to the plays performed in the Whitsun-week at Chenev, beginning with the "Creation," and ending with the "General Judgment." These were performed at the expense of the different corporations of that city, and the reader may smile at the ludicrous combinations. "The Creation" was performed by the Drapers, the "Deluge" by the Dyers; "Abraham, Melchisedech, and Lot," by the Barbers; "The Purification" by the Blacksmiths, "The Last Supper" by the Bakers; the "Resurrection" by the Skinners, and the "Ascension" by the Tailors. In these pieces the actors represented the person of the Almighty without being sensible of the gross impiety. So unskilful were they in this mimicry of the theatrical art, that very serious consequences were produced by their ridiculous blunders and ill-managed machinery. In the "History of the French Theatre," vol. ii. p. 285, the following singular anecdotes are preserved, concerning a Mystery which took up several days in the performance.

"In the year 1437, when Conrad Bayer, bishop of Metz, caused the Mystery of 'The Passion' to be represented on the plain of Venimel near that city, God was an old gentleman, named Mr. Nicholas Neukhatel of Tournay, curate of Saint Victory of Metz, and who was very near expiring on the cross had he not been timely assisted. He was so entangled, that it was agreed another priest should be placed on the cross the next day, to finish the representation if the person crucified, and who was done; at the same time the said Mr. Nicholas undertook to perform 'The Resurrection,' which being a less difficult task, he did it admirably well."—Another priest, whose name was Mr. John de Nucy, curate of Mettrange, personated Judas, and he had already been stifled while he hung on the tree, for his neck slipped, this being at length luckily perceived, he was quickly cut down and recovered.

John Boucher, in his "Annales d'Aquitaine," a work which contains many curious circumstances of the times, written with that agreeable simplicity which characterizes the old writers, informs us,

that in 1486 he saw played and exhibited in Mysteries by persons of Poitiers, "The Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ," in great triumph and splendour, there were assembled on this occasion most of the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbouring counties.

We will now examine the Mysteries themselves. I prefer for this purpose to give a specimen from the French, which are tridier than our own. It is necessary to premise to the reader, that my versions being in prose will probably lose much of that quaint expression and vulgar naïveté which prevail through the originals, written in octosyllabic verse.

One of these Mysteries has for its subject the election of an Apostle to supply the place of the traitor Judas. A dignity so awful is conferred in the meanest manner it is possible to conceive, it is done by drawing two straws, of which he who gets the longest becomes the Apostle. Louis Chocquet was a favourite compeer of these religious performances. When he attempts the pathetic, he has constantly recourse to deeds, but, as these characters are sustained with little propriety, his pathos succeeds in raising a laugh. In the following dialogue Anne and Caspius are introduced conversing about Saint Peter and Saint John.

"ANNE.

"I remember them once very honest people. They have often brought their fish to my house to sell.

"CASPIUS.

"Is this true?

"ANNE.

"By God, it is true; my servants remember them very well. To live more at their ease they have left off business; or perhaps they were in want of customers. Since that time they have followed Jesus, that wicked heretic, who has taught them magic, the fellow understands necromancy, and is the greatest magician alive, as far as Rome itself."

Saint John attacked by the catfishes of Domitian, amongst whom the author has placed Longinus and Patroclus, gives regular answers to their insulting interrogatories. Some of these I shall transcribe, but leave to the reader's conjecture the replies of the Saint, which are not difficult to anticipate.

"PARTHENIA.

"You tell us strange things, to my there is but one God in three persons.

"LONGINUS.

"Is it any where said that we must believe your old prophecies (with whom your memory seems overburdened) to be more perfect than our gods?

"PATROCLUS.

"You must be very cunning to maintain impossibilities. Now listen to me. Is it possible that a virgin can bring forth a child without ceasing to be a virgin?

"DOMITIAN.

"Will you not change these foolish sentiments?



MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, FARCES, AND SOTTIES.

111

Would you pervert us? Will you not convert yourself? Lords! you perceive now very clearly what an obstinate fellow this is! Therefore let him be stript and put into a great caldron of boiling oil. Let him die at the Latin Gate.

"PRAUNT.

"The great devil of hell fetch me, if I don't Latinise him well. Never shall they hear at the Latin Gate any one sing so well as he shall sing.

"TORNAR.

"I dare venture to say he won't complain of being frozen.

"PATROCLES.

"Frita, run quick; bring wood and coals, and make the caldron ready.

"FRITA.

"I promise him, if he has the gout or the itch, he will soon get rid of them."

St. John dies a perfect martyr, resigned to the boiling oil and gross jests of Patroclus and Longinus. One is astonished in the present times at the excessive absurdity and indeed blasphemy which the writers of these Moralities permitted themselves, and what is more extraordinary, were permitted by an audience consisting of a whole town. An extract from the "Mystery of Saint Dennis" is in the Duke de la Vallière's "Bibliothèque du Théâtre Français depuis son Origine. Dreisle, 1768."

The emperor Domitian, irritated against the Christians, persecutes them, and thus addresses one of his courtiers:—

"Seigneurs Romains, j'ai entendu
Que d'un crucifix d'un pendu,
On fait un Dieu par notre empire,
Sans ce qu'on le nous daigne dire."

Roman lords, I understand
That of a crucified hanged man
They make a God in our kingdom,
Without even deigning to ask our permission.

He then orders an officer to seize on Dennis in France. When this officer arrives at Paris, the inhabitants acquaint him of the rapid and grotesque progress of this future saint:—

"Sire, il preche un Dieu à Paris
Qui fait tous les moulins et les vauls.
Il va à cheval sans chevaux.
Il fait et défait tout ensemble.
Il vit, il meurt, il sue, il tremble.
Il pleure, il vit, il veille, et dort
Il est jeune et vieux, foible et forte.
Il fait d'un coq une poulette.
Il joue des arts de roulette,
Ou je ne sçais que ce peut être."

Sir, he preaches a God at Paris
Who has made mountain and valley.
He goes a horseback without horses.
He does and undoes at once.
He lives, he dies, he sweats, he trembles.
He weeps, he laughs, he wakes and sleeps.
He is young and old, weak and strong.
He turns a cock into a hen.
He knows how to conjure with cup and ball,
Or I do not know who this can be.

Another of these admirers says, evidently alluding to the rite of baptism.

"Sire, over que l'air ce tel preste.
Il prend de l'eau en une escuelle,
Et jete aux gens sur la cervelle,
Et dit que parlant, sont sautes."

Sir, hear what this mad priest does
He takes water out of a ladle,
And, throwing it at people's heads,
He says that when they depart, they are saved!

This piece then proceeds to entertain the spectators with the tortures of St. Dennis, and at length, when more than dead, they mercifully behead him. The saint, after his decapitation, rises very quietly, takes his head under his arm, and walks off the stage in all the dignity of martyrdom.

It is justly observed by Bayle on these wretched representations, that while they prohibited the people from meditating on the sacred history in the book which contains it in all its purity and truth, they permitted them to see it on the theatre sullied with a thousand gross inventions, which were expressed in the most vulgar manner and in a farcical style. Marston, with his usual elegance, observes,—"To those who are accustomed to contemplate the great picture of human foibles which the unpolished ages of Europe hold up to our view, it will not appear surprising that the people who were forbidden to read the events of the sacred history in the Bible, in which they are faithfully and beautifully related, should at the same time be permitted to see them represented on the stage disgraced with the grossest impurities, corrupted with inventions and additions of the most ridiculous kind, sullied with impurities, and expressed in the language and gesticulations of the lowest farce." Elsewhere he philosophically observes, that however, they had their use; "not only teaching the great truths of scripture to men who could not read the Bible, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement. Rude, and even ridiculous as they were, they softened the manners of the people by diverting the public attention to spectacles in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than those of bodily strength and savage valour."

Mysteries are to be distinguished from Moralities, and Farces, and Sotties. Moralities are dialogues where the interlocutors represented, dressed up allegorical personages. Farces were more exactly what their title indicates; obscene, gross, and absolute representations, where both the actions and words are alike reprehensible.

The Sotties were more farcical than farces, and frequently had the licentiousness of jests and quibbles. I shall give an ingenious specimen of one of the Moralities. This Morality is entitled "The Condemnation of Feasts, in the Praise of Diet and Sobriety for the Benefit of the Human Race."

The perils of gorging form the general subject. Towards the close is a trial between Feasting and Supper. They are summoned before Reason, the Lord Chief Justice! Feasting and Supper are

accused of having murdered four persons by force of gorging them. *Experience* condemns *Feasting* to the gallows, and his executioner is *Dut*. *Feasting* asks for a father confessor, and makes a public confession of so many crimes, such numerous convulsions, apoplexies, head-aches, stomach-qualms, &c., which he has occasioned, that his executioner *Dut* in a rage stops his mouth, puts the cord about his neck, and strangles him. *Supper* is only condemned to load his hands with a certain quantity of lead, to hinder him from putting too many dishes on table: he is also bound over not to approach *Dinner* too near, and to be placed at the distance of six hours' walking under pain of death. *Supper* felicitates himself on his escape, and swears to observe with scrupulous exactness the mitigated sentence.

The *MORALITIES* were allegorical dramas, whose tediousness seems to have delighted a barbarous people not yet accustomed to perceive that what was obvious might be omitted to great advantage like children, everything must be told in such an age: their own unexercised imagination cannot supply anything.

Of the *FARCES* the licentiousness is extreme, but their pleasantry and their humour are not contemptible. The "Village Lawyer," which is never exhibited on our stage without producing the broadest mirth, originates among these ancient droppings. The humorous incident of the shepherd, who having stolen his master's sheep, is advised by his lawyer only to reply to his judge by mimicking the baying of a sheep, and when the lawyer in return claims his fee, pays him by no other coin, is discovered in these ancient farces. *Braves* got up the ancient farce of the "Patein" in 1702, and we borrowed it from him.

They had another species of drama still broader than farce, and more strongly featured by the grossness, the severity, and personality of satire: these were called *Sotties*, of which the following one I find in the Duke de la Valliere's "Bibliothèque du Théâtre Français."

The actors come on the stage with their fool's-caps each wanting the right ear, and begin with stringing satirical proverbs, till after drinking freely, they discover that the fool's-caps want the right ear. They call on their old grandmother *Sottie* or *Folly*, who advises them to take up some trade. She introduces the progeny of her fools to the *World*, who takes them into his service. The *World* tries their skill, and is much displeased with their work. The *Cobbler* too pinches his feet by making the shoes too small, the *Tanner* fool hangs his coat too loose or too tight about him, the *Farrier*-fool says his masses either too short or too tedious. They all agree that the *World* does not know what he wants, and must be sick, and prevail upon him to get some advice from a physician. The *World* obligingly sends what is required to an *Urine*-doctor, who instantly pronounces that "the *World* is as mad as a March hare." He comes to visit his patient, and puts a great many questions on his unhappy state. The *World* replies, "that what most troubles his head is the idea of a new deluge by fire, which must one day consume him to a powder, on which the Physician gives this answer:

"Et te troubles-tu pour cela?
Monde, tu ne te troubles pas
De voir ce farceur attrapés
Vendre et acheter benéces,
Les enfans en bras des Nourrices
Être Abbés, Evêques, Prêtres,
Chevaucher très bien les deux sexes,
Tuer les gens pour leurs plaisirs,
Jouer le leur, l'autrui saisir,
Donner aux flatteurs audience,
Faire la guerre à toute outrance
Pour un rien entre les Chrétiens!"

And you really trouble yourself about this?
Oh *World*! you do not trouble yourself about
Seeing those impudent rascals
Selling and buying livings,
Children in the arms of their nurses
Made Abbots, Bishops, and Priests,
Intriguing with girls,
Killing people for their pleasures,
Slandering their own interests, and seizing on what
belongs to another,
Lending their ears to flatterers,
Making war, exterminating war,
For a bubble, among Christians!

The *World* takes leave of his physician, but retains his advice, and to cure his fits of melancholy gives himself up entirely to the direction of his fools. In a word, the *World* dresses himself in the coat and cap of *Folly*, and he becomes as gay and as ridiculous as the rest of the fools.

This *Sottie* was represented in the year 1524. Such was the rage for *Mysteries*, that *René d'Anjou*, King of Naples and Sicily, and Count of Provence, had them represented with all possible magnificence and made them a very serious occupation. Being in Provence, and having received letters from his son the Prince of Castile, who asked him for an immediate aid of men, he replied, that he had a very different matter in hand, for he was fully employed in setting the order of a *Mystery* in honour of God.

Mr. Strutt, in his "Manners and Customs of the English," has given a description of the stage in England when *Mysteries* were the only theatrical performances. Vol. iii. p. 130.

In the early dawn of literature, and when the sacred *Mysteries* were the only theatrical performances, what is now called the stage did then consist of three several platforms or stages raised one above another. On the uppermost sat the *Father* *celeste* surrounded with his Angels; on the second appeared the Holy Saints, and glorified men; and the last and lowest was occupied by mere men who had not yet passed from this transitory life to the regions of eternity. On one side of this lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark pitchy cavern from whence issued appearance of fire and flames, and when it was necessary, the audience were treated with hideous yellings and noises as imitative of the howlings and cries of the wretched souls tormented by the relentless demons. From this yawning cave the devils themselves constantly ascended to delight and to instruct the spectators:—to delight, because they were usually the greatest jesters and buffoons that then appeared, and to instruct, for that they treated the wretched mortals who were delivered



LOVE AND FOLLY, AN ANCIENT MORALITY, &c.

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to them with the utmost cruelty, warning thereby all men carefully to avoid the falling into the clutches of such hardened and remorseless spirits." An anecdote relating to an English Mystery presents a curious specimen of the manners of our country, which then could admit of such a representation, (the simplicity, if not the libertinism, of the age was great). A play was acted in one of the principal cities of England, under the direction of the trading companies of that city, before a numerous assembly of both sexes, wherein *Adam* and *Eve* appeared on the stage entirely naked, performed their whole part in the representation of Eden, to the extent's temptation, to the eating of the forbidden fruit, the perceiving of, and covering about their nakedness, and in the supplying of fig-leaves to cover it. Marten observes they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of Genesis. The following article will afford the reader a specimen of an *Elegant Morality*.

LOVE AND FOLLY, AN ANCIENT MORALITY.

One of the most elegant Moralities was composed by Louise L'Abbé; the *Asopos* of Lyons in 1550, adorned by her contemporaries. With no extraordinary beauty, she however displayed the fascination of classical learning, and a vein of peculiar poetry refined and fanciful. To accomplishments so various she added the singular one of distinguishing herself by a military spirit, and was nicknamed Captain Louise. She was a hinderer and a fine intriguer. She presided in the assemblies of persons of literature and distinction married to a rope-manufacturer, she was called *La belle Cordière*, and her name is still perpetuated by that of the street she lived in. Her anagram was *Belle à Roy*.—But she was *belle* also for others. Her *Morality* in one point were not correct, but her taste was never gross: the ashes of her pen-habitable graces may preserve themselves sacred from our severity; but the productions of her genius may still delight.

Her *Morality* entitled "*Débat de Folie et d'Amour*—The contest of Love and Folly," is divided into five parts, and contains six mythological or allegorical personages. This division resembles our five acts, which, soon after the publication of this *Morality*, became generally practised.

In the first part, *Love* and *Folly* arrive at the same moment at the gate of Jupiter's palace, to a festival to which he had invited the gods. *Folly* observing *Love* just going to step in at the hall of the festival, pushes him away and enters in first. *Love* is enraged, but *Folly* insists on her precedence. *Love*, perceiving there was no reasoning with *Folly*, brands him now and shoots an arrow; but she baffled his attempt by rendering herself invulnerable. She in her turn becomes furious, falls on the boy, tearing out his eyes, and then covers them with a bandage, which could not be taken off.

In the second part, *Love*, in despair for having lost his sight, implores the assistance of his mother; she tries in vain to undo the magic knot, the knots are never to be untied.

In the third part, *Venus* presents herself at the foot of the throne of Jupiter to complain of the outrage committed by *Folly* on her son. Jupiter commands *Folly* to appear. She replies, that though she has reasons to justify herself, she will not venture to plead her cause, as she is apt to speak too much, or to omit what is material. *Folly* asks for a counsellor, and chooses *Mercury*; *Apollo* is selected by *Venus*. The fourth part consists of a long dissertation between Jupiter and *Love*, on the manner of loving. *Love* advises Jupiter, if he wishes to taste of truest happiness, to descend on earth, to lay down all his majesty and pomp, and, in the guise of a mere mortal, to seek in give pleasure to some beautiful maiden. "Then wilt thou feel quite another contentment than that thou hast hitherto enjoyed: instead of a single pleasure it will be doubled, for there is as much pleasure to be loved, as to love." Jupiter agrees that this may be true, but he thinks that to attain to this it requires too much time, too much trouble, too many attentions,—and that after all it is not worth them.

In the fifth part, *Apollo*, the advocate for *Venus*, in a long pleading demands justice against *Folly*. The gods, seduced by his eloquence, show by their indignation that they would condemn *Folly* without hearing her advocate *Mercury*. But Jupiter commands silence, and *Mercury* replies. His pleading is as long as the adverse party's, and his arguments in favour of *Folly* are so plausible, that when he concludes his address the gods are divided in opinion, some espouse the cause of *Love*, and some that of *Folly*. Jupiter, after trying in vain to make them agree together, pronounces this award:

"On account of the difficulty and importance of your dispute and the diversity of your opinions, we have suspended your contest from this day to three times seven times nine centuries. In the mean time we command you to live amicably together, without injuring one another. *Folly* shall lead *Love*, and take him whithersoever he pleases; and when restored to his sight, after consulting the fates, sentence shall be pronounced."

Many beautiful conceptions are scattered in this elegant *Morality*. It has given birth to subsequent imitations, it was too original and playful an idea not to be appropriated by the poets. To this *Morality* we perhaps owe the imagery of *Folly* by *Arminius*, and the *Love and Folly* of *La Fontaine*.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS

I SHALL notice a class of very singular works, in which the spirit of romance has been called in to render religion more attractive to certain heated imaginations.

In the fifteenth century was published a little book of prayers, accompanied by figures, both of

a very uncommon nature for a religious publication. It offers too curious objects to be passed over in silence. It is entitled *Miroir de l'âme, ou Oratoire des âmes en paradis qui se glorifient de leur non habiter*.

It is a small octavo in letters Gothic printed by John Gruninger, 1800. "A garden," says the author, "which abounds with flowers for the pleasure of the soul," but Marchand tells us they are full of poisons. In spite of his fine premium, the chief part of these meditations are as poetic as they are superstitious. Thus we might excuse, because the ignorance and superstition of the times allowed such things, but the *Agaves* which accompany the work are to be condemned in all ages, one represents Saint Ursula and some of her eleven thousand virgins, with all the licentious inventions of an Arabian. What strikes the ear does not so much irritate the sense, observes the sage Norace, as what is presented to all its nobility to the eye. One of these designs is only ridiculous. David is represented in examining Bathsheba bathing, while Cupid hovering round him throws his dart, and with a malicious smile triumphs in his success. We have had many gross and strange designs like this. There is a laughable picture in a village in Holland, in which Abraham appears ready to sacrifice his son Isaac by a loaded blunderbuss, but his pious intention is entirely frustrated by an angel arising in the just. Something similar is the design of another painting, in which the Virgin receives the announcement of the angel Gabriel with a huge chaplet of beads tied round her waist, reading her own office, and kneeling before a crucifix, or, like another happy invention to be seen on an altar-piece at Worms, in which the Virgin shows Jesus in the hopper of a mill, while from the other side he rises, changed into little morsels of bread with which the priests feed the people. Matthiessen, a modern traveller, describes a picture in a church at Constance, called the Conception of the holy Virgin. An old man lies on a cloud, whence he darts out a vast beam, which passes through a dove hovering just below, at the end of a beam appears a large transparent egg, in which egg is seen a child in swaddling clothes with a glory round it. Mary was leaning in an arm chair, and opens her mouth to receive the egg.

I must not pass unnoticed in this article a production as extravagant in its design, in which the author prided himself in discussing three thousand questions concerning his favourite Lady Mary.

The publication now adverted to was not presented to the world in a barbarous age and in a barbarous country, but printed at Paris in 1666. It bears for title, *Devote Solatation des Membres secrets du Corps de la Glorieuse Vierge, Mère de Dieu*. That is, "A Devout Solatation of the Holy Members of the Body of the Glorious Virgin, Mother of God." It was printed and published with an approbation and privilege, which is more strange than the work itself. What reproaches it in their just terms. "What would Innocent XI have done, after having abolished the shameful titles of the Conception, Indulgence, &c., if he had seen a volume in which the impudent devotion of that visionary monk seemed to be printed, with permission of his superiors, Modern-

isms on all the Parts of the Body of the Holy Virgin! Religion, decency, and good sense, are they not alike wounded by such an extravagance?" In the *Journal des Savans*, for December, 1705, I had a specimen of these *solatations*. They have preserved the most decent ones, in which this fanatic salutes the hair and the ears of the holy Virgin.

Solatation to the Hair.

"I salute you, charming hair of Maria! Rays of the mystical sun! Lines of the centre and circumference of all created perfection! Vortex of gold of the mine of love! Chorus of the prison of God! Room of the time of life! Remnants of the fountain of Paradise! Strips of the bow of charity! Nets that caught Jem, and shall be used in the hunting-day of souls!"

Solatation to the Ears.

"I salute ye, sweetest ears of Maria! Ye presidents of the princes of the poor! Tribunal for their petitions; salvation of the audience of the miserable! University of all divine wisdom! Receivers general of all words! Ye are pierced with the reign of our chains; ye are impasted with our secretions!"

The images, prints, and miniatures, with which the Catholic religion has occasion to decorate its splendid ceremonies, have frequently been consecrated to the purposes of love: they have been so many secret offerings worthy to have been suspended in the temple of Idols. Pope Alexander VI had the image of the Virgin made to represent some of his mistresses, the famous Vanessa, his favourite, was placed on the altar of Santa Maria del Popolo, and Julia Palmer furnished a subject for another Virgin. The same genus of pious gallantry also visited our country. The statues made the queen of Henry III a model for the face of the Virgin Mary. Menour elsewhere affirms, that the Virgin Mary was generally made to bear a resemblance to the queens of the age, which, no doubt, produced some real devotion in the courtiers.

The prayer-books of certain pious libertines were decorated with the portraits of their favourite mistresses and ladies in the characters of saints, and even of the Virgin and Jesus. This scandalous practice was particularly prevalent in that reign of debauchery in France, when Henry III held the reins of government with a loose hand. In a mural once appertaining to the queen of Lenx XII may be seen a mistreated age, giving its benediction to a man prostrate before it, a turn reproach to the clergy of that day. Charles V., however pious that emperor affected to be, had a mural painted for his mistress by the great Albert Durer, the borders of which are crowded with extravagant grotesques, consisting of men, who were sometimes elegantly attired, giving children to one another, and in many much more offensive attitudes, not adapted to heighten the piety of the Royal Mistress. This mural has two French verses written by the Emperor himself, who does not seem to have been ashamed of his present. The Italians carried this taste to excess. The manners of our country were more rarely tainted with this



deplorable deterioration, although I have observed an innocent tendency towards it, by examining the illuminated manuscripts of our ancient metrical romances, which we admire the vivid colouring of these splendid manuscripts, the curious observer will perceive that almost every heroine is represented in a state which appears incompatible with her reputation for chastity. Most of these works are, I believe, of French origin.

A good supplement might be formed to religious instruction from the Golden Legend, which thousands in them Henry Stephens's Apology for Hieronymus might be likewise consulted with effect for the same purpose. There is a story of St. Mary the Egyptian, who was perhaps a better lover than Mary Magdalen; for not being able to pay for her passage to Jerusalem, whether she was going to adore the holy cross and sepulchre, or amidst the thought of an expedition in her payment to the ferryman, which required at least going twice, instead of once, to Jerusalem as a penitential pilgrimage. This anecdote presents the genuine character of certain devotees, who would have formed accomplished Methodists.

Bechamel Inghelster, a Jesuit, published a book to vindicate the conduct of a letter which the Virgin Mary had addressed to the citizens of Meaux, when Rando brought him positive proof of an evident forgery. Inghelster indignantly confessed that he knew it was an imposture, but that he had done it by the order of his superior.

This same letter of the Virgin Mary was like a diamond made to her by Louis the Eleventh of the whole county of Boulogne retaining, however, for its own use the revenue. This curious act he was the date of the year 1478, and it entitled "Concedance of Louis the Eleventh to the Virgin of Boulogne, of the right and title of the heiress and heiress of the county of Boulogne, which is held by the Count of Flanders, to render a faithful account before the image of the said lady."

Maria Agreda, a religious visionary, wrote the *Life of the Virgin*. She informs us that she received the commands of God and the holy Mary till the year 1627, when she began to compose this curious (chapbook). When she had finished this original production, her confessor advised her to burn it, she obeyed his friendly counsel, however, who did not think her less inspired than she informed them she was, advised her to re-write the work. When printed it spread rapidly from country to country, new editions appeared at London, Madrid, Perpignan, and Antwerp. It was the root of Sharon for those christians. There are so many pious observations in this book which were found to give such pleasure to the devout, that it was eventually banished with the remains of the Sorbonne, and it spread the more.

The head of this lady was quite formed by her virgin. In the first six chapters she relates the vision of the Virgin, which induced her to write her own life. She begins the history of her own life, as it may be expressed, for she has formed a narrative of what passed during the nine months in which the Virgin was confined in the womb of her mother, St. Anne. After the birth of Mary she received an augmentation of angelic guards; we have several conversations which God held with the Virgin during the first eighteen months after

her birth. And it is in this manner she formed a circulating net of, which delighted the female devotion of the seventeenth century.

The worship paid to the Virgin Mary in Spain and Italy exceeds that which is given to the Son or the Father. When they gaze on Mary, their imagination pictures a beautiful woman, they really see a person; while Jesus is only regarded as a *divine*, or infant at the breast, and the Father is hardly ever recollecting, but the Madonna, *la Señora, la Maria Santa*, while she inspires their religious inclinations, is a mother to those who have none.

Of similar works there exists an entire race, and the library of the curious may yet preserve a shelf of these religious superstitions. The Jesuits were the usual authors of these chapbooks. I had an account of a book which pretends to describe what passes in Paradise. A Spanish Jesuit published at Salamanca, a volume in 1610, 1612, entitled *Empyreum*. He dwells with great complacency on the joys of the celestial abode; these joys will be more in heaven with material instruments as our ears are already accustomed to otherwise he thinks the celestial music would not be music for us! But another Jesuit was more particular in his accounts. He positively assures us that we shall experience a supreme pleasure in knowing and embracing the bodies of the blessed; this will take in the pleasure of each other, and for this purpose there are most agreeable baths to which we shall soon like to go; that we shall all warble as sweetly as Larks and nightingales; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, they have curled, wearing petticoats and lardergales, and with the sweet lozen, that men and women will assume themselves in monkshoods, veils, and hails. — Women will sing more agreeably than men to each other's entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more instant friends, surrounded with ribbons and head-dresses as in this life!

Such were the books once so devoutly studied, and which doubtless were often liberally under-sold. How very bold must the minds of the Jesuits have been, and how very hostile those of their readers, that such extravagances should ever be published! And yet, even to the time in which I am now writing, even at this day, the same picturesque and unimpaired period is employed by the modern Apostles of Missoni — the Predestinarians, — the Moravians, — the Methodists!

I had an account of another book of this class, ridiculous enough to be noticed. It has for title, "The Spiritual Calendar, composed of many Madrigals or Sonnets and Epigrams as there are days in the year, written for the consolation of the pious and the curious. By Father G. Corradi, Austin Preacher at Bergamo, 1669." It gave a notion of this singular superstition (take an Epigram addressed to a Jesuit, who, young as he was, used to put upon under his shirt to mortify the enter man! The Calendar-part does give a proof to these quips.

Il ne pourra donc plus ni ruer ni haïr
Sans le rude Espiron dont le son lui supplie;
Qui est jamais tri arriere,
De piquer un chetif pour le mieux rebouter!

Yours own hand will reach the work;
The point of the spur must eternally prick;
Whoever contrived a thing with such skill,
To keep spurring a horse to make him stand still!

One of the most extravagant works projected on the subject of the Virgin Mary appears to be the following one. The prior of a convent in Paris had reiteratedly entreated Varillas the historian to examine a work composed by one of his monks; and of which—not being himself addicted to letters—he wished to be governed by his opinion. Varillas at length yielded to the entreaties of the prior; and to regale the critic, they laid on two tables for his inspection seven enormous volumes in folio!

This rather disheartened our reviewer: but greater was his astonishment, when, having opened the first volume, he found its title to be *Summa Dei-paræ*, and as Saint Thomas had made a *Sum*, or System of Theology, so our monk had formed a *System* of the *Virgin*. He immediately comprehended the design of our good father, who had laboured on this work full thirty years, and who boasted he had treated *Three Thousand* Questions concerning the Virgin; of which he flattered himself not a single one had ever yet been imagined by any one but himself!

Perhaps a more extraordinary design was never known. Varillas, pressed to give his judgment on this work, advised the prior with great prudence and good-nature to amuse the honest old monk with the hope of printing these seven folios, but always to start some new difficulties; for it would be inhuman to give so deep a chagrin to a man who had reached his 74th year, as to inform him of the nature of his favourite occupations; and that after his death he should throw the seven folios into the fire.

"CRITICAL SAGACITY," AND "HAPPY CONJECTURE;" OR, BENTLEY'S MILTON.

—BENTLEY, long to wrangling schools confined,

And but by books acquainted with mankind—
To MILTON lending sense, to HORACE wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ.

DR. BENTLEY'S edition of our English Homer is sufficiently known by name. As it stands a terrifying beacon to conjectural criticism, I shall just notice some of those violations which the learned critic ventured to commit with all the arrogance of a Scaliger. This man so deeply versed in ancient learning it will appear was destitute of taste and genius in his native language.

It was an unfortunate ingenuity in our critic, when, to persuade the world of the necessity of his edition, he imagined a fictitious editor of Milton's Poems: for it was this ingenuity which produced all his absurdities. As it is certain that the blind bard employed an amanuensis, it was not improbable that many words of similar sound, but very different signification, might have disfigured the poem; but our Doctor was bold enough to conjecture that this amanuensis interpolated whole

verses of his own composition on the "Paradise Lost." Having laid down this false position, all the consequences of his folly naturally followed it. Yet if we must conjecture, the more probable one will be, that Milton, who was never careless of his future fame, had his poem read to him after it had been published. The first edition appeared in 1667, and the second in 1674, in which all the faults of the former edition are continued. By these faults, the Doctor means what he considers to be such: for we shall soon see that his "Canons of Criticism" are apocryphal.

Bentley says that he will supply the want of manuscripts to collate (to use his own words) by his own "SAGACITY," and "HAPPY CONJECTURE."

Milton, after the conclusion of Satan's speech to the fallen angels, proceeds thus:

1. He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
2. Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
3. Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
4. Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
5. Against the Highest; and fierce with grasped ARMS
6. Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
7. Hurling defiance tow'rd the VAULT of Heaven.

In this passage, which is as perfect as human wit can make, the Doctor alters three words. In the second line he puts *blades* instead of *swords*; in the fifth he puts *swords* instead of *arms*; and in the last line he prefers *walls* to *vault*. All these changes are so many deforations of the poem. The word *swords* is far more poetical than *blades*, which may as well be understood of *knives* as *swords*. The word *arms*, the generic for the specific term, is still stronger and nobler than *swords*; and the beautiful conception of *vault*, which is always indefinite to the eye, while the solidity of *walls* would but meanly describe the highest Heaven, gives an idea of grandeur and majesty.

Milton writes, book i. v. 63,

No light, but rather DARKNESS VISIBLE
Served only to discover sights of woe.

Perhaps borrowed from Spenser:

A little glooming light, much like a shade.
Faery Queen, B. i. C. i. St. 14.

This fine expression of "DARKNESS VISIBLE" the Doctor's critical sagacity has thus rendered clearer:—

"No light, but rather A TRANSPICUOUS GLOOM."

Again our learned critic distinguishes the 74th line of the first book:—

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole,
as "a vicious verse," and therefore with "happy conjecture," and no taste, thrusts in an entire verse of his own composition—

"DISTANCE, WHICH TO EXPRESS ALL MEASURE
FAILS."

Milton writes,

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements.

B. ii. ver. 274.

"THOMAS CROMWELL hurried the state of Oshander. As Henry VIII. detested married priests, Cromwell kept this second marriage in profound secrecy. This action serves to show the character of this great reformer, who is the hero of Borneet, whose history is so much esteemed in England. What blindness to support him an Athanasius who was at once a Lutheran secretly married, a consecrated archbishop under the Roman pontiff, whose power he detested, saying the mass in which he did not believe, and granting a power to say it! The divine vengeance burst on this sycophantic courtier, who had always prostituted his conscience to his fortune."

Their character of Luther is quite Lutheran in one sense, for Luther was himself a stranger to moderate strictures.

"The furious LUTHER, perceiving himself assailed by the credit of several princes, broke loose against the church with the most inveterate rage, and rung the most terrible alarm against the pope. According to him we should have set fire to everything, and reduced to one heap of ashes the pope and the princes who supported him. Nothing equals the rage of this phœnician man, who was not satisfied with exalting his fury in horrid declamations, but who was for putting all in practice. He raised his excrement to the height by inveighing against the row of chastity, and in marrying publicly Catherine de Sore, a nun, whom he enticed with eight others from their convents. He had prepared the minds of the people for this infamous proceeding by a treatise which he entitled 'Examples of the Popistical Doctrine and Theology.' In which he condemns the precept which all the monks had given in confidence. He died at length quietly enough, in 1546, at Witten, his country-place. God reserving the terrible effects of his vengeance to another life."

Cromwell, who perished at the stake, these fanatic religious proclamations as an example of "divine vengeance," but Luther, the true parent of the Reformation, "died quietly enough at Witten," this must have puzzled their mode of reasoning, but they ratified themselves out of the dilemma by the usual way. Their curses are never what the lawyers call "lapsed legacies."

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS.

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation to describe the difficulties which some of our most favourite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press. Sterne, when he had finished his first and second volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds; but was refused. He came to town with his ms., and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner of which neither repented.

The *Review*, with all its merit, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success. Burns's *Justice* was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the ms., for a trifle, and which

now yields an annual income. Collins burnt his Ode before the door of his publisher. The publication of Dr Blair's *Sermons* was refused by Strokin, and the "Essay on the Immutability of Truth," by Dr Beattie, could find no publisher, and was printed by two friends of the author, at their joint expense.

"The *Sermon in Tristram Shandy*" (says Sterne in his preface to his *Sermons*) "was printed by itself some years ago, but could find neither purchasers nor readers." When it was inserted in his eccentric work, it met with a most favourable reception, and occasioned the others to be collected.

Joseph Warton writes, "When Gray published his exquisite Ode on Sten College, his first publication, little notice was taken of it." The Poireux of Cornville, which is now accounted to be his masterpiece, when he read it to the literary assembly held at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, was not approved. Voltaire came the next day, and in gentle terms acquainted him with the unfavourable opinion of the critics. Such ill judges were then the most fashionable wits of France.

It was with great difficulty that Mrs Centlivre could get her "Bury Body" performed. With three down his part with an oath of detestation.

Our comic authorism fell on her knees and wept—Her tears, and not her wit, prevailed.

A pamphlet published in the year 1738, entitled "A Letter to the Society of Bookkeepers, on the Method of forming a true Judgment of the Manuscripts of Authors," contains some curious literary intelligence, and is as follows—

"We have known books," says our writer, "that in the 16th. have been damned, as well as others which seem to be so, since, after their appearance in the world, they have often been neglected. Witness the 'Paradise Lost' of the famous Milton, and the *Optics* of Sir Isaac Newton, which last, 'tis said, had no character or credit here till noticed in France. 'The Historical Connection of the Old and New Testament,' by Shuckford, is also reported to have been seldom inquired after for about a twelvemonth's time; however it made a shift, though not without some difficulty, to creep up to a second edition, and afterwards even to a third. And, which is another remarkable instance, the manuscript of Dr Prideaux's 'Connection' is well known to have been bandied about from hand to hand, among several, at least five or six of the most eminent bookkeepers, during the space of at least two years, to no purpose, none of them undertaking to print that excellent work. It lay in obscurity, till Archdeacon Richard, the author's friend, strongly recommended it to Thomas. It was purchased, and the publication was very successful. Robinson Crusoe's manuscript also ran through the whole trade, nor would any one print it, though the writer, De Foe, was in good repute as an author. One bookseller at last, not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication. The bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it, and the booksellers are accumulating money every hour by editions of this work in all shapes. The undertaker of the translation of Rapsin, after a very considerable part of the work had been pub-



hated, was not a little dubious of its success, and was strongly inclined to drop the design. It proved at last to be a most profitable literary adventure. It is, perhaps, useful to record, that while the fine compositions of genius and the elaborate labours of erudition are doomed to encounter these obstacles to fame, and never are but slightly remunerated, works of another description are rewarded in the most princely manner: at the recent sale of a bookseller, the copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling-book" was sold at the enormous price of 2,200*l*; with an annuity of 50 guineas to the author!

THE TURKISH SPY.

WHATEVER may be the defects of the "Turkish Spy," the author has shown one uncommon merit, by having opened a new species of composition, which has been pursued by other writers with inferior success, if we except the charming "Persian Letters" of Montesquieu. The "Turkish Spy" is a book which has delighted us in our childhood, and to which we can still recur with pleasure. But its ingenious author is unknown to three parts of his admirers.

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is this dialogue concerning the writer of the "Turkish Spy":—"B. Pray, Sir, is the 'Turkish Spy' a genuine book? J. No, Sir. Mrs. Minley, in her 'Lute,' says, that her father wrote the *beau petit volume*; and in another book, 'Dunton's Life and Errors,' we find that the rest was written by one *Soult*, at two guineas a sheet, under the direction of Dr. Midgeley."

I do not know on what authority Mrs. Minley advances that her father was the author, but the lady was never nice in detailing facts. Dunton, indeed, gives some information in a very loose manner. He tells us, p. 242, that it is probable, by reasons which he insinuates, that one *Bratshaw*, a hackney author, was the writer of the "Turkish Spy." This man probably was engaged by Dr. Midgeley to translate the volume, as they appeared at the rate of 40*z*. per sheet. On the whole, all this proves, at least, how little the author was known while the volumes were publishing, and that he is as little known at present by the extract from Boswell.

The ingenious writer of the "Turkish Spy" is John Paul Marana, an Italian, so that the Turkish Spy is just as real a personage as Cid Hamet, from whom Cervantes says he had his "History of Don Quixote." Marana had been imprisoned for a political conspiracy, after his release he retired to Monaco, where he wrote the "History of the Plot," which is said to be valuable for many curious particulars. Marana was at once a man of letters and of the world. He had long wished to reside at Paris; in that assemblage of taste and luxury his talents procured him patrons. It was during his residence there that he produced his "Turkish Spy." By this ingenious contrivance he gave the history of the last age. He discovers a rich memory, and a lively imagination; but critics have said that he touches everything, and penetrates nothing. His first three volumes greatly

pleased; the rest are inferior. Plutarch, Seneca, and Pliny were his favourite authors. He lived in philosophical mediocrity; and in the last years of his life retired to his native country, where he died in 1693.

Charpentier gave the first particulars of this ingenious man. Even in his time the volumes were read as they came out, while its author remained unknown. Charpentier's proof of the author is undisputable; for he preserved the following curious certificate, written in Marana's own handwriting.

"I, the under-written John Paul Marana, author of a manuscript Italian volume, entitled '*L'Esploratore Turco, toma terza*,' acknowledge that Mr. Charpentier, appointed by the Lord Chancellor to revise the said manuscript, has not granted me his certificate for printing the said manuscript, but on condition to rescind four passages. The first beginning, &c. By this I promise to suppress from the said manuscript the places above marked, so that there shall remain no vestige; and, without agreeing to this, the said certificate would not have been granted to me by the said Mr. Charpentier, and for surety of the above, which I acknowledge to be true, and which I promise punctually to execute, I have signed the present writing. Paris, 20th September, 1686.

JOHN PAUL MARANA."

This paper serves as a curious instance in what manner the censors of books clipped the wings of genius when it was found too daring or extensive.

These rescindings of the Censor appear to be marked by Marana in the printed work. We find more than one allusion with these words: "the beginning of this letter is wanting in the Italian translation; the original paper being torn."

No one has yet taken the pains to observe the date of the first editions of the French and the English "Turkish Spies," which would settle the disputed origin. It appears by the document before us, to have been originally written in Italian, but probably was first published in French. Does the English "Turkish Spy" differ from the French one?

SPENSER, JONSON, AND SHAKSPEARE.

THE characters of these three great masters of English poetry are sketched by Fuller, in his "Worthies of England." It is a literary moral that must not be passed by. The criticisms of those who lived in or near the times when authors flourished merit our observation. They sometimes emit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

He observes on SPENSER—"The many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be *blemishes*, known by the learned to be *beauties*, to his book, which, notwithstanding, had been more *salable*, if more conformed to our modern language."

On JONSON—"His parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur, so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an



Can feed on orts, and safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit, upon your outlets,
The stages, and the stage-wrights too (your peers,
Of lending your large ears
With their foul comic socks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks:
Which, if they're torn, and turn'd, and patch'd
enough,
The gamblers share your guilt, and you their
stuff.

"Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaick lute,
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Firdar's fire;
And, tho' thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be
cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat;
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain."

"But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy King,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry like ours,
In sound of peace, or wars,
No harp ere hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain."

This Magisterial Ode, as Langhorne calls it,
was answered by *Owen Feltham*, author of the
admirable "Resolves," who has written with
great satiric acerbity the retort courteous. His
character of this poet should be attended to:—

"An Answer to the Ode, Come leave the loathed
Stage, &c.

"Come, leave this sawy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit
That a sale poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what power,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgment. Let's suffice,
Had you been modest, y'ad been granted wice.

"'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a translator; but when things require
A genius, and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by other pains,
As oft y'av'e wanted brains
And art to strike the white,
As you have level'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

"Jug, Pierce, Peck, Fly,† and all
Your jests so nominal,

* He had the play at that time.

† The names of several of Jonson's Dramatic
Persons.

Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain
Thro' all th' unlikely plot, and do deplease
As deep as Plautus.
Where yet there is not land
Before a chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd,* as might have very'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

"Why rage, then? when the show
Should judgment be, and know-
ledge, there are plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets' lower lines, but wits,
And all their perquisites,
A gift as rich as high
Is noble peace
Yet, tho' in sport it be for Kings to play,
'Tis next mechanics' when it works for pay.

"Alcaeus' lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
E'er taught so bold assuming of the bays
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation
Is new to yours alone
And prospers not for know,
Fame is as cold as you
Can be disdainful, and who dares to prove
A rape on her shall gather scorn,—not love.

"Leave then this humour vain,
And thus more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler at the blood,
Kelpoe what else is good.
Then, if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much:
And but forbear your crown
Till the world puts it on
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver thine no Plautus ever saw."

To console dejected Ben for this just reprimand,
Randolph, one of the adopted poetical sons of
Jonson, addressed him with all that warmth of
grateful affection which a man of genius should
have felt on the occasion.

"An Answer to Mr. Ben Jonson's Ode, to persuade
him not to leave the Stage.

I.

"Ben, do not leave the stage
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee: stand high, as 'tis cause;
Their hiss is thy applause:
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approv'd thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born;
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

* "New Ion," Act iii. Scene 3. — Act iv.
Scene 4.

† This break was purposely designed by the
poet, to expose that singular one in Ben's third
stanza.

"Wheat, and pour no more,
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains had such a taste
As more delight in mast:
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best muse can cull;
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?"

III.

"Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their paltates: let 'em them refuse,
For some Pye-corner muse;
She is too fair an hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain;
Yet, if they will have any of the store,
Give them some scraps, and send them from thy
dore.

IV.

"And let those things in plush
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broom* swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to cloaths, but brains:
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes:
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry they'll not see him that are blind.

V.

"Why shou'd the scene be mute
'Cause thou canst touch the lute
And string thy Horace? Let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say, th' art mine.
'Twere fond, to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by so strange neglect
I should myself suspect
Thy palsy† were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they
please.

VI.

"And tho' thou well canst sing
The glories of thy King,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee chuse
Only a treble muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low."

* His man, Richard Broome, wrote with success several comedies. He had been the amanuensis or attendant of Jonson. The epigram made against Pope for the assistance W. Broome gave him appears to have been borrowed from this pun. Johnson has inserted it in "Broome's Life."

† He had the palsy at that time.

ARIOSTO AND TASSO

It surprises one to find among the literary Italians the merits of Ariosto most keenly disputed: slaves to classical authority, they bend down to the majestic regularity of Tasso. Yet the father of Tasso, before his son had rivalled the romantic Ariosto, describes in a letter the effects of the "Orlando" on the people:—"There is no man of learning, no mechanic, no lad, no girl, no old man, who are satisfied to read the 'Orlando Furioso' once. This poem serves as the solace of the traveller, who fatigued on his journey deceives his lassitude by chanting some octaves of this poem. You may hear them sing these stanzas in the streets and in the fields every day." One would have expected that Ariosto would have been the favourite of the people, and Tasso of the critics. But in Venice the gondoliers, and others, sing passages which are generally taken from Tasso, and rarely from Ariosto. A different fate, I imagined, would have attended the poet who has been distinguished by the epithet of "*The Divine*." I have been told by an Italian man of letters, that this circumstance arose from the relation which Tasso's poem bears to Turkish affairs; as many of the common people have passed into Turkey, either by chance or by war. Besides the long antipathy existing between the Venetians and the Turks gave additional force to the patriotic poetry of Tasso. We cannot boast of any similar poems. Thus it was that the people of Greece and Ionia sang the poems of Homer.

The Academia della Crusca gave a public preference to Ariosto. This irritated certain critics, and none more than Chapelain, who could *taste* the regularity of Tasso, but not *feel* the "brave disorder" of Ariosto. He could not approve of those writers,

"Who snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

"I thank you," he writes, "for the sonnet which your indignation dictated, at the Academy's preference of Ariosto to Tasso. This judgment is overthrown by the confessions of many of the *Cruscani*, my associates. It would be tedious to enter into its discussion; but it was passion and not equity that prompted that decision. We confess, that as to what concerns invention and purity of language, Ariosto has eminently the advantage over Tasso; but majesty, pomp, numbers, and a style truly sublime, united to regularity of design, raise the latter so much above the other, that no comparison can fairly exist."

What Chapelain says is perhaps just; though I did not know that Ariosto's language was purer than Tasso's.

Dr. Cocchi, the great Italian critic, compared "Ariosto's poem to the richer kind of harlequin's habit, made up of pieces of the very best silk, and of the liveliest colours. The parts of it are many of them *more beautiful* than in Tasso's poem, but the whole in Tasso is without comparison more of a piece and better made." The critic was extricating himself as safely as he could out of this critical dilemma; for the disputes were then so violent, that I think one of the disputants took to his bed, and was said to have died of Ariosto and Tasso.



It is the conceit of an Italian to give the name of *April* to *Arancio*, because it is the season of flowers; and that of *September* to *Tasso*, which is that of fruits. Tiraboschi judiciously observes that no comparison ought to be made between these great rivals. It is comparing Ovid's "Metamorphosis" with Virgil's "Æneid," they are quite different things. In his characters of the two poets, he distinguishes between a romantic poem and a regular epic. These designs required distinct perfections. But an English reader is not enabled by the wretched versions of Moore to echo the verses of La Fontaine, "Je compare L'Arlequin et J'admire Le Tasse."

Boswell, some time before his death, was asked by a critic if he had repented of his celebrated decision concerning the merits of Tasso, whom some Italians had compared with those of Virgil; this had awakened the vengeance of Boswell, who hurled his bolts at the violator of classical majesty. It is supposed that he was ignorant of the Italian language, but by some expressions in his following answer, we may be led to think that Boswell was not ignorant of Italian.

"I have so little changed my opinion, that on a re-perusal lately of Tasso, I was sorry that I had not more simply caparisoned myself on this subject in more of my reflections on 'Longinus.' I should have begun by acknowledging that Tasso had a sublime genius, of great compass, with happy dispositions for the higher poetry. But when I came to the use he made of his talents, I should have shown that judicious discernment rarely prevailed in his works. That is the greater part of his narrative he attached himself to the agreeable rather than to the just. That his descriptions are almost always overcharged with superfluous ornaments. That in painting the strongest passions, and in the midst of the agitations they excite, frequently he degenerates into witticisms, which abruptly destroy the pathetic. That he abounds with images of too florid a kind; affected turns, conceits and frivolous thoughts; which, far from being adapted to his Jerusalem, could hardly be supportable in his 'Aminta.' So that all this, opposed to the gravity, the sobriety, the majesty of Virgil, what is it but thus compared with gold?"

It must be acknowledged that this passage, which is to be found in the "Mémoires de l'Académie," t. ii. p. 276, may serve as an excellent commentary on our poet's well-known censure. The merits of Tasso are exactly discriminated; and this particular criticism must be valuable to the lovers of poetry. The errors of Tasso were, however, national.

An anonymous gentleman has greatly obliged me with an account of the recitation of these two poems by the gondoliers of Venice, extracted from his travelling pocket-book.

VENICE.

In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this slight means at present on the decline—at least, after

taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. Goldoni in his life, however, notices the gondolier returning with him to the city: "he turned the prow of the gondola towards the city, singing all the way the twenty-fourth stanza of the sixteenth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered." The late Mr Barry once chanted to me a passage of Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers. But Lord Byron has recently told us, that with the independence of Venice the song of the gondoliers has died away.

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more."

There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto a capella*, it approaches to the former by recitativo declamations, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

I entered a gondola by moonlight one night placed myself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. George. One began the song when he had ended his strophe the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they had a greater or a smaller strain, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe, as the object of the poem altered.

On the whole, however, their sounds were hoarse and screaming they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing consist in the force of their voice. One seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs, and so far from receiving delight from this scene (such as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according to the subject of the strophe required. The deep building, the splendour of the shadows of the two gondolas



spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene, and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confirm the character of this wonderful harmony.

It was perfectly well with an idle solitary manner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare; the tranquillity of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is as if were in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers; a silent grandeur glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars is scarcely to be heard.

At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Suddenly and without immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and carries himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse, though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hours, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then incomparably charming, as it only fulfils its design in the retirement of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, and quite unexpectantly, it singular come quel canto inintermessa, e motto più quando lo cantano meglio.

I was told that the women of Lido, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Laguna, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco and Palustrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate their songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the response of her own husband at a distance.

How much more delightful and more appropriate does this song show itself here, than the call of a solitary person uttered far and wide, till another equally despondent shall hear and answer him! It is the expression of a vehement and hearty longing, which yet in every moment nearest to the happiness of satisfaction.

BAYLE.

Few philosophers were more deservingly of the title than BAYLE. His last hour exhibited the Socratic intrepidity with which he encountered the formidable approach of death. I have seen the original letter of the bookseller Leves, where he describes the death of our philosopher. "On the evening preceding his decease, having studied all day, he gave my corrector some copy of his

'Answer to Jacq. Volot,' and told him that he was very bad. At nine in the morning his head-dress entered his chamber: he asked her, with a dying voice, if his fire was kindled; and a few moments after he died." His disease was an hereditary consumption, and his decline must have been gradual; speaking had become with him a great pain, but he laboured with the same tranquillity of mind to his last hour, and, with Bayle, it was death alone which could interrupt the printer.

The instability of genius is forcibly characterized by this circumstance in his literary life. When a close friendship had united him to Jurieu, he lavished on him the most flattering eulogiums. He is the hero of his "Republic of Letters." Finally succeeded to friendship, Jurieu is then continually quoted in his "Critical Dictionary," whenever an occasion offers to give instances of gross blunders, palpable contradictions, and inconclusive arguments. These inconsistent opinions may be sanctioned by the similar conduct of a Saint! St. Jerome praised Rufinus as the most learned man of his age, while his friend, but when the same Rufinus joined his adversary Origens, he called him one of the most ignorant!

As a logician Bayle had no superior: the best logician will, however, frequently deceive himself. Bayle made long and close arguments to show that La Mettrie's *Voyeur* never could have been a preceptor to the king, but all his reasonings are overturned by the fact being given in the history of the Academy, by Petau.

Bannage said of Bayle, that he read much by his *Angers*. He meant that he ran over a book more than he read it, and that he had the art of always falling upon that which was most essential and curious in the book he examined.

There are heavy hours in which the mind of a man of letters is unaltered; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such hours it is recorded of the Jewish Socrates, Menes Mendocchia, that he would stand at his window, and count the tiles of his neighbour's house. An anonymous writer has told of Bayle, that he would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and listen to places where mountainbanks reversed, and that this was one of his chief amusements. He is surprised that so great a philosopher should delight in so trifling an object. This objection is not injurious to the character of Bayle; it only proves that the writer himself was no philosopher.

The Monthly Reviewer, in noticing this article, has continued the speculation, by giving two interesting anecdotes. "The observation concerning 'heavy hours,' and the want of elasticity in the intellectual faculties of men of letters, when the mind is fatigued, and the attention blunted by incessant labour, reminds us of what is related by persons who were acquainted with the late sagacious magistrate Sir John Fielding, who, when fatigued with attending to complicated cases, and perplexed with discordant depositions, used to retire to a little closet in a remote and tranquil part of the house, to rest his mental powers, and sharpen perception. He told a great physician, now living, who complained of the distance of places, as caused by the great exertions of London,

'he (the physician) would not have been able to attend many patients to any purpose, if they had been nearer to each other; as he could have no time either to think, or to rest his mind.' "The excellent logician was little accustomed to mixed society; his life was passed in study. He had such an infantine simplicity in his nature, that he would speak on anatomical subjects before ladies with as much freedom as before sur-

When they inclined their eyes to the subject, and while some even blushed, he would enquire if what he spoke was indecent? and, if told so, he smiled and stopped. His habits were, however, extremely pure; he probably knew himself little leisure "to fall into temptation."

He knew nothing of geometry, and as Le Clerc informs us, acknowledged that he could not comprehend the demonstration of the first proposition in Euclid. Le Clerc, however, was a rival of Bayle; with greater industry and more extensive learning, but with very inferior powers of logic and philosophy. Both of these great men, like our Locke, were destitute of fine and poetical discernment.

Dr Fagon, an eminent physician, was consulted on the illness of our student, he only prescribed a particular regimen, without the use of medicine. He closed his consultation by a comment remarkable for its felicity. "I ardently wish I could spare this great man all this consolation, and that it were possible to find a remedy equal to the merit of him for whom it is

Dr Fagon has said that Bayle confessed he would have made his Dictionary exceed a folio, had he written only for himself, and not for booksellers. This Dictionary, with all its faults, is a stupendous work, which must be a literature itself.

Other productions have claims on our notice: is it possible to read his "*Thoughts on Criticism*" and complain of lassitude? His "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*" are a model of literary criticism, lively, neat, and full of that piquancy which gives a piquancy to the disquisition. The mind of Bayle is always busy, but, what is still more engaging, it combines entertainment. His sceptre of criticism is embellished by flowers.

CERVANTES.

In the Segraisiana this authentic anecdote is recorded of the inimitable Cervantes.

Mr Boulay accompanied the French ambassador to Spain, when Cervantes was yet alive. He told me, that the ambassador one day complimented Cervantes on the great reputation he had acquired by his *Don Quixote*; and that Cervantes replied in his ear, "Had it not been for the success of this book, I should have made my book much more entertaining."

Cervantes, at the battle of Lepanto, was wounded and saved. He has given his own history in his *Quixote*. He was known at the court of Philip II, but he did not receive those favours which might have been expected; he was neglected.—

His first volume is the finest; and his design was to have finished there; but he could not resist the importunities of his friends, who engaged him to make a second, which has not the same force, although it has many splendid passages.

We have lost many good things of Cervantes, and other writers, through the tribunal of religion and dulness. One Aonius Palearius was sensible of this; and said, "that the Inquisition was a poniard aimed at the throat of literature." The image is striking, and the observation just; but the ingenious observer was in consequence immediately led to the stake.

MAGLIABECHI.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI, who died at the age of eighty, was celebrated for his great knowledge of books. He has been called the *Helluo*, or the Glutton of Literature, as Peter Comestor received his nickname from his amazing voracity for food he could never digest; which appeared when having fallen sick of so much false learning, he threw it all up in his "*Sea of Histories*," which proved to be the history of all things, and a bad history of everything. Magliabechi's character is singular; for though his life was wholly passed in libraries, being librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, he never wrote himself. There is a medal which represents him sitting, with a book in one hand, and with a great number of books scattered on the ground. The candid inscription signifies, that "it is not sufficient to become learned to have read much, if we read without reflection." This is the only remains we have of his own composition that can be of service to posterity. A simple truth, which may however be inscribed in the study of every man of letters.

His habits of life were uniform. Ever among his books, he troubled himself with no other concern whatever; and the only interest he appeared to take for any living thing was his spiders; for whom, while sitting among his literary piles, he affected great sympathy; and perhaps in contempt of those whose curiosity appeared impertinent, he frequently cried out, "to take care not to hurt his spiders!" Although he lost no time in writing himself, he gave considerable assistance to authors who consulted him. He was himself an universal index to all authors. He had one book, among many others, dedicated to him, and this dedication consisted of a collection of titles of works which he had had at different times dedicated to him, with all the eulogiums addressed to him in prose and verse. When he died, he left his large collection of books for the public use; they now compose the public library of Florence.

Heyman, a celebrated Dutch professor, visited this erudite librarian, who was considered as the ornament of Florence. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floor, so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived, indeed, so that by walking sideways you might extricate yourself from one room to another.

other. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full, so crowded, that two good beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He ate on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further by order of the Grand Duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, Mr. Heyman saw there several eggs, and some money which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; the money or the eggs.

His dress was as cynical as his repasts. A black doublet, which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an amorphous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and, to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance; to warm his hands, he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. He had nothing otherwise remarkable about him. To literary men he was extremely affable, and a cynic only to the eye; anecdotes almost incredible are related of his memory. It is somewhat uncommon that as he was so fond of literary food, he did not occasionally dress some dishes of his own invention, or at least some sandwiches to his own relish. He indeed should have written *CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE*. He was a living Cyclopædia, though a dark lantern.

Of such reading men, Hobbes entertained a very contemptible, if not a rash opinion. His own reading was inconsiderable, and he used to say, that if he had spent as much time in *reading* as other men of learning, he should have been as ignorant as they. He put little value on a large library, for he considered all books to be merely *extracts* and *copies*, for that most authors were like sheep, never deviating from the beaten path. History he treated lightly, and thought there were more lies than truths in it. But let us recollect after all this, that Hobbes was a mere metaphysician, idolising his own vain and empty hypotheses. It is true enough that weak heads carry-

ing in them too much reading may be staggered. Le Clerc observes of two learned men, De Marci and Barthius, that they would have composed more useful works had they *read* less numerous authors, and digested the better writers.

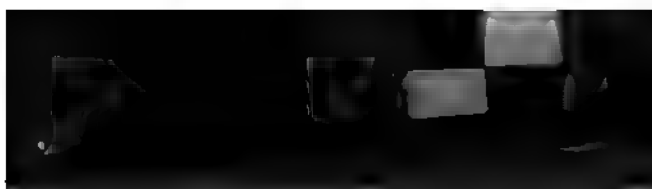
ABRIDGERS.

THE present article presents the history of ABRIDGERS; a kind of literary men to whom the indolence of modern readers, and indeed the multiplicity of authors, give ample employment.

It would be difficult, observe the learned Benedictines, the authors of the *Literary History of France*, to relate all the unhappy consequences which ignorance introduced, and the causes which produced that ignorance. But we must not forget to place in this number the mode of reducing, by way of abridgment, what the ancients had written in bulky volumes. Examples of this practice may be observed in preceding centuries, but in the fifth century it began to be in general use. As the number of students and readers diminished, authors neglected literature, and were disgusted with composition; for to write is seldom done, but when the writer entertains the hope of finding readers. Instead of original authors, there suddenly arose numbers of Abridgers. These men, amidst the prevailing disgust for literature, imagined they should gratify the public by introducing a mode of reading works in a few hours, which otherwise could not be done in many months; and, observing that the bulky volumes of the ancients lay buried in dust, without any one condescending to examine them, necessity inspired them with an invention that might bring those works and themselves into public notice, by the care they took of renovating them. This they imagined to effect by forming abridgments of these ponderous volumes.

All these Abridgers, however, did not follow the same mode. Some contented themselves with making a mere abridgment of their authors, by employing their own expressions, or by inconsiderable alterations. Others formed abridgments in drawing them from various authors, but from whose works they only took what appeared to them most worthy of observation, and embellished them in their own style. Others again, having before them several authors who wrote on the same subject, took passages from each, united them, and thus formed a new work; they executed their design by digesting in commonplaces, and under various titles, the most valuable parts they could collect, from the best authors they read. To these last ingenious scholars we owe the rescue of many valuable fragments of antiquity. They fortunately preserved the best maxims, characters, descriptions, and curious matters which they had found interesting in their studies.

Some learned men have censured these Abridgers as the cause of our having lost so many excellent entire works of the ancients; for posterity becoming less studious was satisfied with these extracts, and neglected to preserve the originals, whose voluminous size was less attractive. Others, on the contrary, say that these Abridgers have not



been so prejudicial to literature; and that had it not been for their care, which snatched many a perishable fragment from that shipwreck of letters which the barbarians occasioned, we should perhaps have had no works of the ancients remaining. Many voluminous works have been greatly improved by their Abridgers. The vast history of Trojus Pompeius was soon forgotten and finally perished, after the excellent epitome of it by Justin, who winnowed the abundant chaff from the grain.

Bacon gives very excellent advice to an Abridger when he shows that Xiphilin, in his "Abridgment of Dion," takes no notice of a circumstance very material for entering into the character of Domitian, the recalling the emperor Domitian after having turned her away for her intrigues with a player. By omitting this fact in the abridgment, and which is discovered through Suetonius, Xiphilin has evinced, he says, a deficient judgment; but Domitian's id qualities are much better exposed, when it is known that he was mean-spirited enough to restore to the dignity of emperor the prostitute of a player.

Abridgers, Compilers, and Translators, are now alike regarded with contempt; yet to form their works with skill requires an exertion of judgment, and frequently of taste, of which their contemporaries appear to have no due conception. Such literary labour it is thought the learned will not be found to waste; and the unlearned cannot discern the value. But to such Abridgers as Monsieur Le Grand, in his "Tales of the Mists," and Mr. Ellis, in his "English Historical Romances," we owe much; and such writers must bring to their task a congeniality of genius, and even more taste than their originals possessed. I must compare such to him others after great masters:—very few give the feeling touches in the right place.

It is an uncommon circumstance to quote the Scriptures on subjects of modern literature; but on the present topic the elegant writer of the books of the Maccabees has delivered, in a kind of preface to that history, very pleasing and useful instructions to an Abridger. I shall transcribe the passages, being concise, from Book ii. Chap. ii. v. 15, that the reader may have it at hand:—

"All these things, I say, being declared by Jason, of Cyrene, in few words, we will away to abridge in one volume. We will be careful that they that will read may have delight, and that they that are desirous to commit to memory might have ease, and that all into whose hands it comes might have profit." How concise and Horatian! He then describes his literary labours with no improbability:—"To us that have taken upon us this painful labour of abridging, it was not easy, but a matter of sweat and watching."—And the writer employs an elegant illustration:—"Even as it is no easy task to him that prepareth a banquet, and seeketh the benefit of others, yet for the pleasing of many, we will undertake gladly this great pain, leaving to the author the exact handling of every particular, and labouring to follow the rules of an Abridger." He now embellishes his critical account with a sublime metaphor to distinguish the original from the copy:—"For as the master builder of a new house must care for the whole building; but he that undertaketh to set it out, and paint it, must seek out its things

for the adorning thereof, even so I think it is with us. To stand upon every point, and go over things at large, and to be curious in particulars, belongeth to the first author of the story; but to use brevity, and avoid much labouring of the work, is to be granted to him that will make an Abridgment."

Quintilian has not a passage more elegantly composed, nor more judiciously conceived.

PROFESSORS OF PLAGIARISM AND OBSCURITY.

Among the most singular characters in literature may be ranked those who do not blush to produce publicly its most dishonourable practices. The first reader of printed sermons imitating manuscript was, I think, Dr. Truster. He to whom the following anecdote relates had superior ingenuity. Like the famous orator Henry, he formed a school of his own. The present lecturer openly taught not to outdo the best authors, but to steal from them!

Richardson, a miserable declaimer, called himself "Moderator of the Academy of Philosophical Orators." He taught in what manner a person destitute of literary talents might become eminent for literature. He published the principles of his art under the title of "The Mask of Oratory; or the manner of disguising with one's hands of composition; i.e. sermons, panegyrics, funeral orations, dedications, speeches, letters, passages," &c. I will give a notion of the work:—

The author very truly observes, that all who apply themselves to public literature do not always find from their own funds a sufficient supply to insure success. For such he labours, and teaches to gather, in the gardens of others, those fruits of which their own sterile grounds are destitute; but so artfully to gather, that the public shall not perceive their depredations. He dignifies this fine art by the title of PLAGIARISM, and he thus explains it:—

"The Plagiarism of orators is the art, or an ingenious and easy mode, which some industriously employ, to change, or disguise, all sorts of speeches of their own composition, or of that of other authors, for their pleasure, or their utility, in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skillfully shall the whole be disguised."

Our professor proceeds to inform us in what manner we are to manage the whole economy of the piece which is to be copied or disguised; and which consists in giving a new order to the parts, changing the phrases, words, &c. An orator, for instance, having said that a peripatetic should possess three qualities,—*gravity, capacity, and courage*; the plagiarist, on the contrary, may employ *courage, capacity, and gravity*. This is only for a general rule, for it is too simple to practice frequently. To render the part perfect we must make it more complex, by changing the whole of the expressions. The plagiarist in place of *courage* will put *force, constancy, or valor*. For *gravity* he may say *religion, wisdom, or morality*.

by saying, that the *young century* *desires to form, to create, and to live.*

The rest of this uncommon work is composed of passages, extracted from celebrated writers, which are turned into a new manner by the plagiarist; their beauties, however, are never improved by their dress. Several celebrated writers when young, particularly the famous Flechier, who addressed verses to him, frequented the lectures of this professor!

Richesource became so zealous in the cause of literature, that he published a volume, entitled "The Art of Writing and Speaking; or a method of composing all sorts of letters, and holding a polite conversation." He concludes his preface by advertising his readers, that authors who may be in want of essays, sermons, letters of all kinds, written pleadings and verses, may be accommodated on application to him.

Our professor was extremely fond of copious title-pages, which I suppose to be very attractive to certain readers; for it is a custom which the Richesources of the day fail not to employ. Are there persons who value *facts* by the *length* of their *titles*, as formerly the ability of a *physician* was judged by the *size of his tongue*?

To this article may be added an account of another singular school, where the professor taught *obscurity* in literary composition!

I do not believe, says Charpentier, that those who are unintelligible are very intelligent. Quintilian has justly observed, that the obscurity of a writer is generally in proportion to his incapacity. However, as there is hardly a defect which does not find partisans, the same author informs us of a rhetorician, who was so great an admirer of obscurity, that he always exhorted his scholars to preserve it; and made them correct, as blemishes, those passages of their works which appeared to him too intelligible. Quintilian adds, that the greatest panegyric they could give to a composition in that school was to declare, "I understand nothing of this piece." Lycophron possessed this taste, and he protested that he would hang himself if he found a person who should understand his poem, called the "Prophecy of Cassandra." He succeeded so well, that this piece has been the stumbling-block of all the grammarians, scholasts, and commentators; and remains inexplicable to the present day. Such works Charpentier admirably compares to those subterraneous places, where the air is so thick and suffocating that it extinguishes all torches. A most sophistical dilemma, on the subject of *obscurity*, was made by Thomas Anglus, or White, an English Catholic priest, the friend of Sir Kenelm Digby. This learned man frequently wandered in the mazes of metaphysical subtleties; and became perfectly unintelligible to his readers. When accused of this obscurity, he replied, "Either the learned understand me, or they do not. If they understand me, and find me in an error, it is easy for them to refute me; if they do not understand me, it is very unreasonable for them to exclaim against my doctrines."

This is saying all that the wit of man can suggest in favour of *obscurity*! Many, however, will agree with an observation made by Grævina on

the over-valuation of modern compositions. "we do not think we have attained our end; others must possess as much themselves to understand us." Fontenelle, in France, followed by Marivaux, Thomas, and others, first introduced that subtilised manner of writing, which tastes more natural and simple reject; the source of such bitter complaints of obscurity.

LITERARY DUTCH.

PÈRE BOUHOURS seriously asks if a German *can be a BEL ESPRIT*? This concise query was answered by Kramer, in a ponderous volume, which bears for title, *Indictæ nominis Germanici*. This mode of refutation does not prove that the question was then so ridiculous as it was considered. The Germans of the present day, although greatly superior to their ancestors, are still distant from that acmé of TASTE, which characterises the finished compositions of the French and the English authors. Nations display *genius* before they form *taste*; and in some of the productions of the modern Germans, it will be allowed that their imaginations are fertile and fervid; but perhaps the simple question of Bouhours still exists in its full force.

It was once the mode with English and French writers to dishonour them with the epithets of heavy, dull, and phlegmatic compilers, without taste, spirit, or genius; genuine descendants of the ancient Boetians.

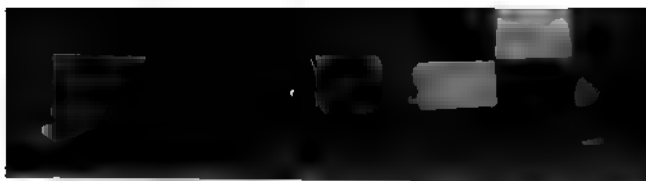
Crassoque sub ære nati.

Many ingenious performances have lately shown that this censure has now become unjust; and much more forcibly answer the sarcastic question of Bouhours than the thick quarto of Kramer.

Churchill finely says of genius that it is independent of situation,

'And may hereafter even in HOLLAND rise.'

Vondel, whom, as Marchand observes, the Dutch regard as their Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, has a strange detective taste; the poet himself knew none of these originals, but he wrote on some patriotic subject, the sure way to obtain popularity: the greater part of his tragedies is drawn from the Scriptures; all badly chosen and unhappily executed. In his *Deliverance of the Children of Israel*, one of his principal characters is the *Dreamy*. In his *Jerusalem Destroyed* we are disgusted with a tedious oration by the Angel Gabriel, who proves theologically, and his proofs extend through nine closely-printed pages in quarto, that this destruction had been predicted by the prophets. And in the *Lucifer* of the same author, the subject is grossly scandalised by this haughty spirit becoming stupidly in love with Eve, and it is for her he causes the rebellion of the evil angels, and the fall of our first parents. Poor Vondel kept a hosier's shop, which he left to the care of his wife, while he indulged his poetical genius. His stocking shop failed, and his poems produced him more chagrin than glory; for in Holland even a patriotic poet, if a bankrupt, would, no doubt, be accounted by his fellow-citizens as a madman. Vondel had no other master



but his genius, which, with his uncongial situation, occasioned all his errors.

Another Dutch poet is even less tolerable. Having written a long rhapsody concerning Pyrrhus and Thibis, he concludes it by a ridiculous parallel between the death of these unfortunate victims of love, and the passion of Jesus Christ. He says,

Om t'concluderen van onzen bagrypt,
Dees Historie moedloostende,
Is in den verstande wel accorderende,
By der Pense van Christus gelykdyt.

And upon this, after having turned Pyrrhus into the son of God, and Thibis into the Christian soul, he proceeds with a number of comparisons; the latter always more impertinent than the former.

I believe it is well known that the actors on the Dutch theatre are generally trademen, who quit their aprons at the hour of public representation. This was the fact when I was in Holland forty years ago. These comedians are offensive by the grammar of their buffooneries. One of these comic incidents was a miller appearing in distress for want of wind to turn his mill; he had recourse to the novel scheme of placing his back against it, and by certain imitative sounds behind the scenes, the mill was soon set a-going. It is hard to rival such a depravity of taste.

I saw two of their most celebrated tragedies. The one was Gysbert Von Amstel, by Vondel, that is Gysbrecht of Amsterdam, a warrior, who in the civil wars preserved this city by his heroism. It is a patriotic historical play, and never fails to crowd the theatre towards Christmas, when it is usually performed successively. One of the acts concludes with a scene of a convent; the sound of warlike instruments is heard, the abbey is stormed, the nuns and fathers are slaughtered; with the aid of "blunderbuss and thunder," every Dutchman appears stumble of the pathos of the poet. But it does not here conclude. After this terrible slaughter, the conquerors and the vanquished remain for two months on the stage, silent and motionless, in the attitudes in which they happened to fall; and this pantomimic pathos is received with loud bursts of applause from the audience.

The other was the Adamerus of Schubert, or the Fall of Homan. In the triumphal entry the Batavian Mordecai was mounted on a genuine Flanders mare, that, fortunately, quietly received her applause with a lispish majesty resembling her rider. I have seen an English one once introduced on our stage which did not act with this decorum. Our late actors have frequently been heard to say,—a Dutch taste!

Some few specimens of the best Dutch poetry which we have had yield no evidence in favour of the national poetical taste. The Dutch poet Kats has a poem on the "Games of Children," where all the games are moralized; I suspect the taste of the poet as well as his subject is puerile. When a nation has produced no works above mediocrity, with them a certain mediocrity is excellence, and their mannerisms, with a people who have made a greater progress in refinement, are but the works of a pupil.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE MIND NOT SEIZABLE BY CREDITORS.

When Crebillon, the French tragic poet, published his Catilina, it was attended with an honour to literature, which though it is probably forgotten (for it was only registered, I think, as the news of the day), it becomes a collector zealous in the cause of literature to preserve. I shall give the circumstance, the petition, and the decree.

At the time Catilina was given to the public, the creditors of the poet had the cruelty to attach the produce of this piece, as well as the bookseller's, who had printed the tragedy, as at the theatre where it was performed. The poet, much irritated at these proceedings, addressed a petition to the King, in which he showed that it was a thing yet unknown, that it should be allowed to class amongst venial effects the productions of the human mind; that if such a practice was permitted, those who had consecrated their rights to the studies of literature, and who had made the greatest efforts to render themselves, by this means, useful to their country, would see themselves in the cruel predicament of not daring to publish works, often precious and interesting to the state; that the greater part of those who devote themselves to literature require for the necessaries of life those successes which they have a right to expect from their labours; and that if a law had been suffered in France to seize the fees of lawyers, and other persons of liberal professions.

In answer to this petition, a decree immediately issued from the King's council, commanding a registry of the arrests and seizures, of which the petitioner complained. The honourable decree was dated 22d May, 1736, and bore the following title: "Decree of the Council of his Majesty, in favour of Mr. Crebillon, author of the tragedy of Catilina, which declares that the productions of the mind are not amongst seizable effects."

Louis XV exhibits the noble example of bestowing a mark of consideration to the remains of a man of letters. This King not only testified his esteem of Crebillon by having his works printed at the Louvre, but also by consecrating to his glory a tomb of marble.

CRITICS.

WRITERS who have been unsuccessful in original composition have their other productions immediately derided, whenever merit they might once have been allowed to possess. Yet this is very unjust; an author who has given a wrong direction to his literary powers may perceive at length where he can more securely point them. Experience is as excellent a mistress in the school of Distress as in the school of human life. Blackmore's epics are insufferable; yet neither Addison nor Johnson erred when they considered his philosophical poems as a valuable composition. An indifferent poet may exert the art of criticism in a very high degree, and if he cannot himself produce an original work, he may yet be of great service in regulating the happier genius of another. This observation I shall illustrate by the characters

of two French critics; the one is the Abbé d'Aubignac, and the other Chapelain.

Boileau opens his *Art of Poetry* by a precept which though it be common is always important; this critical poet declares, that "It is in vain a daring author thinks of attaining to the height of Parnassus if he does not feel the secret influence of heaven, and if his natal star has not formed him to be a poet." This observation he founded on the character of our Abbé; who had excellently written on the economy of dramatic composition. His *Pratique du Théâtre* gained him an extensive reputation. When he produced a tragedy, the world expected a finished piece; it was acted, and reprobated. The author, however, did not acutely feel its bad reception; he everywhere boasted that he, of all the dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the *rules* of Aristotle. The Prince de Guemené, famous for his repartees, sarcastically observed, "I do not quarrel with the Abbé D'Aubignac for having so closely followed the precept of Aristotle; but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle, that occasioned the Abbé D'Aubignac to write so wretched a tragedy."

The *Pratique du Théâtre* is not, however, to be despised, because the *Tragedy* of its author is despicable.

Chapelain's unfortunate epic has rendered him notorious. He had gained, and not undeservedly, great reputation for his critical powers. After a retention of above thirty years, his *Pucelle* appeared. He immediately became the butt of every unfledged wit, and his former works were eternally condemned! Insomuch that when Camusat published, after the death of our author, a little volume of extracts from his manuscript letters, it is curious to observe the awkward situation in which he finds himself. In his preface he seems afraid that the very name of Chapelain will be sufficient to repel the reader.

Camusat observes of Chapelain, that "He found flatterers who assured him his *Pucelle* ranked above the *Æneid*; and this Chapelain but feebly denied. However this may be, it would be difficult to make the bad taste which reigns throughout this poem agree with that sound and exact criticism with which he decided on the works of others. So true is it, that *genius* is very superior to a justness of mind which is *sufficient to judge* and to advise others." Chapelain was ordered to draw up a critical list of the chief living authors and men of letters in France, for the King. It is extremely impartial, and performed with an analytical skill of their literary characters which could not have been surpassed by an Aristotle or a Boileau.

The *talent of judging* may exist separately from the *power of execution*. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should be an amateur. And it is for this reason that young authors are not to condemn the precepts of such critics as even the Abbé D'Aubignac, and Chapelain. It is to Walsh, a miserable versifier, that Pope stands indebted for the hint of our poetry then being deficient in correctness and polish; and it is from this fortunate hint that Pope derived his poetical excellence. Dionysius Halicarnassensis has composed a lifeless history; yet, as Gibbon observes, how admirably has he judged the masters, and defined the rules of historical composition! Gravina with great taste

and spirit has written on poetry and poets, but he composed tragedies which give him no title to be ranked among them.

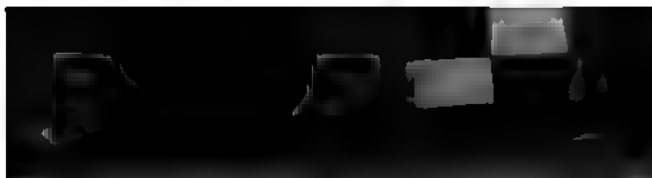
ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS CENSURED.

It is an ingenious observation made by a journalist of Trevoux, on perusing a criticism not ill-written, which pretended to detect several faults in the compositions of Bruyere, that in ancient Rome the great men who triumphed amidst the applauses of those who celebrated their virtues, were at the same time compelled to listen to those who reproached them with their vices. This custom is not less necessary to the republic of letters than it was formerly to the republic of Rome. Without this it is probable that authors would be intoxicated with success, and would then relax in their accustomed vigour; and the multitude who took them for models would, for want of judgment, imitate their defects.

Sterne and Churchill were continually abusing the Reviewers, because they honestly told the one that obscenity was not wit, and obscurity was not sense; and the other that dissonance in poetry did not excel harmony, and that his rhymes were frequently prose lines of ten syllables cut into verse. They applauded their happier efforts. Notwithstanding all this, it is certain that so little discernment exists amongst common writers, and common readers, that the obscenity and flippancy of Sterne, and the bald verse and prosaic poetry of Churchill, were precisely the portion which they selected for imitation: the blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes, but they are, unfortunately, the easiest parts for imitation.

Yet criticism may be too rigorous, and genius too sensible to its fairest attacks. Racine acknowledged that one of the severe criticisms he received had occasioned him more vexation than the greatest applauses had afforded him pleasure. Sir John Marsham, having published the first part of his "Chronology," suffered so much chagrin at the endless controversies which it raised (and some of his critics went so far as to affirm it as designed to be detrimental to Revelation), that he burnt the second part, which was ready for the press. Pope was observed to writhe with anguish in his chair, on hearing mentioned the letter of Cibber, with other temporary attacks; and it is said of Montesquieu that he was so much affected by the criticisms, true and false, which he daily experienced, that they contributed to hasten his death. Ritson's extreme irritability closed in lunacy, while the ignorant Reviewers, in the shapes of assassins, were haunting his death-bed. In the preface to his "Metrical Romances" he says: "Brought to an end in ill-health and low spirits—certain to be insulted by a base and prostitute gang of lurking assassins who stab in the dark, and whose poisoned daggers he has already experienced." Scott, of Amwell, never recovered from a ludicrous criticism, which I discovered had been written by a physician who never pretended to poetical taste.

Pelisson has recorded, in his History of the French Academy, a literary anecdote, which



forcibly shows the danger of caustic criticism. A young man from a remote province came to Paris with a plov, which he considered as a masterpiece. M. L'Etoile was more than just in his merciless criticism. He showed the youthful bard a thousand glaring defects in his *chef-d'œuvre*. The humbled country author burnt his tragedy, returned home, took to his chamber, and died of vexation and grief. Of all unfortunate men, one of the unhappiest is a meddling author endowed with too lively a sensibility for criticism. Athenæus, in his tenth book, has given us a lively portrait of the melancholy being. Anaxandrides appeared one day on horseback in the public assembly at Athens, to recite a dithyrambic poem, of which he read a portion. He was a man of fine stature, and wore a purple robe edged with golden fringe. But his complexion was sallow, and melancholy, which was the cause that he never spared his own writings. Whenever he was vanquished by a rival, he immediately gave his compositions to the druggists to be cut into pieces, to wrap their articles in, without ever caring to revise his writings. It is owing to this that he destroyed a number of pleasing compositions, age increased his scorn, and every day he became more and more dissatisfied at the awards of his auditors. Hence his "Tereus," because it failed to obtain the prize, has not reached us, which, with other of his productions, deserved preservation, though not to have been publicly crowned.

Bottaux having been chosen by the French government for the compilation of elementary books for the Military School, is said to have felt their unfavourable reception so acutely, that he became a prey to excessive grief. It is believed that the lamentable death of Dr Newtonworth was occasioned by a similar circumstance. Government had committed to his care the compilation of the voyages that pass under his name—how he succeeded is well known. He felt the public reception so acutely, that he preferred the oblation of death to the mortifying recollections of life.

On this interesting subject Fontenelle, in his "Eloge sur Newton," has made the following observation:—"Newton was more desirous of remaining unknown than of having the calm of life disturbed by those literary storms which genius and science attract about those who rise to eminence." In one of his letters we learn that his *Traité sur l'Optique* being ready for the press, several premature objections which appeared made him abandon its publication.—"I should reproach myself (he said) for my imprudence, if I were to lose a thing so real as my ease to run after a shadow." But this shadow he did not run: it did not cost him the ease he so much loved, and it had for him as much reality as cast itself. I refer to Boyle, in his curious article "Nippomax," note 1. To these instances we may add the fate of the Abbé Camague, a man of learning, and not destitute of talents. He was intended for one of the preachers at court; but he had hardly made himself known in the pulpit, when he was struck by the lightning of Bolingbroke's muse. He felt so acutely the caustic venom, that they rendered him almost incapable of literary

labour; in the prime of life he became melancholy, and shortly afterwards died insane. A modern painter, it is known, never recovered from the biting ridicule of a popular, but malignant wit. Comenius, a celebrated Quaker, confessed he died of an anonymous letter in a public paper, which, said he, "fastened on my heart, and threw me into the slow fever." Racine, who died of his extreme sensibility to a rebuke, confessed that the pain which one severe criticism inflicted outweighed all the applause he could receive. The feathered arrow of an epigram has sometimes been wet with the heart's blood of its victim. Fortune has been lost, reputation destroyed, and every charity of life extinguished, by the inhumanity of inconsiderate wit.

Literary history records the fate of several who may be said to have died of Criticism. But there is more sense and infinite humour in the mode which Phaedrus adopted to answer the cavaliers of his age. When he first published his fables, the taste for concinnity and simplicity was so much on the decline, that they were both objected to him as faults. He used his critics as they deserved. To those who objected against the concinnity of his style, he tells a long tedious story (Lib. iii. Fab. 10, ver. 39), and treats those who condemned the simplicity of his style with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many very elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom—this in Lib. iv. Fab. 6.

VIRGINITY.

The writings of the Fathers once formed the studies of the learned. These labours abound with that subtlety of argument which will repay the industry of the inquisitive, and the antiquary may turn them over for pictures of the manners of the age. A favourite subject with Saint Ambrose was that of Virginity, on which he has several works, and perhaps he wished to revive the order of the vestals of ancient Rome, which afterwards produced the institution of Nuns. His "Treatise on Virginity" is in three volumes. We learn from this work of the fourth century the lively impressions his exhortations had made on the minds and hearts of girls, not less in the most distant provinces, than in the neighbourhood of Milan, where he resided. The virgins of Bologna, amounting only, it appears, to the number of twenty, performed all kinds of needlework, not merely to gain their livelihood, but also to be enabled to perform acts of liberality, and exerted their industry to allure other girls to join the holy profession of VIRGINITY. He exhorts daughters, in spite of their parents, and even their lovers, to consecrate themselves. "I do not blame marriage," he says, "I only show the advantages of VIRGINITY."

He composed this book in so florid a style, that he considered it required some apology. A Religious of the Benedictines published a translation in 1666.

So sensible was Saint Ambrose of the rarity of the profession he would establish, that he thus contains his advantage: "They complain that

human nature will be exhausted, but I am who has ever sought to marry without finding women enough from amongst whom he might choose? Was murder, or what war, has ever been occasioned for a virgin? It is one of the consequences of marriage to kill the adulterer, and to war with the ravisher."

He wrote another treatise on the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God. He attacks Bonaparte on this subject, and defends her virginity, which was indeed greatly suspected by Bonaparte, who, however, got nothing by this bold assumption but the dreadful name of Heretic. A third treatise was entitled *Robertine in Hermitage*, a fourth, *On the Fate of a Virgin*, in verse common. He relates the misfortunes of one Susanah, who was by no means a companion for her husband, for, having made a vow of virginity, and taken the veil, she afterwards endeavoured to conceal her shame, but the precautions only tended to render her more culpable. Her behaviour, indeed, had long afforded ample food for the sarcasms of the Jews and Pagans. Saint Ambrose compelled her to perform public penance, and after having declaimed on her double crime, gave her hopes of pardon, if, like *Bonne Jeanne*, this virtuous woman would sincerely repent to complete her chastisement, he ordered her every day to recite the *fortyth psalm*.

A GLANCE INTO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

In the republic of Letters the establishment of an academy has been a favourite project, yet perhaps it is little more than an Utopian scheme. The united efforts of men of letters in Academies have produced little. It would seem that no man likes to bestow his great labours on a small community, for whose members he himself does not feel, probably, the most flattering partiality. The French Academy made a splendid appearance in Europe, yet when this society published their Dictionary, that of Furetiere's became a formidable rival, and Johnson did as much as the forty thousand. Voltaire confessed that the great characters of the literary republic were formed without the aid of academies.—"For what then," he asks, "are they necessary?" To preserve and record the acts which great geniuses have kindled. By observing the *funer* at their meetings we may form some opinion of the indolent manner in which they trifled away their time. We are fortunately enabled to do this, by a letter in which *Patrie* describes, in a very amusing manner, the visit which Christian of Sweden took a sudden fancy to pay to the Academy.

The Queen of Sweden having resolved to visit the French Academy, gave so short a notice of her design, that it was impossible to inform the majority of the members of her intention. About four o'clock fifteen or sixteen academicians were assembled. Mr. Quatbois, one of the members who did not know of the intended royal visit, and who had never forgiven her majesty because she did not relish his verses, thought proper to show his resentment by quitting the assembly.

She was received in a spacious hall. In the middle was a table covered with rich blue velvet, ornamented with a broad border of gold and silver. At its head was placed an arm-chair of black velvet embroidered with gold, and round the table were placed chairs with tapestry backs. The Chancellor had forgotten to hang in the hall the portrait of the queen, which she had presented to the Academy, and which was considered as a great omission. About five, a gentleman belonging to the Queen inquired if the company were assembled. Soon after, a servant of the king informed the chancellor that the queen was at the end of the street, and immediately her carriage drew up in the courtyard. The chancellor, followed by the rest of the members, went to receive her as she stepped out of her chariot, but the crowd was so great, that few of them could reach her majesty. Accompanied by the chancellor, she passed through the first hall, followed by one of her ladies, the captain of her guards, and one or two of her suite.

When she entered the Academy she approached the *tee*, and spoke in a low voice to the chancellor. She then asked why Mr. Menage was not there? and when she was told that he did not belong to the Academy, she asked why he did not? She was answered, that however it might hurt the honour, he had rendered himself unworthy of it by several disputes he had had with its members. She then inquired whether the chancellor whether the academicians were so late as stand before her? On this the chancellor consulted with a member, who observed that in the time of Louis XIV. there was held an assembly of men of letters before Charles IX. several times, and that they were always seated. The queen conversed with M. Bourcier, and suddenly turning to Madame de Brignolles, told her that she believed she must not be present at the assembly; but it was agreed that this lady deserved the honour. As the queen was talking with a member she abruptly quitted him, as was her custom, and in her quick way sat down in the arm-chair, and at the same time the members seated themselves. The queen observing that they did not, out of respect to her, approach the table, desired them to come near, and they accordingly approached it.

During these ceremonious preparations several officers of state had entered the hall, and stood behind the academicians. The chancellor sat at the queen's left hand by the *fenestre*, and at the right was placed M. de la Chambre, the director; then Burroughes, Patrie, Peisson, Cotto, the Abbe Tallemant, and others. M. de Mesery sat at the bottom of the table facing the queen, with an inkstand, paper, and the portfolio of the company lying before him. He occupied the place of secretary. When they were all seated the director rose, and the academicians followed him, all but the chancellor, who remained in his seat. The director made his complimentary address in a low voice, his body was quite bent, and no person but the queen and the chancellor could hear him. She received his address with great satisfaction.

All compliments concluded, they returned to their seats. The director then told the queen



that he had composed a treatise on Pain, to add to his character of the Pamphlet, and if it was agreeable to her majesty, he would read the first chapter—Very willingly, she answered. Having read it, he said to her majesty, that he would read no more lest he should fatigue her. Not at all, she replied, for I suppose what follows resembles what I have heard.

Afterwards Mr. Meryer mentioned that Mr. Corin had some verses, which her majesty would doubtless find beautiful, and if it was agreeable they should be read. Mr. Corin read them: they were versions of two passages from Lucretius: the one in which he attacks a Providence, and the other, where he gives the origin of the word according to the Epicurean system to those he added twenty lines of his own, in which he maintained the existence of a Providence. This done, an abbot rose, and, without being desired or ordered, read two sonnets, which by courtesy were allowed to be to credit. It is remarkable that both the poets read their verses standing, while the rest read their compositions seated.

After these readings, the director informed the queen that the ordinary exercise of the company was to labour on the dictionary, and that if her majesty should not find it disagreeable, they would read a column or stitched up. Very willingly, she answered. Mr. de Meryer then read what related to the word *Jeu de Gams*. Amongst other proverbial expressions was this: *Game of Princes, which only pleases the players*, to express a malicious violence committed by one in power. At this the queen laughed heartily; and they continued reading all that was fairly written. This lasted about an hour, when the queen observing that nothing more remained, went, made a bow to the company, and returned in the manner she entered.

Purcible, who was himself an academicien, has described the miserable manner in which time was consumed at their assemblies. I confess he was a satirist, and had quarrelled with the Academy; there must have been, notwithstanding, sufficient resemblance for the following picture, however it may be overcharged. He has been blamed for thus exposing the Epicurean mysticism of literature to the uninitiated.

"He who is most clamorous, is he whom they suppose has most reason. They all have the art of making long orations upon a trifle. The second repeats like an echo what the first said, but generally three or four speak together. When there is a bunch of five or six members, one reads, and another decides, two converse, one sleeps, and another amuses himself with reading some dictionary which happens to be before him. When a second member is to deliver his opinion, they are obliged to read again the article, which at the first perusal he had been too much ruffled to hear. This is a happy manner of finishing their work. They can hardly get over two lines without long digressions; without want one telling a pleasant story, or the news of the day; or talking of affairs of state, and reforming the government."

That the French Academy were generally frivolously employed appears also from an epistle to Boissac, by Boissacourt, the amusing companion

of Cardinal Richelieu. "Every one separately," says he, "promises great things; when they meet they do nothing. They have been six years employed on the letter F; and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they got through G."

The following anecdote concerns the forty *arm-chairs* of the academiciens. Those cardinals who were academiciens for a long time had not attended the meetings of the Academy, because they thought that *arm-chairs* were indispensable to their dignity, and the Academy had then only common chairs. These cardinals were desirous of being present at the election of Mr. Monnoir, that they might give him a distinguished mark of their esteem. "The king," says D'Alembert, "to satisfy at once the delicacy of their friendship, and that of their cardinalship, and to preserve at the same time that academical equality, of which this enlightened monarch (Louis XIV.) well knew the advantage, sent to the Academy forty *arm-chairs* for the forty academiciens, the same chairs which we now occupy; and the motive to which we owe them is sufficient to render the memory of Louis XIV. precious to the republic of letters, to whom it owes so many more important obligations!"

POETICAL AND GRAMMATICAL DEATHS.

It will appear by the following anecdote, that some men may be said to have died poetically and even grammatically.

There must be some attraction existing in poetry which is not merely fictitious, for often have its genuine votaries felt all its power on the most trying occasions. They have displayed the energy of their mind by composing or repeating verses, even with death on their lips.

The Emperor Adrian, dying, made that celebrated address to his soul, which is so happily translated by Pope. Lucius, when he had his veins opened by order of Nero, expired reciting a passage from his Pharsalia, in which he had described the wound of a dying soldier. Petronius did the same thing on the same occasion.

Patric, a poet of Caen, perceiving himself expiring, composed some verses which are justly admired. In this little poem he relates a dream, in which he appeared to be placed next to a bugger, when, having addressed him in the haughty strain he would probably have employed on this side of the grave, he received the following riposte:

Je suis tout égal à toi; je ne te dois plus rien;
Je suis car tu n'es plus; car tu n'es rien.
Here all are equal! now thy lot is mine!
I on my dunghill, as thou art on thine.

Don Barthelemy, it is said, wrote on his death-bed that well-known sonnet which is translated in the "Spectator."

Margaret of Austria, when she was nearly perishing in a storm at sea, composed her epitaph in verse. Had she perished, what would have become of the epitaph? And if she escaped, of what use

was it? She should rather have said her prayers. The verses, however, have all the *sublimity* of the times. They are—

*Cy g'est Margot, la gento demoiselle,
Qu'est deux maris, et a moult pécchie.*

Beneath this tomb a high-born Margaret laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.

She was betrothed to Charles VIII. of France, who forsook her; and being next intended for the Spanish infant, on her voyage to Spain, she wrote these lines in a storm.

Mademoiselle de Bernicot was nicknamed the Philosopher. She was celebrated for her knowledge and taste in polite literature. She died of a cancer in her breast, and suffered her misfortune with exemplary patience. She expired in finishing these verses, which she addressed to Death:

*Mortuare clausa sum,
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illis laborum.*

It was after Cervantes had received extreme unction that he wrote the dedication of his *Persiles*.

Ronsard, at the moment he expired, with an ecstasy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, uttered two lines of his own version of "Dies Ira." Waller, in his last moments, repeated some lines from Virgil and Chaucer seems to have taken his farewell of all human vanities by a moral ode, entitled, "A balade made by Geoffrey Chaucer upon his death-bedde lying in his grete signyng."

Cornelius de Witt fell an innocent victim to popular prejudice. His death is thus noticed by Mairé: "This man, who had bravely served his country in war, and who had been invested with the highest dignities, was delivered into the hands of the executioners, and torn in pieces by the most inhuman torments. Amidst the severe agonies which he endured he frequently repeated an ode of Horace, which contained sentiments suited to his deplorable condition." It was the third ode of the third book which this illustrious philosopher and statesman then repeated.

I add another instance in the death of that delightful poet Metastasio. After having received the sacrament, a very short time before his last moments, he broke out with all the enthusiasm of poetry and religion into the following stanzas:

*T'odro li tuo proprio Figlio,
Che già d'amore in pegno,
Racchiuso in picciol segno
Si volle a noi donar.*

*A lui rivolgo il ciglio.
Guardo chi l'odro, e poi
Laci, Signor, se vuoi,
Lascia di perdonar.*

"I offer to thee, O Lord, thy own Son, who already has given the pledge of love, enclosed in this thin emblem. Turn on him these eyes; ah! behold whom I offer to thee, and then deem, O Lord, if thou canst deem from mercy."

"The muse that has attended my course (says the dying Gleim in a letter to Klopstock) still hovers round my steps to the very verge of the

grave." A collection of lyrical poems, entitled "Last Hours," composed by Old Gleim on his death-bed, was intended to be published. The death of Klopstock was one of the most poetical; in this poet's "Messiah," he had made the death of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, a picture of the death of the just; and on his own death-bed he was heard repeating, with an expiring voice, his own verses on Mary; he was exhorting himself to die by the accents of his own harp, the sublimities of his own music! The same song of Mary, says Madame de Staël, was read at the public funeral of Klopstock.

Chastellard, a French gentleman, beheaded in Scotland for having loved the quora, and even for having attempted her honour, Brantome says, would not have any other vaticum than a poem of Ronsard. When he ascended the scaffold he took the hymns of this poet, and for his consolation read that on death, which he says is well adapted to conquer its fear.

When the Marquis of Montrose was condemned by his judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, the brave soldier said, that "he was sorry he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities in Europe, as monuments of his loyalty." As he proceeded to his execution, he put this thought into beautiful verse.

Philip Strozzi, when imprisoned by Cosmo the First, Great Duke of Tuscany, was apprehensive of the danger to which he might expose his friends who had joined in his conspiracy against the duke, from the confessions which the rack might extort from him. Having attempted every exertion for the liberty of his country, he considered it as no crime therefore to die. He resolved on suicide. With the point of the sword, with which he killed himself, he cut out on the mantelpiece of his chimney this verse of Virgil:

Exoriare aliquis nostrum ex ossibus ultor.

Rise, some avenger, from our blood!

I can never repeat without a strong emotion the following stanzas, begun by André Chenier, in the dreadful period of the French Revolution. He was waiting for his turn to be dragged to the guillotine, when he commenced this poem:

*Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier
sépulture*

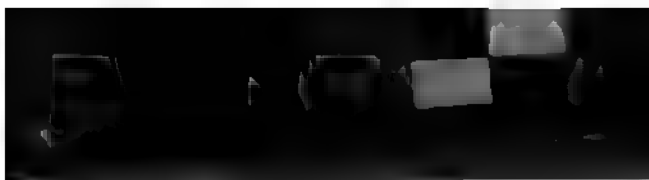
*Assise la fin d'un beau jour;
Au pied de l'échafaud j'écoute encore ma lyre,
Peut-être est ce bientôt mon tour;*

*Pest-être avant que l'heure en cercle promette
Ait posé sur l'emblème brillant
Dans un soixante pas ou sa route est bornée
Son pied sonore et vigilant.*

Le sommeil du tombeau promettra ma sépulture—

Here, at this pathetic line, was André Chenier summoned to the guillotine! Never was a more beautiful effusion of grief interrupted by a more affecting incident!

Several men of science have died in a scientific manner. Haller, the poet, philosopher, and physician, beheld his end approach with the utmost composure. He kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost



gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat,"—and almost instantly expired. The same remarkable circumstance had occurred to the great Harvey; he kept making observations on the state of his pulse, when life was drawing to its close, "as if," says Dr. Wilson in the oration spoken a few days after the event, "that he who had taught us the beginning of life might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with those of death."

De Lagny, who was intended by his friends for the study of the law, having fallen on an ill-chance, found it so congenial to his dispositions, that he devoted himself to mathematics. In his last moments, when he retained no further recollection of the friends who surrounded his bed, one of them, perhaps to make a philosophical experiment, thought proper to ask him the square of 13: our dying mathematician instantly, and perhaps without knowing that he answered, replied "169."

The following anecdotes are of a different complexion, and may excite a smile.

Père Boubours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutiae of letters. He was more solicitous of his words than his thoughts. It is said, that when he was dying, he called out to his friends (a correct grammarian to the last), "*Je vais, ou je vais mourir; Puisse l'écriture m'être utile!*"

When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language! And when his confessor represented to him the futility of a future state in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him—"Hold your tongue," he said, "your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!"

The favourite studies and amusements of the learned La Motte le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion, when death hung upon his lips. Betner, the celebrated traveller, entering and drawing the curtains of his bed to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turning to him, with a faint voice inquired, "Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul?"

SCARRON.

SCARRON, as a burlesque poet (but no other comparison exists), had his merit, but is now little read; for the uniformity of the burlesque style is as intolerable as the uniformity of the serious. From various sources we may collect some uncommon anecdotes, although he was a mere author.

Few are born with more flattering hopes than was Scarron. His father, a counsellor with an income of 25,000 livres, married a second wife, and the lively Scarron soon became the object of her hatred. He studied, and travelled, and took the clerical tonsure; but discovered dispositions more suitable to the pleasures of his age than to the gravity of his profession. He formed an acquaintance with the wits of the times; and in the carnival of 1638 committed a youthful extravagance, for which his remaining days formed a continual punishment. He disguised himself as a

savage; the singularity of a naked man attracted crowds. After having been hunted by the mob, he was forced to escape from his pursuers, and concealed himself in a marsh. A freezing cold seized him, and threw him, at the age of 27 years, into a kind of palsy; a cruel disorder which tormented him all his life. "It was thus," he says, "that pleasure deprived me suddenly of legs which had danced with elegance, and of hands which could manage the pencil and the lute."

Gouyet, in his *Bibliothèque Française*, vol. xvi. p. 307, without stating this anecdote, describes his disorder as an acid humour, distilling itself on his nerves, and baffling the skill of his physicians; the sciatica, rheumatism, in a word, a complication of maladies attacked him, sometimes successively, sometimes together, and made of our poor Abbé a sad spectacle. He thus describes himself in one of his letters, and who could be in better humour?

"I have lived to thirty; if I reach forty, I shall only add many miseries to those which I have endured these last eight or nine years. My person was well made, though short; my disorder has shortened it still more by a foot. My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough for my body to appear very meagre; I have hair enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have got many white hairs, in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now of the colour of wood, and will soon be of date. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and, at length, an acute one. My thighs and body form another; and my head, always dropping on my breast, makes me not ill represent a Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgement of human miseries."

It is said in the *Bibliomane*, p. 97, that he had the free use of nothing but his tongue and his hands; and that he wrote on a portfolio, which was placed on his knees.

Balsac told of Scarron, that he had gone further in insensibility than the stoics, who were satisfied in appearing insensible to pain; but Scarron was gay, and amused all the world with his sufferings.

He portrays himself thus humorously in his address to the queen:

*Je ne regarde plus qu'en bas,
Je suis torticolle, j'ai la tête penchée;
Ma mine devient si plaisante.*

Que quand on en rit, je ne m'en plains point.

"I can only see under me; I am wry-necked; my head hangs down; my appearance is so droll, that if people laugh, I shall not complain."

He says elsewhere,

*Parmi les torticolles
Je passe pour du plus joli.*

"Among your wry-necked people I pass for one of the handsomest."

After having suffered this distortion of shape, and these acute pains for four years, he quitted his usual residence, the quarter du Marais, for the baths of the faubourg Saint Germain. He took leave of his friends, by addressing some verses to them, entitled, *Adieu aux Marais*; in this piece

he highly prizes many celebrated persons. When he was brought into the world in a chair, the pleasure of seeing himself there once more overcame the pain which the motion occasioned, and he has cherished the transport by an ode, which has for title, "The Way from le Marais to the Faubourg Saint Germain."

These and other baths which he tried had no effect on his miserable disorder. But a new affliction was added to the catalogue of his griefs.

His father, who had hitherto contributed to his education, having joined a party against Cardinal Richelieu, was exiled. This blow was rendered still more unfortunate by his mother-in-law with her children at Paris, in the absence of her husband, appropriating the money of the family to her own use.

Hitherto Scarron had had no communion with Cardinal Richelieu. The behaviour of his father had even rendered his name disagreeable to the minister, who was by no means prone to forgive him. Scarron, however, when he thought his passion had moderated, ventured to present a petition, which is considered by the critics as one of his happiest productions. Richelieu permitted it to be read to him, and acknowledged that it afforded him much pleasure, and that it was pleasantly dated. This pleasant date is thus given by Scarron.

*Paris à Paris durant jour d'Octobre,
Par moi, Scarron, qui malgré moi suis malade,
L'an que l'on prit le fameux Periphan,
Et, sans cause, le ville de Sedan.*

*At Paris done, the last day of October,
By me, Scarron, who wanting was, am sicker,
The year they took from'd Periphan,
And, without cause, took Sedan.*

This was flattering the minister ably in two points very agreeable to him. The poet suggested well of the dispositions of the cardinal, and lost no time to return to the charge, by addressing an ode to him, to which he gave the title of TRIUMPH, as if he had already received the honours which he hoped he should receive. But all was lost by the death of the cardinal. In this ode I think he has caught the leading idea from a hymn of Ronsard, Catherine de Medici was prodigal of her promises, and for this reason Ronsard dedicated to her the hymn to PROMISE.

When Scarron's father died he brought his mother-in-law into court, and, to complete his misfortune, lost her suit. The cause which he drew up for the occasion were so extremely burlesque, that the world could not easily conceive how a man could amuse himself so pleasantly on a subject on which his existence depended.

The succumb of Richelieu, the Cardinal Mazarin, was insensible to his applications. He did nothing for him although the poet dedicated to him his *Ypthon*, a burlesque poem, in which the author describes the war of the giants with the gods. One hard was so irritated at this neglect, that he suppressed a sonnet he had written in his favour, and aimed at him several satirical bullets. Scarron, however, comforted himself for this kind of disgrace with those select friends who were not incensed in their suits to him. The Bishop of Meaux, also,

solicited by a friend, gave him a living in his diocese. When Scarron had taken possession of it, he began his *Roman Comique*. He made friends by his dedications. Such resources were indeed necessary, for he not only lived well, but had made his house an asylum for his two sisters, who there found refuge from an unfeeling stepmother.

It was about this time that the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle D'Aubigny, afterwards so well known by the name of Madame de Mazarin, she who was to be one day the mistress, if not the queen of France, formed with Scarron the most romantic connexion. She united herself in marriage with one whom she well knew might be a lover, but could not be a husband. It was indeed amidst that hourly society she formed her taste and embellished with her presence his little residence, where the most polished courtiers and some of the best geniuses of Paris, the party invited against Mazarin, called *La Fronde*, met. Such was the influence this marriage had over Scarron, that after this period his writings became more correct and more agreeable than those which he had previously composed. Scarron, on his side, gave a proof of his attachment to Madame de Mazarin, for by marrying her he lost his living of Meaux. But though without wealth, we are told in the *Epigramme*, that he was accustomed to say, that "his wife and he would not live uncomfortably by the produce of his estate and the *Morgue* of Quercy." Then he called the revenue which his compositions produced, and Quercy was his banker.

Scarron addressed one of his dedications to his dog, to ridicule those writers who dedicate their works indiscriminately, though no author has been more liberal of dedications than himself; but, as he confessed, he made dedication a kind of business. When he was low in cash he always dedicated to some lord, whom he praised so warmly as his dog, but whom probably he did not esteem as much.

Begins informs us, that when Scarron was visited, previous to general conversation his friends were taxed with a perusal of whatever he had written since he saw them before. One day Segrais and a friend calling on him, "Take a chair," said our author, "and let me try on you my *Roman Comique*." He took his manuscript, read several pages, and when he observed that they laughed, he said, "Good, this goes well, my book can't fail of success, once it engages such able persons as yourselves to laugh," and then remained silent to receive their compliments. He used to call this, *royant* on his romance, as a father *cries* his son. He was agreeable and diverting in all things, even in his complaints and pains. Whatever he conceived he immediately too freely expressed, but his amiable lady corrected him of this in three months after marriage.

He petitioned the Queen, in his dumb matter, to be permitted the honour of being her *passant*.*

* A friend would translate, "maître de la reine, the queen's mid man." I think there is more humour in supposing her majesty to be his physician, in which light Scarron might consider her for a person of good courage.



PETER CORNEILLE.

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by right of office. These verses form a part of his address to her majesty :

Scarron, par le grace de Dieu,
Malade indigne de la reine,
Homme n'ayant ni feu, ni lieu,
Mais bien du mal et de la peine ;
Hôpital allant et venant,
Des jambes d'autrui cheminant,
Des sieges n'ayant plus l'usage,
Souffrant beaucoup, dormant bien peu,
Et pourtant fâtant par courage
Bonne mine et fort mauvais jeu.

"Scarron, by the grace of God, an unworthy patient of the Queen; a man without a house, though a moving hospital of disorders; walking only with other people's legs, with great sufferings, but little sleep, and yet, in spite of all, very courageously showing a hearty countenance, though indeed he plays a losing game."

She smiled, granted the title, and, what was better, added a small pension, which losing, by lampooning the minister, Mazarin, Fouquet generously granted him a more considerable one.

The termination of the miseries of this facetious genius was now approaching. To one of his friends, who was taking leave of him for some time, Scarron said, "I shall soon die; the only regret I have in dying is not to be enabled to leave some property to my wife, who is possessed of infinite merit, and whom I have every reason imaginable to admire and to praise."

One day he was seized with so violent a fit of the hiccough, that his friends now considered his prediction would soon be verified. When it was over, "if ever I recover," cried Scarron, "I will write a bitter satire against the hiccough." The satire, however, was never written, for he died soon after. A little before his death, when he observed his relations and domestics weeping and groaning, he was not much affected, but humorously told them, "My children, you will never weep for me so much as I have made you laugh." A few moments before he died, he said, that "he never thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death."

The burlesque compositions of Scarron are now neglected by the French. This species of writing was much in vogue till attacked by the critical Bouleau, who annihilated such puny writers as D'Assoucy and Dufot, with their stupid admirers. It is said he spared Scarron because his merit, though it appeared but at intervals, was uncommon. Yet so much were burlesque verses the fashion after Scarron's works, that the booksellers would not publish poems, but with the word "Burlesque" in the title-page. In 1699 appeared a poem, which shocked the poets, entitled "The Passion of our Lord, in burlesque Verses."

Swift, in his dotage, appears to have been gratified by such puerilities as Scarron frequently wrote. An ode which Swift calls "A Lilliputian Ode," consisting of verses of three syllables, probably originated in a long epistle in verses of three syllables, which Scarron addressed to Mazarin. It is pleasant, and the following lines will serve as a specimen.

Epître à Mr. Mazarin.

Sarrazin
Mon voisin,
Cher ami,
Qu'a demi,
Je ne vois
Dont ma foi
J'ai dépit
Un petit.
N'es-tu pas
Sarrabas,
Buziris,
Phalaris,
Ganelon,
Le Felon ?

He describes himself

Un pauvre,
Très maigre,
Au col tort,
Dont le corps
Tout tortu,
Tout bossu.
Suranné,
Décharné,
Est réduit,
Jour et nuit,
A souffrir
Sans guerir
Des tourmens
Vehemens.

He complains of Mazarin's not visiting him, threatens to reduce him into powder if he comes not quickly; and concludes,

Mais pourtant
Repentant
Si tu viens
Et te tiens
Seulement
Un moment
Avec nous
Mon courroux
Finira,
Et CÉLÈRA.

The Roman Comique of our author is well known, and abounds with pleasantry, with wit and character. His "Virgile Travestie" it is impossible to read long: thus we likewise feel in "Cotton's Virgil travestied," which has notwithstanding considerable merit. Buffoonery after a certain time exhausts our patience. It is the chaste actor only who can keep the attention awake for a length of time. It is said that Scarron intended to write a tragedy, this perhaps would not have been the least facetious of his burlesques.

PETER CORNEILLE.

Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
POPE.

The great Corneille having finished his studies, devoted himself to the bar; but this was not the stage on which his abilities were to be displayed

—He followed the occupation of a lawyer for some time, without taste, and without success. A trifling circumstance discovered to the world and to himself a different genius. A young man who was in love with a girl of the same town, having selected him to be his companion in one of those secret visits which he paid to the lady, it happened that the stranger pleased infinitely more than his introducer. The pleasure arising from this discovery excited in Corneille a talent which had hitherto been unknown to him, and he attempted, as if it were by inspiration, dramatic poetry. On this little subject, he wrote his comedy of *Matin*, in 1634. At that moment the French drama was at a low ebb; the most favourable ideas were formed of our juvenile poet, and comedy, it was expected, would now reach its perfection. After the tumult of approbation had ceased, the critics thought that *Matin* was too stately and barren of incident. Angered by this criticism, our poet wrote his *Citandre*, and in that piece has marked incidents and adventures with such a brilliant production, that the critics say he wrote it rather to expose the public taste than to accommodate himself to it. In this piece the passions combat on the theatre, there are murders and assassinations, heretics fight, officers appear in search of murderers, and women are disguised as men. There is matter sufficient for a romance of ten volumes. "And yet, says a French critic, nothing can be more cold and tame." He afterwards indulged his natural genius in various other performances, but began to display more facility his tragic powers in *Médée*. A comedy which he afterwards wrote was a very indifferent composition. He regained his full lustre in the famous *Cid*, a tragedy, of which he preserved in his chief translations in all the European languages, except the Schreman and the Turkish. He pursued his poetical career with uncommon splendour in the *Horace*, *Œdipe*, and at length in *Pulchérie*, which productions (the French critics say) can never be surpassed.

At length the tragedy of "*Pertharite*" appeared, and proved unsuccessful. This so much disgusted our veteran bard, that, like Ben Jonson, he could not conceal his chagrin in the preface. There the poet tells us that he resoured the theatre for ever; and indeed this eternity lasted for several years.

Disgusted by the fate of his unfortunate tragedy, he directed his poetical pursuits to a different species of composition. He now finished his translation to view, of the "*Imitation of Jesus Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis." This work, perhaps from the singularity of an dramatic author becoming a religious writer, was attended with astonishing success. Yet Fontenelle did not find in this translation the prevailing charm of the original, which consists in that simplicity and earnestness, which are lost in the pomp of retranslation so natural to Corneille. "This book," he continues, "the souls that ever proceeded from the hand of man (more the grapes does not come from man) would not go as direct to the heart, and would not ease us as with such force, if it had not a natural and tender air, to which even that negligence which prevails in the style greatly contributes." Voltaire appears to confirm the

opinion of our critic, in respect to the translation: "It is reported that Corneille's translation of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* has been proved thirty-two times, it is as difficult to believe that as it is to read the book over."

Corneille seems not to have been ignorant of the truth of this criticism. In his dedication of it to the page, he says, "The translation which I have chosen, by the simplicity of its style, excludes all the rich ornaments of poetry, and, far from increasing my reputation, must be considered rather as a service made to the glory of the sovereign Author of all which I may have acquired by my partial productions." This is an excellent elucidation of the truth of that precept of Johnson which respects religious poetry, but of which the author of "*Cabrari*" seemed not to have been sensible. The merit of religious compositions appears, like that "*Imitation of Jesus Christ*," to consist in a simplicity essential to the higher practical embellishments, those are too human.

When Racine, the son published a long poem on "*Grace*" taken in its holy sense, a most unhappy subject at least for poetry, it was said that he had written on *Grace* without grace.

During the space of six years Corneille apparently kept his promise of not writing for the theatre. At length, overpowered by the persuasions of his friends, and probably by his own inclination, he once more directed his studies to the drama. He recommenced in 1659, and finished in 1673. During this time he wrote two new poems, and published a variety of little religious poems, which, although they do not attract the attention of posterity, were then read with delight, and probably preferred to the finest tragedies by the good Catholics of the day.

In 1673 he terminated his career. In the last year of his life his mind became so enfeebled as to be incapable of thinking, and he died in extreme poverty. It is true that his uncommon genius had been amply rewarded, but amongst his talents we cannot count that of preserving those favours of fortune which he had acquired.

Fontenelle, his nephew, presents a concise and interesting description of this great man. I must not omit, what Marville says, that when he saw Corneille he had the appearance of a country tradesman, and that he could not conceive how a man of so rustic an appearance could put into the mouths of his Romans such heroic sentiments. Corneille was sufficiently large and tall in his person; his nose simple and vulgar; always negligent; and very little anxious of pleasing by his exterior. His face had something agreeable, his nose large, his mouth not unhandsome, his eyes full of fire, his physiognomy bright, with strong features, well adapted to be transmitted to posterity on a medal or bust. His pronunciation was not very distinct and he read his verses with force, but without grace.

He was acquainted with polite literature, with history, and politics, but he generally knew them but as they related to the stage. For other knowledge he had neither leisure, curiosity, nor much concern. He spoke little, even on subjects which he perfectly understood. He did not embellish what he said, and to discover the great Corneille it became necessary to read him.



He was of a melancholy disposition, had something blunt in his manner, and sometimes he appeared rude, but in fact he was no disagreeable companion, and made a good father and husband. He was tender, and his soul was very susceptible of friendship. His constitution was very favourable to love, but never to debauchery, and rarely to violent attachments. His soul was free and independent: it could never be managed, for it would never bend. This indeed rendered him very capable of portraying Roman virtue, but incapable of improving his fortune. Nothing equalled his incapacity for business but his aversion the slightest troubles of this kind occasioned him alarm and terror. He was never satiated with praise, although he was continually receiving it; but if he was sensible to fame, he was far removed from vanity.

What Fontenelle observes of Corneille's love of fame is strongly proved by our great poet himself, in an epistle to a friend, in which we find the following remarkable description of himself, an instance that what the world calls vanity, at least interests in a great genius.

Nous nous aimons un peu, c'est notre foible à tous,

Le prix que nous valons qui le sçait mieux que nous ?

Et puis la mode en est, et la cour l'autorise,
Nous parlons de nous même avec tout franchise,
La fausse humilité ne met plus en crédit.

Je sçais ce que je vauz, et crois ce qu'on m'en dit,

Pour me faire admirer je ne fais point de ligue ;
J'ai peu de voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans ligue ;

Et mon ambition, pour faire plus de bruit
Ne les va point quêter de réduit en réduit
Mon travail sans appui monte sur le théâtre,
Chacun en liberté l'y blâme ou l'idolâtre ;
Là, sans que mes amis peignent leur sentiment,
J'attache quelquefois leurs applaudissemens ;
Là, content du succès que le mérite donne,
Par d'illustres avis je n'éblouis personne ;
Je satisfais ensemble et peuple et courtisans ;
Et mes vers en tous lieux sont mes seuls partisans ;
Par leur seule beauté ma plume est estimée ;
Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée ;
Et pense toutefois n'avoir point de rival,
A qui je fasse tort, en le traitant d'égal.

I give his sentiments in English verse with more faithfulness than elegance. To write with his energetic expression, one must feel oneself in a similar situation, which only one or two living writers can experience.

Self-love prevails too much in every state ;
Who, like ourselves, our secret worth can rate ?
Since 'tis a fashion authorized at court,
Frankly our merits we ourselves report.
A proud humility will not deceive ;
I know my worth ; what others say, believe.
To be admired I form no petty league ;
Few are my friends, but gain'd without intrigue.
My bold ambition, destitute of grace,
Scorns still to beg their votes from place to place.
On the fair stage my scenic toils I raise,
While each is free to censure or to praise :

And there, unaided by inferior arts,
I snatch the applause that rushes from their ears.

Content by Merit still to win the crown,
With no illustrious names I cheat the town.
The galleries thunder, and the pit commends ;
My verses, everywhere my only friends !
'Tis from their charms alone my praise I claim ;
'Tis to myself alone, I owe my fame,
And know no rival whom I fear to meet,
Or injure, when I grant an equal seat.

Voltaire censures Corneille for making his heroes say continually they are great men. But in drawing the character of a hero he draws his own. All his heroes are only so many Corneilles in different situations.

Thomas Corneille attempted the same career as his brother: perhaps his name was unfortunate, for it naturally excited a comparison which could not be favourable to him. Gacon, the Denon of his day, wrote the following smart impromptu under his portrait.

Voyant le portrait de Corneille,
Gardez vous de crier merveille !
Et dans vos transports n'allez pas,
Prendre ici Pierre pour Thomas.

POETS.

In all ages there has existed an anti-poetical party. This faction consists of those frigid intellects incapable of that glowing expansion so necessary to feel the charms of an art, which only addresses itself to the imagination; or of writers who, having proved unsuccessful in their court to the muses, revenge themselves by reviling them; and also of those religious minds who consider the ardent effusions of poetry as dangerous to the morals and peace of society.

Plato, amongst the ancients, is the model of those moderns who profess themselves to be *AKTIOSTICAL*. This writer, in his ideal republic, characterises a man who occupies himself with composing verses as a very dangerous member of society, from the inflammatory tendency of his writings. It is by arguing from its abuse, that he decries this enchanting talent. At the same time it is to be recollected, that no head was more finely organized for the visions of the muse than Plato's. He was a true poet, and had addicted himself in his prime of life to the cultivation of the art, but perceiving that he could not surpass his inimitable original, Homer, he employed this invidious manner of depreciating his works. In the *Phædrus* he describes the feelings of a genuine Poet. To become such, he says, it will never be sufficient to be guided by the rules of art, unless we also feel the ecstasies of that *furor*, almost divine, which in this kind of composition is the most palpable and least ambiguous character of a true inspiration. Cold minds, ever tranquil and ever in possession of themselves, are incapable of producing exalted poetry; their verses must always be feeble, diffuse, and leave no impression; the verses of those who are endowed with a strong and lively imagination, and

who, like Homer's personification of Discord, have their heads incessantly in the sky, and their feet on the earth, will agitate you, burn in your heart, and drag you along with them, breaking like an impetuous torrent, and smothering your breast with that enthusiasm with which they are themselves possessed.

Such is the character of a poet in a poetical age. — The useful race have their corporate bodies of mechanics, busybody manufacturers, sailors, burtheners, gliders, and fliers.

Men of taste are sometimes disgusted in turning over the works of the anti-poetical, by meeting with gross rudeness and false judgments concerning poetry and poets. Locke has expressed a marked contempt of poets, but we are what seem he formed of poets by his own poeticism of one of Blackmore's epics. Indeed, a scholar of profound erudition, has given us his opinion concerning poets: "It is ridiculous for a lord to print verses; he may make them to please himself. If a man in a private chamber turns his hand to verse, or plays with a rush to please himself, it is well enough; but if he should go into the street, and on upon a stall and twist a hand-string, we play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him." — As if "the sublime and the beautiful are to be compared to the twisting of a hand-string, or playing with a rush." A poet, related to an illustrious family, and who did not write unpoetical, entertained a far different notion concerning poets. He perceived that to be a true poet required an elevated mind, that it was a maxim with him, that no writer could be a excellent poet who was not descended from a noble family. This opinion is as absurd as that of children; but when one poet will not grant enough, the other always assumes too much. The great Pindar, whose extraordinary genius was discovered in the sciences, knew little of the use of poetical beauty. He said "Poetry has no settled object." This was the decision of a geometrist, not of a poet. "Why should he speak of what he did not understand?" asked the holy Voltaire. Poetry is not an object which can stand under the cognizance of philosophy or wit. Longuerre had profound erudition, but he decided on poetry in the same manner as them learned men. Nothing so strongly characteristic such literary men as the following observations in the Longuerre, p. 196.

"There are two kinds of Homer, which I prefer to Homer himself. The first is a *disputatious* Homeric of Pericles, where he has extracted everything relative to the usages and customs of the Greeks; the other is *Homer's Cosmology per Deiphetem*, printed at Cambridge. In these two books is found everything valuable in Homer, without being obliged to get through his *books a dozen times*. These men of science decide on their taste. These are who study Homer and Virgil as the blind travel through a fire country, merely to get to the end of their journey. It was observed at the death of Longuerre that in his enormous library not a volume of poetry was to be found. He had formerly read poetry, he indeed he had read everything. But we tell us, that when young he read from a hint, the conversation turned on

poets; our credit reviewed them all with the most insatiable contempt of the poetical talent, from which he said we learn nothing. He seemed a little charitable towards Aramis. "As for that madman, (said he,) he has strangled me sometimes." Dacier, a poetical pedant after all, was asked who was the greatest poet, Homer or Virgil? he honestly answered, "Homer by a thousand years."

But it is mortifying to find among the anti-poetical even poets themselves. Malherbe, the first poet in France in his day, appears little to have understood the art. He used to say that "a good poet is no more useful to the state than a skilful painter of war-guns." Malherbe wrote with contrived labour. When a poem was shown to him which had been highly commended, he sarcastically asked if it would "lower the price of bread?" In these instances he maliciously condemned the useful with the agreeable arts. He it remembered that Malherbe had a cynical heart, cold and unfeeling; his character may be traced in his poetry, *Liberté*, and *collection*, without one ray of enthusiasm.

Le Clerc was a scholar not entirely unworthy to be ranked amongst the Lactans, the Badius, and the Lactantius, and his opinions are as just concerning poets. In the *Perseus* he has written a treatise on poets in a very opportune manner. I shall notice his coarse raileries relating to what he calls "the personal defects of poets." In vol. 1, p. 33, he says, "In the *Perseus* we have Joseph Scaliger's opinion concerning poets. There never was a man who was a poet, or addicted to the study of poetry, but his heart was pulled up with his greatness. This is very true. The poetical enthusiasm persuades these gentlemen, that they have something in them superior to others, because they employ a language peculiar to themselves. When the poetic fever seizes them, its traces frequently remain on their faces, which make commoners say with Horace,

Aut mentis homo, aut vultus facit.

There goes a madness or a head.

Their thoughtful air and mischievous gait make them appear strange, too, accustomed to vanity while they walk, and to bite their nails in apparent agonies, these steps are measured and slow, and they look as if they were reflecting on something of consequence, although they are only thinking of the phrase *rom*, or nothing. He proceeds in the same elegant strain to enumerate other defects. I have only transcribed the above description of our peculiar scholar, with an attention of describing these exterior marks of that fine enthusiasm, of which the poet is peculiarly susceptible, and which have exposed many an elevated genius to the ridicule of the vulgar.

I need thus admirably defended by Charpentier: "Men may ridicule as much as they please these particularities and contortions which poets are apt to make in the act of composing; it is certain however that they greatly assist in putting the imagination into motion. These kinds of agitation do not always show a mind which labours with its secrets; they frequently proceed from a mind which excites and animates itself. Quintilian has truly compared them to those labours of his tail which a lion gives himself when he is



preparing to combat. Parisien, when he would give us an idea of a cold and languishing oration, says that his author did not strike his dumb nor hit his nails.

Neque pluteum credit, nec damnum apti sanguis."

Three exterior marks of enthusiasm may be illustrated by the following curious anecdote. — Domenico, the painter, was accustomed to act the character of all the figures he would represent on his canvases, and to speak aloud whatever the passion he meant to describe could prompt. Painting the martyrdom of St. Andrew, Corraci one day caught him in a violent passion, speaking in a terrible and dominating tone. He was at that moment employed on a soldier who was threatening the saint. When this bit of enthusiastic abstraction had passed, Corraci ran and embraced him, acknowledging that Domenico had been that day his master, and that he had learnt from him the true manner to succeed in catching the expression; that great pride of the painter's art.

Thus different are the sentiments of the intelligent and the unintelligent on the same subject. A Corraci embraced a kindred genius for what a Le Clerc or a Striden would have ridiculed.

Poets, I confess, frequently indulge in reveries, which, though they offer no charms to their friends, are too delicious to forego. In the ideal world, peopled with all its fairy inhabitants, and ever open to their contemplation, they travel with an unwearied lust. Crebillon, the celebrated tragic poet, was enamoured of solitude, that he might there indulge, without interruption, in these fine romances with which his imagination teemed. One day when he was in a deep reverie, a friend entered hastily. "Don't disturb me," cried the poet, "I am enjoying a moment of happiness. I am going to hang a villain of a monster, and behead another who is an idiot."

Amongst the anti-poetical may be placed the father of the great monarch of Prussia. George the Second was not more the sworn enemy of the muses. Frederic would not suffer the prince to read verse, and when he was desirous of study, or of the conversation of literary men, he was obliged to do it secretly. Every poet was odious to his majesty. One day, having observed some lines written on one of the doors of the palace, he asked a courier their significance. They were explained to him, they were Latin verses composed by Wachter, a man of letters, then resident at Berlin. The king immediately sent for the bard, who came worn with the hope of receiving a reward for his ingenuity. He was astonished however to hear the king, in a violent passion, accost him, "I order you immediately to quit this city and my kingdom." Wachter took refuge in Hanover. As little indeed was this anti-poetical monarch a friend to philosophers. Two or three such kings might perhaps renovate the ancient barbarism of Europe. Barraber, the celebrated child, was presented to his majesty of Prussia on a prodigy of erudition. The king, to mortify our ingenuous youth, coldly asked him, "If he knew the law?" The learned boy was constrained to acknowledge that he knew nothing of law. "Go," was the reply of this Augustus, "Go, and study

it before you give yourself out as a scholar." Poor Barraber renounced for this pursuit his other studies, and persevered with such ardour that he became an excellent lawyer at the end of fifteen months, but his earnings rent him at the same time his life!

Every monarch, however, has not proved so destitute of poetic sensibility as this Prussian. Francis I gave repeated marks of his attachment to the favourites of the muses, by composing several occasional sonnets, which are dedicated to their eulogy. Andrelin, a French poet, enjoyed the happy fate of Oppian, to whom the emperor Caracalla counted as many pieces of gold as there were verses in one of his poems, and with great propriety they have been called "golden verses." Andrelin when he recited his poem on the conquest of Naples before Charles VIII received a sack of silver coin, which with difficulty he carried home. Charles IX, says Brantome, loved verse, and recompensed poets, not indeed immediately, but gradually, that they might always be stimulated to excel. He used to say that poets resembled race-horses, that must be fed but not fettered, for then they were good for nothing. Muses was so much esteemed by kings, that he was called the poet of princes, and the prince of poets.

In the early state of poetry what honours were paid to its votaries? Ronsard, the French Chaucer, was the first who carried away the prize at the Floral Games. This mode of poetic honour was an agnifiance composed of silver. The reward did not appear equal to the merit of the work and the reputation of the poet, and on this occasion the city of Toulouse had a Minerva of solid silver cast, of considerable value. This image was sent to Ronsard, accompanied by a decree, in which he was declared, by way of emolument, "The French poet."

It is a curious anecdote to add, that when, at a later period, a similar Minerva was adjudged to Maynard for his verses, the Captains of Toulouse, who were the executors of the Floral gifts, to their shame, out of civetousness, never obeyed the decision of the poetical judges. This circumstance is noticed by Maynard in an epigram, which bears this title; *On a Minerve of silver, promised but not given.*

The anecdote of Margaret of Scotland (wife of the Dauphin of France), and Alan the poet, is perhaps generally known. Who is not charmed with that fine expression of her poetical sensibility? The poems of Alan was requisite, but his poetry had attracted her affections. Passing through one of the halls of the palace, she saw him sleeping on a bench: she approached and kissed him. Some of her attendants could not conceal their amazement that she should press with her lips those of a man so frightfully ugly. The amiable princess answered, smiling, "I did not kiss the man, but the mouth which has uttered so many fine things."

The great Colbert paid a pretty compliment to Boileau and Racine. This minister, at his villa, was enjoying the conversation of our two poets, when the arrival of a private was announced: turning quickly to the servant, he said, "Let him be shown everything except myself!"

To such attention from the great minister, Bossuet alludes in these verses :

*Fins d'un grand, on aime jusqu'à la tendresse ;
Si ma vue à Colbert inspira l'admiration.*

Several pious persons have considered it as highly meritable to abstain from the reading of poetry. A good father, in his account of the last hours of Madame Racine, the lady of the celebrated tragic poet, pays high compliments to her religious disposition, which, he says, was so sincere, that she would not allow herself to read poetry, as she considered it to be a dangerous pleasure, and he highly commends her for never having read the tragedy of her husband. Arnauld, though so intimately connected with Racine for many years, had not read his compositions. When, at length, he was persuaded to read Phœdra, he declared himself to be delighted, but complained that the poet had not a dangerous example, in making the mouly Hypocritus devoted to an effeminate lover. As a critic, Arnauld was right, but Racine had his nation to please. Such persons entertain notions of poetry similar to that of an ancient father, who calls poetry the wine of Asia; or to that of the religious and austere Nicole, who was so ably answered by Racine. He said, that dramatic poets were public poisoners, not of bodies, but of souls.

Poets, it is acknowledged, have fancies peculiar to themselves. They sometimes act in the daily commerce of life as if every one was concerned in the success of their productions. Poets are too frequently merely poets. Lagrange has recorded that the following maxim of Rochefoucault was occasioned by reflecting on the characters of Bossuet and Racine. "R dupes," he writes, "a great poverty of mind to have only one kind of genius." On this Scarron observes, and Lagrange knew them intimately, that their conversation only turned on poetry; take them from that, and they knew nothing. It was thus with one Du Perron, a good poet, but very poor. When he was introduced to Polignac, who wished to be agreeable to him, the minister said, "In what can he be employed?" He is only occupied by his verses.

All these complaints are not unfounded; yet, perhaps, it is unjust to expect from an exalting artist all the petty accomplishments of frivolous persons, who have studied no art but that of pleasing in the weakness of their friends. The enthusiastic votary, who devotes his days and nights to meditations on his favourite art, will rarely be found that despicable thing, a mere man of the world. Du Bos has justly observed, that men of genius, here for a particular profession, appear inferior to others when they apply themselves to other occupations. That absence of mind which arises from their continual attention to their ideas, renders them awkward in their manners. Such defects are even a proof of the activity of genius.

It is a common fault with poets to read their verses to friends. Lagrange has ingeniously observed, to use his own words, "When young I used to please myself in reciting my verses indifferently to all persons, but I perceived when Boisson, who was my intimate friend, used to take

his portfolio and read his verses to me, although they were good, I frequently became weary. I then reflected, that those to whom I read mine, and who, for the greater part, had no taste for poetry, must experience the same disagreeable sensation. I resolved for the future to read my verses only to those who entreated me, and to read but few at a time. We flatter ourselves too much, we conclude that what pleases us must please others. We will have persons indulgent to us, and frequently we will have no indulgence for those who are in want of it." An excellent hint for young poets, and for those old ones who carry solemn and eloquent in their pockets, to inflict the pains of the torture on their friends.

The affection which a poet feels for his verse has been frequently extravagant. Boileau, ridiculing that parental tenderness which writers evince for their poetical compositions, tells us, that many having written epigrams on friends whom they believed on report to have died, could not determine to keep them in their chests, but suffered them to appear in the lifetime of those very friends whose death they celebrated. In another place he says, that such is their infatuation for their productions, that they prefer giving to the public their panegyrics of persons whom afterwards they satirized, rather than impropria the verses which contain these panegyrics. We have many examples of this in the poems, and even in the epistolary correspondence of modern writers. It is customary with most authors, when they quarrel with a person after the first edition of their work, to cancel his eulogium in the next. But poets and letter-writers frequently do not do this; because they are so charmed with the happy turn of their expressions, and other elegance of composition, that they prefer the praise which they may acquire for their style to the censure which may follow from their inconsistency.

After having given a hint to young poets, I shall offer one to veterans. It is a common defect with them that they do not know when to quit the muns in their advanced age. Boyle says, "Poets and artists should be mindful to retire from their occupations, which so peculiarly require the fire of imagination, yet it is but too common to see them in their career, even in the decline of life. It seems as if they would condemn the public to drink even the lees of their nectar." Aler and Duport were both poets who had acquired considerable reputation, but which they overturned when they persisted to write in their old age without vigour and without fancy.

What crowds of these impudently bold,
In words and jingling syllables grown old,
They run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the drops and squabbles of the brain:
Strut out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Poets.

It is probable he had Wycherley in his eye when he wrote this. The veteran had lately credited much indifferent verse, and Pope had freely given his opinion, by which he lost his friendship.

It is still worse when aged poets devote their exhausted talents to divine poems, as did Waller;



and Milton in his second epic. Such poems, observes Voltaire, are frequently entitled "loved poems," and saved they are, for no one touches them. From a soil so good what can be expected but ripened fruits? Corneille told Chirons several years before his death, that he had taken leave of the theatre, for he had lost his poetical powers with his teeth.

Poets have sometimes displayed an oddity of taste in their female favorites. As if conscious of the power of ensnaring others, some have selected them from the lowest classes, whom, having elevated into divinities, they have addressed in the language of poetical devotion. The *Chloé* of Pont, after all his raptures, was a plump barnard. Ronsard addressed many of his verses to Miss Camandre, who followed the same occupation. In one of his sonnets to her, he fills it with a crowd of personages taken from the *Iliad*, which to the honest girl must have all been extremely mysterious. Colvict, a French bard, married three of his servants. His last lady was called *la belle Claudine*. Athomed of such moral alliances, he attempted to persuade the world that he had married the tenth muse, and for this purpose published verses in her name. When he died, the verse of Claudine became suddenly dry. She indeed published her "*Adieu to the Muse*," but it was soon discovered that all the verses of this lady, including her "*Adieu*," were the compositions of her husband.

Sometimes, indeed, the oddest marriages of poets have no existence, and a slight occasion is sufficient to give birth to one. Racine and Molière were one day conversing on their amours; that is, of uniting a lady who should be the object of their verses. Racine named one, and Molière another. It happening that both had the same name, Catharine, they passed the whole afternoon in forming it into an *opéra*. They found three: *Arcturée*, *Erasthe*, and *Charlot*. The first was preferred, and many a fine ode was written in praise of the beautiful *Arcturée*!

Poets change their opinions of their own productions wonderfully at different periods of life. Simon Maury was in his youth warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire, and to escape his poems he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hand. Ten years afterwards he condemned to the flames them very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

But, if they escape the scourge of the law, have reason to dread the cane of the satirist. Of this kind we have many anecdotes on record, but none more pungent than the following. Brumade was called for lampooning the Duke of Spers. Some days afterwards he appeared at court, but being still lame from the rough treatment he had received, he was forced to support himself by a cane. A wit, who knew what had passed, whispered the affair to the queen. She, dissembling, asked him if he had the cane? "Yes, madam," replied our lame satirist, "and therefore I make use of a cane." "Not so," interrupted the malignant Gaultre, "Brumade so this imitates those holy martyrs who are always represented with the instrument which occasioned their sufferings."

ROMANCES.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the elapso of Fiction and Love. Men of learning have assumed themselves with tracing the epochs of romances, but the erudition is a depraved which would fix on the inventor of the first romance for what originates in nature, who shall hope to detect the shadowy outlines of its beginnings? The *Thamara* and *Charitas* of Melodorus appeared in the fourth century, and this elegant piece was the Georgian Pension. It has been prettily said, that posterior romances seem to be the children of the marriage of *Thamara* and *Charitas*. The *Romance* of "*The Golden Am*," by Apollonius, which contains the beautiful tale of "*Cupid and Psyche*," remains unrivalled; while the "*Daphne and Chloé*" of Loup, in the old version of Amyot, is incomparably delicate, simple, and marvellous, but monstrous *adieu* us, for nature there "*plays her virgin facon*."

Boundless as these comparisons are, when the imagination of the writer is sufficiently stored with accurate observations on human nature, in those books, like many of the fine arts, the results of an æsthetic religion opposed their progress. However Melodorus may have delighted those who were not inebriated to the felicity of a fine imagination, and to the enchanting elegancies of style, he raised himself, among his brother ecclesiastics, enemies, who at length so far prevailed, that, in a synod, it was declared that his performance was dangerous to young persons, and that if the author did not suppress it, he must resign his bishopric. We are told he preferred his romance to his bishopric. Even so late as in Racine's time it was held a crime to peruse those unblasted pages. He informs us that the first editions of his muse were in consequence of studying that ancient romance, which his tutor observing him to devote with the koranum of a finished man, snatched from his hands and hung it on the fire. A second copy experienced the same fate. What could Racine do? He bought a third, and took the precaution of devouring it secretly till he got it by heart, after which he offered it to the pedagogue with a smile, to burn like the others.

The devices of these æsthetic bigots was founded on their opinion of the immorality of such works. They alleged that the writers paint too warmly to the imagination, address themselves too forcibly to the passions, and in general, by the freedom of their representations, lower on the borders of indecency. Let it be sufficient, however, to observe, that those who condemned the liberties which those writers take with the imagination could indulge themselves with the *Anacreontic* voluptuaries of the wise Solomon, when sanctioned by the authority of the church.

The marvellous power of resistance over the human mind is exemplified in the curious anecdote of *Orontas* literature.

Mahomet found they had such an influence over the imaginations of his followers, that he has expressly forbidden them in his Koran, and the reason is given in the following anecdote. An Arabian merchant having long resided in Persia, returned to his own country while the prophet

was publishing his Koran. The merchant, among his other riches, had a treasure of romances concerning the Persian heroes. These he related to his delighted countrymen, who considered them to be so excellent, that the legends of the Koran were neglected, and they plainly told the prophet that the "Persian Tales" were superior to his. Alarmed, he immediately had a visitation from the angel Gabriel, declaring them impious and pernicious, hateful to God and Mahomet. This checked their currency; and all true believers yielded up the exquisite delight of poetic fictions for the insipidity of religious ones. Yet these romances may be said to have outlived the Koran itself; for they have spread into regions which the Koran could never penetrate. Even to this day Colonel Capper, in his travels across the Desert, saw "Arabians sitting round a fire, listening to their tales with such attention and pleasure, as totally to forget the fatigue and hardship with which an instant before they were entirely overcome." And Wood, in his journey to Palmyra:—"At night the Arabs sat in a circle drinking coffee, while one of the company diverted the rest by relating a piece of history on the subject of love or war, or with an extempore tale."

Mr. Ellis has given us "Specimens of the Early English Metrical Romances," and Ritson and Weber have printed two collections of them entire, valued by the poetical antiquary. Learned inquirers have traced the origin of romantic fiction to various sources.—From Scandinavia issued forth the giants, dragons, witches, and enchanters. The curious reader will be gratified by "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," a volume in quarto; where he will find extracts from "the Book of Heroes" and "The Nibelungen Lay," with many other metrical tales from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic languages. In the East, Arabian fancy bent her iris of many-softened hues over a delightful land of fiction; while the Welsh, in their emigration to Brittany, are believed to have brought with them their national fables. That subsequent race of minstrels known by the name of *Troubadours* in the South of France, composed their erotic or sentimental poems; and those romancers called *Trouveurs*, or finders, in the North of France, culled and compiled their domestic tales or *Fabliaux*, *Dits*, *Conte*, or *Lai*. Millot, Sainte Palaye, and Le Grand have preserved, in their "Histories of the Troubadours," their literary compositions. They were a romantic race of ambulatory poets; military and religious subjects their favourite themes; yet bold and satirical on princes, and even on priests: severe moralisers, though libertines in their verse; so refined and chaste in their manners, that few husbands were alarmed at the enthusiastic language they addressed to their wives. The most romantic incidents are told of their loves. But love and its grosser passion were clearly distinguished from each other in their singular intercourse with their "Dames." The object of their mind was separated from the object of their senses; the virtuous lady to whom they vowed their hearts, was in their language styled "*la dame de ses pensées*," a very distinct being from their other mistress. Such was the Platonic chimera that charmed in the age of chivalry; the Laura of

Petrarch might have been no other than "the lady of his thoughts."

From such productions in their improved state poets of all nations have drawn their richest inventions. The agreeable wildness of that fancy which characterised the Eastern nations was often caught by the Crusaders. When they returned home, they mingled in their own the customs of each country. The Saracens, being of another religion, brave, desperate, and fighting for their father-land, were enlarged to their fears, under the tremendous form of *Paynim Giants*, while the reader of that day followed with trembling sympathy the *Red-Cross Knight*. Thus fiction embellished religion, and religion invigorated fiction; and such incidents have enlivened the cantos of Ariosto, and adorned the epic of Tasso. Spenser is the child of their creation; and it is certain that we are indebted to them for some of the bold and strong touches of Milton. Our great poet marks his affection for "these lofty Fables and Romances, among which his young feet wandered." Collins was bewildered among their magical seductions; and Dr. Johnson was enthusiastically delighted by the old Spanish folio romance of "*Felixmarte of Hircania*," and similar works. The most ancient romances were originally composed in verse before they were converted into prose: no wonder that the lacerated members of the poet have been cherished by the sympathy of poetical souls. Don Quixote's was a very agreeable insanity.

The most voluminous of these ancient Romances is *Le Roman de Perceforest*. I have seen an edition in six small folio volumes, and its author has been called the French Homer by the writers of his age. In the class of romances of chivalry we have several translations in the black-letter. These books are very rare, and their price is as voluminous. It is extraordinary that these writers were so unconscious of their future fame, that not one of their names has travelled down to us. There were eager readers in their days, but not a solitary bibliographer! All these romances now require some indulgence for their prolixity, and their Platonic amours,—but they have not been surpassed in the wildness of their inventions, the ingenuity of their incidents, the simplicity of their style, and their curious manners. Many a Homer lies hid among them; but a celebrated Italian critic suggested to me that many of the fables of Homer are only disguised and degraded in the romances of chivalry. Those who vilify them as only barbarous imitations of classical fancy condemn them as some do Gothic architecture, as mere corruptions of a purer style: such critics form their decision by preconceived notions; they are but indifferent philosophers, and to us seem to be deficient in imagination.

As a specimen I select two romantic adventures:—

The title of the extensive romance of *Perceforest* is, "The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful history of Perceforest, King of Great Britain, &c." The most ancient edition is that of 1528. The writers of these Gothic fables, lest they should be considered as mere triflers, pretended to an allegorical meaning concealed under the texture of their fable. From the



Influencing adventure we learn the power of beauty in making ten days appear as yesterday. Alexander the Great, in search of Perseus, parts with his knights in an enchanted wood, and each vows they will not remain longer than one night on one place. Alexander, accompanied by a page, arrives at Isabella's castle, who is a sorceress. He is taken by her witcheries and beauty, and the page, by the lady's maid, falls into the same mistake of his master, who thinks he is there only one night. They enter the castle with deep wounds, and come perfectly recovered. I transcribe the latter part as a specimen of the manner. When they were once out of the castle the king said, "Truly, Florinda, I know not how it has been with me, but certainly Isabella is a very honourable lady, and very beautiful, and very charming in conversation. You say and Florinda, it is true, but one thing surprises me: how is it that our wounds have healed in one night? I thought at least ten or fifteen days were necessary. Truly, said the king, that is astonishing! Now King Alexander met Gadifer, king of Scotland, and the valiant knight Le Tors. Well, said the king, have ye news of the king of England? Ten days we have hunted him, and cannot find him out. How, said Alexander, did we not separate yesterday from each other? In God's name, said Gadifer, what means your majesty? It is ten days! Have a care what you say, cried the king. See, replied Gadifer, it is so. Well Le Tors. On my honour, said Le Tors, the king of Scotland speaks truth. Then, said the king, some of us are enchanted. Florinda, said thus, not think we separated yesterday? Truly, truly, your majesty, I thought so! But when I saw our wounds healed in one night, I had some suspicion that we were enchanted."

In the old romance of Melusine, this lovely fairy, though to the world unknown as such, enamoured of Count Raymond, marries him, but her estate is a severe penalty that he will never disturb her on Saturdays. On those days the inferior parts of her body are metamorphosed into that of a serpent, as a punishment for a further crime. Agitated by the malicious suggestions of a friend, his curiosity and his jealousy one day conduct him to the spot she retired to at those times. It was a darkened passage to the dungeon of the fortress. His hand gropes its way till it feels an iron gate open it, and can be discovered a single chink, but at length perceives by his touch a lance rest, he places his sword in its head and opens it out. Through this hole he sees Melusine on the horrid form she is compelled to assume. That tender mistress, transformed into a monster bathing in a font, flashing the spray of the water from a scaly tail! He repents of his fatal curiosity: she reproaches him, and their mutual happiness is forever lost! The moral design of the tale evidently warns the lover to preserve a woman's secret.

Such are the works which were the favourite amusements of our English court, and which doubtless had a due effect in refining the manners of the age, in diffusing that splendid military genius, and that tender devotion to the fair sex, which dazzle us in the reign of Edward III., and through that enchanting labyrinth of history constructed by the great Peckham. In one of the most recent titles of Henry III. there is an entry of

"Silver clasps and studs for his majesty's great book of Romances." Dr. Moore observes that the enthusiastic admiration of chivalry which Edward III. manifested during the whole course of his reign was probably in some measure owing to his having studied the *chansons de geste* in his great grandfather's library.

The Italian romances of the fourteenth century were spread abroad in great numbers. They formed the prime literature of the day. But it is not permitted to authors freely to express their ideas, and give full play to the imagination; their works must never be placed in the study of the rigid moralist. They, indeed, pushed their indelicacy to the verge of obscenity, and seemed rather to seek than to avoid scenes, which a modern would blush to describe. They, to employ the expression of one of their authors, were not ashamed to name what God had created. Cantho, Baudelaire, and others, but chiefly Boccaccio, rendered licentiousness agreeable by the fascinating charms of a polished style and a luxuriant imagination.

They, however, must not be admitted as an apology for immoral works, for poems to suit the low passions, even when delicious. Such works were, and still continue to be, the favourites of a nation stigmatised for being prone to impure amours. They are still curious in their editions, and are not paragoned in their price for what they call an unadorned copy. There are many Italians, not lovers even, who are in possession of an ample library of these old romances.

If we pass over the moral irregularities of these romances, we may discover a rich vein of invention, which only requires to be released from their rubbish which disfigure it, to become of an invaluable price. The *Decamerone*, the *Heptameron*, and the *Novelle* of these writers, translated into English, made an inconsiderable figure in the book library of our Shakespeare. Chaucer had been a notorious imitator and lover of them. His "Knight's Tale" is little more than a paraphrase of "Boccaccio's Teseide." Pontano has caught all their charms with all their licentiousness. From such works, these great poets, and many of their contemporaries, frequently borrowed their plots, not uncommonly limited at their flame the ardour of their genius, but bending too submissively to the taste of their age, in extracting the ore they have not purified it of the alloy. The origin of their tale must be traced to the inventions of the Trouvères, who in which often adapted them from various nations. Of these tales, Le Grand has printed a curious collection, and of the writers Mr. Elton observes, in his preface to "Waverley's Preface," that the authors of the "Contes Novels de France," Boccaccio, Baudelaire, Chaucer, Gower, - in short the writers of all Europe have probably made use of the inventions of the troubadours. They have borrowed their general outlines, which they have added up with colours of their own, and have enriched their legends in varying the drapery, in embellishing the groups, and in forming them into more regular and animated pictures.

We now turn to the French romances of the last century, called *romans*, from the circumstance of their authors adopting the name of some book.

The manners are the modern antique; and the characters are a sort of beings made out of the old epical, the Arcadian pastoral, and the Parisian sentimentality and affectation of the days of Voiture. The *Astrea* of D'Urfé greatly contributed to their perfection. As this work is founded on several curious circumstances, it shall be the subject of the following article; for it may be considered as a literary curiosity. The *Astrea* was followed by the *Illustrious Bassa*, *Artamene*, or the *Great Cyrus*, *Clelia*, &c., which, though not adapted to the present age, once gave celebrity to their authors; and the *Great Cyrus*, in ten volumes, passed through five or six editions. Their style, as well as that of the *Astrea*, is diffuse and languid; yet *Zaide*, and the *Princess of Cleves*, are masterpieces of the kind. Such works formed the first studies of Rousseau, who, with his father, would sit up all night, till warned by the chirping of the swallows how foolishly they had spent it! Some incidents in his *Nouvelle Héloïse* have been retraced to these sources; and they certainly entered greatly into the formation of his character.

Such romances at length were regarded as pernicious to good sense, taste, and literature. It was in this light they were considered by Boileau, after he had indulged in them in his youth.

A celebrated Jesuit pronounced an oration against these works. The rhetorician exaggerates and hurls his thunders on flowers. He entreats the magistrates not to suffer foreign romances to be scattered amongst the people, but to lay on them heavy penalties as on prohibited goods; and represents this prevailing taste as being more pestilential than the plague itself. He has drawn a striking picture of a family devoted to romance reading; he there describes women occupied day and night with their perusal; children just escaped from the lap of their nurse grasping in their little hands the fairy tales; and a country squire seated in an old arm-chair, reading to his family the most wonderful passages of the ancient works of chivalry.

These romances went out of fashion with our square-cocked hats; they had exhausted the patience of the public, and from them sprung NOVELS. They attempted to allure attention by this inviting title, and reducing their works from ten to two volumes. The name of romance, including imaginary heroes and extravagant passions, disgusted; and they substituted scenes of domestic life, and touched our common feelings by pictures of real nature. Heroes were not now taken from the throne: they were sometimes even sought after amongst the lowest ranks of the people. Scarron seems to allude sarcastically to this degradation of the heroes of Fiction; for in hinting at a new comic history he had projected, he tells us that he gave it up suddenly because he had "heard that his hero had just been hanged at Mans."

NOVELS, as they were long *manufactured*, form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they are *created* by genius, are precious to the philosopher. They paint the character of an individual or the manners of the age more perfectly than any other species of composition: it is in novels we observe as it were passing under our own eyes the refined frivolity of the French; the

gloomy and disordered sensibility of the German; and the petty intrigues of the modern Italian in some Venetian Novels. We have shown the world that we possess writers of the first order in this delightful province of Fiction and of Truth; for every Fiction invented naturally must be true. After the abundant invective poured on this class of books, it is time to settle for ever the controversy, by asserting that these works of fiction are among the most instructive of every polished nation, and must contain all the useful truths of human life, if composed with genius. They are pictures of the passions, useful to our youth to contemplate. That acute philosopher, Adam Smith, has given an opinion most favourable to NOVELS. "The poets and romance writers who best paint the refinements and delicacies of love and friendship, and of all other private and domestic affections, Racine and Voltaire, Richardson, Marivaux, and Riccoboni, are in this case much better instructors than Zeno, Chrysippus, or Epicurus."

The history of romances has been recently given by Mr. Dunlop, with many pleasing details; but this work should be accompanied by the learned Lenglet du Fresnoy's "*Bibliothèque des Romans*," published under the name of M. le C. Gordon de Percel; which will be found useful for immediate reference for titles, dates, and a copious catalogue of romances and novels to the year 1734.

THE ASTREA.

I BRING the *Astrea* forward to point out the ingenious manner by which a fine imagination can veil the common incidents of life, and turn whatever it touches into gold.

Honoré D'Urfé was the descendant of an illustrious family. His brother Anne married Diana of Chateaufort, the wealthy heiress of another great house. After a marriage of no less duration than twenty-two years, this union was broken by the desire of Anne herself, for a cause which the delicacy of Diana had never revealed. Anne then became an ecclesiastic. Some time afterwards, Honoré, desirous of retaining the great wealth of Diana in the family, addressed this lady, and married her. This union, however, did not prove fortunate. Diana, like the goddess of that name, was a huntress, continually surrounded by her dogs.—They dined with her at table, and slept with her in bed. This insupportable nuisance could not be patiently endured by the elegant Honoré. He was also disgusted with the barrenness of the huntress Diana, who was only delivered every year of abortions. He separated from her, and retired to Piedmont, where he passed his remaining days in peace, without feeling the thorns of marriage and ambition rankling in his heart. In this retreat he composed his *Astrea*; a pastoral romance, which was the admiration of Europe during half a century. It forms a striking picture of human life, for the incidents are facts beautifully concealed. They relate the amours and gallantries of the court of Henry IV. The personages in the *Astrea* display a rich invention; and the work might be still read, were it not for those



witdrawn and languishing conversations, or rather despatches, which they then introduced into romance. In a modern edition of this work, by the Abbe Bourcier, he has retained these tire some dialogues, the work still consists of two duodecimo volumes.

Paris, where a youth, visited Honoré in his retirement, and collected from him with some difficulty a few explanations of those circumstances which he had concealed under a veil of fiction.

In this romance, Celidor, to cure the unfortunate Crisdon, and to deprive Themure at the same time of every reason for passion, tears her face with a pointed diamond, and disfigures it in so cruel a manner, that the former horror is the breast of Themure, who so ardently adores the creature of virtue, that he loves her, hideous as she is represented, still more than when she was most beautiful. Heaven, to be just to these two lovers, restores the beauty of Celidor, which is effected by a sympathetic powder. The romantic incident is thus explained. One of the French princes Crisdon, when he returned from Italy, treated with confusion his amiable prince (Celidor), this was the effect of his violent passion, which had now become jealousy. The confusion subsisted till the prince was imprisoned, for state affairs, in the wood of Vincennes. The princess, with the permission of the court, followed him into his confinement. This proof of her love soon brought back the wandering heart and affections of the prince. The small-pox visited her, which in the painted diamond, and the dreadful disfigurement of her face. She was so fortunate as to escape being marked by this disease, which is meant by the sympathetic powder. This trivial incident is happily turned into the marvellous that a wife should choose to be imprisoned with her husband is not unusual, to escape being marked by the small-pox happens every day; but to romance, as he has done, on such common circumstances, is beautiful and ingenious.

D'Urie, when a boy, is said to have been enamoured of Diana, this indeed has been questioned. D'Urie, however, was sent to the island of Malta to enter into that order of knighthood; and on his absence Diana was married to Anne. What an affliction for Honoré on his return, to see her married, and to his brother! His affection did not diminish, but he concealed it in respectful silence. He had some knowledge of his brother's unhappiness, and on this probably founded his hopes. After seven years, during which the modest Diana had uttered no complaint, Anne declared herself, and shortly afterwards Honoré, as we have noticed, married Diana.

Our author has described the parties under the false appearance of marriage. He assumes the names of Crisdon and Sylvander, and gives Diana those of Astrea and Diana. He is Sylvander and the Astrea while she is married to Anne, and he Crisdon and the Diana when the marriage is dissolved. Sylvander is represented always as a lover who sighs secretly, nor does Diana declare her passion till overcome by the long sufferings of her faithful shepherd. For this reason Astrea and Diana, as well as Sylvander and Crisdon, go together, prompted by the same despair, to the fountain of the truth or love.

Sylvander is called an unknown shepherd, who has no other wealth than his flock, because our author was the youngest of his family, or rather a knight of Malta who possessed nothing but honour.

Crisdon in despair throws himself into a river; this refers to his voyage to Malta. Under the name of Astrea he displays the friendship of Astrea for him, and all those innocent freedoms which passed between them as relatives from this circumstance he has contrived a difficulty insupportably delicate.

Something of passion is to be discovered in these expressions of friendship. When Astrea assumes the name of Celidor, he calls that love which Astrea had mistaken for fraternal affection. This was the trying moment. For though she loved him, she is rigorous in her duty and honest like any, "what will they think of me if I unite myself to him, after permitting her so many years, those familiarities which a brother they have taken with a sister, with me, who know that in fact I remained unmarried?"

Now she got over this next scruple does not appear, it was, however, for a long time a great obstacle to the felicity of our author. There is an incident which shows the purity of this married virgin, who was fearful the observance she allowed Celidor might be all constructed. Phyllis tells the drunk Adamas that Astrea was seen sleeping by the fountain of the Truth of Love, and that the unicorn which guarded their waters were observed to approach her, and lay their heads on her lap. According to fable, it is one of the properties of these animals never to approach any female but a maiden; at this strange difficulty our drunk remains surprised, while Astrea has thus given an incontrovertible proof of her purity.

The history of Philander is that of the elder D'Urie. None but boys disguised as girls, and girls as boys, appear in the history. It was in this manner he concealed, without offending modesty, the defect of his brother. To mark the truth of this history, when Philander is disguised as a woman, while he converses with Astrea of his love, he frequently alludes to his misfortune, although in another cross.

Philander, ready to expire, will die with the glorious name of the husband of Astrea. He entreats her to grant him this favour; she accords it to him, and swears before the gods that she receives him in her heart for her husband. The truth is, he enjoyed nothing but the name. Philander dies, too, in combating with a hideous Moor, which is the personification of his conscience, and which at length compelled him to quit so beautiful an object, and one so worthy of being eternally beloved.

The gratitude of Sylvander, on the point of being sacrificed, represents the consent of Honoré's parents to dissolve his vow of celibacy, and unite him to Diana; and the drunk Adamas represents the ecclesiastical power. The ruin of the truth or love is that of marriage; the unicorn are the watchmen of that purity which should ever guard it, and the flaming eyes of the lion, which are also there, represent those inconveniences attending marriage, but over which a faithful passion easily triumphs.

In this manner has our author disguised his own private history, and blended in his works a number of little amours which passed at the court of Henry the Great. I might proceed in explaining these allegories, but what I have noticed will be sufficient to give an idea of the ingenuity of the author.

Fontenelle, in his introduction to his *Éclagues*, has made a pretty comparison of this species of pastoral romance with that of chivalry, which turned the brain of Don Quixote. When he reads the imitable acts of Amadis, so many castles forced, giants backed, magicians confounded, he does not regret that these are only fables; but he adds, when I read the *Amadis*, where in a trifling repose here occupies the minds of amiable heroes, where love decides on their fate, where wisdom still preserves so little of its rigid air, that it becomes a jealous partisan of love, even to Adamas the sovereign druid, I then grope that it is only a romance!

POETS LAUREAT.

THE present article is a sketch of the history of *POETS LAUREAT*, from a memoir of the French Academy, in the *Abbe Marmel*.

The custom of crowning poets is as ancient as poetry itself; it has indeed frequently varied; it existed, however, as late as the reign of Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remnant of paganism.

When the barbarians overran Europe, few appeared to merit this honour, and fewer who could have read their works. It was about the time of *Petrarch* that *Petrarch* resumed its ancient lustre; he was publicly honoured with the *LAUREL CROWN*. It was in this century (the thirteenth) that the establishment of Bachelor and Doctor was fixed in the universities. Those who were found worthy of the honour obtained the *laurel of Bachelor*, or the *laurel of Doctor*: *Laurea Baccalariatus*, *Laurea Doctoratus*. At their reception they not only adorned this robe, but they also had a crown of laurel placed on their heads.

To this ceremony the ingenious writer attributes the revival of the custom. The poets were not slow in putting in their claims to what they had most a right, and their patrons sought to encourage them by these honourable distinctions.

The following formula is the exact style of those which are yet employed in the universities to confer the degree of Bachelor and Doctor, and serves to confirm the conjecture of *Romel*.

"We, count and senator," (Count d'Aguillan, who bestowed the laurel on *Petrarch*): "for us and our College, declare *FRANCIS PETRARCH*, great poet and historian, and for a special mark of his quality of poet, we have placed with our hands on his head a crown of laurel, granting to him, by the sanction of these prelates, and by the authority of King Robert, of the senate and the people of Rome, in the poetic, as well as in the historic art, and generally in whatever relates to the soul arts, as well in this holy city as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, dis-

puting, and interpreting all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose poems, which, God willing, shall endure from age to age."

In Italy these honours did not long flourish; although *Tasso* signified the laurel crown by his acceptance of it. Many got crowned who were unworthy of the distinction. The laurel was even bestowed on *Quintus*, whose character is given in the *Dunciad*.

"Not with more gloire, by hands pontifical crown'd,
With scarlet hats and waving circled round,
Rome in her capital saw *Quintus* sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit."

Canto II.

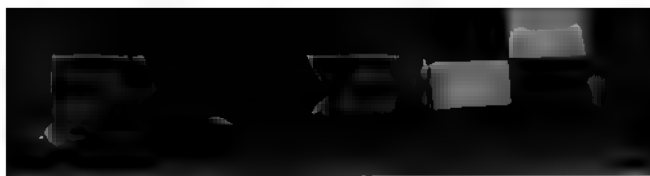
This man was made laureat, for the joke's sake; his poetry was inspired by his cups, a kind of poet who came in with the desert; and he recited twenty thousand verses. He was inferior the *rich-buffoon* than the *rich-poet* of *Laus II.* through honoured with the latter title. They invented for him a new kind of laureated honour, and in the intermixture of the *scholar* raised to Apollo, they inserted the vine and the cabbage leaves, which he evidently deserved, from his extreme dexterity in cleaning the pontiff's dishes and emptying his goblets.

Urban VIII had a juster and more elevated idea of the children of Fancy. It appears that he possessed much poetic sensibility. Of him it is recorded, that he wrote a letter to *Chabrous* to felicitate him on the success of his poetry letters written by a pope were then an honour only paid to crowned heads. One is pleased also with another testimony of his elegant disposition. Charmed with a poem which *Brucolini* presented to him, he gave him the surname of *DALLA-APA*, of the bees; which were the arms of this amiable pope. He, however, never crowned these favourite birds with the laurel, which, probably, he deemed unworthy of them.

In Germany the laureat honours flourished under the reign of *Maximilian the First*. He founded in 1504 a Poetical College at Vienna; reserving to himself and the regent the power of bestowing the laurel. But the imitation, notwithstanding this well-concerted scheme, fell into disrepute, owing to a crowd of claimants who were fired with the rage of revelling, and who, though destitute of poetic talents, had the laurel bestowed on them. Thus it became a prostituted honour; and satires were incessantly levelled against the wearers of the crown of Apollo. It seems, notwithstanding, always to have had charms in the eyes of the Germans, who did not reflect, as the *Abbe* elegantly expresses himself, that it faded when it passed over so many heads.

The Emperor of Germany retains the laureatship in all its splendour. The selected bard is called *H. Poeta Cæsaræ*. *Augustus Tasso*, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was succeeded by that most enchanting poet, *Metastasio*.

The French never had a *Poet Laureat*, though they had *Royal Poets*; for some were ever solemnly crowned. The Spanish nation, always desirous of titles and honours, seem to have known



that of the *Laureat*; but little information concerning it can be gathered from their authors.

Respecting our own country little can be said but what is mentioned by Rehdin John Kay, who dedicated a *History of Rhodes* to Edward IV., takes the title of his *humble Poet Laureat*. Gower and Chaucer were laureats, so was likewise the rhyming Skelton to Henry VIII. In the Acts of Wymer, there is a charter of Henry VII. with the title of *pro Poeta Laureato*.

It does not appear that our poets were ever solemnly crowned as in other countries. Seiden, after all his recondite researches, is satisfied with saying, that some trace of this distinction is to be found in our nation. It is, however, certain that our kings from time immemorial have placed a miserable dependent in their household appointment, who was sometimes called the *king's poet*, and the *king's confidant*. It is probable that at length the selected bard assumed the title of *Poet Laureat*, without receiving the honours of the ceremony, or at the most, the *crown of laurel* was a mere obscure custom practised at our universities, and not attended with great public distinction. It was often placed on the skull of a pedant than wreathed on the head of a man of genius.

ANGELO POLITIAN.

ANGELO POLITIAN, an Italian, was one of the most polished writers of the fifteenth century. Baillet has placed him amongst his celebrated children; for he was a writer at twelve years of age. The Muses indeed cherished him in his cradle, and the Graces hung round it their most beautiful wreaths. When he became professor of the Greek language, such were the charms of his lectures, that one Chalcondylas, a native of Greece, saw himself abandoned by his pupils, who resorted to the delightful discussions of the elegant Politian. Critics of various nations have acknowledged that his poetical verses have frequently excelled the originals. This happy genius was lodged in a most unhappy form, nor were his morals untainted, it is only in his literary compositions that he appears perfect.

Monnoye, in his edition of the Menagiana, as a specimen of his Epistles, gives a translation of the letter, which serves as prefatory and dedicatory, and has accompanied it by a commentary. The letter is replete with literature, though void of pedantry, a barren subject is embellished by its happy turns. It is addressed to his patron Monsieur Pietro de Medicis, and was written about a month before the writer's death. Perhaps no author has so admirably defended himself from the incertitude of criticism and the fastidiousness of critics. His wit and his humour are delicate, and few compositions are sprinkled with such Attic salt.

MY LORD!

You have frequently urged me to collect my letters, to revise and to publish them in a volume. I have now gathered them, that I might not omit any mark of that obedience which I owe to him, on whom I rest all my hopes, and all my prosperity. I have not, however, collected them all, because

that would have been a more laborious task than to have gathered the scattered leaves of the Sibyl. It was never, indeed, with an intention of forming my letters into one body that I wrote them, but merely as occasion prompted, and as the subjects presented themselves without seeking for them. I never retained copies except of a few, which less fortunate, I think, than the others, were thus favoured for the sake of the verses they contained. To form, however, a tolerable volume, I have also inserted some written by others, but only those with which several ingenious scholars favoured me, and which, perhaps, may put the reader in good humour with my own.

There is one thing for which some will be inclined to censure me; the style of my letters is very unequal, and, to confess the truth, I did not find myself always in the same humour, and the same modes of expression were not adapted to every person and every topic. They will not fail then to observe, when they read such a diversity of letters, I mean if they dearest them, that I have composed not epistles, but once more miscellanies.

I hope, my Lord, notwithstanding this, that amongst such a variety of opinions, of those who write letters, and of those who give precepts how letters should be written, I shall find some apology. Some, probably, will deem that they are Ciceronian. I can answer such, and not without good reason, that in epistolary composition we must not regard Cicero as a model. Another perhaps will say, that I imitate Cicero. And here I will answer by observing, that I wish nothing better than to be capable of grasping something of this great man, were it but his shadow!

Another will wish that I had borrowed a little from the manner of Pliny the orator, because his profound sense and accuracy were greatly esteemed. I shall oppose him by expressing my contempt of all the writers of the age of Pliny. If it should be observed, that I have imitated the manner of Pliny, I shall then recede myself, what Suetonius Apollinaris, an author whose name means disreputable, says in commendation of the epistolary style. Do I resemble Symmachus? I shall not be sorry, for they distinguish his openness and conciseness. Am I considered in no wise resembling him? I shall confess that I am not pleased with his dry manner.

Why my letters be condemned for their length? Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Cicero, have all written long ones. Will some of them be criticised for their brevity? I adhere in my favour the examples of Dion, Brutus, Appianus, Philostratus, Marcus Antoninus, Alciphron, Julian, Symmachus, and also Lucian, who vulgarly, but falsely, is believed to have been Plinian.

I shall be censured for having treated of topics which are not generally considered as proper for epistolary composition. I admit this censure, provided while I am condemned, Seneca also shares in the condemnation. Another will not allow of a sententious manner in my letters, I will still justify myself by Seneca. Another, on the contrary, desires abrupt sententious periods. Dio-nysius shall answer him for me, who maintains, that pointed sentences should not be admitted into letters.

Is my style too periphrastic? It is precisely

that which Philostratus admires. Is it obscure? Such is that of Cicero to Atticus. Negligent? An agreeable negligence in letters is more graceful than elaborate ornaments. Labour'd? Nothing can be more proper, since we read epistles to our friends as a kind of presents. If they display too much an arrangement, the Makcraonian shall vindicate me. If there is none; Artemon says there should be none.

Now as a good and pure Latinity has its peculiar taste, its manners, and its express itself thus; its Atticism, if in this sense a letter shall be bound not wisely; Attic, so much the better, for what was Merod the sophist censured? but that having been torn an Athenian, he affected too much to appear one in his language. Should a letter seem too Attical, still better, since it was he discovering Theophrastus, who was an Athenian, that a good old woman of Athens had held of a word, and chamed him.

shall one letter be found not sufficiently serious? I have to jest. (It is it too grave? I am pleased with gravity. Is another full of figures? Letters being the images of discourse, figures have the effect of graceful actions in conversation. Are they deficient in figures? This is just what characterizes a letter, thus want of figures? Does it discover the genius of the writer? This frankness is recommended. Does it conceal it? The writer did not think proper to praise himself; and it is one requisite in a letter, that it should be void of ostentation. You express yourself, either one will observe, in common terms on common topics, and in new terms on new topics. The style is thus adapted to the subject. No, no, he will answer, it is in common terms you express new ideas, and in new terms common ideas. Very well! It is because I have not forgotten an ancient Greek precept which expressly recommends this.

It is thus by attempting to be ambidextrous I try to ward off attacks. My critics will however criticize me as they please. It will be sufficient for me, my Lord, to be assured of having satisfied you, by my letters, if they are good; or by my obedience, if they are not so.

Blanchin, 1499.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the Cottonian Library, Vespasian, P. 111, is preserved a letter written by Queen Elizabeth (then Princess) to her sister Queen Mary. It appears in this epistle that Mary had desired to have her picture, and in gratifying the wishes of her subjects, Elizabeth accompanies the present with the following elaborate letter. It bears no date of the year in which it was written, but her place of residence is marked to be at Hatfield. There she had retired to enjoy the silent pleasures of a studious life, and to be distant from the dangerous politics of the time. When Mary died, Elizabeth was at Hatfield, the letter must have been written shortly before this circumstance took place. She was at the time of its composition in habitual intercourse with the most excellent writers of antiquity; her letter displays this in every part of it; it is polished and republished. It has also the merit of now being first published.

LETTER.

"Lies as the rich man that dally gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money joyneth a greater untill it come to interest, so our thought, your Majesty not being sufficed with many benefits and graces shew'd to me above this time, dothe now increase them in seeking and desiring what you may lend and bestow, requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your highness request. My pectus I urge, in which if the reward good sende towards your grace might as well be desired as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have taried the commendment but prevent it, nor have bene the last to grant but the first to offer it. For the face, I grieve, I might well blunche to offer, but the mynde I shall first be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the parties, the counters may fade by time, may grow by weather, may be spent by chance, yet the other are time with her such wings shall overtake, see the more cloudes with their loweringes may darken, nor chance with her slippery fate may overthrow. Of this although yet the proof could not be grate because the occasion hath beene but small, notwithstanding as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to decide it in deeds what now I do write them but in words. And further I shal most humbly beseeche your Majesty that when you shall take on my pectus you wil wende to thinke that as you have but the outward shadow of the body alone you, so my inward minde wyl shew, that the body it self wyl offer in your presence; howbeit because heretofore my so bringe I thinke could do your Majesty litle pleasure though my self grow good, and agree because I as yet not the time agreeing thereto, I shal leave to follow this minge of desire, *Pena non cupies quod videri non potest.* And thus I wil (troubling your Majesty I feare) end with my most humble thanks, beseeching God longe to preserve you to his honour, to your estate, to the realms profit, and to my joy. From Hatfield this 1 day of May.

Your Majesties most humbly Sister
and Servant,

ELIZABETH."

ANNE BULLEN.

THAT minute detail of circumstances frequently found in writers of the history of their own times is more interesting than the elegant and general narratives of later, and probably of more philosophical historians. It is in the artless records of memoir-writers, that the imagination is struck with a lively impression, and fastens on petty circumstances, which must be passed over by the classical historian. The writings of Brantôme, Camille, Prouart, and others, are dictated by their natural feelings while the panegyrists of modern writers are temperate with dispassionate philosophy, or indelible by the virulence of faction. History instructs, but Memoirs delight. These preface observations may serve as an apology for Anecdotes, which are gathered from obscure corners, on which the dignity of the historian must not dwell.



In Houscar's *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 435, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Bullen, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill; it is probable that the following incident might have been preserved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself. Anne Bullen being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a handkerchief, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and timid glances, fearful of meeting his own, he was obliged to prevent her expedient to behold the queen. He drove off his thumb, and approached her silently, while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drew the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow without being disturbed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Bullen.

"The Common Executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the blemish'd neck
But first begs pardon."

SHAKESPEARE.

JAMES I.

It was usual, in the reign of James the First, when they compared it with the preceding glorious one, to distinguish him by the title of *Good James*, and his illustrious predecessor by that of *King Elizabeth*. Sir Anthony Weldon informs us "that when James the First sent for Roger Aston as his messenger to Elizabeth, Sir Roger was always placed in the lobby the hangings being turned so that he might see the queen dancing to a little riddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her cheerful disposition, how likely he was to come to the crown he so much thirsted after."—and indeed, when at her death this same knight, whose origin was low, and whose language was suitable to that origin, appeared before the English council, he could not conceal his Scottish rapture, for, asked how the king did? he replied, "Even, my lords, like a poor man wandering about forty years in a wilderness and barren soyle, and now arrived at the Land of Promise." A curious anecdote, respecting the economy of the court in these reigns, is noticed in some manuscript memoirs written in James's reign, preserved in a family of distinction. The lady, who wrote these memoirs, tells us that a great change had taken place in *cleanness*, since the last reign, for having run from her chase, she found, on her departure, that she had the honour of carrying upon her some companions who must have been inhabitants of the palace. The court of Elizabeth was celebrated occasion-

ally for its magnificence, and always for its society. James was singularly effeminate, he could not behold a drawn sword without shuddering, was much too partial to handsome men, and appears to merit the better name of Churchill. If we read other proofs, we should only read the second volume of "Royal Letters," 649y, in the Marston collection, which contains some correspondence with James. The gross familiarity of Buckingham's address is couched in such terms as these:—"he calls his majesty 'Dear dad and Goswop'"; and concludes his letters with "your humble slave and dogge, Stene." He was a most weak, but not quite a vicious man; yet his experiment in the art of dissimulation was very great indeed. He called the King-Craft. Sir Anthony Weldon gives a lively sketch of this dissimulation in the king's behaviour to the Earl of Somerset at the very moment he had prepared to disgrace him. The earl accompanied the king to Scotland, and to his apprehension, never parted from him with more warming affection, though the king well knew he should never see him more. "The earl when he laid his hand, the king hung about his neck, slapping his cheeks, saying, 'For God's sake, when shall we see thee again?' On my soul I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again." The earl told him on Monday (this being on the Friday) "For God's sake let me, and the king—Shall I? shall I?—then laid about his neck, then for God's sake give the lady this hant for me, in the same manner as the daye's head, at the middle of the stayre, and at the stayre's foot. The earl was not in his coach when the king used them very words (in the hearing of four servants, one of whom reported it instantly to the author of this history); 'I shall never see his face more.'"

He displayed great imbecility in his amusements, which are characterized by the following one, related by Arthur Wotton. When James became melancholy in consequence of various disappointments in state matters, Buckingham and his mother used several means of diverting him. Amongst the most ludicrous was the present. They had a young lady, who brought a pig in the dress of a new-born infant; the countess carried it to the king, wrapped in a rich mantle. One Turpin, on this occasion, was dressed like a bishop in all his pontifical ornaments. He began the rites of baptism with the common prayer-book in his hand; a silver ewer with water was held by another. The marquis stood as godfather. When James turned to look at the infant, the pig squeaked, an animal which he greatly abhorred. At this, highly displeased, he exclaimed,—"Out! Away for shame! What blasphemy is this!"

This ridiculous joke did not accord with the feelings of James at that moment, he was not "the rev." Yet we may observe, that had not such artful politicians as Buckingham and his mother been wrongly persuaded of the success of this poetical fancy, they would not have ventured on such "blasphemy." They certainly had witnessed amusements heretofore not less trivial which had gratified his majesty. The account which Sir Anthony Weldon gives, in his *Court of King James*, exhibits a curious scene of James's amusements. "After the king awoke, he would come forth to see pastimes and festivities; in which

But Sir Ed. Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Pym, were the chiefs and master souls, and surely this feeling got them more than any other's wisdom. Zouch's part was to sing hearty songs, and tell hearty tales. Pym's to rebuke these songs, there was a set of fiddlers brought to court on purpose for this feasting, and Goring was master of the game for fiddlers, sometimes presenting David Droman and Arthur Armstrong, the king's fiddlers, on the back of the other fiddler, to tilt one at another, till they fell together by the ears, sometimes they performed antick dances. But Sir John Millaret (who was never known before) was recommended for notable feasting, and was indeed the best *extemporary fiddler* of them all. "Weiden's 'Court of James' is a scandalous chronicle of the times.

His dispositions were, however, generally grave and studious. He seems to have pursued a real love of letters, but attended with that mediocrity of talent which in a private person had never raised him into notice. "While there was a chance," writes the author of the Catalogue of Noble Authors, "that the dying son, Vorstin, might be chosen professor at Leyden, instead of being buried, as his majesty hinted to the Christian prince of the Dutch that he deserved to be, our ambassadors could not resist instructions, and consequently could not treat on any other business. The king, who did not resent the massacre at Amboyna, was on the point of breaking with the States for expelling a man who professed the heretics of England, Scotland, &c. parents of extreme consequence to Great Britain." Sir Dudley Carleton was forced to threaten the Dutch, not only with the hatred of King James, but also with his pen.

This royal prodigy is forcibly characterized by the following observations of the same writer:

"Among his majesty's works is a small collection of poetry. Like several of his subjects, our royal author has condescended to apologize for his imperfections, as having been written in his youth, and his immature age having otherwise occupied him that to employ his own language 'when his vigor and age could, his affairs and business would not permit him to correct them, or order but at such moments, he having the leisure to think upon any paper.' When James met a peasant of his handwriting, turned into Latin, to the Protestant princes in Europe, it is not uninteresting to observe in their answers of compliments and thanks, how each endeavored to insinuate that he had read them, without positively asserting it." Buchanan, when asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, answered, that it was the best he could make of him. Sir George Mackenzie relates a story of his rusticity, which shows Buchanan's humor, and the veneration of others for royalty. The young king being one day at play with his letters pupil, the master of Eglisay, Buchanan was reading, and desired them to make him worse. As they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty, if he did not help his tongue, he would certainly whip his breech. The king replied, he would be glad to see who would tell the ear, standing in the aisle. Buchanan lost his temper, and throwing his book down him, gave his majesty a sound flogging. The old

Countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands on the Lord's anointed? Madam, replied the eloquent and immortal historian, I have whipped his a—, you may kiss it if you please!"

Many years after this was published, I discovered a curious anecdote—Even so late as when James I. was seated on the throne of England, once the appearance of his free-song *reveler* or a *drum* greatly agitated the king, who in vain attempted to pacify his illustrious pedagogue in this portentous vision. Such was the terror which the remembrance of this memorable republican tutor had left on the imagination of his royal pupil.

James I. was certainly a zealous votary of literature, his wish was sincere, when at viewing the Bodleian library at Oxford, he exclaimed, "Were I not a king I would be an university man, and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with those great authors."

Home has informed us that "his death was decreed." The following are the words particularly, I have drawn them from an imperfect manuscript collection, made by the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne.

"The lord keeper, on March 22, received a letter from the court, that it was feared his majesty's sickness was dangerous to death, which fear was more confirmed, for he, meeting Dr Harvey in the road, was told by him that the king used to have a beneficial exhalation of nature, a sweating in his left arm, as helpful to him as any fountain could be, which of late failed.

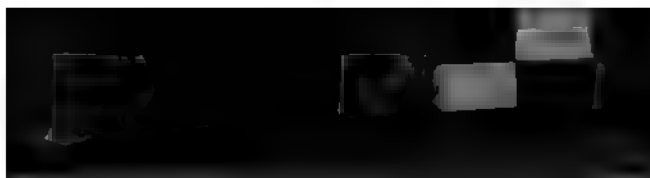
"When the lord keeper perceived himself better him, he moved in cheerful discourse, but it would not do. He stayed in his bed-room until midnight. Upon the consultations of the physicians, in the morning he was out of comfort, and by the prince's leave told him, kneeling by his pillow, that his duty to come would be but few in this world—"I am surprised," said the king, "but pray you assist me to make me ready for the next world, to go away hence for Christ, whose mercies I call for, and hope to end."

"From that time the keeper never left him, or put off his clothes to go to bed. The king took the communion, and professed he died in the bosom of the Church of England, whose doctrine he had defended with his pen, being persuaded it was according to the mind of Christ, as he should shortly answer it better him.

"He stayed in the chamber to take notice of everything the king said, and to repulse those who crept much about the chamber door, and into the chamber, they were the most addicted to the Church of Rome. Being rid of them, he continued in prayer, while the king lingered on, and at last shut his eyes with his own hands."

Thus in the full power of his faculties, a to-morrow prayer encountered the horrors of dissolution. Religion rendered cheerful the abrupt night of

"See the manuscript letter whence I drew this curious information in "An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James the First," p. 60.



futurity; and what can philosophy do more, or rather can philosophy do as much?

I proposed to have examined with some care the works of James I. but that uninviting task has been now postponed till it is too late. As a writer his works may not be valuable, and are infected with the peilantry and the superstition of the age, yet I suspect that James was not that degraded and feeble character in which he ranks by the contagious voice of criticism. He has had more critics than readers. After a great number of acute observations and witty allusions, made extempore, which we find continually recorded of him by contemporary writers, and some not friendly to him, I conclude that he possessed a great promptness of wit, and much solid judgment and acute ingenuity. It requires only a little labour to prove this.

That labour I have since zealously performed. This article, composed thirty years ago, displays the effects of first impressions, and popular clamours. About ten years I suspected that his character was grossly injured, and lately I found how it has suffered from a variety of causes. That monarch preferred for us a peace of more than twenty years, and his talents were of a higher order than the calumnies of the party who degraded him have allowed a common inquirer to discover. For the rest I must refer the reader to "An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.," in which, though I have introduced a variety of irrelevant topics, the reader may find many correctures for this article.

GENERAL MONK AND HIS WIFE

FROM the same MS. collection of Sir Thomas Browne, I shall rescue another anecdote, which has a tendency to show that it is not advisable to permit ladies to remain at home, when political plots are to be secretly discussed. And while it displays the treachery of Monk's wife, it will also appear that, like other great revolutionists, it was ambition that first induced him to become the reformer he pretended to be.

Monk gave fair promises to the Rump, but last agreed with the French ambassador to take the government on himself; by whom he had a promise from Mazzini of assistance from France. This bargain was struck late at night, but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately with notice of it to Sir A. A. She had promised to watch her husband, and inform Sir A. how matters went. Sir A. caused the Council of State, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The general insisted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir A. told him if he were sincere he might remove all scruples, and should instantly take away their commissions from such and such men in his army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented, a

great part of the commissions of his officers were changed, and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the council, and then present, was made governor of Dunkirk, in the room of Sir William Lockhart; the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion, the ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart.

Such were the effects of the infidelity of the wife of General Monk.

PHILIP AND MARY.

Housaie in his Memoires, vol. i. p. 261, has given the following curious particulars of this singular union:

"The second wife of Philip was Mary Queen of England, a virtuous princess. Housaie was a good Catholic, but who had neither youth nor beauty. This marriage was as little happy for the one as for the other. The husband did not like his wife, although she doted on him; and the English hated Philip still more than he hated them. Sifton says, that the rigour which he exercised in England against heretics, partly hindered Prince Charles from succeeding to that crown, and for which purpose Mary had invited him in case she died childless. But no historian speaks of this pretended inclination, and is it probable that Mary ever thought proper to call to the succession of the English throne the son of the Spanish Monarch? This marriage had made her nation detest her, and in the last years of her life she could be little satisfied with him from his marked indifference for her. She well knew that the Parliament would never consent to exclude her sister Elizabeth, whom the nobility loved for being more friendly to the new religion, and more hostile to the house of Austria."

In the Cottonian Library, Vespasian F. 1. is preserved a note of instructions in the handwriting of Queen Mary, of which the following is a copy. It was, probably, written when Philip was just seated on the English throne.

"Instructions for my lorde Privie."

"Firste, to let the Kinge the whole state of this realme, wth all things appertayning to the same, as much as ye knowe to be trewe.

"Seconde, to obey his commandment in all things.

"Thyrddly, in all things he shall aske your aduyse to declare your opinion as becometh a faythfull conceyler to do."

"Mary the Queene."

Housaie proceeds: "After the death of Mary, Philip sought Elizabeth in marriage, and she, who was yet unfixed at the beginning of her reign, amused him at first with hopes. But as soon as she unmasked herself to the pope, she laughed at Philip, telling the duke of Feria, his ambassador, that her conscience would not permit her to marry the husband of her sister."

This monarch, however, had no such scruples. Incest appears to have had in his eyes peculiar charms, for he offered himself three times to three different sisters-in-law. He seems also to have known the secret of getting quit of his wives when they became inconvenient. In state matters

he spared no one whom he feared; to them he sacrificed his only son, his brother, and a great number of princes and ministers.

It is said of Philip, that before he died he advised his son to make peace with England, and war with the other powers. *Pacem cum Anglo, bellum cum reliquis.* Queen Elizabeth, and the ruin of his invincible fleet, physicked his frenzy into health, and taught him to fear and respect that country which he thought he could have made a province of Spain!

On his death-bed he did everything he could for *salvation*. The following protestation, a curious morsel of bigotry, he sent to his confessor a few days before he died:

"Father confessor! as you occupy the place of God, I protest to you that I will do everything you shall say to be necessary for my being saved; so that what I omit doing will be placed to your account, as I am ready to acquit myself of all that shall be ordered to me."

Is there in the records of history a more glaring instance of the idea which a good Catholic attaches to the power of a confessor than the present authentic example? The most licentious philosophy seems not more dangerous than a religion whose votary believes that the accumulation of crimes can be dissipated by the breath of a few orisons, and which, considering a venal priest to "occupy the place of God," can traffic with the divine power at a very moderate price.

After his death a Spanish grandee wrote with a coal on the chimneypiece of his chamber the following epitaph, which ingeniously paints his character in four verses:

Siendo moço luxurioso;
Siendo hombre, fue cruel;
Siendo viejo, codicioso;
Que se puede esperar del?

In youth he was luxurious;
In manhood he was cruel;
In old age he was avaricious;
What could be hoped from him?

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Of his romantic excursion into Spain for the Infanta, many curious particulars are scattered amongst foreign writers, which display the superstitious prejudices which prevailed on this occasion, and, perhaps, develop the mysterious politics of the courts of Spain and Rome.

Cardinal Gaetano, who had long been nuncio in Spain, observes, that the people, accustomed to revere the inquisition as the oracle of divinity, abhorred the proposal of the marriage of the Infanta with an heretical prince; but that the king's council, and all wise politicians, were desirous of its accomplishment. Gregory XV. held a consultation of cardinals, where it was agreed that the just apprehension which the English Catholics entertained of being more cruelly persecuted, if this marriage failed, was a sufficient reason to justify the pope. The dispensation was therefore immediately granted, and sent to

the nuncio of Spain, with orders to inform the Prince of Wales, in case of rupture, that no impediment of the marriage proceeded from the court of Rome, who, on the contrary, had expedited the dispensation.

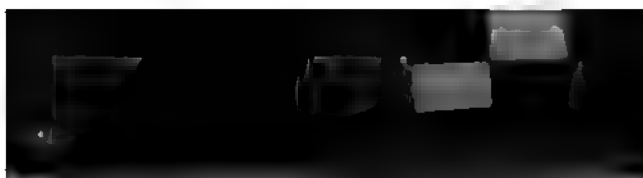
The prince's excursion to Madrid was, however, universally blamed, as being inimical to state interests. Nani, author of a history of Venice, which, according to his digressive manner, is the universal history of his times, has noticed this affair. "The people talked, and the English murmured more than any other nation to see the only son of the king and heir of his realms venture on so long a voyage, and present himself rather as a hostage than a husband to a foreign court, which so widely differed in government and religion, to obtain by force of prayer and supplications a woman whom Philip and his ministers made a point of honour and conscience to refuse."

Houssaie observes, "The English council were against it, but king James obstinately resolved on it; being over persuaded by Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, whose facetious humour and lively repartees greatly delighted him. Gondomar persuaded him that the presence of the prince would not fail of accomplishing this union, and also the restitution of the electorate to his son-in-law the palatine. Add to this the Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador extraordinary at the court of Madrid, finding it his interest, wrote repeatedly to his majesty that the success was certain if the prince came there, for that the Infanta would be charmed with his personal appearance and polished manners. It was thus that James, seduced by these two ambassadors, and by his parental affection for both his children, permitted the Prince of Wales to travel into Spain." This account differs from Clarendon.

Wicquefort says, "that James in all this was the dupe of Gondomar, who well knew the impossibility of this marriage, which was alike inimical to the interests of politics and the inquisition. For a long time he amused his majesty with hopes, and even got money for the household expenses of the future queen. He acted his part so well, that the King of Spain recompensed the knave, on his return, with a seat in the council of state." There is preserved in the British Museum a considerable series of letters which passed between James I. and the Duke of Buckingham and Charles, during their residence in Spain.

I shall glean some further particulars concerning this mysterious affair from two English contemporaries, Howel and Wilson, who wrote from their own observations. Howel had been employed in this projected match, and resided during its negotiation at Madrid.

Howel describes the first interview of Prince Charles and the Infanta. He says, "The Infanta wore a blue riband about her arm, that the prince might distinguish her, and as soon as she saw the prince her colour rose very high."—Wilson informs us that "two days after their interview the prince was invited to run at the ring, where his fair mistress was a spectator, and to the glory of his fortune, and the great contentment both of himself and the lookers on, he took the ring the



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very best costume." Howell, writing from Madrid, says, "The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the Infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came." The people appear, however, some time after to doubt if the English had any religion at all. Agass, "I have seen the prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together, in a thoughtful speculative posture." Olivares, who was no friend to this match, covertly observed that the prince watched her as a cat does a mouse. Charles indeed acted everything that a lover in one of the old romances could have done. He once leapt over the walls of her garden, and only retired by the entreaties of the old Marquis who then guarded her, and who, falling on his knees, solemnly protested that if the prince spoke to her his head would answer for it. He watched hours in the street to meet with her, and Wilson says he gave such liberal presents to the court, as well as Buckingham to the Spanish beauties, that the Lord Treasurer Middleton complained repeatedly of their wasteful prodigality.

Let us now observe by what means this match was connected to by the courts of Spain and Rome. Wilson informs us that Charles agreed "That any one should freely propose to him the arguments in favour of the Catholic religion, without giving any impediment, but that he would never, directly or indirectly, permit any one to speak to the Infanta against the same." They probably had tampered with Charles concerning his religion. A letter of Gregory XV to him is preserved in Wilson's life. Olivares said to Buckingham, "You gave me some assurance and hope of the prince's turning Catholic." The duke roundly answered that it was false. The Spanish minister, confounded at the bluntness of our English duke, broke from him in a violent rage, and lamented that state matters would not suffer him to do himself justice. This insult was never forgiven, and some time afterwards he attempted to revenge himself on Buckingham, by endeavouring to persuade James that he was at the head of a conspiracy against him.

We hasten to conclude these anecdotes not to be found in the pages of Murie and Bishopp. — Wilson says that both kingdoms rejoiced. — "Preparations were made in England to entertain the Infanta, a new church was built at St James's, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Spanish ambassador, for the public exercise of her religion; her portrait was multiplied in every corner of the town, such as hoped to flourish under her eye suddenly began to be powerful in Spain (as Wilson quaintly expresses himself) the substance was as much courted as the shadow here. Indeed the Infanta, Howell tells us, was applying hard to the English language, and was already called the Princess of England. To conclude, — Charles complained of the repeated delays; and he, and the Spanish court, parted with a thousand civilities. The Infanta however observed, that had the Prince loved her, he would not have quitted her."

Now shall we dispel those clouds of mystery with which politics have covered this strange transaction? It appears that James had in view

the restoration of the Palatine to his daughter, whom he could not effectually assist, that the court of Rome had speculations of the most dangerous tendency to the Protestant religion, that the marriage was broken off by that personal hatred which existed between Olivares and Buckingham; and that, if there was any sincerity existing between the parties concerned, it rested with the Prince and the Infanta, who were both youthful and romantic, and were but too beautiful ivory balls in the hands of great players.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE Duke of Buckingham, in his bold and familiar manner, appears to have been equally a favourite with James I and Charles I. He behaved with singular indiscretion both at the courts of France and Spain.

Various anecdotes might be collected from the memoir writers of those countries, to convince us that our court was always little respected by its choice of the ambassador. His character is hit off by one master-stroke from the pencil of Murie: "He had," says this penetrating observer of men, "English familiarity and French levity," so that he was in full possession of two of the most offensive qualities an ambassador can possess.

Sir Henry Wotton has written an interesting life of our duke. At school his character fully discovered itself, even at that early period of life. He would not apply to any serious studies, but excelled in those lighter qualifications adapted to please in the world. He was a graceful horseman, musician, and dancer. His mother withdrew him from school at the early age of thirteen, and he soon became a domestic favourite. Her fondness permitted him to indulge in every caprice, and to cultivate those agreeable talents which were natural to him. His person was beautiful, and his manners unassuming. In a word, he was adapted to become a courtier. The fortunate opportunity soon presented itself, for James saw him, and invited him to court, and showered on him, with a prodigal hand, the cornucopia of royal patronage.

Houssie, in his political memoirs, has detailed an anecdote of this duke, only known to the English reader in the general observation of the historian. When he was sent to France, to conduct the Princess Henrietta to the arms of Charles I., he had the insolence to converse with the Queen of France, not as an ambassador, but as a lover! The Marchioness of Senecy, her lady of honour, enraged at seeing this conversation continue, seated herself in the arm-chair of the Queen, who that day was confined to her bed; she did this to hinder the insolent duke from approaching the Queen, and probably talking other liberties. As she observed that he still persisted in the lover, "Sir, (she said in a severe tone of voice), you must learn to be silent; it is not thus we address the Queen of France."

This audacity of the duke is further confirmed by Murie, in his sixth book of the History of Venice; an historian who is not apt to take things lightly. For when Buckingham was desirous of

once more being ambiguous at that point, in short, it was suggested by the French ambassador, that for reasons well known to himself, his person would not be agreeable to his most Christian majesty. In a romantic threat, the duke exclaimed, he would go and see the queen in spite of the French court; and to that petty affair is to be ascribed the war between the two nations!

The Marshal de Bassompierre, in the journal of his embassy, affords another instance of his "English familiarity." He says, "The king of England gave me a long audience, and a very despotism one. He put himself in a passion, while I, without losing my respect, exposed myself freely. The Duke of Buckingham, when he observed the king and myself very warm, leapt suddenly between his majesty and me, exclaiming, I am come to set all to rights between you, which I think is high time."

Cardinal Richelieu hated Buckingham as sincerely as did the Spanish Ministers. This enmity was apparently owing to the cardinal writing to the duke without leaving any space open after the title of Monsieur, the duke, to show his equality, returned his answer in the same "paper-sparing" manner. From such petty circumstances many wars have taken their source.

The ridiculous circumstance between Richelieu and Buckingham reminds me of a similar one, which happened to two Spanish lords. One signed at the end of his letter, *el Marquis* (the *Marquis* as of the title had been peculiar to himself for its excellence. His national vanity received a dreadful reproach from his correspondent, who, jealous of his equality, signed *don Marquis* (*señor Marquis*).

An anecdote given by the Hens. Watson offers a characteristic trait of Charles and his favorite.

"They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh into their inn, whereupon fell out a pleasant passage. If I may insert it in the war among more serious. There was near Bayona a herd of goats with their young ones, on which night Sir Richard Giralson master of the house to the marquis, told the marquis he could snare one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him close to their lodgings, which the prince overhearing, 'Who, Richard, says he, do you think you may practice here your old tricks again upon the border?' Upon which word they first gave the goat-herd good contentment, and then while the marquis and his servants, being both on fire, were chasing the kid about the flock, the prince from horseback killed him in the head with a Scottish pistol. Let this serve for a journal parenthesis, which yet may show how his highness, even in such light and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing."

THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

Dr. CAYET is an old French controversial writer, but is better known in French literature as an historian. His *Chronologie Normande* is full of anecdotes unknown to other writers. He collected them from his own observation, for he was under-preceptor to Henry IV. The dreadful massacre of

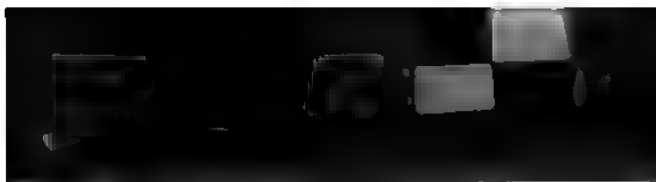
St. Bartholomew took place in the reign of Charles IX; on which occasion the English court went into mourning. The singular death of Charles has been regarded by the Huguenots as an intervention of divine justice: he died bathed in his blood, which burst from his veins. The horrors of this miserable prince on his dying bed are touchingly depicted by the author. I am now collecting, I shall promise, however, that Charles was a more instrument in the hand of his mother, the political and cruel Catherine de Medici.

Dr. Cayet, with honest sorrow, thus relates what he knew to have passed a few hours before his death.

"King Charles, feeling himself near his end, after having passed some time without pronouncing a word, said, as he turned himself on one side, and as if he seemed to awake, 'Call thy brother.' The queen mother was present, who immediately went for the Duke of Alençon (who was afterwards Henry III). The king perceiving him, turned his back, and again said, 'Let my brother come.' The queen his mother replied, 'Sir, I do not know whom you mean, here is your brother.' The king was displeased, and said, 'Let them bring my brother the king of Navarre; it is he who is my brother.' The queen mother observing the dying monarch's feeble order, and for him, but, for reasons known only to herself, she commanded the captain of the guards to conduct him under the vaults. They went to the King of Navarre, and desired him to come and speak to the king, at that moment, this prince has since repeatedly said, he felt a shuddering and apprehension of death as much that he would not go. But King Charles perceiving on his coming, the queen mother assured him that he should receive no injury. In this promise, however, he put little trust. He went, accompanied by the Viscount D'Auch, on whose word he chiefly relied. Having, however, observed under these vaults a great number of halberdiers and arquebuses in ranks, he would have returned, when the viscount and the captain reassured him that no harm should happen to him. The soldiers bowed, and their behaviour was respectful. By a private stair-case he entered the chamber of the king, who, immediately on perceiving him, turned towards him, and stretched out his arms. The King of Navarre was affected, he sighed and wept, and fell on his knees at the side of the bed. Charles embraced, and having kissed him, said, 'My brother, you have a good mother and a good friend. I know it is not you who occasion me so much trouble, had I believed what they said, you would not have been alive; but I have always loved you. It is to you alone I trust my wife and daughter; earnestly do I recommend them to your care. Do not trust the queen; but God protect you.'

"The queen mother here interrupted him, 'Ah, no, do not say that!—You, madam, I must say it, it is the truth. Believe me, my brother, love me, spare my wife and daughter, and implore God for mercy on the Alençon, my brother, adieu.' The King of Navarre remained till his Majesty expired."

The following minute particulars are drawn from the journal of Pierre de L'Estelle. In the



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simplicity of his narration, so pleasing in the old writers, the *surge* and the *monarch*—the religious remembrance of the one, and the ardent consolation of the other—become interesting objects.

King Charles, ten days before his death, having called for Massieu, his chief physician, and complaining of the pains he suffered, asked him if it was not possible that he, and so many other celebrated physicians that were in his realm, could give some alleviation to his disorder, "for I am," said he, "cruelly and horribly tormented." To which Massieu replied, that whatever had descended on them had been tried, but that in truth God only could be the sovereign physician in such complaints. "I believe," said the king, "that what you say is true, and that you know nothing else. Draw from me my *casade* (or large cap), that I may try to rest." Massieu withdrew, and left orders that all should leave the king except three, viz. La Tour, St. Prix, and his nurse, whom his majesty greatly loved, although she was a Huguenot. As she had just seated herself on a cotlet, and began to *doze*, she heard the king groan bitterly, weeping and sighing, she then approached the bed softly, and drawing away his *casade*, the king said to her, giving vent to a heavy sigh, and shuddering tremor pitifully, inasmuch that they interrupted his discourse. "Ah! my dear nurse! my beloved woman, what blind! what murder! Ah! I have followed wicked advice! O my God! pardon me, and be merciful! I know not where I am, they have made me so perplexed and agitated. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever! I know it." Then the nurse thus addressed him: "Here, be the murders on those who forced you to order them; your majesty could not help it, and since you never consented, and now regret them, believe God will never impute them to you, and will cover them with the mantle of justice of his Son, to whom alone you should look for aid. Ah! for the honour of God, let your majesty cease from this weeping." Having said this, she rose for a handkerchief, for he was drenched with tears. Charles having taken it from her, made a sign that she should retire and leave him to repose.

The dreadful narrative of the massacre of St. Bartholomew is detailed in the history of De Thou, and the same scene is painted in glowing, though in faithful colours, by Voltaire in the *Mémoires*—Charles, whose last memorable moments we come from contemplating, when he observed several fugitive Huguenots about his palace in the morning after the massacre of dozens of their friends, took a feeling piece and repeatedly fired at them.

Such was the effect of religion operating, perhaps, not on a malignant, but on a feeble mind!

ROYAL PROMOTIONS.

In the golden gate of promotion is not usually opened to men of real merit, persons of no worth have entered it in a most extraordinary manner.

Cherreau informs us that the Sultan Osman having observed a gardener planting a cabbage with some peculiar dexterity, the manner so attracted his imperial eye that he raised him to an

office near his person, and shortly afterwards he rewarded the planter of cabbage by raising him *begler* or viceroi of the Isle of Cyprus!

Maie Antony gave the house of a Roman citizen to a cook, who had prepared for him a good supper. Many have been raised to extraordinary preferment by capricious monarchs for the sake of a jest. Lewis XI. promoted a poor priest whom he found sleeping in the porch of a church, that the proverb might be verified, that so lucky men good fortune will come even when they are asleep. Thus Henry VII. made a viceroi of Ireland if not for the sake of, at least on a clemency. When the king was told that all Ireland could not rule the Earl of Kildare, he said, *thou shalt this earl rule all Ireland*.

It is recorded of Henry VIII. that he raised a servant to a considerable dignity because he had taken care to have a roasted horse prepared for him, when his majesty happened to be in the humour of feasting on one! and the title of *Sugar-loaf court*, in Leadenhall-street, was probably derived from another piece of munificence of this monarch, the widow of a Mr. Cornwallis was rewarded by the gift of a dissolved priory there situated, for some *fine* pudding with which she had procured his majesty!

When Cardinal de Monte was elected pope, before he left the conclave he bestowed a cardinal's hat upon a servant, whose chief merit consisted in the daily attentions he paid to his holiness's monkey!

Louis Barber owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabastan. He knew his Rabastan by heart. This served to introduce him to the Duke of Orleans, who took great pleasure in reading that author. It was for this he gave him an abbey, and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

George Villiers was suddenly raised from a private station, and loaded with wealth and honours by James the first, merely for his personal beauty. Almost all the *Levoniens* of James became so from their handsomeness.

M. De Chamillart, minister of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards. He retired with a pension, after raising the finances of his country.

The Duke of Luyne was originally a country lad, who insinuated himself into the favour of Louis XIII. then young, by making bird-traps (*piegrieches*) to catch quivers. It was little expected, says Voltaire, that these portable amusements were to be terminated by a most singular revolution. De Luyne, after raising his person the Marshal of Acre to be assassinated, and the queen mother to be imprisoned, raised himself to a title and the most tyrannical power.

Mr. Walter Raleigh owed his promotion to an act of gallantry to Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Christopher Hatton owed his preferment to his dancing. Queen Elizabeth, observes Granger, with all her magnificence could not see the future lord chancellor in the fine dancer. The same writer says, "Nothing could form a more curious reflection of modern than *coordinates of preference*." Could the secret history of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the first step to

advancement. It would much oftener be found to be owing to superficial qualification, and even vice.

NOBILITY.

FRANCIS THE FIRST was accustomed to say, that when the nobles of his kingdom came to court, they were received by the world as so many little kings; that the day after they were only beheld as so many princes; but on the third day they were merely considered as so many gentlemen, and were confounded among the crowd of courtiers. It was supposed that this was done with a political view of humbling the proud nobility, and for this reason Henry IV. frequently said aloud, in the presence of the prince of the blood, *Ne s'ont pas des gentilshommes*.

It is recorded of Philip the Third of Spain, that while he exacted the most punctilious respect from the grandees, he saluted the peasants. He would never be addressed but on the knees; for which he gave them artificial excuse, that as he was of low stature, every one would have appeared too high for him. He showed himself rarely even to his grandees, that he might the better support his haughtiness and repress their pride. He also affected to speak to them by half words; and reprimanded them if they did not guess at the rest. In a word, he omitted nothing that could mortify his nobility.

MODES OF SALUTATION, AND AMICABLE CEREMONIES, OBSERVED IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

When men, writes the philosophical traveller of *L'Esprit des Loix et des Coutumes*, salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practice a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable one; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

This infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverence or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate oneself to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion, for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth when they adore invisible beings, and the affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much force and grace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity, or for their unbridledness. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner, for these

are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

These demonstrations become in time only empty civilities which signify nothing; we shall notice what they were originally, without reflecting on what they are.

Primitive nations have no peculiar modes of salutation, they know no reverence or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them. The Greenlanders laugh when they are an European uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. Dampier says, that at New Guinea they are assisted to put on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very inconvenient and painful, it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the strait of the Sound. Montan tells us they salute him in the grotesque manner "They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face." The inhabitants of the Philippines use a most complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms, sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute, it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence. This was practiced before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Hottentots. Their innocent simplicity, no doubt, did not appear unbecoming in the eyes of the *European*.

Sometimes they only undress partially. The Japanese only take off a slipper, the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

In the progress of time it appears servile to uncover oneself. The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation, and (the writer truly observes) we may remark that the English do not uncover their heads so much as the other nations of Europe. Mr Holthouse observes, that uncovering the head, with the Turks, as a mark of indecent familiarity, in their mosques the Franks must keep their hats on. The Jewish custom of wearing their hats in their synagogues is, doubtless, the same Oriental custom.

In a word, there is not a nation, observes the humorous Montague, even to the people who when they salute turn their backs on their friends, but that can be justified in their customs.

The negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and hence all their ceremonies were farical. The greater part pull the fingers till they crack. Such grave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the king of Dahomey sent to him. "The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridi-



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colossal contortions. When two negro monarchs meet, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmania (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the flowing blood. The Franks tore the hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are the most remarkable postures. The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and bend the face to the earth, and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here with the sentiment of Montaigne, and condemn their ceremony to be ridiculous. It arises from their national affection. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

Their expressions seem as little as their ceremonies. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health, he answers, *Very well; thanks to your abundant felicity.* If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, *Prosperity is painted on your face, or, Your air announces your happiness.*

If you render them any service, they say, *My thanks shall be immortal.* If you praise them, they answer, *How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me?* If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, *We have not treated you with sufficient distinction.* The various titles they invent for each other it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There are determined the number of bows, the expressions to be employed, the genuflections, and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand; the salutations of the master before the chair where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirt of his robe; all these and other things are noticed, even to the slight gestures by which you are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios, and ambassadors pass forty days in practising them before they are enabled to appear at court. A tribunal of ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honour are frequently arbitrary; to be seated with us is a mark of respect and familiarity, to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries: a despot cannot suffer without disgust the elevated figure of his subjects; he is pleased

to bend their bodies with their groins; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth; he desires an eagerness, no attention; he would only inspire terror.

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Was kinder enthusiasm, and therefore occasions strange laws and customs. We may observe in it whatever is most noble and heroic mixed with what is most strange and wild. We collect facts, and the reader must draw his own conclusions.

They frequently condemned at Carthage their generals to die after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accused of no other fault. We read in De Haide that Captain Mancheco, a Chinaman, was convicted of giving battle without obtaining a complete victory, and he was punished. With such a perspective at the conclusion of a battle generals will become intrepid, and exert themselves as much as possible, and this is all that is wanted.

When the savages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baskets, where they are bound and corded down as we do children in swaddling-clothes. If they should happen to fall into the hands of the conquerors, they would expire in the midst of torments. It is better therefore that the vanquished should carry them away in any manner, though frequently even at the risk of their lives.

The Spartans were not allowed to combat often with the same enemy. They wished not to incur those to battle; and if their enemies revolted frequently, they were accustomed to exterminate them.

The government of the Scythian provinces gave annually a feast to those who had valiantly, with their own hands, despatched their enemies. The skulls of the vanquished arrived for their cups; and the quantity of wine they were allowed to drink was proportioned to the number of skulls they possessed. The youth, who could not yet boast of such martial exploits, contemplated silently the solemn feast, without being admitted to approach it. This institution formed courageous warriors.

War has corrupted the morals of the people, and has occasioned them to form horrible ideas of virtue. When the Portuguese attacked Madrid, in the reign of Philip V. the courtiers of that city were desirous of displaying their patriotic zeal: those who were most convinced of the envenomed state of their body perfumed themselves, and went by night to the camp of the enemy, the consequence was that in less than three weeks there were more than six thousand Portuguese disabled with venereal maladies, and the greater part died.

Men have frequently fallen into unpardonable contradictions, in attempting to make principles and laws meet which could never agree with each other. The Jews suffered themselves to be attacked without defending themselves on the sabbath-day, and the Romans profited by these pious scruples. The council of Trent ordered the body of the constable of Bourbon, who had fought



against the Pope, to be dug up, as if the head of the church was not so much subjected to war as others, must be a temporal prince.

Pope Nicholas, in his answer to the Bulgarians, forbids them to make war in Lent, unless, he prudently adds, there be an urgent necessity.

FIRE, AND THE ORIGIN OF FIREWORKS.

In the Memoirs of the French Academy, a little essay on this subject is sufficiently curious, the following contains the facts.

Fireworks were not known to antiquity — It is certainly a modern invention. If ever the ancients employed fire at their festivals, it was only for religious purposes.

Fire, in primitive ages, was a symbol of respect, or an instrument of terror. In both these ways God manifested himself to man. In the holy writings he compares himself sometimes to an ardent fire, to display his holiness and his purity, sometimes he renders himself visible under the form of a burning bush, to inspire himself to be as formidable as a devouring fire, again, he rains sulphur, and often, before he speaks, he attracts the attention of the multitude by flashes of lightning.

Fire was worshipped as a divinity by several idolaters: the Platonists confounded it with the heavens, and considered it as the divine intelligence. Sometimes it is a symbol of majesty — God walked in the way in eastern countries, with his people, preceded by a pillar of fire, and the monarchs of Asia, according to Herodotus, commanded that such emblems of their majesty should be carried before them. These fires, according to Quintus Curtius, were considered as holy and eternal, and were carried at the head of their armies on little altars of silver, in the midst of the magi who accompanied them and sang their hymns.

Fire was also a symbol of majesty amongst the Romans, and if it was used by them in their festivals, it was rather employed for the ceremonies of religion than for a peculiar mark of their rejoicing. Fire was always held to be most proper and holy for sacrifices, in this the Pagans imitated the Hebrews. The fire so carefully preserved by the Vestals was probably an imitation of that which fell from heaven on the victim offered by Aaron, and long afterwards religiously kept up by the priests. Servius, one of the ancient kings of Rome, commanded a great fire of straw to be kindled in the public place of every town in Italy to consecrate for repose a certain day in each time, or season.

The Greeks lighted lamps at a certain feast held in honour of Minerva, who gave them oil, of Vulcan, who was the inventor of lamps, and of Prometheus, who had rendered them service by the fire which he had stolen from heaven. Another feast to Bacchus was celebrated by a great nocturnal illumination, in which wine was poured forth profusely to all passers-by. A feast in memory of Ceres, who sought so long in the darkness of hell for her daughter, was kept by burning a number of torches.

Great illuminations were made in various other

meetings, particularly in the Secular Games, which lasted three whole nights, and so carefully were they kept up, that these nights had no darkness.

In all their rejoicings the ancients indeed used fire, but they were intended merely to burn their sacrifices, and which, as the gravity of them were performed at night, the illuminations served to give light to the ceremonies.

Artificial fires were indeed frequently used by them, but not in public rejoicings; like us, they employed them for military purposes; but we use them likewise successfully for our decorations and amusements.

From the latest times of paganism to the early ages of Christianity, we can but rarely quote instances of fire lighted up for other purposes, in a public form, than for the ceremonies of religion; illuminations were made at the baptism of princes, as a symbol of that life of light in which they were going to enter by faith, or at the tombs of martyrs, to light them during the watchings of the night. All these were abolished, from the various abuses they introduced.

We only trace the rise of *feux de joie*, or fireworks, given merely for amusing spectators to delight the eye, to the epocha of the invention of powder and cannon, at the close of the thirteenth century. It was then two inventions, doubtless, whose effects furnished the ideas of all these machines and amusements which form the charms of these times.

To the Florentines and the Sicilians we are indebted not only for the preparation of powder with other ingredients to amuse the eye, but also for the invention of elevated machines and decorations adapted to augment the pleasure of the spectacle. They began their attempts at the feast of Saint John the Baptist and the Assumption, on wooden edifices, which they adorned with painted statues, from whose mouth and eyes issued a beautiful fire. Callot has engraven numerous specimens of the pagans, triumphs, and processions, under a great variety of grotesque forms — dragons, swans, eagles, &c., which were built up large enough to carry many persons, while they roared forth the most amusing fireworks.

This was passed from Florence to Rome, where, at the creation of the popes, they displayed illuminations of hand-grenades, thrown from the height of a rank. *Pyrotechnics* from that time have become an art, which, in the degree the invention have displayed ability in combining the powers of architecture, sculpture, and painting, have produced a number of beautiful effects, which even give pleasure to those who read the descriptions without having beheld them.

A pleasing account of decorated fireworks is given in the Secret Memoirs of France. In August, 1764, Torric, an Italian artist, obtained permission to exhibit a pyrotechnic operation — The Paragon admired the variety of the colours, and the ingenious forms of his fire. But this first exhibition was disturbed by the populace, as well as by the apparent danger of the fire, although it was displayed on the Regent's square. In October it was repeated, and proper precautions having been taken, they admired the beauty of the fire, with-



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out learning it. These artificial fires are described as having been rapidly and splendidly executed. The exhibition closed with a transparent triumphal arch, and a curtain illuminated by the same fire, admirably exhibiting the palace of Pluto. Around the columns, mantras were inscribed, supported by Cupids, with other fanciful embellishments. Among these little pieces of poetry appeared the following one, which ingeniously announced a more perfect exhibition.

Les vents, les frimats, les orages,
Eteindront ces feux, pour un terme,
Mais, ainsi que les saisons, avec plus d'avantage,
Ils renaitront dans le printemps.

IMITATED.

The icy gale, the falling snow,
Extinction to these fires shall bring;
But, like the seasons, with brighter glow,
They shall renew their charms in spring.

The exhibition was greatly improved, according to this promise of the artist. His subject was chosen with much felicity: it was a representation of the forges of Vulcan under Mount Etna. The interior of the mountain discovered Vulcan and his Cyclops. Venus was seen to descend, and demand of her consort armour for Eneas. Opposite to this was seen the palace of Vulcan, which presented a deep and brilliant perspective. The labours of the Cyclops produced numberless very happy combinations of artificial fires. The public with pleasing astonishment beheld the effects of the volcano, so admirably adapted to the nature of these fires. At another entertainment he gratified the public with a representation of Orpheus and Eurydice in hell, many striking circumstances occasioned a marvellous humour. What subjects indeed could be more analogous to this kind of fire? And let me ask, what is the reason we do not see these artificial fires display more brilliant effects in London? What man of taste can be gratified with stars, wheels, and rockets?

THE BIBLE PROHIBITED AND IMPROVED.

The following are the *express words* contained in the regulation of the popes to prohibit the use of the Bible.

"As it is manifest by *experience*, that if the use of the holy writings is permitted in the vulgar tongue more evil than profit will arise, because of the temerity of man, it is for this reason all bibles are prohibited *prohibentur Biblia* with all their parts, whether they be printed or written, in whatever vulgar language soever, as also are prohibited all summaries or abridgements of Bibles, or any books of the holy writings, although they should only be historical, and that in whatever vulgar tongue they be written."

It is there also said, "That the reading the Bibles of Catholic editors may be permitted to those by whose perusal or power the *faith* may be spread, and who will not *curious* it. But this permission is not to be granted without an express order of the bishop, or the inquisitor, with the advice of the curate and confessor, and their permission must not be had in writing. And he

who, without permission, presumes to read the holy writings, or to have them in his possession, shall not be absolved of his sins before he first shall have returned the Bible to his bishop."

A Spanish author says, that if a person should come to his bishop to ask for leave to read the Bible, with the best intention, the bishop should answer him from Matthew, ch. xx. ver. 20, "Thou knowest not what thou askest." And indeed, he observes, the nature of this demand indicates an *heretical disposition*.

The reading of the Bible was prohibited by Henry VIII. except by those who occupied high offices in the state: a noble lady or gentleman might read it in "their garden or orchard," or other retired places, but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it, or to have it read to them.

Dr. Frankton, in his own life, has preserved a singular anecdote of the Bible being prohibited in England in the time of our true Catholic Mary. His family had then early embraced the reformation. "They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a close-stool! When my great-grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the close-stool upon his knees, and panned the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down on each by the packthread. One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance, in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before."

I shall leave the reader to make his own reflections on this extraordinary account. He may meditate on what the popes did, and what they probably would have done, had not Luther happily been in a humour to abuse the pope, and begin a Reformation. It would be curious to sketch an account of the probable situation of Europe at the present moment, had the pontiffs preserved the singular power of which they had possessed themselves.

It appears by an act dated in 1516, that in those days the Bible was called *Bibliotheca*, that is *per emphasis*, the Library. The word library was derived in its signification then to the biblical writings; no other books, compared with the holy writings, appear to have been worthy to rank with them, or constitute what we call a library.

We have had several remarkable attempts to recompose the Bible, Dr. Geddes's version is strictly literal, and often tedious by its vulgarity; but the following attempts are of a very different kind. Sebastian Castellan, who afterwards changed his name to Castellan, with his accustomed affectation referring to *Cassius* the fountain of the Muses—took a very extraordinary liberty with the sacred writings. He fancied he could give the world a more classical version of the Bible, and for this purpose introduced phrases and entire sentences from profane writers into the text of holy writ. His whole style is *barbarous*, quaint, overloaded with pretences, and all the ornaments of false taste. On the noble simplicity of the Scripture he seems not to have had the remotest conception.

But an attempt by Père Berruyer to trace extraordinary, in his *Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*, he has accomplished the Bible as he would have written a fashionable novel! With almost refinement he conceives that the great legislator of the Hebrews is too barren in his descriptions, too concise in the events he records, not a careful to enrich his history by pleasing reflections and interesting conversation-prose, and borrows on the catastrophe, by which means he could much entertaining matter as for instance, in the loves of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, Moana is very dry and concise, which, however, our Père Berruyer is not his histories of Joseph, and of King David, are defiling matter, and were devoured eagerly in all the bookshops of Paris. Take a specimen of the style: "Joseph combined with a regularity of features, and a brilliant complexion, an air of the noblest dignity: all which contributed to render him one of the most amiable men in Egypt." At length "she declares her passion, and pruned him to answer her. It never entered her mind that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first only replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not yet give him up. In vain he flew from her, she was too passionate to waste even the moments of his absence." The good father, however, does ample justice to the gallantry of the Patriarch Jacob. He offers to give Laban seven years for Rachel. "Nothing is too much, even the venerable narrative," "what one really loves," and this admirable observation he confirms by the facility with which the seducing Rachel allows Leah her old right to her husband! In this manner the patriarchs are made to speak in the tone of the tenderest lovers. Judith is a Persian coquette, Holofernes is made as a German satyr, and their dialogues are tedious with all the reciprocal politeness of metaphorical French lovers! Moana in the desert, it was observed, is precisely as pedantic as Père Berruyer addressing his flock at the university. One cannot but smile at the following exhortation: "By the easy manner in which God performed miracles, our might easily perceive they cost no effort." When he has narrated on "Adventure of the Patriarchs," he proceeds, "After such an extraordinary, or curious, or interesting adventure," &c. The good father had caught the language of the busy world, but with such perfect simplicity that, in employing it on sacred history, he was not aware of the ludicrous he was writing.

A Gothic bishop translated the Scriptures into the Goth language, but omitted the books of *Songs*! but the work, of which as much as there recorded, should increase their inclination to fighting, already too prevalent. Justin notices this curious copy of the Bible in his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*.

As the Bible, in many parts, consists merely of historical transactions, and in too many exhibits a detail of offensive news, it has often occurred to the fathers of families, as well as to the pupils, to prohibit its general reading. Archbishop Tillotson turned a design of purifying the historical parts. Since some have given us a *Family Bible*, it were desirable that the same spirit would prevail us with a *Family Bible*.

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

From the "Literary History of France," by the learned Benedictines, I have collected the chief materials of the present article. It is curious to observe the various substitutions for paper before its discovery.

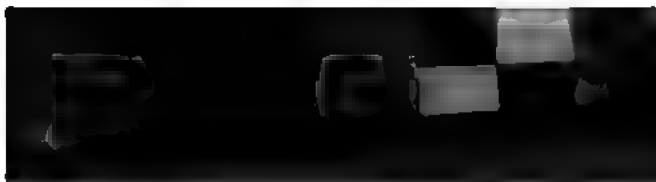
When men had not yet discovered the art of recording events by writing, they painted them, erected rude altars, or heaps of stones, as commemorations of past events. Hercules probably could not write when he fixed his famous pillars.

The most ancient mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, and oyster-shells, and on tables of stone, afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, on bark, of trees, on leaves of trees.

Engraving memorials on hard substances, it has been recently observed, was giving, as it were, speech to rocks and metals. In the tomb of Job there is a mode of writing on stone, on rocks, and on sheets of lead. It was on tables of stone that Moana received the law written by the finger of God himself. Moana's works were written on leather tables. Lead was used for writing, and rolled up like a cylinder, as Ptolemy states. Moana's notes a very ancient book of eight hundred leaves, which on the back had rings fastened by a small leather rod to keep them together. They afterwards engraved on brass; the laws of the Cretans were on bronze tables; the Romans etched their public records on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is yet preserved in the town-hall of Lyons, in France. Several furnace tables, with Etruscan characters, have been dug up in Tuscany. The Trojans between the Romans, Spartans, and the Jews wrote written on brass; and tablets, for better security, were made over on the enduring metal. In many cabinets may be found the discharges of soldiers, written on copper-plates. The cuneiform has been discovered in India: a bill of indictment on copper has been dug up near Bengal, dated a century before the birth of Christ.

Among these early inventors many were singularly rude, and monstrous substitutes for a better material. In the shepherd state they wrote their songs, with charms and such on strips of leather, which they wound round their crooks. The islanders appear to have scratched their laws, a kind of hieroglyphics, on walls; and Obed, accord-

* Specimens of most of these modes of writing may be seen in the British Museum. No. 3498, in the Museum library, is a Nabob's letter, on a piece of bark, about two yards long, and richly ornamented with gold. No. 3499 is a book of Moana's hieroglyphics, painted on bark. In the same collection are various species, many from the Malabar coast and the East. The latter writings are chiefly on leaves. There are several copies of Bibles written on palm leaves. The ancient doubtless wrote on any leaves they found adapted for the purpose. Hence the leaf of a book, alluding to that of a tree, seems to be derived. At the British Museum we have recently received Babylonian clay, or broken pots, which the people used, and made their contracts of business on; a custom mentioned in the Scriptures.



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ing to one of the legends, built a large house, on the bulks and spars of which he had engraved the history of his own and more ancient times, while another northern hero appears to have had nothing better than his own chair and bed to perpetuate his own heroic acts on. At the town-hall, in Manover, are kept twelve wooden boards, overlaid with ivory, on which are written the names of owners of houses, but not the names of streets. These *wooden manuscripts* must have existed before 1433, when Manover was first divided into streets. Such manuscripts may be found in public collections. This exhibits a very curious, and the rudest state of *script*. The same event occurred among the ancient Arabs, who, according to the history of Mahomet, seem to have taken the shoulder-bones of sheep, on which they carved remarkable events with a knife, and after tying them with a string they hung their chronicles up in their cabins.

The laws of the twelve tables which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code were, after they had been approved by the people, engraven on brass; they were melted by lightning, which struck the Capitol and consumed other laws, a law highly regretted by Augustus. This manner of writing we still retain, for the inscriptions, epistaphs, and other memorials designed to reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tables of wood, and as cedar has an antiseptic quality from its bitterness, they chose this wood for pens or chests to preserve their most important writings. The well-known expression of the ancients, where they meant to give the highest rank to an excellent work, *et cedri ligno haurit*, that it was worthy to be written on cedar, alludes to the od of cedar, with which, valuable use of parchment were associated, to preserve them from corruption and mould. Pervon illustrates this in the excellent version of Mr Collier:

"Who would not leave posterity such rhythm,
An order of might keep to latest times?"

They stained materials for writing upon with purple, and rubbed them with crucians from the cedar. The laws of the emperors were published on *wooden tablets*, painted with cerise; to which custom Horace alludes: *Lays maderis lignis*. Such tablets, now ascribed into tablets, are still used, but in general are made of other materials than wood. The same reason for which they preferred the cedar to other wood induced to write on wax, which, from its nature, is incorruptible when generally used it to write their testaments on, the better to preserve them, thus Juvenal says, *Ceras cupere capere*. This thin paste of wax was also used on tablets of wood, that it might more easily admit of erasure.

They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. The *stylus* was made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other, to delete and correct easily, hence the phrase *verberare stylo*, to turn the stylus, was used to express blotting out. But the Romans forbade the use of this sharp instrument, from the circumstance of many persons having used them as daggers. A schoolmaster was killed by the Paphlagon or tablet-book, and

the stylus of his own artists. They substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. When they wrote on softer materials, they employed reeds and canes split like our pens at the points, which the artists still use to lay their colour or ink water on the paper.

Mande observes, that when he was in Italy, about 1640, he saw more of these waxen tablets, called Paphlagon, so called because they were held in one hand; and others composed of the barks of trees, which the ancients employed in lieu of paper.

On these tablets, or tablet-books, Mr Astle observes, that the Greeks and Romans continued the use of waxen tablet-books long after the use of the papyrus, leaves, and skins became common; because they were convenient for correcting extempore compositions, from these tablet-books they transcribed their performances correctly into parchment books, if for their own private use; but if for sale, or for the library, the *Librari*, or scribes, performed the office. The writing on tablet-books is particularly recommended by Quintilian in the third chapter of the tenth book of his Institution, because the wax was readily effaced for any correction he customer weak eyes do not see as well on paper, and observes that the frequent necessity of dipping the pen in the inkstand retards the hand, and is not so suited to the celerity of the mind. Some of these tablet-books are conjectured to have been large, and perhaps heavy, for in Plautus, a schoolboy is represented breaking his master's head with his tablet-book. According to Cicero, it appears that the Greeks were accustomed to reading their wax manuscripts to notice errors or vicious phrases by passing a piece of red wax, as we should underline with red ink.

Table-books written upon wax stylus were not entirely laid aside in Chaucer's time, who describes them in his *Boomer's tale*.

"His fellow had a staffe tipp'd with bone,
A piece of tables all of ivory,
And a penneill polished freynster,
And wrote alwayn the names, as he stood,
Of all folk, that gave him any good."

By the word *pen* in the translation of the Bible, we must understand an iron stylus. Tablet-books of ivory are still used for memoranda, written with black lead pencils. The Romans used ivory to write the edicts of the senate on, with a black ribbon, and the expression of *libra elephantina*, which some authors mistake alludes to books that for their size were called *elephantina*, were most probably composed of ivory, the bulk of the elephant; among the Romans they were undoubtedly scarce and dear.

The *papyrus* stalk was a writing material of the ancients, they used it to smooth the roughness of the parchment, or to sharpen their reeds.

In the progress of time the art of writing consisted in pointing with different kinds of ink. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing, the thin bark of certain trees and plants, or leaves; and at length, when this was found apt to become mouldy, they prepared the skins of animals. Those of some are still in use; and on those of crocodiles,

&c. were once written the Iliad and Odyssey. The first place where they began to dress these skins was *Pergamus*, in Asia; whence the Latin name is derived of *Pergamena* or *parchment*. These skins are, however, better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin under the name of *membrana*: so called from the membranes of various animals of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple or violet parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and copies of the evangelists of this kind are preserved in the British Museum.

When the Egyptians employed for writing the bark of a plant or reed, called *papyrus* or paper-rush, it superseded all former modes, from its convenience. Formerly it grew in great quantities on the sides of the Nile. This plant has given its name to our *paper*, although the latter is now composed of linen or rags, and formerly had been of cotton wool, which was but brittle and yellow; and improved by using cotton-rags, which they glazed. After the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. The Chinese make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of *paper* is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they used the thin peel found between the wood and the bark of trees. This skinny substance they called *liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber*, a book, and *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French *livre* for book; but we of northern origin derive our *book* from the Danish *bog*, the beech-tree, because that being the most plentiful in Denmark was used to engrave on. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment, or paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls has passed into our language as well as the others. We say a *volume* or volumes, although our books are composed of pages cut and bound together. The books of the ancients on the shelves of their libraries were rolled up on a pin and placed erect, titled on the outside in red letters, or rubrics, and appeared like a number of small pillars on the shelves.

The ancients were as curious as ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Propertius describes tablets with gold borders, and Ovid notices their red titles; but in later times, besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they enriched with precious stones the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ. In the curious library of Mr. Douce is a Psalter, supposed once to have appertained to Charlemagne; the vellum is purple, and the letters gold. The Eastern nations likewise tinged their mss. with different colours and decorations. Astle possessed Arabian mss. of which some leaves were of a deep yellow, and others of a lilac colour. Sir William Jones describes an oriental ms. in which the name of Mohammed was fancifully adorned

with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours. The favourite works of the Persians are written on fine silky paper, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or silver dust; the leaves are frequently illuminated, and the whole book is sometimes perfumed with essence of roses or sandal wood. The Romans had several sorts of paper to which they had given different names; one was the *Charta Augusta*, in compliment to the emperor, another *Litiana*, named after the empress. There was a *Charta blanca*, which obtained its title from its beautiful whiteness, and which we appear to have retained by applying it to a blank sheet of paper which is only signed—*Charte blanche*. They had also a *Charta nigra* painted black, and the letters were in white or other colours.

Our present paper surpasses all other materials for ease and convenience of writing. The first paper-mill in England was erected at Dartford, by a German, in 1588, who was knighted by Elizabeth; but it was not before 1713 that one Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought the art of paper-making to any perfection, and to the industry of this individual we owe the origin of our numerous paper-mills. France had hitherto supplied England and Holland.

The manufacture of paper was not much encouraged at home, even so late as in 1662; and the following observations by Fuller are curious, respecting the paper of his times. "Paper participates in some sort of the characters of the country which makes it; the *Venetian*, being neat, subtle, and court-like; the *French*, light, slight, and slender; and the *Dutch*, thick, corpulent, and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof." He complains that the paper manufactories were not then sufficiently encouraged, "considering the vast sums expended in our land for paper, out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened were it made in our nation. To such who object that we can never equal the perfection of *Venice paper*, I return, neither can we match the purity of Venice glasses; and yet many *green ones* are blown in *Sussex*, profitable to the makers, and convenient for the users. Our *homespun paper* might be found beneficial." The present German printing-paper is made so disagreeable both to printers and readers from their paper manufacturers making many more reams of paper from one cwt. of rags than formerly. Rags are scarce, and German writers, as well as the language, are voluminous.

Mr. Astle deeply complains of the inferiority of our *inks* to those of antiquity; an inferiority productive of the most serious consequences, and which appears to originate merely in negligence. From the important benefits arising to society from the use of ink, and the injuries individuals may suffer from the frauds of designing men, he wishes the legislature would frame some new regulations respecting it. The composition of ink is simple, but we possess none equal in beauty and colour to that used by the ancients; the Saxon mss. written in England exceed in colour anything of the kind. The rolls and records from the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, compared with those of the fifth to the twelfth centuries, show the excel-



lence of the earlier ones, which are all in the finest preservation, while the others are so much defaced, that they are scarcely legible. It is a very serious consideration, in respect to the security of property, that the Records of Parliament, the decrees and adjudications of the courts of justice, conveyances, wills, testaments, &c., should be written on ink of such durable quality as may best resist the destructive power of time and the elements.

The ink of the ancients had nothing in common with ours, but the colour and gum. Galls, nuts, copperas, and gum make up the composition of our ink, whereas *not* or *every-black* was the chief ingredient in that of the ancients.

Ink has been made of various colours: we find gold and silver ink, and red, green, yellow, and blue inks; but the black is considered as the best adapted to its purpose.

ANECDOTES OF EUROPEAN MANNERS.

THE following circumstances probably gave rise to the tyranny of the feudal power, and are the facts on which the fictions of romance are raised. Castles were erected to repulse the vagrant attacks of the Normans, and in France, from the year 986 to 997, these places disturbed the public repose. The petty despots who raised these castles pillaged whoever passed, and carried off the females who pleased them. Rapine, of every kind, were the *privileges* of the feudal lords! Menervy observes, that it is from these circumstances romancers have invented their tales of knights errant, monsters, and giants.

De Saint Foix, in his "Historical Essays," informs us that "Women and girls were not in greater security when they passed by abbeys. The monks sustained on assault rather than relinquish their prey: if they saw themselves losing ground, they brought to their walls the relics of some saint. Then it generally happened that the assassins, seized with awful veneration, retired, and dared not pursue their vengeance. This is the origin of the *enchanters*, of the *enchantelements*, and of the *enchanted castles* described in romances."

To these may be added what the author of "Northern Antiquities," Vol. I. p. 243, writes, that as the walls of the castles ran winding round them, they often called them by a name which signified *serpents* or *dragons*, and as these were commonly secured the women and young maids of distinction, who were seldom safe at a time when so many bold warriors were rambling up and down in search of adventures. It was this custom which gave occasion to ancient romances, who knew not how to describe anything simple, to invent so many fables concerning princesses of great beauty guarded by *dragons*.

A singular and barbarous custom prevailed during this period, it consisted in punishments by *misadventures*. It became so general that the abbots, instead of becoming canonical prelates on their monks, obliged them to cut off an ear, an arm, or a leg.

Velly, in his History of France, has described

two festivals, which give a just idea of the manners and devotion of a later period, 1230, which like the ancient mysteries consisted of a mixture of farce and piety, religious, in fact, was their amusement! The following one existed even to the Reformation.

In the church of Paris, and in several other cathedrals of the kingdom, was held the *Fest of Fools* or madmen. The priests and clerks assembled elected a pope, an archbishop, or a bishop, conducted them in great pomp in the church, which they entered dancing, masked, and dressed in the apparel of women, animals, and merry-Andrews, sang infamous songs, and converted the altar into a brazier, where they ate and drank during the celebration of the holy mysteries; played with dice, burned, instead of incense, the leather of their old sandals, ran about, and leaped from seat to seat, with all the indecent postures with which the merry-Andrews know how to amuse the populace.

The other does not yield in extravagance. "This festival was called the *Fest of Assis*, and was celebrated at Beauvais. They chose a young woman, the handsomest in the town, they made her ride on an ass richly harneued, and placed in her arms a pretty infant. In this state, followed by the bishop and clergy, she marched in procession from the cathedral to the church of St. Stephen's, entered into the sanctuary, placed herself near the altar, and the mass began, whatever the choir sung was terminated by this charming burthen, *Haban, haban!* Their prompt, half Latin and half French, explained the fine qualities of the animal. Every stroke finished by this delightful invitation:

Mes, sire Assis, en chantes
Belle bouche rechange,
Vous saurez du foie amer
Et de l'avoir à planter

They at length exhorted him to making a devout genuflection, to forget his ancient food, for the purpose of repeating without ceasing, *Assis, Assis*. The priest, instead of *Te igitur*, sang three times, *Haban, haban, haban!* and the people three times answered, *Haban, haban, haban!* to imitate the buzzing of that grave animal.

What shall we think of this imbecile mixture of superstition and farce? This *ass* was perhaps typical of the *ass* which Jesus rode! The children of Israel worshipped a golden *ass*, and Balaam made another speak. How unfortunate then was James Nayler, who scowled of entering Bristol on an *ass*, Hume informs us—it is indeed but a piece of cold pleasantry—that all Bristol could not afford him one!

At the time when all these follies were practiced, they would not suffer men to play at chess! Velly says, "A statute of *Etienne de Beauvais* prohibits clergymen not only from playing at chess, but even from having a chess-board in their house." Who could believe, that while half the ceremonies of religion consisted in the grossest buffoonery, a prince preferred death rather than cure himself by a remedy which offended his chaunt. Louis VIII being dangerously ill, the physicians consulted, and agreed to place near the monarch while he slept a young and beauti-

ful lady, who, when he awoke, should inform him of the motive which had conducted her to him. Louis answered, "No, my girl, I prefer dying rather than to save my life by a *mortal sin*!" And, in fact, the good king died! He would not be prescribed for, out of the whole *Pharmacopœia of Love*!

An account of our taste in female beauty is given by Mr. Ellis, who observes, in his notes to Wray's *Fabliaux*, "In the times of chivalry the minstrels deal with great complacency on the fair hair and delicate complexion of their damsels. This taste was continued for a long time, and to render the hair light was a great object of education. Even when wigs first came into fashion they were all flaxen. Such was the colour of the Gauls and of their German conquerors. It required some centuries to reconcile their eyes to the swarthy beauties of their Spanish and their Italian neighbours."

The following is an amusing anecdote of the difficulty in which an honest Vicar of Bray found himself in those contentious times.

When the court of Rome, under the pontificates of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., set no bounds to their ambitious projects, they were opposed by the Emperor Frederick, who was of course anathematised. A curate of Paris, a humorous fellow, got up in his pulpit with the bull of Innocent in his hand. "You know, my brethren (said he) that I am ordered to proclaim an excommunication against Frederick. I am ignorant of the motive. All that I know is, that there exist between this Prince and the Roman Pontiff great differences, and an irreconcilable hatred. God only knows which of the two is wrong. Therefore with all my power I excommunicate him who injures the other; and I absolve him who suffers, to the great scandal of all Christianity."

The following anecdotes relate to a period which is sufficiently remote to excite curiosity, yet not so distant as to weaken the interest we feel in those minutiae of the times.

The present one may serve as a curious specimen of the despotism and simplicity of an age not literary, in discovering the author of a libel. It took place in the reign of Henry VIII. A great jealousy subsisted between the Londoners and those foreigners who traded here. The foreigners probably (observes Mr. Lodge, in his *Illustrations of English History*) worked cheaper and were more industrious.

There was a libel affixed on St. Paul's door, which reflected on Henry VIII. and these foreigners, who were accused of buying up the wool with the king's money, to the undoing of Englishmen. This tended to inflame the minds of the people. The method adopted to discover the writer of the libel must excite a smile in the present day, while it shows the state in which knowledge must have been in this country. The plan adopted was this: In every ward one of the king's council, with an alderman of the same, was commanded to see every man write that could, and further took every man's book and sealed them, and brought them to Guildhall to confront them with the original. So that if of this number many wrote alike, the judges

must have been much puzzled to fix on the criminal.

Our hours of refection are singularly changed in little more than two centuries. In the reign of Francis I. (observes the author of *Récréations Historiques*) they were accustomed to say,

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

Historians observe of Louis XII. that one of the causes which contributed to hasten his death was the entire change of his regimen. The good king, by the persuasion of his wife, says the history of Bayard, changed his manner of living: when he was accustomed to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to dine at twelve; and when he was used to retire at six o'clock in the evening, he frequently sat up as late as midnight.

Houssaie gives the following authentic notice drawn from the registers of the court, which presents a curious account of domestic life in the fifteenth century. Of the dauphin Louis, son of Charles VI., who died at the age of twenty, we are told, "that he knew the Latin and French languages; that he had many musicians in his chapel; passed the night in vigils; dined at three in the afternoon, supped at midnight, went to bed at the break of day, and thus was *ascertained* (that is, threatened) with a short life." Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five o'clock in the afternoon, when he *had supped*.

The custom of dining at nine in the morning relaxed greatly under Francis I., his successor. However, persons of quality dined then the latest at ten; and supper was at five or six in the evening. We may observe this in the preface to the *Heptaameron* of the Queen of Navarre, where this princess delineating the mode of life which the lords and ladies (whom she assembles at the castle of Madame Oysille, one of her characters) should follow to be agreeably occupied, and to banish languor, thus expresses herself: "As soon as the morning rose, they went to the chamber of Madame Oysille, whom they found already at her prayers; and when they had heard during a good hour her lecture, and then the mass, they went to dine at ten o'clock; and afterwards each retired to his room to do what was wanted, and did not fail at noon to meet in the meadow." Speaking of the end of this first day (which was in September) the same lady Oysille says, "Say where is the sun; and hear the bell of the Abbey, which has for some time called us to vespers; and in saying this they all rose and went to the religionists, *who had waited for them above an hour*. Vespers heard, they went to supper, and after having played a thousand sports in the meadow, they retired to bed." All this exactly corresponds with the lines above quoted. Charles V. of France, however, who lived near two centuries before Francis, dined at ten, supped at seven, and all the court was in bed by nine o'clock. They sounded the curfew, which bell warned them to cover their fire, at six in the winter, and between eight and nine in the summer. A custom which exists in most religious societies: who did not then distinguish themselves from the ordinary practice. (This was written in 1767.) Under the reign of

Henry IV. the hour of dinner at court was eleven, or at noon the latest; a custom which prevailed even in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. In the provinces distant from Paris, it is very common to dine at nine; they make a second repast about two o'clock, and sup at five; and their last meal is made just before they retire to bed. The labourers and peasants in France have preserved this custom, and make three meals; one at nine, another at three, and the last at the sitting of the sun.

The Marquis of Mirabeau, in "*L'Ami des Hommes*," Vol. I. p. 261, gives a striking representation of the singular industry of the French citizens of that age. He had learnt from several ancient citizens of Paris, that if in their youth a workman did not work two hours by candle-light, either in the morning or evening (he even adds in the longest days), he would have been noted as an idler, and would not have found persons to employ him. Mirabeau adds, that it was the 12th of May, 1588, when Henry III. ordered his troops to occupy various posts at Paris. Davila writes, that the inhabitants, warned by the noise of the drums, began to shut their doors and shops, which, according to the custom of that town to work before daybreak, were already opened. This must have been, taking it at the latest, about four in the morning. "In 1750," adds the ingenious writer, "I walked on that day through Paris at full six in the morning; I passed through the most busy and populous part of the city, and I only saw open some stalls of the venders of brandy!"

To the article, "*Anecdotes of Fashions*," we may add, that in England a taste for splendid dress existed in the reign of Henry VII.; as is observable by the following description of Nicholas Lord Vaux. "In the 17th of that reign, at the marriage of Prince Arthur, the brave young Vaux appeared in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold so thick and massive, that exclusive of the silk and furs, it was valued at a thousand pounds. About his neck he wore a collar of 8. S., weighing eight hundred pounds in nobles. In those days it not only required great bodily strength to support the weight of their cumbersome armour; their very luxury of apparel for the drawing-room would oppress a system of modern muscles."

In the following reign, according to the monarch's and Wolsey's magnificent taste, their dress was, perhaps, more generally sumptuous. We then find the following rich ornaments in vogue. Shirts and shifts were embroidered with gold, and bordered with lace. Strutt notices also perfumed gloves lined with white velvet, and splendidly worked with embroidery and gold buttons. Not only gloves, but various other parts of their habits, were perfumed; shoes were made of Spanish perfumed skins.

Carriages were not then used; so that lords would carry princesses on a pillion behind them, and in wet weather the ladies covered their heads with hoods of oil-cloth; a custom that has been generally continued to the middle of the seventeenth century. The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, in 1580, and at first were only drawn by a pair of

horses. The favourite Buckingham, about 1619, began to have them drawn by six horses; and Wilson, in his life of James I., tells us this "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." The same *arbitrator elegantiarum* introduced sedan-chairs. In France, Catherine of Medicis was the first who used a coach, which had leathern doors, and curtains instead of glass windows. If the carriage of Henry IV. had had glass windows, this circumstance might have saved his life. Carriages were so rare in the reign of this monarch, that in a letter to his minister Sully, he notices that having taken medicine that day, though he had intended to have called on him, he was prevented, because the queen had gone out with the carriage. Even as late as in the reign of Louis XIV. the courtiers rode on horseback to their dinner parties, and wore their light boots and spurs. Count Hamilton describes his boots of white Spanish leather with gold spurs.

Saint Foix observes, that in 1658 there were only 310 coaches in Paris, and in 1758 there were more than 14,000.

Strutt has judiciously observed, that though "luxury and grandeur were so much affected, and appearances of state and splendour carried to such lengths, we may conclude that their household furniture and domestic necessities were also carefully attended to: on passing through their houses, we may expect to be surprised at the neatness, elegance, and superb appearance of each room, and the suitableness of every ornament; but herein we may be deceived. The taste of elegance amongst our ancestors was very different from the present, and however we may find them extravagant in their apparel, excessive in their banquets, and expensive in their trains of attendants; yet, follow them home, and within their houses you shall find their furniture is plain and homely; no great choice, but what was useful, rather than any for ornament or show."

Erasmus, as quoted by Jortin, confirms this account, and makes it worse; he gives a curious account of English dirtiness; he ascribes the plague from which England was hardly ever free, and the sweating-sickness, partly to the incommodious form, and bad exposition of the houses, to the filthiness of the streets, and to the sluttishness within doors. The floors, says he, are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes; under which lies, unmolested, an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty."

I shall give a sketch of the domestic life of a nobleman in the reign of Charles the First, from the "*Life of the Duke of Newcastle*," written by his Duchess, whom I have already noticed. It might have been impertinent at the time of its publication; it will now please those who are curious about English manners.

"Of his Habit.

"He accoutres his person according to the fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasy for men of heroic exercises and actions. He is neat and cleanly; which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long

as many effeminate persons are. He shifts ordinarily once a day, and every time when he was exercised, or his temper is more hot than ordinary.

"Of his Diet."

"In his diet he is as sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy only his natural appetite, he makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner, which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer. And by this temperance he made himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy-three.

"His Recreation and Exercise"

"His prime pastime and recreation hath always been the exercise of mannaage and weapons, which heretofore was he used to practice every day, but observing that when he had overexerted himself he would be apt to take cold, prevailed so far, that at last he left the frequent use of the mannaage, using nevertheless still the exercise of weapons, and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he taketh delight in seeing his horses of mannaage rid by his esquires, whom he instructs in that art for his own pleasure. But in the art of weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever was famous in it, found out by his own ingenuity and practice) he never taught anybody but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose guardian he hath been, and his own two sons. The rest of his time he spends in music, poetry, architecture, and the like."

The value of money, and the increase of our opulence, might turn, says Johnson, a curious subject of research. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Lither mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other moities suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affliction of Bekinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. *Clifford Marlowe* had but a moderate fortune.

In Mr John Vanbrugh's *Confederate*, a woman of fashion is presented with a bill of millinery as long as herself. Yet it only amounts to a poor fifty pounds! At present this sounds oddity on the stage. I have heard of a lady of quality and fashion, who had a bill of her fancy-dress maker, for the expenditure of one year, to the tune of, or rather, which closed in the deep diapason of, six thousand pounds!

THE EARLY DRAMA.

It is curious to trace the first rude attempts of the drama, in various nations; to observe at that moment, how crude is the imagination, and

to trace the caprices it indulges; and that the resemblance in these attempts exists in the earliest days of Greece, of France, of Spain, of England, and, what appears extraordinary, even of China and Mexico.

The rude beginnings of the drama in Greece are sufficiently known, and the old mysteries of Europe have been exhibited in the present volume. The progress of the French theatre has been this.

Etienne Jodelle, in 1552, seems to have been the first who had a tragedy represented of his own invention, entitled *Cleopatra*. It was a servile imitation of the form of the Grecian tragedy, but if this did not require the highest genius, it did the utmost impudency, for the people were, through long habit, intoxicated with the wild amusement they amply received from their fables and moralities.

The following curious anecdote, which followed the first attempt at classical imitation, is very observable. Jodelle's success was such, that his rival poets, touched by the spirit of the Grecian muse, showed a singular proof of their enthusiasm for this new poet, in a classical festival which gave room for no little scandal in that day, yet as it was produced by a carnival, it was probably a kind of drunken bout. Fifty poets, during the carnival of 1552, went to Arcueil. Chance, says the writer of the life of the old French band *Ronsard*, who was one of the persons present, showed across their road a goat—which having caught, they ornamented the goat with chaplets of flowers, and carried it triumphantly to the hall of their festival, to appear in sacrifice to Bacchus, and to present it to Jodelle; for the goat, among the ancients, was the prize of the tragic poets; the victim of Bacchus, who presided over tragedy.

Carmine, qui tragico, ritum certavit ob hircum.

The goat thus adorned, and his beard pointed, was hunted about the long table, at which the fifty poets were seated; and after having served them for a subject of laughter for some time, he was hunted out of the room, and not sacrificed to Bacchus. Each of the guests made verses on the occasion, in imitation of the Bacchanals of the ancients. *Ronsard* composed some *thyrambics* to celebrate the festival of the goat of Etienne Jodelle, and another, entitled "*Our Travels to Arcueil*." However, this Bacchanalian freak did not finish as it ought, where it had begun, among the poets. Several oracles were sounded the alarm, and one *Chaulieu* accused *Ronsard* with having performed an idolatrous sacrifice, and it was easy to accuse the moral habits of *fifty poets* assembled together, who were far, doubtless, from being intemperate. They repented for some time of their classical sacrifice of a goat to Tragedy.

Hardi, the French *Lope de Vega*, wrote two dramatic pieces from 1600 to 1633; his imagination was the most fertile possible; but so wild and unchecked, that though his extravagances are very amusing, they served as so many instructive lessons to his successors. One may form a notion of his violation of the union by his piece, "*Le Fureur du sang*," in the first act

Leocadia is carried off and ravished. In the second she is sent back with an evident sign of pregnancy. In the third she lies in, and at the close of this act, her son is about ten years old. In the fourth, the father of the child acknowledges him; and in the fifth, lamenting his son's unhappy fate, he marries Leocadia. Such are the pieces in the infancy of the drama!

Rotrou was the first who ventured to introduce several persons in the same scene; before his time they rarely exceeded two persons; if a third appeared, he was usually a mute actor, who never joined the other two. The state of the theatre was even then very rude; freedoms of the most lascivious embraces were publicly given and taken; and Rotrou even ventured to introduce a naked page in the scene, who in this situation holds a dialogue with one of his heroines. In another piece, "*Scedase, ou l'hospitalité violée*," Hardy makes two young Spartans carry off Scedase's two daughters, ravish them on the theatre, and, violating them in the side scenes, the spectators heard their cries and their complaints. Cardinal Richelieu made the theatre one of his favourite pursuits, and though not successful as a dramatic writer, he gave that encouragement to the drama, which gradually gave birth to genius. Scudery was the first who introduced the twenty-four hours from Aristotle; and Mairet studied the construction of the fable, and the rules of the drama. They yet groped in the dark, and their beauties were yet only occasional; Corneille, Racine, Molière, Crébillon, and Voltaire perfected the French drama.

In the infancy of the tragic art in our country, the bowl and dagger were considered as the great instruments of a sublime pathos; and the "*Die all*" and "*Die nobly*" of the exquisite and affecting tragedy of Fielding were frequently realized in our popular dramas. Thomas Goff, of the university of Oxford, in the reign of James I., was considered as no contemptible tragic poet: he concludes the first part of his *Courageous Turk*, by promising a second, thus:

If this first part, gentles! do like you well,
The second part shall greater murders tell.

Specimens of extravagant bombast might be selected from his tragedies. The following speech of Amurath the Turk, who coming on the stage, and seeing "an appearance of the heavens being on fire, comets, and blazing stars, thus addresses the heavens," which seem to have been in as mad a condition as the poet's own mind:

—How now, ye heavens! grow you
So proud that you must needs *put on curled locks*,
And clothe yourselves in *periwigs of fire*!

In the *Raging Turk*, or *Bajazet the Second*, he is introduced with this most raging speech:

Am I not emperor? he that breathes a no
Damns in that negative syllable his soul;
Durst any god gainsay it, he should feel
The strength of fiercest giants in my armies;
Mine anger's at the highest, and I could shake
The firm foundation of the earthly globe:
Could I but grasp the poles in these two hands
I'd pluck the world asunder.

He would scale heaven, and would then, when
he had

—got beyond the utmost sphere,
Besiege the concave of this universe,
And hunger-starve the gods till they confessed
What furies did oppress his sleeping soul.

These plays went through two editions; the last printed in 1656.

The following passage from a similar hard is as precious. The king in the play exclaims,

By all the ancient gods of Rome and Greece,
I love my daughter!—better than my niece!
If any one should ask the reason why,
I'd tell them—Nature makes the stronger tie!

One of these rude French plays, about 1600, is entitled "*La Rébellion, ou, Mescontentement des Grenouilles contre Jupiter*," in five acts. The subject of this tragi-comic piece is nothing more than the fable of the frogs who asked Jupiter for a king. In this ridiculous effusion of a wild fancy, it must have been pleasant enough to have seen the actors croaking in their fens, and climbing up the steep ascent of Olympus; they were dressed so as to appear gigantic frogs; and in pleading their cause before Jupiter and his court, the dull humour was to croak sublimely, whenever they did not agree with their judge.

Clavigero, in his curious history of Mexico, has given Acosta's account of the Mexican theatre, which appears to resemble the first scenes among the Greeks, and these French frogs, but with more fancy and taste. Acosta writes, "The small theatre was curiously whitened, adorned with boughs, and arches made of flowers and feathers, from which were suspended many birds, rabbits, and other pleasing objects. The actors exhibited burlesque characters, feigning themselves deaf, sick with colds, lame, blind, crippled, and addressing an idol for the return of health. The deaf people answered at cross purposes; those who had colds by coughing; and the lame by halting; all recited their complaints and misfortunes, which produced infinite mirth among the audience. Others appeared under the names of different little animals; some disguised as beetles, some like toads, some like lizards, and upon encountering each other, reciprocally explained their employments, which was highly satisfactory to the people, as they performed their parts with infinite ingenuity. Several little boys also belonging to the temple, appeared in the disguise of butterflies, and birds of various colours, and mounting upon the trees which were fixed there on purpose, little balls of earth were thrown at them with slings, occasioning many humorous incidents to the spectators."

Something very wild and original appears in this singular exhibition; where at times the actors seem to have been spectators, and the spectators were actors.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE ARTS.

As a literary curiosity can we deny a niche to that "obliquity of distorted wit," of Baron Holyday, who has composed a strange comedie, in five

acts performed at Christ Church, Oxford, 1630, not for the *entertainment*, as an anecdote records, of James the First?

The title of the comedy of this unclassical classic, for Holyday is known as the translator of Juvenal with a very learned commentary, is *TEXNOTAMIA*, or, the Marriage of the Arts, 1630, quarto, extremely dull, excessively rare, and extraordinarily high-priced among collectors.

It may be exhibited as one of the most extravagant inventions of a pedant. Who but a pedant could have conceived the dull fancy of forming a comedy, of five acts, on the subject of *marrying the Arts*? They are the *dramatis personæ* of this piece, and the bachelor of arts describes their intrigues and characters. His actors are *Polites*, a magistrate;—*Physica*;—*Astronomia*, daughter to *Physica*; *Ethicus*, an old man;—*Geographus* a traveller and courtier, in love with *Astronomia*;—*Arithmetica*, in love with *Geometry*;—*Logicus*;—*Grammaticus*, a schoolmaster;—*Poeta*;—*Historia*, in love with *Poetica*;—*Rhetorica*, in love with *Logicus*;—*Melancholico*, *Poeta's* man;—*Phantastes*, servant to *Geographus*;—*Choler*, *Grammaticus's* man.

All these refined and abstract ladies and gentlemen have as bodily feelings, and employ as gross language, as if they had been every-day characters. A specimen of his grotesque dulness may entertain; "fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit."

Geographus opens the play with declaring his passion to *Astronomia*, and that very rudely indeed! See the pedant wreathing the roses of Love!

Geog. Come, now you shall, *Astronomia*.

Ast. What shall I, *Geographus*?

Geog. Kisse!

Ast. What! in spite of my teeth?

Geog. No, not so! I hope you do not use to kisse with your teeth.

Ast. Marry, and I hope I do not use to kisse without them.

Geog. Ay, but my fine wit-catcher, I mean you do not show your teeth when you kisse."

He then kisses her, as he says, in the different manners of a French, Spanish, and Dutch kiss. He wants to take off the zone of *Astronomia*. She begs he would not fondle her like an elephant as he is; and *Geographus* says again, "Won't you then?"

Ast. Won't I what?

Geog. Be kinde?

Ast. Be kinde! how?"

Fortunately *Geographus* is here interrupted by *Astronomia's* mother, *Physica*. This dialogue is a specimen of the whole piece: very flat, and very gross. Yet the piece is still curious,—not only for its absurdity, but for that sort of ingenuity, which so whimsically contrived to bring together the different arts; this pedantic writer, however, owes more to the subject, than the subject derived from him; without wit or humour, he has at times an extravagance of invention. As for instance,—*Geographus*, and his man *Phantastes*, describe to *Poeta* the lying wonders they pretend to have witnessed; and this is one:

"*Phan.* Sir, we met with a traveller that could speak six languages at the same instant.

Poeta. How? at the same instant, that's impossible!

Phan. Nay, sir, the actuality of the performance puts it beyond all contradiction. With his tongue he'd so vowel you out as smooth *Italian* as any man breathing; with his eye he would sparkle forth the proud *Spanish*; with his nose blow out most robustious *Dutch*; the creaking of his high-heeled shoe would articulate exact *Polonian*; the knocking of his shin-bone feminine *French*; and his belly would grumble most pure and scholar-like *Hungary*."

This, though extravagant without fancy, is not the worst part of the absurd humour which runs through this pedantic comedy.

The classical reader may perhaps be amused by the following strange conceits. *Poeta*, who was in love with *Historia*, capriciously falls in love with *Astronomia*, and thus compares his mistress:

Her brow is like a brave heroic line
That does a sacred majestic inshrine;
Her nose, *Phaleuciacke*-like, in comely sort,
Ends in a *Trochie*, or a long and short.
Her mouth is like a pretty *Dimeter*;
Her eye-brows like a little-longer *Trimeter*.
Her chinne is an *adonick*, and her tongue
Is an *Hypermeter*, somewhat too long.
Her eyes I may compare them unto two
Quick-turning *ductyles*, for their nimble view.
Her ribs like stauces of *Sapphicks* doe descend
Thither, which but to name were to offend.
Her arms like two *Iambics* raised on hie,
Doe with her brow bear equal majestic;
Her legs like two straight *spondees* keep apace
Slow as two *scazons*, but with stately grace.

The piece concludes with a speech by *Polites*, who settles all the disputes, and loves, of the Arts. *Poeta* promises for the future to attach himself to *Historia*. *Rhetorica*, though she loves *Logicus*, yet as they do not mutually agree, she is united to *Grammaticus*. *Polites* counsels *Phlegmatico*, who is *Logicus's* man, to leave off smoking, and to learn better manners; and *Choler*, *Grammaticus's* man, to bridle himself;—that *Ethicus* and *Æconomia* would vouchsafe to give good advice to *Poeta* and *Historia*;—and *Physica* to her children *Geographus* and *Astronomia*! for *Grammaticus* and *Rhetoric*, he says, their tongues will always agree and will not fall out; and for *Geometres* and *Arithmetica*, they will be very regular. *Melancholico*, who is *Poeta's* man, is left quite alone, and agrees to be married to *Musica*: and at length *Phantastes*, by the entreaty of *Poeta*, becomes the servant of *Melancholico* and *Musica*. *Physicognomus* and *Cheiromantes*, who are in the character of gipsies and fortune-tellers, are finally exiled from the island of *Fortunata*, where lies the whole scene of the action in the residence of the married arts.

The pedant-comic-writer has even attended to he dresses of his characters, which are minutely given. Thus *Melancholico* wears a black suit, a black hat, a black cloak, and black worked band, black gloves, and black shoes. *Sanguis*, the servant of *Medicus*, is in a red suit; on the breast is a man with his nose bleeding; on the back, one letting blood in his arm; with a red hat and band, red stockings, and red pumps.

It is recorded of this play, that the Oxford scholars, resolving to give James I. a relish of their genius, requested leave to act this notable piece. Honest Anthony Wood tells us, that it being too grave for the king, and too scholastic for the auditory, or, as some have said, the actors had taken too much wine, his majesty offered several times, after two acts, to withdraw. He was prevailed to sit it out, in mere charity to the Oxford scholars. The following humorous epigram was produced on the occasion:

At Christ-church marriage done before the king,
Lest that those mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer:—What, I pray?
He offered twice or thrice—to go away!

A CONTRIVANCE IN DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

CROWN, in his "City Politiques," 1688, a comedy written to satirise the Whigs of those days, was accused of having copied his character too closely after life, and his enemies turned his comedy into a libel. He has defended himself in his preface from this imputation. It was particularly laid to his charge that in the characters of Bartoline, an old corrupt lawyer, and his wife, Lucinda, a wanton country girl, he intended to ridicule a certain serjeant M—— and his young wife. It was even said that the comedian mimicked the odd speech of the aforesaid serjeant, who, having lost all his teeth, uttered his words in a very peculiar manner. On this, Crown tells us, in his defence, that the comedian must not be blamed for this peculiarity, as it was an *invention* of the author himself, who had taught it to the player. He seems to have considered it as no ordinary invention, and was so pleased with it, that he has most painfully printed the speeches of the lawyer in this singular gibberish; and his reasons, as well as his discovery, appear very remarkable.

He says, that "Not any one old man more than another is mimicked, by Mr. Lee's way of speaking, which all comedians can witness was my own *invention*, and Mr. Lee was taught it by me. To prove this farther, I have printed Bartoline's part in that manner of spelling, by which I taught it Mr. Lee. They who have no teeth cannot pronounce many letters plain, but perpetually lisp, and break their words; and some words they cannot bring out all. As for instance, *th* is pronounced by thrusting the tongue hard to the teeth, therefore that sound they cannot make, but something like it. For that reason you will often find in Bartoline's part, instead of *th*, *ay*, as *yat*, for that; *yish*, for this; *yosh*, for those; sometimes a *t* is left out, as *housand*, for thousand; *hirty*, for thirty. *S* they pronounce like *sh*, as *sher*, for sir; *musht*, for must; *t* they speak like *ch*; therefore you will find *chrue*, for true; *chreason*, for treason; *cho*, for to; *choo*, for two; *chen*, for ten; *chake*, for take. And this *ch* is not to be pronounced like *k*, as 'tis in Christian, but as in child, church, chest. I desire the reader to observe these things, because otherwise he will hardly understand much of the lawyer's part, which in the opinion of all is the most divertising in the comedy; but when this ridiculous way of

speaking is familiar with him, it will render the part more pleasant."

One hardly expects so curious a piece of orthoepy in the preface to a comedy. It may have required great observation and ingenuity to have discovered the cause of old toothless men mumbling their words. But as a piece of comic humour, on which the author appears to have prided himself, the effect is far from fortunate; humour, arising from a personal defect, is but a miserable substitute for that of a more genuine kind. I shall give a specimen of this strange gibberish as it is so laboriously printed. It may amuse the reader to see his mother's language transformed into so odd a shape that it is with difficulty he can recognise it.

Old Bartoline thus speaks:—"I wrong'd my self, *cho entcher incho bondsh* of marriage and could not perform *covenantsh* I might well *hinke* you would *chake* the forfeiture of the bond; and I never found *equichy* in a *bedg* in my life; but i'll trounce you *boh*; I have paved *jaylish* wi' the *bonesh* of honestest people *yen* you are, *yat* never did me nor any man any wrong, but had law o'*yeir shydsh* and right o'*yeir shydsh*, but because *yey* had not me o'*yeir shydsh*, I ha' '*hroven* 'em in *jaylish*, and got *yeir eshchatsh* for my *chjentsh*, *yat* had no more *chytte* to 'em *yen dogsh*."

THE COMEDY OF A MADMAN!

DERMARETS, the friend of Richelieu, mentioned in the article Richelieu, was a very extraordinary character, and produced many effusions of genius in early life, till he became a mystical fanatic. It was said of him, that "he was the greatest madman among poets, and the best poet among madmen." His comedy of "The Visionaries" is one of the most extraordinary of dramatic projects, and in respect to its genius and lunacy, may be considered as a literary curiosity.

In this singular comedy all Bedlam seems to be let loose on the stage, and every character has a high claim to an apartment in it. It is indeed suspected that the cardinal had a hand in this anomalous drama, and in spite of its extravagance it was favourably received by the public, who certainly had never seen anything like it.

Every character in this piece acts under some hallucination of the mind, or a fit of madness. Artabaze is a cowardly hero, who believes he has conquered the world. Amidor is a wild poet, who imagines he ranks above Homer. Filidan is a lover who becomes inflammable as gunpowder, for every mistress he reads of in romances. Phalante is a beggarly bankrupt, who thinks himself as rich as Croesus. Melisse, in reading the "History of Alexander," has become madly in love with this hero, and will have no other husband than "him of Macedon." Hesperie imagines her fatal charms occasion a hundred disappointments in the world, but prides herself on her perfect insensibility. Sestiane, who knows no other happiness than comedies, and whatever she sees or hears, immediately plans a scene for dramatic effect, renounces any other occupation; and finally, Alcidon, the father of these three mad girls, as imbecile as

his daughters are wild. So much for the amiable characters!

The plot is in perfect harmony with the genius of the author, and the characters he has invented—perfectly unconnected, and fancifully wild. Akidon resolves to marry his three daughters, who, however, have no such project of their own. He offers them to the first who comes. He accepts for his son-in-law the first who comes, and is clearly convinced that he is within a very short period of accomplishing his wishes. As the four ridiculous personages whom we have noticed frequently haunt his house, he becomes embarrassed in finding one lover too many, having only three daughters. The catastrophe relieves the old gentleman from his embarrassments. Melisse, faithful to her Macedonian hero, declares her resolution of dying, before she marries any meaner personage. Hespérie refuses to marry out of pity for mankind, for to make one man happy, she thinks she must plunge a hundred into despair. Sextiane, only passionate for comedy, cannot consent to any marriage, and tells her father, in very lively verses,

*Je ne veux point, mon père, épouser un censeur,
Puisque vous me souffrez recevoir la douceur
Des plaisirs innocens que le théâtre apporte
Prendrais-je le hazard de vivre d'autre sorte ?
Puis on a des enfans, qui vous sont sur les bras,
Les mener à théâtre, O Dieu ! quel embarras !
Tantôt couche ou grosse, ou quelque maladie
Et ur jamais vous font dire, adieu la comédie !*

IMITATED.

No, no, my father, I will have no critic,
Mis-called a husband! since you still permit
The innocent sweet pleasures of the Stage;
And shall I venture to exchange my lot?
Then we have children folded in our arms
To bring them to the playhouse, heavens! what
troubles!

Then we lie in, are big, or sick, or vex'd!

These make us bid farewell to Comedy!

At length these imagined sons-in-law appear. Fildan declares that in these three girls he cannot find the mistress he adores. Amidet confesses he only asked for one of his daughters out of pure gallantry, and that he is only a lover in verse! When Phaon is questioned after the great fortunes he had at, the father discovers that he has not a shiver, and out of credit to borrow whik Artabaze declares that he only allowed Akidon, out of mere benevolence, to flatter himself for a moment with the hope of an honour, that even Jupiter would not dare to pretend to. Thus it is, that the four lovers disperse, and leave the old gentleman more embarrassed than ever, and his daughters perfectly enchanted to enjoy their whimsical reveries, and die old maids.

SOLITUDE.

We possess, among our own native treasures, two treatises on this subject, composed with no ordinary talent, and not their least value consists in one being an apology for solitude, while the other combats that prevailing passion of the

studious. Zimmerman's popular work is overloaded with commonplace, the garrulity of eloquence, which has been found very agreeable to the great mass of readers. The two treatises now noticed may be compared to the highly-finished gems, whose figure may be more nicely designed, and whose strokes may be more delicate in the smaller space they occupy, than the ponderous block of marble hewed out by the German chiseler.

Sir George Mackenzie, a polite writer and a most eloquent pleader, published in 1665 a moral essay, preferring Solitude to public employment. The eloquence of his style was well suited to the dignity of his subject, the advocates for solitude have always prevailed over those for active life, because there is something sublime in those feelings which would retire from the circle of indolent triflers, or depraved geniuses, who, like a certain species of insects, are born, and can only live, in corruption. The tract of Mackenzie was ingeniously answered by the elegant taste of John Evelyn, in 1667. Of this last tract, the editor of "Censura Literaria," in his first volume, has given an analysis, but that ingenious and fervent compiler has not noticed the superior composition of the Scotch writer. Mackenzie, though he wrote in favour of solitude, passed a very active life, first as a pleader, and afterwards as a judge, that he was an eloquent writer, and an excellent critic, and a wit, we have the authority of Dryden, who says, that till he was acquainted with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he had not known the beautiful turn of words and thoughts in poetry, which Sir George had explained and exemplified to him in conversation. As a judge, and king's advocate, will not the barbarous customs of the age defend his name? he is most hideously painted forth by the dark pencil of a poetical Spagnoletti. Mr. Grahame, in his poem on "The Birds of Scotland," Sir George lived in the age of rebellion—and used torture; we must entirely put aside his political, to attend to his literary character. Blair has quoted his pleadings as a model of eloquence, and Mr. Grahame is unjust to the fame of Mackenzie, when he alludes to his "half-forgotten name." In 1669, he retired to Oxford, to indulge the luxuries of study in the Bodleian Library, and to practise that solitude which so delighted him in theory, but three years afterwards he fixed himself in London. Evelyn, who wrote in favour of public employment being preferable to solitude, passed his days in the tranquillity of his studies, and wrote against the habits which he himself most loved. By this it may appear, that that of which we have the least experience ourselves, will ever be what appears most delightful! Alas! everything in life seems to have in it the nature of a bubble of air, and, when touched, we find nothing but emptiness in our hand. It is certain that the most eloquent writers in favour of solitude have left behind them too many memorials of their unhappy feelings, when they indulged this passion to excess; and some ancient has justly said, that none but a God, or a savage, can suffer this exile from human nature.

The following extracts from Sir George Mackenzie's tract on Solitude are eloquent and impressive, and merit to be rescued from that oblivion



SOLITUDE.

which surrounds many writers, whose genius has not been effaced, but concealed, by the transient crowd of their posterity.

"I have admired in our persons of virtue and humour long much to be in the city, where, when they come they found not sought for no other diversion than to visit one another; and there to do nothing else than to make legs, vice others habit, talk of the weather, or some such foolish subject, and it may be, if they made a further spread upon any other affair, they did so pick one another, that it afforded them matter of eternal quarrel, for what was at first but an indifferent subject, is by interest adopted into the number of our quarrels.—What pleasure can be received by talking of new fashions, buying and selling of lands, advancement or ruin of favourites, victories or defeats of strange princes, which is the ordinary subject of ordinary conversation?—Most desire to frequent their superiors, and those men must either suffer their railers, or must not be suffered to continue in their society. If we converse with them who speak with more address than ourselves, then we repeat equally at our own dulness, and own the acuteness that accomplishes the speaker, or, if we converse with duller animals than ourselves, then we are weary to draw the yoke alone, and fret at our being in ill company, but if chance brings us in amongst our equals, then we are so at guard to catch all advantages, and so interested in point d'honneur, that it rather cruciates than recreates us. How many make themselves cheap by these occasions, whom we had valued highly; if they had frequented us less! And how many frequent persons who laugh at that simplicity which the address admits in himself as wit, and yet both recreate themselves with double laughter!"

In solitude (he addresses his friend), "My dear Cradler, enter into your own breast, and there survey the several operations of your own soul, the progress of your passions, the strugglings of your appetite, the wanderings of your fancy, and you will find, I assure you, more variety in that one piece than there is to be learned in all the courts of Christendom. Reprevent to yourself the last age, all the actions and interests in it, how much that person was intimate with seal, that person with lust; how much one pursued honour, and another riches; and in the next thought draw that scene, and represent them all forced to dust and ashes!"

I cannot close this subject without the addition of some anecdotes, which may be useful. A man of letters finds solitude necessary, and for him solitude has its pleasures and its conveniences; but we shall find that it also has a hundred things to be dreaded.

Solitude is indispensable for literary pursuits. No considerable work has yet been composed, but its author, like an ancient magician, retired first to the grove or the closet, to invoke his spirits. Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm. When the youth sighs and languishes, and feels himself among crowds in an arduous solitude,—that is the stimulus to fit into emotion and meditation. Where can he indulge but in solitude the fine romance of his soul? where but in solitude can he occupy

himself in such dreams to light and dark, the morning rays, the clear moonlight, the starry midnight?—A vast desert, in the heart of you, a vast, the channel guides of life.

There was a man who spent his life in solitude, and he has designated his solitude as the title of his various works, where the world is composed. Voltaire had leisure, and a little security, yet he not only withdrew on occasion, but at one period of his life passed the years in the most secret seclusion and fervor. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant career of Paris for his books, his meditations, and for his immortal work, and was venerated by the gay triflers he relinquished. Newton, to compose his *Optics*, withdrew himself from the society of his friends, and was so wrapped in abstraction, that he was pined as a lunatic. Descartes, distressed by genius, abruptly breaks all his friendly connections, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented corner at Paris, and applies himself to study during two years unknown to his acquaintance. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, threw himself into a retirement that lasted two years, even Hume rallied him for separating himself from the world, but the great political inquirer sought the world, and his friends, by his great work on the Wealth of Nations.

But this solitude, at first a necessity, and then a pleasure, at length is not borne without complaining. I will call for a witness a great poet, and he shall speak himself. "Solitude is a great evil, and shall continue to be, till the day of judgment, however it may be improved by study, and even by the most judicious state, which you give me as I descend to the use of years. Vol. I. p. 116. And afterwards he writes to a friend, "Your visit has been a great relief to me that man, however situated at the top of his climb, was not made to live alone."

I must therefore now shut the door of solitude, and turn to the cheerful minds converse.

Even the wisdom of men, in solitude, is apt to be complacent, and to be in the selfish period of life. In the selfish period of life, he says, "It is a great evil, and shall continue to be, till the day of judgment, however it may be improved by study, and even by the most judicious state, which you give me as I descend to the use of years. Vol. I. p. 116. And afterwards he writes to a friend, "Your visit has been a great relief to me that man, however situated at the top of his climb, was not made to live alone."

Solitude is a later period of life, in earlier the neglect which awaits the solitary man, is it with acuter acuteness. "Solitude, that withdrawal to rural seclusion, in his retirement calls himself."

"The melancholy Country." Milton has truly transferred the name epithet to fate. Brad in his letters the history of solitude. We lament the loss of Copley's correspondence through the mistaken notion of heart; he assuredly had passed the sorrows of his heart. But Shakespeare has filled his pages with the cross of an amiable being whose soul bleeds in the dead oblivion of solitude. Listen to his melancholy expressions. "Now I am come from a visit, every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations."

and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and curious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Let the lover of solitude meet on its picture throughout the year, in the following stanza by the same poet:

Tedious again to curst the drierling day,
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
Or, soothed by rural airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorn bud, and cowslip
blow!

Swift's letters paint in terrifying colours a picture of solitude, and at length his despair closed with idleness. The amiable Greville could not sport with the brilliant wings of his butterfly-muse, without dropping some querulous expression on the solitude of genius. In his "Epistle to his Muse," he exquisitely paints the situation of men of genius:

"— Je les vois, victimes du génie,
Au faible prix d'un éclat passager,
Vivre isolés, sans jour de la vie!"

And afterwards he adds,

"Vingt ans d'ennui, pour quelque jour de gloire!"

I conclude with one more anecdote on solitude, which may amuse. When Menage, attacked by some, and abandoned by others, was seized by a fit of the spleen, he retreated into the country, and gave up his famous Mercuriales, those Wednesdays when the literati assembled at his house, to praise up or cry down one another, as is usual with the literary populace. Menage expected to find that tranquillity in the country which he had frequently described in his verses, but as he was only a poetical plagiarist, it is not strange that our pastoral writer was greatly disappointed. Some country rogues having killed his pigeons, they gave him more vexation than his critics. He hastened his return to Paris. "It is better," he observed, "since we are born to suffer, to feel only reasonable sorrows."

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

THE memorable friendship of Beaumont and Fletcher so closely united their labours, that we cannot discover the productions of either; and biographers cannot, without difficulty, compose the memoirs of the one, without running into the life of the other. They portrayed the same characters, while they mingled sentiment with sentiment, and their days were as closely interwoven as their verses. Metastasio and Parnelli were born about the same time, and early acquainted. They called one another *Gemelli*, or twins! Both the delight of Europe, both lived to an advanced age, and died nearly at the same time. Their fortune bore, too, a resemblance; for they were both pensioned, but lived and died

separated in the distant courts of Vienna and Madrid. Montaigne and Charron were rivals, but always friends; such was Montaigne's affection for Charron, that he permitted him by his will to bear the full arms of his family; and Charron evinced his gratitude to the manes of his departed friend, by leaving his fortune to the sister of Montaigne, who had married. Forty years of friendship, uninterrupted by rivalry or envy, crowned the lives of Poggins and Leonard Aretin, two of the illustrious revivers of letters. A singular custom formerly prevailed among our own writers, which was an affectionate tribute to our literary veterans by young writers.—The former adopted the latter by the title of sons. Ben Jonson had twelve of these poetical sons. Walton, the angler, adopted Cotton, the translator of Montaigne.

Among the most fascinating effusions of genius are those little pieces which it consecrates to the cause of friendship. In that poem of Cowley, composed on the death of his friend Harvey, the following stanza presents a pleasing picture of the employments of two young students:—

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have ye spent the nights!
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wood'ned at us from above
We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were
thine."

Milton has not only given the exquisite Lycidas to the memory of a young friend, but in his *Epitaphium Damonis*, to that of Dedalus, has poured forth some interesting sentiments. It has been versified by Langhorne. Now, says the poet,

"To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?"

The elegy of Tickell, maliciously called by Steele "poem in rhyme," is alike inspired by affection and fancy, it has a melodious language, and a melancholy grace. The sonnet of Gray to the memory of West is a beautiful effusion, and a model for English sonnets. Helvetius was the protector of men of genius, whom he assisted not only with his criticism, but his fortune. At his death, Saurin read in the French Academy an epistle to the manes of his friend. Saurin, wrestling with obscurity and poverty, had been drawn into literary existence by the supporting hand of Helvetius. Our poet thus addresses him in the warm tones of gratitude:

"C'est toi qui me cherchant au sein de l'infortune
Relevas mon sort abattu,
Et crus me rendre there, une vie importune."

Qu'importent ces pleurs—
O douleurs impuissantes! O regrets superflus!
Je vis, hélas! Je vis, et mon aïe n'est plus!"

IMITATED.

In Misery's haunts, thy friend thy counsels seize,
And give an urgent life some days of ease;
Ah! ye vain griefs, superfluous tears I chide!
I live, alas! I live—and thou hast died!

The literary friendship of a father with his son is one of the rarest alliances in the republic of letters. It was gratifying to the feelings of young Gibbon, in the fervour of literary ambition, to dedicate his first-fruits to his father. The too lively son of Crebillon, though his was a very different genius to the grandeur of his father's, yet dedicated his works to him, and for a moment put aside his wit and railery for the pathetic expressions of filial veneration. We have had a remarkable instance in the two Richardsons; and the father, in his original manner, has, in the most glowing language, expressed his affectionate sentiments. He says, "My time of learning was employed in business; but after all, I have the Greek and Latin tongues, because a part of me possesses them, to whom I can recur at pleasure, just as I have a hand when I would write or paint, feet to walk, and eyes to see. My son is my learning, as I am that to him which he has not.—We make one man, and such a compound man may probably produce what no single man can." And further, "I always think it my peculiar happiness to be as it were enlarged, expanded, made another man, by the acquisition of my son; and he thinks in the same manner concerning my union with him." This is as curious as it is uncommon; however the cynic may call it egotism!

Some for their friend have died penetrated with inconsolable grief; some have sacrificed their character to preserve his own; some have shared their limited fortune; and some have remained attached to their friend in the cold season of adversity.

Jurieu denounced Bayle as an impious writer, and drew his conclusions from the "Avis aux Réfugiés." This work is written against the Calvinists, and therefore becomes impious in Holland. Bayle might have exculpated himself with facility, by declaring the work was composed by La Roque; but he preferred to be persecuted, rather than to ruin his friend; he therefore was silent, and was condemned. When the minister Fouquet was abandoned by all, it was the men of letters he had patronised who never forsook his prison; and many have dedicated their works to great men in their adversity, whom they scorned to notice at the time when they were noticed by all. The learned Goguet bequeathed his MSS. and library to his friend Fugere, with whom he had united his affections and his studies. His work on the "Origin of the Arts and Sciences" had been much indebted to his aid. Fugere, who knew his friend to be past recovery, preserved a mute despair, during the slow and painful disease, and on the death of Goguet, the victim of sensibility perished amidst the manuscripts which his friend had in vain bequeathed to prepare for publication. The Abbé de Saint Pierre gave an interesting proof of literary friendship. When he was at college, he formed an union with Varignon, the geometrician. They were of congenial dispositions. When he went to Paris, he invited Varignon to accompany him; but Varignon had nothing, and the abbé was far from rich. A certain income was necessary for the tranquil pursuits of geometry. Our abbé had an income of 1800 livres; from this he deducted 300, which he

gave to the geometrician, accompanied by a delicacy which few but a man of genius could conceive. "I do not give it to you," he said, "as a salary, but an annuity, that you may be independent, and quit me when you dislike me." Something nearly similar embellishes our own literary history. When Akenside was in great danger of experiencing famine as well as fame, Mr. Dyson allowed him three hundred pounds a year. Of this gentleman, perhaps, nothing is known; yet whatever his life may be, it merits the tribute of the biographer. To close with these honourable testimonies of literary friendship, we must not omit that of Churchill and Lloyd. It is known that when Lloyd heard of the death of our poet, he acted the part which Fugere did to Goguet. The page is crowded, but my facts are by no means exhausted.

The most illustrious of the ancients prefixed the name of some friend to the head of their works.—We too often place that of some patron. They honourably inserted it in their works. When a man of genius, however, shows that he is not less mindful of his social affection than his fame, he is the more loved by his reader. Plato communicated a ray of his glory to his brothers; for in his Republic he ascribes some parts to Adimantus and Glauchon; and Antiphon the youngest is made to deliver his sentiments in the *Parmenides*. To perpetuate the fondness of friendship, several authors have entitled their works by the name of some cherished associate. Cicero to his Treatise on Orators gives the title of Brutus; to that of Friendship, Lelius; and to that of Old Age, Cato. They have been imitated by the moderns. The poetical Tasso, to his dialogue on Friendship gave the name of Manso, who was afterwards his affectionate biographer. Sepulveda entitles his treatise on Glory by the name of his friend Gonzales. Lociel to his dialogues on the Lawyers of Paris prefixes the name of the learned Pasquier. Thus Plato distinguished his Dialogues by the names of certain persons; the one on Lying is entitled *Hippius*; on Rhetoric, *Gorgias*; and on Beauty, *Phædrus*.

Luther has perhaps carried this feeling to an extravagant point. He was so delighted by his favourite "Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians," that he distinguished it by a title of doting fondness; he named it after his wife, and called it "His Catherine."

ANECDOTES OF ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

SOME have exercised this power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvellous to volatile spirits, and puny thinkers.

To this patient habit, Newton is indebted for many of his great discoveries; an apple falls upon him in his orchard,—and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind! he observes boys blowing soap bubbles, and the properties of light display themselves! Of Socrates, it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why shall we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thomson, Descartes and Newton,

experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the constant perambulation of his studies, that he would never willingly quit his study to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's Treatise on Old Age, Cato applauds Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Buffon once described three distinct manners with his accustomed eloquence—"Invention depends on pasture, contemplation on solitude, and it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark concludes for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the labours of genius, the true hours for production and composition, hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." It is probable that the anecdote related of Marston, the Italian poet, is true, that he was once so absorbed in writing his Adonis, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time, without any sensibility.

Abstraction of the sublime kind is the first step to that noble enthusiasm which accompanies Genius. It produces those raptures and that intense delight, which some curious facts will explain to us.

Foggin relates of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read, he was only alive to what was passing in his mind to all human concerns, he was as if they had not been. Dante went one day to a great public procession; he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought. On his return he declared that he had neither seen, nor heard, the slightest occurrence of the public celebration which passed before him. This enthusiasm renders everything surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. A modern astronomer, one summer night, withdrew to his chamber; the bright stars of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments. "It must be thus, but I'll go to bed before 'tis late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

This intense abstraction operates visibly, this perturbation of the faculties, as might be conjectured, affects persons of genius physically. What a beautiful description the late Madame de Staël, who certainly was a woman of the true genius, gives of herself on her first reading of Telemachus and Tasso. "My respiration rose, I felt a rapid fire colouring my face, and my voice changing, had betrayed my excitement, I was such as for Telemachus, and Achilles for Tasso; however, during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was anything, for my own. The whole had no connection with myself, I sought for nothing around me, I was there, I saw only the objects which existed for them, it

was a dream, without being awakened."—Metastasio describes a similar situation. "When I apply with a little attention, the nerves of my organism are put into a violent tumult. I grow as red as the face of a drunkard, and am obliged to quit my work." When Metastasio first took up Descartes on Man, the germ and origin of his philosophy, he was obliged frequently to interrupt his reading by a violent palpitation of the heart. When the first idea of the Essay on the Arts and Sciences reached the mind of Rousseau, it occasioned such a fervent agitation that it approached to a delirium.

This delicious insubordination of the imagination occasioned the secrets, who sometimes procured the efforts, to believe it was not short of divine inspiration. Fielding says, "I do not doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears." He perhaps would have been pained to have confirmed his observation by the following circumstances. The memory of Dryden, after having written an Ode, a circumstance tradition has accidentally handed down, were not unusual with him; in the preface to his Tales he tells us, that in translating Homer he found greater pleasure than in Virgil, but it was not a pleasure without pain, the continual agitation of the spirit's most noble by a weakness to his constitution, especially in age, and many poems are required for refreshment between the hours. In writing the ninth scene of the second act of the Olympiad, Metastasio found himself in tears, an effect which afterwards, says Dr. Burney, proved very contagious. It was on this occasion that the reader first comprehended the circumstance in the following interesting sonnet.

SONNET FROM METASTASIO.

Arrivando l'Autore in Firenze l'anno 1733 lo suo disingano di averli restituito fino alla laguna nell' espressioni la divisione di due lower amari e maravigliandosi che non solo, e da lui non volute disastro, potesse capomargheriti una si vera passione, si fece a replicare quanto poco ingenuo che e allora fondatamente passava, ed et le altre che ingenuo finquindantesimo agitato, nel corso di notte e via.

Buoni e liete in sogno, e pure in carte
Mentre scrivo, e angustia, orrore e dramma.
In lui, tutte che non! perdo tal parte
Che del mal che m'incutei, poango, e mi stringo.
Ma forse altro che non mi inganna l'arte,
Poi suggerì un uom c'è agitato ingegno
Dover allo più tranquillo: O forse parte
Ma poi nulla caprai l'amor, lo adagio!
Ah che non mi quieto, ch'io in canto, o in prosa
Per che non, ma quanto letito, o quieto,
Tutt'è monologo, e delirando mi vengo!
Sogno della mia vita è il corso oscuro.
Ded'io, sogno, quando a dirmi arrivo
Pa, ch'io trovi riposo in ben del VERO.

In 1733, the Author composing his Olympiad, felt himself suddenly moved, even to tears, in expressing the separation of two tender Lovers. Surprised that a fictitious grief, invented and by himself, could cause so real a passion, he reflected long, till he reasonably and said a foundation the others had, which so frequently agitated us in the state of our existence.

SONNET—IMITATED.

FABLES and dreams I feign; yet though but verse
The dreams and fables that adorn this scroll,
Fond fool, I rave, and grieve as I rehearse;
While GENUINE TEARS for FANCIED SORROWS roll,
Perhaps the dear delusion of my art
Is wisdom; and the agitated mind,
As still responding to each plaintive part,
With love and rage, a tranquil hour can find.
Ah! not alone the tender RHYMES I give
Are fictions: but my FEARS and HOPES I deem
Are FABLES all; deliciously I live,
And life's whole course is one protracted dream.
Eternal power! when shall I wake to rest
This wearied brain on TRUTH's immortal breast?

RICHARDSON.

THE censure which the Shakespeare of novelists has incurred for the tedious procrastination and the minute details of his fable; his slow unfolding characters, and the slightest gestures of his personages, is extremely unjust; for is it not evident that we could not have his peculiar excellences without these attendant defects? When characters are very fully delineated, the narrative must be suspended. Whenever the narrative is rapid, which so much delights superficial readers, the characters cannot be very minutely featured; and the writer who aims to instruct (as Richardson avowedly did) by the glow and eloquence of his feelings, must often sacrifice to this, his local descriptions. Richardson himself has given us the principle that guided him in composing. He tells us, "If I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly; for the *humours* and *characters* of persons cannot be known unless I repeat what they say, and their *manner* of saying."

Foreign critics have been more just to Richardson than many of his own countrymen. I shall notice the opinions of three celebrated writers, D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Diderot.

D'Alembert was a great mathematician. His literary taste was extremely cold: he was not worthy of reading Richardson. The volumes, if he ever read them, must have fallen from his hands. The delicate and subtle turnings, those folds of the human heart, which require so nice a touch, was a problem which the mathematician could never solve. There is no other demonstration in the human heart, but an appeal to its feelings; and what are the calculating feelings of an arithmetician of lines and curves? He therefore declared of Richardson that "*La Nature est bonne à imiter, mais non pas jusqu'au l'ennui.*"

But thus it was not with the other two congenial geniuses. The fervent opinion of Rousseau must be familiar to the reader; but Diderot, in his eulge on Richardson, exceeds even Rousseau in the enthusiasm of his feelings. I extract some of the most interesting passages.

Of *Clarissa* he says, "I yet remember with delight the first time it came into my hands. I was in the country. How deliciously was I affected!

At every moment I saw my happiness abridged by a page. I then experienced the same sensations those feel who have long lived with one they love, and are on the point of separation. At the close of the work I seemed to remain deserted."

The impassioned Diderot then breaks forth; "O Richardson! thou singular genius in my eyes! thou shalt form my reading in all times. It forced by sharp necessity, my friend falls into indigence; if the mediocrity of my fortune is not sufficient to bestow on my children the necessary cares for their education, I will sell my books,—but thou shalt remain! yes, thou shalt rest in the *same class* with MOSES, HOMER, EURIPIDES, and SOPHOCLES, to be read alternately.

"O Richardson! I dare pronounce that the most veritable history is full of fictions, and thy romances are full of truths. History paints some individuals; thou paintest the human species. History attributes to some individuals what they have neither said nor done; all that thou attributest to man he has said and done. History embraces but a portion of duration, a point on the surface of the globe; thou hast embraced all places and all times. The human heart, which has ever been and ever shall be the same, is the model thou copiest. If we were severely to criticise the best historian, would he maintain his ground as thou? In this point of view, I venture to say, that frequently history is a miserable romance; and romance, as thou hast composed it, is a good history. Painter of nature, thou never best!"

"I have never yet met with a person who shared my enthusiasm, that I was not tempted to embrace, and to press him in my arms!"

"Richardson is no more!" His loss touches me, as if my brother was no more. I bore him in my heart without having seen him, and knowing him but by his works. He has not had all the reputation he merited. Richardson! if living, thy merit has been disputed; how great wilt thou appear to our children's children, when they shall view thee at the distance we now view Homer. Then who will dare to steal a line from thy sublime works! Thou hast had more admirers amongst us than in thine own country, and at this I rejoice!"

It is probable that to a Frenchman the style of Richardson is not so objectionable, when translated, as to ourselves. I think myself, that it is very idiomatic and energetic; others have thought differently. The misfortune of Richardson was, that he was unskilful in the art of writing, and that he could never lay the pen down while his inkhorn supplied it.

He was delighted by his own works. No author enjoyed so much the bliss of excessive fondness. I heard from the late Charlotte Lennox, the anecdote which so severely reprimanded his innocent vanity, which Boswell has recorded. This lady was a regular visitor at Richardson's house, and she could scarcely recollect one visit which was not taxed by our author reading one of his voluminous letters, or two or three, if his auditor was quiet and friendly.

The extreme delight which he felt on a review of his own works the works themselves witness. Each is an evidence of what some will deem a

violent literary vanity. To *Pomelo* is prefixed a letter from the *editor* (whom we know to be the *author*), consisting of one of the most manfully laboured panegyrics of the work itself, that ever the blindest idolater of some sacred classic paid to the object of his phrenetic imagination. In several places there, he contrives to repeat the striking parts of the narrative, which display the fertility of his imagination to great advantage. To the author's own edition of his *Chronicle* is appended an *alphabetical arrangement* of the *sentences* dispersed throughout the work; and such was the fondness that dictated this voluminous arrangement, that such trivial aphorisms as, "babes are not easily changed," "men are known by their companions," &c., were able to be the object of their author's admiration. This collection of sentences, said indeed to have been sent to him anonymously, is curious and useful, and shows the value of the work, by the extensive grasp of that mind, which could think in justice on such numerous topics. And in his third and final labour, to each volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* is not only prefixed a complete *index*, with as much exactness as if it were a History of England, but there is also appended a *list of the names*, and allusions in the volume, some of which do not exceed three or four in nearly in many hundred pages.

Literary history does not record a more singular example of that self-deight which an author has felt on a revision of his works. It was this intense pleasure which produced his voluminous labours. It must be confessed there are readers deficient in that sort of genius which makes the mind of Richardson so fertile and prodigal.

THE LOGICAL STYLE.

In a previous page some notice has been taken of the attempts to recompose the Bible, in a logical, affected style; but the broad vulgar colloquial diction, which has been used by our theological writers, is less tolerable than the quaintness of *Caliban* and the floridity of *Pierre Berruyer*. I intended to preserve a specimen in its proper place.

The style now noticed was familiar to, and long disgraced the writings of our divines, and we see it sometimes still employed by some of a certain stamp. Matthew Henry, whose Commentaries are well known, writes in this manner on Judges 11.

"We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle.—None would have dreamed of making such a fellow as he king.—See how he has *schuffled* them into the choice. He hired into his service the *arm and roundels* of the country. Jotham was really a *fine gentleman*—The Sechemites that set Abimelech up, were the first to *kick him off*. The Sechemites and all the ill they could of him in their *table-talk*, they *drank healths* to his confusion. Well, Gai's interest in Sechem is soon at an end. *Sau Gai!*"

Laurence Addison, by the vulgar confusion of his style, forms an admirable contrast with the amenity and grace of his son's speculations. He tells us, on his voyage to Barbary, that "A rabbin once

told him, among other *homely stuff*, that he did not expect the felicity of the next world on the account of any merits but his own; whoever kept the law would arrive at the bliss, by *coming upon his own legs*."

It must be confessed that the rabbin, considering he could not conscientiously have the same creed as Addison, did not deliver any very "heinous stuff," in believing that other people's merits have nothing to do with our own, and that "we should stand on our own legs!" But this was not "proper words in proper places!"

INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

What's in a NAME? That which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet.

NAMES, by an involuntary suggestion, produce an extraordinary illusion. Fearful or disappointment has been often conceded in the name of the claimant has affected us, and the accidental affinity or coincidence of a name, connected with ridicule or hatred, with pleasure or disgust, has operated like magic. But the facts connected with this subject will show how this prejudice has branched out.

Sterne has touched on this unreasonable propensity of judging by names, in his humorous account of the elder Mr. Shandy's sermon of Christian names. And White has expressed, in Bowdler's *Life of Johnson*, all the influence of baptismal names, even in matters of poetry. He said, "The last city poet was *Elihu* Settle. There is something in names which one cannot help feeling. Now *Elihu* Settle sounds so queer, who can expect much from *that name*? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden in preference to *Elihu* Settle, from the *name only*, without knowing their different merits."

A lively critic noticing some American poets says, "There is or was a Mr. Dwight who wrote a poem in the shape of an epic, and his baptismal name was *Timothy*," and involuntarily we infer the sort of epic that a *Timothy* must write. Sterne humorously exhorts all godfathers not "to *Nicodemus* a man into nothing!"

There is more truth in this observation than some may be inclined to allow, and that it affects mankind strongly, all ages and all climates may be called on to testify. Even in the barbarous age of Louis XI., they felt a delicacy respecting names, which produced an ordinance from his majesty. The king's barber was named *Clavier le Double*. At first the king allowed him to get rid of the offensive part by changing it to *le Malin*, but the improvement was not happy, and for a third time he was called *le Mauvais*. Even this did not answer his purpose, and as he was a great rascal, he finally had his majesty's ordinance to be called *le Diable*, under penalty of law if any one should call him *le Double*, *le Malin*, or *le Mauvais*. According to *Mistana*, Sergius II. was the first pope who changed his name in ascending the papal throne, because his proper name was *Hagimosa*, very unsuitable with the pomp of the papacy. The ancients felt the same fastidiousness; and among the Romans, those who were called to the

equestrian order, having low and vulgar names, were new-named on the occasion, lest the former one should disgrace the dignity.

When *Barbier*, a French wit, was chosen for the preceptor of Colbert's son, he felt his name was so uncongenial to his new profession, that he assumed the more splendid one of *D'Aucour*, by which he is now known. Madame *Gomez* had married a person named *Bonhomme*, but she would never exchange her nobler Spanish name to prefix her married one to her romances, which indicated too much of meek humility. *Guez* (a beggar) is a French writer of great pomp of style; but he felt such extreme delicacy at so low a name, that to give some authority to the splendour of his diction, he assumed the name of his estate, and is well known as *Balzac*. A French poet of the name of *Theophile Viau*, finding that his surname pronounced like *veau* (calf) exposed him to the infinite jests of the minor wits, silently dropped it, by retaining the more poetical appellation of *Theophile*. The learned *Baillet* has collected various literary artifices employed by some who, still preserving a natural attachment to the names of their fathers, yet blushing at the same time for their meanness, have in their Latin works attempted to obviate the ridicule which they provoked. One *Gaucher* (left-handed) borrowed the name of *Scævola*, because *Scævola*, having burnt his right arm, became consequently left-handed. Thus also one *De la Borgne* (one-eyed) called himself *Strabo*; *De Charpentier* took that of *Fabricius*; *De Valet* translated his *Servilius*; and an unlucky gentleman, who bore the name of *Du bout d'homme*, boldly assumed that of *Virulus*. *Dorat*, a French poet, had for his real name *Disnemandi*, which, in the dialect of the Limousins, signifies one who dines in the morning: that is, who has no other dinner than his breakfast. This degrading name he changed to *Dorat*, or gilded, a nickname which one of his ancestors had borne for his fair tresses. But by changing his name, his feelings were not entirely quieted, for unfortunately his daughter cherished an invincible passion for a learned man, who unluckily was named *Goulu*: that is, a shark, or gluttonous as a shark. Miss *Disnemandi* felt naturally a strong attraction for a *goulu*; and in spite of her father's remonstrances, she once more renewed his sorrows in this alliance!

There are unfortunate names, which are very injurious to the cause in which they are engaged; for instance, the long parliament in Cromwell's time, called by derision the *Rump*, was headed by one *Barebones*, a leatherseller. It was afterwards called by his unlucky name, which served to heighten the ridicule cast over it by the nation.

Formerly a custom prevailed with learned men to change their names. They showed at once their contempt for vulgar denominations and their ingenious erudition. They christened themselves with Latin and Greek. This disguising of names came, at length, to be considered to have a political tendency, and so much alarmed Pope Paul II., that he imprisoned several persons for their using certain affected names, and some, indeed, which they could not give a reason why they assumed. *Desiderius Erasmus* was a name formed out of his family name *Gerard*, which in Dutch signifies amiable; or *GAR all*, *AERD nature*. He first

changed it to a Latin word of much the same signification, *desiderius*, which afterwards he refined into the Greek *Erasmus*, by which names he is now known. The celebrated *Reuchlin*, which in German signifies *smoke*, considered it more dignified to smoke in Greek by the name of *Capnio*. An Italian physician of the name of *Senza Malizia* prided himself as much on his translating it into the Greek *Akakia*, as on the works which he published under that name. One of the most amiable of the reformers was originally named *Hertz Schwartz* (black earth), which he elegantly turned into the Greek name of *Melancthon*. The vulgar name of a great Italian poet was *Trapasso*, but when the learned *Gravina* resolved to devote the youth to the muses, he gave him a mellifluous name, which they have long known and cherished—*Metastasio*.

Harsh names will have, in spite of all our philosophy, a painful and ludicrous effect on our ears and our associations: it is vexatious that the softness of delicious vowels, or the ruggedness of inexorable consonants, should at all be connected with a man's happiness, or even have an influence on his fortune.

The actor *Macklin* was softened down by taking in the first and last syllables of the name of *Macklaughlin*, as *Malloch* was polished to *Mallet*, and even our sublime Milton, in a moment of humour and hatred to the Scots, condescends to insinuate that their barbarous names are symbolical of their natures,—and from a man of the name of *Mac Collettok* he expects no mercy. Virgil, when young, formed a design of a national poem, but was soon discouraged from proceeding, merely by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names, such as *Dectus Mus*; *Lucumo*; *Vibius Caudex*. The same thing has happened to a friend who began an Epic on the subject of *Drake's* discoveries; the name of the hero often will produce a ludicrous effect, but one of the most unlucky of his chief heroes must be *Thomas Doughty*! One of Blackmore's chief heroes in his *Alfred* is named *Gunter*; a printer's erratum might have been fatal to all his heroism; as it is, he makes a sorry appearance. *Metastasio* found himself in the same situation. In one of his letters he writes, "The title of my new opera is *Il Re Pastor*. The chief incident is the restitution of the kingdom of Sidon to the lawful heir; a prince with such a *hypochondriac* name, that he would have disgraced the title-page of any piece: who would have been able to bear an opera entitled *L'Abdolo-nimo*? I have contrived to name him as seldom as possible." So true is it, as the caustic *Boileau* exclaims of an epic poet of his days, who had shown some dexterity in cacophony, when he chose his hero—

O le plaisant projet d'un Poète ignorant
Qui de tant de heros va choisir *Childebrand*;
D'un seul nom quelquefois le son dur et bizarre
Rend un poème entier, ou burlesque au barbare.
Art Poétique, CIII. v. 241.

"In such a crowd the Poet were to blame
To choose *King Chilperic* for his hero's name."
SIR W. SOAMES.

This epic poet perceiving the town joined in the severe raillery of the poet, published a long

defence of his hero's name; but the town was inexorable, and the epic poet afterwards changed *Chalabrand's* name to *Charles Martel*, which probably was discovered to have something more humane. Corneille's *Pertharite* was an unsuccessful tragedy, and Voltaire deduces its ill fortune partly from its barbarous names, such as *Garibald* and *Edwige*. Voltaire, in giving the names of the founders of Helvetic freedom, says the difficulty of pronouncing these respectable names is injurious to their celebrity; they are *Melchlad*, *Stauffacher*, and *Faltherfurst*.

We almost hesitate to credit what we know to be true, that the length or the shortness of a name can seriously influence the mind. But history records many facts of this nature. Some nations have long cherished a feeling that there is a certain elevation or abasement in proper names. Montaigne on this subject says, "A gentleman, one of my neighbours, in over-valuing the excellencies of old times, never omitted noticing the pride and magnificence of the names of the nobility of those days! Don *Grumedan*, *Quadragan*, *Argesilan*, when fully sounded, were evidently men of another stamp than *Peter*, *Giles*, and *Michel*." What could be hoped for from the names of *Ebenezer*, *Malachi*, and *Methusalem*? The Spaniards have long been known for cherishing a passion for dignified names, and are marvellously affected by long and voluminous ones; to enlarge them they often add the places of their residence. We ourselves seem affected by triple names; and the authors of certain periodical publications always assume for their *nom de guerre* a triple name, which doubtless raises them much higher in their reader's esteem than a mere Christian and surname. Many Spaniards have given themselves names from some remarkable incident in their lives. One took the name of the Royal Transport for having conducted the Infanta in Italy. Orendayes added *de la Paz*, for having signed the peace in 1725. Navarro, after a naval battle off Toulon, added *la Vittoria*, though he had remained in safety at Cadiz while the French admiral Le Court had fought the battle, which was entirely in favour of the English. A favourite of the King of Spain, a great genius, and the friend of Farinelli, who had sprung from a very obscure origin, to express his contempt of these empty and haughty names, assumed, when called to the administration, that of the Marquis of *La Enseñada* (nothing in himself).

But the influence of long names is of very ancient standing. Lucian notices one *Simon*, who coming to a great fortune aggrandised his name to *Simonides*. *Dioclesian* had once been plain *Diocles* before he was emperor. When *Bruna* became queen of France, it was thought proper to convey some of the regal pomp in her name by calling her *Brunchault*.

The Spaniards then must feel a most singular contempt for a very short name, and on this subject Fuller has recorded a pleasant fact. An opulent citizen of the name of *John Cuts* (what name can be more unluckily short?) was ordered by Elizabeth to receive the Spanish ambassador; but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the shortness of his name. He imagined that a man bearing a monosyllabic name could never, in the great alphabet of civil

life, have performed anything great or remarkable; but when he found that honest *John Cuts* displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the name of his host.

There are names indeed, which in the social circle will in spite of all due gravity awaken a harmless smile, and Shenstone solemnly thanked God that his name was not liable to a pun. There are some names which excite horror, such as Mr. Stab-back: others contempt, as Mr. Twopenny; and others of vulgar or absurd signification, subject too often to the insolence of domestic wifings, which occasions irritation even in the minds of worthy, but suffering, men.

There is an association of pleasing ideas with certain names; and in the literary world they produce a fine effect. *Bloomfield* is a name apt and fortunate for that rustic bard; as *Florian* seems to describe his sweet and flowery style. Dr. Parr derived his first acquaintance with the late Mr. Homer from the aptness of his name, associating with his pursuits. Our writers of Romances and Novels are initiated into all the arcana of names, which costs them many painful inventions. It is recorded of one of the old Spanish writers of romance, that he was for many days at a loss to coin a fit name for one of his giants; he wished to hammer out one equal in magnitude to the person he conceived in imagination; and in the haughty and lofty name of *Traquitantos*, he thought he had succeeded. Richardson, the great father of our novelists, appears to have considered the name of Sir *Charles Grandison*, as perfect as his character, for his heroine writes, "You know his noble name, my Lucy." He felt the same for his *Clementina*, for Miss Byron writes, "Ah, Lucy, what a pretty name is *Clementina*!" We experience a certain tenderness for names, and persons of refined imaginations are fond to give affectionate or lively epithets to things and persons they love. Petrarch would call one friend *Lelius*, and another *Socrates*, as descriptive of their character. In more ancient times, in our own country, the ladies appear to have been equally sensible to poetical or elegant names, such as *Alicia*, *Celicia*, *Diana*, *Helena*, &c., a curious point amply proved by Mr. Chalmers, in his Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers, p. 178. Spenser, the poet, gave to his two sons two names of this kind; he called one *Silvanus*, from the woody Kilcolman, his estate; and the other *Peregrine*, from his having been born in a strange place, and his mother then travelling. The fair *Eloisa* gave the whimsical name of *Astrolabus* to her boy; it bore some reference to the stars, as her own to the sun.

Whether this name of *Astrolabus* had any scientific influence over the son, I know not; but I have no doubt that whimsical names may have a great influence over our characters. The practice of romantic names among persons, even of the lowest orders of society, has become a very general evil, and doubtless many unfortunate beauties, of the names of *Clarissa* and *Eloisa*, might have escaped under the less dangerous appellatives of *Elizabeth* or *Deborah*. I know a person who has not passed his life without some inconvenience from his name, mean talents and



violent passions not according with *Autosaurus* and a certain writer of verses, wisdom other, might have been no venturer, and less a lover of the true Polverman, had it not been for his name. *Thoreau*. The Americans, by assuming Roman names, produce some ludicrous associations. *Romulus* Ruggs is the name of a performer, and *James Bruce Smith* is the name of a student. There was, however, more than when the Foundling Hospital was first instituted, in baptizing the most robust boys, designed for the war-service, by the names of *Duke*, *Warren*, or *Blair*, after our famous admirals.

It is no trifling misfortune in life to bear an ill-sounding name, and in an author it is particularly severe. A history now by a Mr. Stone, or a poem by a Mr. Page, would be examined with different eyes than had they borne any other name. The relative of a great author should endeavour not to be an author. Thomas Cornicelli had the unfortunate honour of being brother to a great poet, and his own merits have been considerably injured by the involuntary comparison. The son of *Ennius* has written with an almost unswerving of his celebrated father, sensible and candid, he had his portrait painted, with the words of his father in his hand, and his eye fixed on this verse from *Phœbus*,

"*Et mea, sis memine d'ea et gloriæ Pœi*."

But even his industry only served to what the dirt of Epigram. It was once bitterly said of the son of an eminent literary character:

"*He tries to write because his father will,
And shows himself a bastard by his wit.*"

Amongst some of the disagreeable consequences attending some names, is, when they are unfortunately adapted to an uncommon rhyme; but, indeed, how can any man defend himself from this malicious ingenuity of wit? *Frederic*, one of those unfortunate victims to *Bonaparte's* verse, is said not to have been deficient in the decorum of his manners, and he complained that he was represented as a drunkard, merely because his name rhymed to *Cadaver*. *Murphy*, no doubt, studied hard, and he stated himself in his literary quarrel with *Dr. Franklin*, the poet and critical reviewer, by adopting the regular rhyme of "Boy tankling" to his rival's and critic's name.

Superstition has interfered even in the choice of names, and this迷信 folly has received the name of a science, called *Onomastics*, of which the superstitious ancients discovered a hundred foolish theories. They call up the memorial letters of names, and Aristotle was therefore listed in *Adolphus* Meier, from the numerical letters in his name amounting to a higher number than his rival's. They made many whimsical divisions and subdivisions of names, to prove them lucky or unlucky. But these habits are not those that I am now treating on. Some names have been considered as more auspicious than others. *Cicero* informs us that when the Romans raised troops, they were assured that the name of the first soldier who enlisted should be one of good augury. When the census numbered the citizens, they always began by a fortunate name, such as *Salvius* *Fidus*. A person of the name of *Agallinus* was chosen emperor, merely from

the royal sound of his name, and *Avitus* was elected because his name approached nearest to the beloved one of the philosopher *Julian*. This careful superstition was even carried so far that some were considered as auspicious, and others as unfortunate. The superstitious belief in *auspicious names* was so strong, that *Caesar*, in his African expedition gave a command to an obscure and distant relative of the *Scipios*, to please the popular prejudice that the *Scipios* were invincible in Africa. *Bonaparte* observes that all those of the family of *Caesar* who bore the surname of *Calpurnius* perished by the sword. The Emperor *Constantine* avoided himself for the licentious life of his Emperor *Julia*, from the fatality attending those of her name. This strange prejudice of lucky and unlucky names prevailed in modern Europe, the successor of *Adrian VI.* (as *Guicciardini* tells us) wished to preserve his own name on the papal throne; but he gave up the wish when the college of cardinals used the powerful argument that all the popes who had preserved their own names had died in the first year of their pontificates. Cardinal *Marcel Cerva*, who preserved his name when elected pope, died on the twentieth day of his pontificate, and this confirmed the superstitious opinion. *La Motte le Vayer* greatly asserts that all the Queens of Naples of the name of *Joan*, and the Kings of Scotland of the name of *James*, have been unfortunate, and we have fatal instances of the fatality of Christian names.

It is a vulgar notion that every female of the name of *Agnes* is doomed to become mad. Every nation has some names labouring with this popular prejudice. However, the Spanish historian, records an anecdote in which the choice of a queen entirely arose from her name. When two French ambassadors negotiated a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and *Louis VIII.*, the names of the royal females were *Yvonne* and *Blanche*. The former was the richer and the more beautiful, and intended by the Spanish court for the French monarch, but they secretly preferred *Blanche* observing that the name of *Yvonne* would never do, and for the sake of a more melodious sound, they carried off, exulting in their own discerning ears, the happier named, but less beautiful princess.

There are names indeed which are painful to the feelings, from the associations of our persons. I have seen the Christian name of a gentleman, the victim to the caprice of his godfather, who is called *Blind as a bat*, - which, were he degraded for a bishop, must excite religious feelings. I am not surprised that one of the Spanish monarchs refused to employ a mortal Catholic for his secretary, because his name (*María Lázaro*) had an affinity to the name of the reformer. *Mr. Rose* has recently informed us that an architect called *Malacarne*, who, I believe, had nothing against him but his name, was lately deprived of his place as principal architect by the Austrian government. Let us hope not for his unlucky name, though that government, according to *Mr. Rose* acts on capricious principles. The fancies which some have felt to perpetuate their names, when their race has fallen extinct, is well known, and a fortune has then been bestowed for a change of name; but the affection for names has gone even

Further. A multitude of names, Cambræ olivæ, "dainty little sparks of love and liking among many strangers." I have observed the great pleasure of persons with uncommon names, meeting with another of the same name, an instant relationship appears to take place, and frequently fortunes have been bequeathed for namesake. An ornamental manufacturer who bears a name which he supposes to be very uncommon, having executed an order of a gentleman of the same name, refused to send his bill, never having met with the like, preferring the honour of serving him for namesake.

Among the Greeks and the Romans, beautiful and significant names were studied. The sublime Plato himself has noticed the present topic,—his visionary ear was attuned to the delicacy of a name, and his exalted fancy was delighted with beautiful names, as well as every other species of beauty. In his *Cratylus* he is conscious that persons should have happy, harmonious, and attractive names. According to Aulus Gellius, the Athenians reacted by a public decree, that no slave should ever bear the consecrated names of their two venerated patrons, Harmodius and Aristogonos, names which had been devoted to the liberties of their country; they considered would be contaminated by servitude. The ancient Romans decreed that the surnames of religious patriots should not be borne by any other persons of that family, that their very names might be degraded and expire with them. Eutropius gives a pleasing proof of national friendships being cemented by a name, by a treaty of peace between the Romans and the Sabines, they agreed to melt the two nations into one man, that they should bear their names conjointly, the Roman should add his to the Sabine, and the Sabine take a Roman name.

The ancients named both persons and things from some event or other circumstance, connected with the object they were to name. Chance, fate, superstition, fondness, and pity have invented names. It was a common and whimsical custom among the ancients (observes Larchet) to give to new names the letters of the alphabet. Thus a lame girl was called *Lamada*, on account of the resemblance which her lameness made her bear to the letter A, or *Lamada*. A man was called *Ypsilon* by his master, from his superior astuteness. Another was called *Beta*, from his love of bees. It was thus the same, with infinite good temper, abused to his rag-dog body, by comparing himself to the letters of the alphabet.

The learned Calmet also notices among the Hebrews, *outnames*, and names of reality taken from defects of body, or mind, &c. One is called *Nabal* or *fool*, another *Haman* the *du*, *Hagab* the *crashopper*, &c. Women had frequently the names of animals, as *Deborah* the *bee*, *Rachel* the *sheep*. Others from their nature or other qualifications, as *Tamar* the *Palm-tree*, *Madame* the *Myrtle*, *Sarah* the *Princess*, *Rehannah* the *Groom*. The Indians of North America employ sublime and picturesque names, such are the *Great Eagle*—the *Partridge*—*Dawn of the Day*—*Great Swift Arrow*—*Path-opener*—*Sun-bright*!

THE JEWS OF YORK.

Among the most interesting passages of history are those in which we contemplate an oppressed, yet sublime spirit, agitated by the conflict of two terrific passions implacable hatred attempting a resolute vengeance, while that vengeance, though impotent, with dignified and silent horror, looks into the last expression of despair. In a degenerate nation, we may, on such rare occasions, discover among them a spirit superior to its companions and its fortune.

In the ancient and modern history of the Jews, we may find two hundred examples. I refer the reader for the more ancient narrative to the second book of the *Maccabees*, chap. iv. v. 37. So noble and unflinching painting is preserved in the simplicity of the original. I proceed to relate the narrative of the Jews of York.

When Richard I. ascended the throne, the Jews, to contribute to the royal restoration, brought their tributes. Many had been from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had brought to enrich his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation, but several, whose currency was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and ventured to mingle themselves into the assembly. Probably their vote and their courage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered, their few dollars in great contumelation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of rivalry and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism, and returning to that city, with his friend Jocann, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocann and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London, and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having more strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The surviving Jews hastened to Jocann, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile their habitations were levelled, and the women murdered, except a few accompanying braves, who unmanly in sustaining honour, were adopted to receive baptism.

The castle had sufficient strength for their defence, but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused his entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county, and the chief of the royal party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The crowd multitude united with the military left such a shower of slaughter that they intended to demolish, that the sheriff, repulsed at the attack, retired it, but in vain.



fanaticism and robbery once set loose will attack their appetency for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens, who, perhaps not owing quite so much money to the Jews, humanity refused it, but having addressed the clergy (the barbarous clergy of those days, were by them animated, conducted, and blind).

The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose soul was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surprise, which he considered as a coat of mail, and feverishly exclaimed, "Destroy the enemies of Jesus." This spiritual lacemon invigorated the arm of man, who perhaps wanted no other stimulative than the hope of obtaining the immense property of the beheaded. It is related of this canon, that every morning before he went to assist in hatching the walls, he swallowed a consecrated wafer. One day having approached too near, defended as he conceived by his surprise, this church militant was crushed by a heavy fragment of the wall, rolled from the battlement.

But the anxiety of certain grandeur prevailed over any reflection, which, on another occasion, the loss of an epous a leader might have caused. Their attacks continued, till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called, to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

Among the Jews, their elder Rabbi was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning, and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the Mahom, or elder Rabbi, was a foreigner who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and as a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the Mahom rose, and addressed them in this manner—"Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omnipotent, and there is no one who can say who does them this. This day he commands us to die for his law, for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth, stained with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes, and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel, for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are a threat for our blood, and pour around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice that we make three tortures, that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our Creator. We were the invisible Jehovah in his acts, God seems to call for us, but let us not be unworthy of that call. Suicide, on occasions like the present, is both rational and lawful; many examples are not wanting among our forefathers, as I advise, men of Israel! they have acted on similar occasions." Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

The assembly was divided in their opinions. His

of fortitude appeared to wisdom, but the passionate murmured that it was a dreadful council.

Again the Rabbi rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone. "My children! since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice depart from the assembly." Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire, and every man, fearful of trusting to the hand and treacherous hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Marcus and the Rabbi alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see everything performed, according to their orders. Marcus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death from the contrite hand of the aged Rabbi, who immediately after performed the melancholy duty on himself.

All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning the walls of the castle were seen wrap in flames, and only a few miserable and pitiful remains, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their exact brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, there men viewed the production of their late Rabbi, for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment grieved themselves on the horrid wretches, who knew not how to die with honour.

Such is the narrative of the Jews of York, of whom the historian can only cursorily observe, that we humbled destroyed themselves, but it is the philosopher who delves into the cause, and the manner of their glorious suicide. There are history which meet only the eye of law, yet they are of infinitely more advantage than those which are read by every one. We instruct ourselves in meditating on these scenes of heroic exertion; and if by such histories we make but a slow progress in character, our heart is, however, expanded with sentiment.

I admire not the doctrine of Cato more than the fortitude of the Rabbi, or rather we should applaud that of the Rabbi much more. For Cato was familiar with the animating visions of Plato, and was the associate of Cicero and of Cato. The Rabbi had probably read only the Pentateuch, and mingled with companions of mean occupations, and meaner minds. Cato was accustomed to the grandeur of the mistress of the universe, and the Rabbi to the darkness of a provincial town. Men, like pictures, may be placed in an obscure and unillumined light; but the finest picture, in the unillumined corner, still retains the design and colouring of the master. My Rabbi is a companion for Cato. His history is a tale.

"Which Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear."
Pope.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS.

The sovereignty of the sea, which freemen dispute with us, is as much a conquest as any one obtained on land; it is gained and preserved by

our cannon, and the French, who, for ages past, exclaim against what they call our tyrants, are only hindered from becoming themselves universal tyrants over land and sea, by that universality of the sea without which Great Britain would cease to exist.

In a late memoir of the French Institute, I read a better philosophy against this universality, and a notice adapted to the writer's purpose of two great works—the one by Seiden, and the other by Grotius, on this subject. The following is the historical anecdote useful to revive.

In 1634 a dispute arose between the English and Dutch concerning the herring-fishery upon the British coast. The French and Dutch had always persisted in declaring that the seas were perfectly free, and grounded their reasons on a work of Hugo Grotius.

So early as in 1609 the great Grotius had published his treatise of *Mare Liberum* in favour of the freedom of the seas. And it is a curious fact, that in 1618, Seiden had composed another treatise in defence of the king's dominion over the seas, but which, from accidents which are known, was not published till the dispute revived the controversy. Seiden, in 1636, gave the world his *Mare Clausum*, in answer to the treatise of Grotius.

Both these great men felt a mutual respect for each other. They only knew the rivalry of genius.

As a matter of curious discussion, and legal investigation, the philosopher must incline to the arguments of Seiden, who has proved by records the first occupancy of the English, and the English dominion over the four seas, to the utter exclusion of the French and Dutch from fishing, without licence. He proves that our kings have always held great seas, without even the concurrence of their parliaments, for the express purpose of defending this sovereignty at sea. A copy of Seiden's work was placed in the council-chest of the Echequet, and in the court of admiralty, as one of our most precious records.

The historical anecdote is finally closed by the Dutch themselves, who now agreed to acknowledge the English sovereignty in the seas, and pay a tribute of thirty thousand pounds to the King of England, for liberty to fish in the seas, and consented to annual tributes.

That the Dutch yielded to Seiden's arguments is a triumph we cannot venture to boast. The *admiral regis regum* prevailed, and when we had destroyed their whole fishing fleet, the *admiral* appeared much clearer than in the ingenious volumes of Grotius or Seiden. Another Dutchman presented the States-General with a ponderous reply to Seiden's *Mare Clausum*, but the war immediately advised the states to suppress the idle discussion, observing that this affair must be decided by the sword, and not by the pen.

It may be curious to add, that no prevailing or fashionable subject can be agitated, but some other must intervene to make it extravagant and very new, so this grave subject did not wait for something of this nature. A learned Italian, I believe, agreed with our author Seiden in general, that the sea, as well as the coast, is subject to some states, but he maintained, that the dominion of the sea belonged to the *Germans*!

ON THE CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

MR. MORGAN, a French academicien, has amused himself with collecting several historical notices of this custom. I give a summary, for the benefit of those who have had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand. It is not those who kiss the royal hand who could write best on the custom.

This custom is not only very ancient, and nearly universal, but has been alike participated by religion and society.

To begin with religion. From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand. Job assures us that he was never given to this superstition xxxi. 26. The same custom was rendered to Baal, Kings i. 18. Other instances might be adduced.

We now pass to Greece. There all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds, that the poor saluted them by the simpler compliment of kissing their hands. That author gives an anecdote of Democritus, which shows this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple—When he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands, which the guards took for an act of religion. He did it, however, more securely to swallow the poison he had prepared for such an occasion. He mentions other instances.

From the Greeks it passed to the Romans. Many places it amongst their ancient customs of which they were ignorant of the origin or the reason. Persons were treated as atheists, who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. When Apuleius mentions Pothe, he says, she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus, in kissing the right hand.

This ceremonial action rendered respectable the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the principal bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the monasteries who served at the altar.

This custom, however, as a religious rite, declined with Paganism.

In secret our ingenious academicien considers the custom of kissing hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form, which expresses reconciliation, which entreats favour, or which thanks for those received. It is an universal language, intelligible without an interpreter; which doubtless preceded writing, and perhaps speech itself.

Solomon says of the flatterers and supplicants of his time, that they craved not to kiss the hands of their patrons, till they had obtained the favour which they solicited. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles, while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

This custom prevailed in ancient Rome, but is varied. In the first ages of the republic, it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors—equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time even the soldiers refused to show this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato when he was obliged to quit them was regarded as an extran-

dinary circumstance, at a period of such refinement. The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators, obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves; inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple, by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor by the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands, in the same manner as when they adored their gods.

It is superfluous to trace this custom in every country where it exists. It is practised in every known country, in respect to sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the negroes, and the inhabitants of the New World. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him, in touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards carried to their mouths.

Thus whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one's own to the mouth, it is of all other customs the most universal. Mr. Morin concludes, that this practice is now become too gross a familiarity, and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hand of those with whom we are in habit of intercourse: and he prettily observes that this custom would be entirely lost, if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full power.

POPEs.

VALOIS observes that the Popes scrupulously followed, in the early ages of the church, the custom of placing their names after that of the person whom they addressed in their letters. This mark of their humility he proves by letters written by various Popes. Thus when the great projects of politics were yet unknown to them, did they adhere to Christian meekness. There came at length the day when one of the Popes, whose name does not occur to me, said that "it was safer to quarrel with a prince than with a friar." Henry VI. being at the feet of Pope Celestine, his holiness thought proper to kick the crown off his head; which ludicrous and disgraceful action Baronius has highly praised. Jortin observes on this great cardinal, and advocate of the Roman see, that he breathes nothing but fire and brimstone; and accounts kings and emperors to be mere catch-poles and constables, bound to execute with implicit faith all the commands of insolent ecclesiastics. Bellarmine was made a cardinal for his efforts and devotion to the papal cause, and maintaining this monstrous paradox,—that if the pope forbid the exercise of virtue, and command that of vice, the Roman church, under pain of a sin, was obliged to abandon virtue for vice, if it would not sin against *conscience*!

It was Nicholas I., a bold and enterprising Pope, who, in 858, forgetting the pious modesty of his

predecessors, took advantage of the divisions in the royal families of France, and did not hesitate to place his name before that of the kings and emperors of the house of France, to whom he wrote. Since that time he has been imitated by all his successors, and this encroachment on the honours of monarchy has passed into a custom from having been tolerated in its commencement.

Concerning the acknowledged *infallibility of the Popes*, it appears that Gregory VII., in council, decreed that the church of Rome neither *had erred*, and *never should err*. It was thus this prerogative of his holiness became received, till 1313, when John XXII. abrogated decrees made by three popes his predecessors, and declared that what was done *amiss* by one pope or council might be *corrected* by another; and Gregory XI., 1370, in his will deprecates, *ut quid in catholica fide errasset*. The university of Vienna protested against it, calling it a contempt of God, and an idolatry, if any one in matters of faith should appeal from a *council* to the *Pope*; that is, from *God* who presides in *councils*, to *man*. But the *infallibility* was at length established by Leo X., especially after Luther's opposition, because they despaired of defending their indulgences, bulls, &c. by any other method.

Imagination cannot form a scene more terrific than when these men were in the height of power, and to serve their political purposes hurled the thunders of their *excommunications* over a kingdom. It was a national distress not inferior to a plague or famine.

Philip Augustus, desirous of divorcing Ingelburg, to unite himself to Agnes de Meranie, the Pope put his kingdom under an interdict. The churches were shut during the space of eight months; they said neither mass nor vespers; they did not marry; and even the offspring of the married, born at this unhappy period, *were considered as illicit*: and because the king would not sleep with his wife, it was not permitted to any of his subjects to sleep with theirs! In that year France was threatened with an extinction of the ordinary generation. A man under this curse of public penance was divested of all his functions, civil, military, and matrimonial; he was not allowed to dress his hair, to shave, to bathe, nor even change his linen; so that, says Saint Foix, upon the whole this made a filthy penitent. The good King Robert incurred the censures of the church for having married his cousin. He was immediately abandoned. Two faithful domestics alone remained with him, and these always passed through the fire whatever he touched. In a word, the horror which an excommunication occasioned was such that a courtesan, with whom one Peletier had passed some moments, having learnt soon afterwards that he had been above six months an excommunicated person, fell into a panic, and with great difficulty recovered from her convulsions.

LITERARY COMPOSITION.

To literary composition we may apply the saying of an ancient philosopher:—"A little thing gives perfection, although perfection is not a little thing."

The great legislator of the Hebrews orders us to pull off the fruit for the first three years, and not to taste them Levit. xiii. ver. 23. He was not ignorant how it weakens a young tree to bring its maturing its first fruits. Thus, on literary compositions, our green essays ought to be jerked away. The word *Lamur*, by a beautiful metaphor from pruning trees, means in Hebrew to compare errors. Blotting and correcting was so much Churchill's abhorrence, that I have heard from his publisher, he once energetically expressed himself, that it was like cutting away one's own flesh. This strong figure sufficiently shows his repugnance to an author's duty. Churchill now lies neglected, for posterity only will respect those, who

— File off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Aëth' art —

YOUNG.

I have heard that this careless hand, after a successful work, usually precipitated the publication of another, relying on its readers being pained over on the public, who were excited in its latter brother. He called this getting double pay, for that he secured the sale of a hurried work. But Churchill was a spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived. posterity even him little, and pays him nothing.

Boswell, an experienced observer in literary matters, tells us, that correction is by no means practicable by some authors, as in the case of Ovid. In exile, his compositions were nothing more than sporadic repetitions of what he had formerly written. He confesses both negligence and idleness in the corrections of his works. The vanity which animated his first productions fleeing him when he revised his poems, he found correction too laborious, and he abandoned it. This, however, was only an excuse. "It is certain, that some authors cannot correct. They struggle with pleasure, and with ardor, but they exhaust all their force. They fly but with one wing when they revise their works, the new wing does not return. There is in their imagination a certain calm which hinders their pen from making any progress. Their mind is like a boat, which only advances by the strength of oars."

Dr. More, the Platonist, had such an exuberance of fancy that correction was a much greater labour than composition. He used to say, that in writing his works, he was forced to cut his way through a crowd of thoughts in through a wood, and that he threw off in his compositions as much as would make an ordinary philosopher. More was a great enthusiast, and, of course, an enemy to that criticism which he termed notwithstanding all his Platonism. When accused of obscurity and extravagance, he said, that like the ostrich, he laid his eggs in the sands, which would prove fatal and prove, in time, however, these ostrich eggs have proved to be added.

A habit of correctness in the lower parts of composition will assist the higher. It is worth recording that the great Milton was anxious for correct punctuation, and that Addison was solection after the manner of the press. As a young man, and others, left mistakes on verbal objects. It is said of John Keats, that he had the peculiarity in his manner of composition, he

wrote with such accuracy that his man, and the printed copy corresponded page for page, and line for line.

Malherbe, the father of French poetry, tormented himself by a prodigious downiness, and was employed rather in perfecting than in forming works. His muse is compared to a hot woman in the pangs of delivery. He exulted in his torments, and, after finishing a poem of one hundred verses, or a discourse of ten pages, he used to say he ought to repose for ten years. Boileau, the first writer in French prose who gave majesty and harmony to a period, it is said, did not grudge to bestow a week on a page, and was never satisfied with his first thoughts. Our "converse" Gray entertained the same notion, and it is hard to say if it arose from the sterility of these genius, or their aversibility of taste.

It is curious to observe that the use of Tasse, which are still preserved, are slighter than the vast number of these corrections. I have given a specimen, as correct as it is possible to conceive, of one page of Pope's *my Mother*, as a specimen of his continual corrections and critical remarks. The celebrated Madame Dacier never could satisfy herself in translating Homer, continually reworking the version, even in its happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven manners, and she frequently noted in the margin — *I have not yet done it*.

When Parnal became warm in his celebrated controversy, he applied himself with incredible labour to the composition of his "Provincial Letters." He was frequently twenty days occupied on a single letter. He recommended some above seven and eight times, and by this means obtained that perfection which has made his work a Voltaire work, "one of the best books ever published in France."

The Quotus Curtius of Voltaire occupied him thirty years, generally every period was translated in the margin five or six several ways. Chapelain and Corneille, who took the pains to revise their work critically, were many times perplexed in their choice of passages, they generally liked best that which had been first composed. Home was never done with corrections, every edition varied with the preceding ones. But there are more fortunate and flatterer friends than these. Voltaire tells us of Fénelon's *Trémouilles*, that the amiable author composed it in his retirement in the short period of three months. Fénelon had, before this, formed his style, and his mind was followed with all the spirit of the ancients. He opened a copious fountain, and there were not ten chapters in the original so. The same ladies accompanied Gibbon after the experience of his first volume; and the same copious verbiage attended Adam Smith, who declared to his amanuensis, while he walked about his study.

The ancients were as persevering in their corrections. Lucan, it is said, was employed for ten years on one of his works, and to appear natural studied with the most refined art. After a labour of eleven years, Virgil pronounced his *Æneid* imperfect. The Cæsar devoted twelve years to the composition of his history, and Diodorus Siculus, thirty.

There is a middle between velocity and too-

pidity; the Italians say, it is not necessary to be a stag, but we ought not to be a tortoise.

Many ingenious expedients are not to be recommended in literary labours. The critical student,

"To choose an author as we would a friend,"

is very useful to young writers. The ancient authors have always affectionately attached themselves to some particular author of congenial disposition. Pope, in his version of Homer, kept a constant eye on his master Dryden; Corneille's favourite authors were the brilliant Tacitus, the heroic Livy, and the lofty Lucan; the influence of their characters may be traced in his best tragedies. The great Clarendon, when employed in writing his history, read over very carefully Tacitus and Livy, to give dignity to his style, as he writes in a letter. Tacitus did not surpass him in his portraits, though Clarendon never equalled Livy in his narrative.

The mode of literary composition adopted by that admirable student Mr William Jones is well deserving our attention. After having read on his subjects, he always added the model of the composition; and thus boldly wrestled with the great authors of antiquity. On board the frigate which was carrying him in India, he projected the following works, and noted them in this manner:

1. *Monuments of the Laws of England.*
Model—The Essay on Criticism. ARISTOTLE.
2. *The History of the American War.*
Model—TACITUS and PLUTARCH.
3. *British Discoveries, an Epic Poem.*
Model—HOMER.
4. *Speeches, Political and Forensic.*
Model—DEMOSTHELES.
5. *Dialogues, Philosophical and Metaphysical.*
Model—PLATO.

And of favourite authors there are also favourite works, which we love to be familiarized with. Bartholinus has a dissertation on reading books, in which he points out the important performances of different writers. Of St Augustine, his *City of God*; of Hippocrates, *Concord Prænotiones*; of Cicero, *De Officiis*; of Aristotle, *De Animalibus*; of Catullus, *Coma Borrææ*; of Virgil, the sixth book of the *Æneid*, &c. Such judgments are indeed not to be our guides, but such a mode of reading is useful to contract our studies within due limits.

Erasmus, who has written treatises on several subjects, was occupied for years on them. His manner of arranging his materials and his mode of composition appear excellent. Having chosen a subject, he analysed it into its various parts, under certain heads, or titles, to be filled up at leisure. Under these heads he set down his own thoughts as they occurred, occasionally inserting whatever was useful from his reading. When his collections were thus formed, he digested his own thoughts regularly, and strengthened them by authorities from ancient and modern authors, or alleged his reasons for dissenting from them. His collections in time became voluminous, but he then exercised that judgment which the formers of such collections are usually deficient in. With Howard he knew that "Half is better than the whole," and it was his aim to express the consequences of his reading, but not to give it in a crude state to the

world, and when his treasures were sent to the press, they were not half the size of his collections.

Thus also Winkelman, in his "*History of Art*," an extensive work, was long lost in writing on a plan, like artists, who make random sketches of their first conceptions, he threw on paper ideas, hints, and observations which occurred in his readings—many of them, indeed, were not connected with his history, but were afterwards inserted in some of his other works.

Even Gibbon tells us of his *Roman History*. "At the outset all was dark and doubtful, even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narration, and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years." Akenside has exquisitely described the progress and the pains of genius in his delightful *Reveries*, *Phantasies of Imagination*, B. iii. v. 323. The pleasures of composition in an ardent genius were never so fully described as by Budini. Speaking of the hours of composition he said, "These are the most luxurious and delightful moments of his moments which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport, the gratification more than glory is my reward."

The publication of Gibbon's *Memories* conveyed to the world a faithful picture of the most fervid industry, it is in youth, the foundations of such a sublime edifice as his history must be laid. The world can now trace how this Colossus of erudition, day by day, and year by year, prepared himself for some vast work.

Gibbon has furnished a new idea in the art of reading. "We ought," says he, "not to attend to the notes of our books, so much as of our thoughts." "The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats, I pursue these ideas, and quit my proposed plan of reading." Thus in the midst of Homer he read Longinus, a chapter of Longinus led to an epistle of Pliny, and having finished Longinus, he followed the train of his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in the language of Burke, and concluded with comparing the ancient with the modern Longinus. "On all our popular writers the most experienced reader was Gibbon, and he offers an important advice to an author engaged on a particular subject: "I accompanied my perusal of any new book on the subject till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock."

These are valuable hints to students, and such have been practised by others. Anclion was a very ingenious student, he seldom read a book throughout without reading in his progress many others. His library-table was always covered with a number of books for the most part open, this variety of authors held no confusion, they all seemed to throw light on the same topic. He was not disgusted by iniquity using the same thing in different writers, their opinions were so many new strokes, which completed the idea as which he had conceived. The celebrated painter Paul Veronese in the same manner. He never passed over an interesting subject till he had consulted a variety of authors. In historical researches he never

would advance, till he had fixed, once for all, the places, time, and opinions—a mode of study which appears very dilatory, but in the end will make a great saving of time, and labour of mind, those who have not pursued this method are all their lives at a loss to settle their opinions and their belief, from the want of having once brought them to such a test.

I shall now offer a plan of Historical Study, and a calculation of the necessary time it will occupy without specifying the authors, as I only propose to animate a young student, who feels he has not to number the days of a patriarch, that he should not be alarmed at the vast labyrinth historical researches present to his eye. If we look into public libraries, more than thirty thousand volumes of history may be found.

Lenglet du Fresnoy, one of the greatest readers, calculated that he could not read, with satisfaction, more than ten hours a day, and ten pages in folio an hour; which makes 100 pages every day. Supposing each volume to contain 400 pages, every month would amount to one volume and a half, which makes 18 volumes in folio in the year. In fifty years, a student could only read 900 volumes in folio. All this, too, supposing uninterrupted health, and an intelligence as rapid as the eyes of the laborious researcher. A man can hardly study to advantage till past twenty, and at fifty his eyes will be dimmed, and his head stuffed with much reading that should never be read. His fifty years for 900 volumes are reduced to thirty years, and 900 volumes! And, after all, the universal historian must resolutely face thirty thousand volumes!

But to cheer the historiographer, he shows, that a public library is only necessary to be consulted, it is in our private closet where should be found those few writers who direct us to their rivals, without jealousy, and mark, in the vast career of time, those who are worthy to instruct posterity. His calculation proceeds on this plan—that six hours a day, and the term of *ten years*, are sufficient to pass over, with utility, the immense field of history.

He calculates this alarming extent of historical ground.

| | | |
|--|------------------------------------|-----------|
| For a knowledge of Sacred History | he gives | 3 months. |
| Ancient Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, | modern Assyria or Persia | 1 " |
| Greek History | | 6 " |
| Roman History by the moderns | | 7 " |
| Roman History by the original writers | | 6 " |
| Ecclesiastical History, general and particular | | 30 " |
| Modern History | | 24 " |
| To this may be added for recurrences and repetitions | | 48 " |

The total will amount to *104 years*.

Thus, in *ten years and a half*, a student in history has obtained an universal knowledge, and this on a plan which permits as much leisure as every student would choose to indulge.

As a specimen of Du Fresnoy's calculations, take that of Sacred History.

| | |
|--|----------|
| For reading Père Calmet's learned dissertations in the order he points out | 12 days. |
| For Père Calmet's History, in 2 vols. 4to. (200A in 4) | 12 " |
| For Prideaux' History | 10 " |
| For Josephus | 12 " |
| For Ragnae's History of the Jews | 20 " |

In all, 66 days.

He allows, however, 90 days for obtaining a sufficient knowledge of Sacred History.

In reading this sketch, we are scarcely surprised at the erudition of a Gibbon, but having admired that erudition, we perceive the necessity of such a plan, if we would not learn what we have afterwards to unlearn.

A plan like the present, even in a mind which should feel itself incapable of the exertion, will not be regarded without that reverence we feel for genius animating such industry. This scheme of study, though it may never be rigidly pursued, will be found excellent. Ten years' labour of happy diligence may render a student capable of consigning to posterity a history as universal in its topics, as that of the historian who led to this investigation.

POETICAL IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES

"Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis."
GEORGE LILLY V. 204.

"Such rage of honey in our bosom beats,
And such a zeal we have for flowery sweets!"
DAYDEN.

This article was commenced by me many years ago in the early volumes of the Monthly Magazine, and continued by various correspondents, with various success. I have collected only those of my own contribution, because I do not feel authorised to make use of those of other persons, however some may be desirable. One of the most elegant of literary recreations is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities, for assuredly, similarity is not always imitation. Bishop Hurd's pleasing essay on "The Marks of Imitation" will assist the critic in deciding on what may only be an accidental similarity, rather than a studied imitation. Those critics have indulged an intemperate abuse in these entertaining researches, who from a single word derive the imitation of an *entire passage*. Wakefield, in his edition of Gray, is very liable to this censure.

This kind of literary amusement is not despicable: there are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation, in the thousand shapes it assumes; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image, and to view the same sentiment, or expression, borrowed with art, or heightened by embellishment. The ingenious writer of "A Criticism on Gray's Elegy," in continuation of Dr. Johnson's, has given some observations on this subject, which will please. "It is often entertaining to trace imitation. To detect the adopted

image; the copied design; the transferred sentiment; the appropriated phrase; and even the acquired manner and frame, under all the disguises that imitation, combination, and accommodation may have thrown around them, must require both parts and diligence; but it will bring with it no ordinary gratification. A book professedly on the 'History and Progress of Imitation in Poetry,' written by a man of perspicuity, and an adept in the art of discerning likenesses, even when minute, with examples properly selected, and gradations duly marked, would make an impartial accession to the store of human literature, and furnish rational curiosity with a high regale." Let me premise that these notices (the wrecks of a large collection of passages I had once formed merely as exercises to form my taste) are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers, but merely to habituate the young student to an instructive amusement, and to exhibit that beautiful variety which the same image is capable of exhibiting when retouched with all the art of genius.

Gray in his "Ode to Spring" has

"The Attic warbler POURS HER THROAT."

Wakefield in his "Commentary" has a copious passage on this poetical diction. He conceives it to be "an admirable improvement of the Greek and Roman classics:

— *suav' arbor.* HES. Scut. Her. 396.

— *Suaves ex ore loquelas*

Funde.—LOCKET. l. 40.

This learned editor was little conversant with modern literature, notwithstanding his memorable editions of Gray and Pope. The expression is evidently borrowed not from Hesiod, nor from Lucretius, but from a brother at home.

"Is it for thee, the linnet POURS HER THROAT?"
Essay on Man, Ep. III. v. 33.

Gray in the "Ode to Adversity" addresses the power thus,

"Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourges and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best."

Wakefield censures the expression "*torturing hour*," by discovering an impropriety and incongruity. He says, "Consistency of figure rather required some material image, like *iron scourge* and *adamantine chain*." It is curious to observe a verbal critic lecture such a poet as Gray! The poet probably would never have replied, or, in a moment of excessive urbanity, he might have condescended to point out to this minutest of critics the following passage in Milton,

—"When the scourges
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance."

Par. Lost, B. II. v. 90.

Gray in his "Ode to Adversity" has,

"Light THEY DISPERSE, and with them go,
The SUMMER RAINS."

Fond of this image, he has it again in his "Bard,"

"The SWARM, that in thy MOONTIDE BEAM are born,
Gone!"

Perhaps the germ of this beautiful image may be found in Shakespeare,

—"For men, like BUTTERFLIES,
Show not their mealy wings but to THE SUMMER."
Troilus and Cressida, A. III. s. 7.

and two similar passages in Timon of Athens,

"The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men."—Act. III.

Again in the same,

—"one cloud of winter showers
These flies are couch'd."—Act II.

Gray in his "Progress of Poetry" has

"In climes beyond the SOLAR ROAD."

Wakefield has traced this imitation to Dryden; Gray himself refers to Virgil and Petrarch. Wakefield gives the line from Dryden, thus,

"Beyond the year, and out of heaven's highway,"
which he calls extremely bold and poetical. I confess a critic might be allowed to be somewhat fastidious in this unpoetical diction on the highway, which I believe Dryden never used. I think his line was thus,

"Beyond the year, out of the SOLAR WALK."

Pope has expressed the image more elegantly, though copied from Dryden,

"Far as the SOLAR WALK, or milky way."

Gray has in his "Bard,"

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart."

Gray himself points out the imitation in Shakespeare, of the latter image; but it is curious to observe that Otway, in his "Venice Preserved," makes Priuli most pathetically exclaim to his daughter, that she is

"Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee."

Gray tells us that the image of his "Bard,"

"Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed like a METEOR to the troubled air,"

was taken from a picture of the Supreme Being by Raphael. It is, however, remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous, that the beard of Hudibras is also compared to a meteor; and the accompanying observation of Butler almost induces one to think that Gray derived from it the whole plan of that sublime Ode—since his Bard precisely performs what the beard of Hudibras denounced. These are the verses.

"This HAIRY METEOR did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns."

Hud. C. 1

I have been asked if I am serious in my conjecture that "the meteor beard" of Hudibras

might have given birth to the "Bard" of Gray. I reply that the *burlesque* and the *sublime* are extremes, and extremes meet. How often does it merely depend on our own state of mind, and on our own taste, to consider the sublime as burlesque! A very vulgar, but acute genius, Thomas Paine, whom we may suppose destitute of all delicacy and refinement, has conveyed to us a notion of the sublime, as it is probably experienced by ordinary and uncultivated minds, and even by acute and judicious ones, who are destitute of imagination. He tells us that "the sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." May I venture to illustrate this opinion? Would it not appear the ridiculous or burlesque to describe the sublime revolution of the Earth on her axis, round the Sun, by comparing it with the action of a top flogged by a boy? And yet some of the most exquisite lines in Milton do this; the poet only alluding in his mind to the top. The earth he describes, whether

— "She from west her silent course advances
With insensitive pace that spinning sleeps
On her self axle, while the paces even"—

Be this as it may! it has never I believe been remarked (to return to Gray) that when he conceived the idea of the beard of his *Bard*, he had in his mind the language of Milton, who describes Azazel, sublimely unfurling

"The imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."
Par. Lost, b. i. v. §35.

very similar to Gray's

"Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air"

Gray has been severely censured by Johnson, for the expression,

"Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace."—The BARD.

On the authority of the most unpoetical of critics we must still hear that the poet *has no line so bad*.

"Ample room" is feeble, but would have passed unobserved in any other poem but in the poetry of Gray, who has taught us to admit nothing but what is exquisite. "*Verge enough*" is poetical, since it conveys a material image to the imagination. No one appears to have detected the source from whence, probably, the whole line was derived. I am inclined to think it was from the following passage in Dryden:

"Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more!"
Dryden's *San Sebastian*.

Gray in his *Elegy* has,

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

This line is so obscure that it is difficult to apply it to what precedes it. Mason in his edition in vain attempts to derive it from a thought of Petrarch, and still more vainly attempts to amend it; Wakefield expands an octavo page to paraphrase this single verse! From the following lines of Chaucer, one would imagine Gray caught

the recollected idea. The old Reve, in his prologue, says of himself, and of old men,

"For whan we may not don than wol be speken;
Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken."
Tytus's *CHAUCER*, vol. i. p. 153, v. 2899.

Gray has a very expressive word, highly poetical but I think not common:

"For who to DUMB FORGETFULNESS a prey"—
and Daniel has, as quoted in Cooper's *Mount Liberty*,

"And in himself with sorrow does complain
The misery of DUMB FORGETFULNESS."

A line of Pope's in his *Dunciad*, "*High-born Howard*," echoed in the ear of Gray, whom he gave with all the artifice of alliteration,

"High-born Noel's Harp."

Johnson bitterly censures Gray for giving to adjectives the termination of participles, such as the cultured plain; the *deserted* bank; but he solemnly adds, I was sorry to see in the line of a scholar like Gray, "*the hushed spring*." I confess I was not sorry; had Johnson received but the faintest tincture of the rich Italian school of English poetry, he would never have formed to tasteless a criticism. *Hushed* is employed by Milton in more places than one, but one is sufficient for my purpose:

"Hide me from day's garish eye
While the bee with *hushed* thigh—"
PENSEROS, v. 144.

The celebrated stanza in Gray's *Elegy* seems partly to be borrowed.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Pope had said:

"There kept by charms conceal'd from mortal
eye,
Like roses that in *deserts* bloom and die."
Rape of the Lock.

Young says of nature:

"In distant wilds by human eye unseen
She rears her *flowers* and spreads her velvet
green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely *deserts* trace,
And *twists* their mask on the savage face."

And Shenstone has—

"And like the *deserts* lily bloom to fade!"
Elegy iv.

Gray was so fond of this pleasing imagery, that he repeats it in his *Ode to the Instillation*; and Mason echoes it in his *Ode to Memory*.
Milton thus paints the evening sun:

"If chance the *evening sun* with *farewell*
sweat

Extends his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew," &c.

Par. Lost, b. ii. v. 494.

Can there be a doubt that he borrowed this beautiful *farewell* from an obscure poet, quoted by Foote, in his "*English Paraphrase*," 1667?



The date of Milton's great work, I find since, admits the conjecture; the first edition being that of 1669. The homely lines in Poole are these,

"To Thetis' watery bowers the sun doth bide,
BIDDING FAREWELL unto the gloomy sky."

Young, in his "Love of Fame," very adroitly improves on a witty conceit of Butler. It is curious to observe, that while Butler had made a remote allusion of a *window* to a *pillory*, a conceit is grafted on this conceit, with even more exquisite wit.

"Each window like the pillory appears,
With heads thrust through; NAILED BY THE
EARS!"—Hudibras, part II. c. 3 v. 391.

"An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, and expose our
HEAD."—YOUNG'S Satires.

In the Duenna we find this thought differently illustrated; by no means imitative, though the satire is congenial. Don Jerome, alluding to the *serenaders*, says, "These amorous orgies that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears." The wit is original, but the subject is the same in the three passages; the whole turning on the allusion to the head and to the ears.

When Pope composed the following lines on Fame,

"How vain that second life in other's breath,
The statues which with ~~honour~~ after death;
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)"
Temple of Fame.

he seems to have had present in his mind a single idea of Butler, by which he has very richly amplified the entire imagery. Butler says,

"Honour's a LEASE for LIVES to COME,
And cannot be extended from
The LEGAL TENANT"

Hud. Part I. c. 3. v. 1043.

The same thought may be found in Sir George Mackenzie's "Essay on Preferring Solitude to Public Employment," first published in 1665: Hudibras preceded it by two years. The thought is strongly expressed by the eloquent Mackenzie. He writes, "*Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts*, and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction, or to expose ourselves to so much hazard for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves, or fight desperately for food, to be laid on our tombs after our death."

Dryden, in his "Absalom and Achitophel," says of the Earl of Shaftesbury,

"David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song."

This verse was ringing in the ear of Pope, when with equal modesty and felicity he adopted it, in addressing his friend Dr. Arbuthnot,

"Friend of my life" which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song!"

Howell has prefixed to his Letters a tedious

poem, written in the taste of the times, and he there says of letters, that they are

"The heralds and sweet harbingers that move
From East to West on embassies of love,
They can the tropic cut, and cross the line."

It is probable that Pope had noted this thought, for the following lines seem a beautiful heightening of the idea:

"Heaven first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid."

Then he adds, they

"Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And wait a sigh from India to the Pole."
Eloiss.

There is another passage in "Howell's Letters," which has a great affinity with a thought of Pope, who, in "the Rape of the Lock," says,

"Fair tresses man's imperial race enshrine,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Howell writes, p. 290, "Tis a powerful sex:— they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was; they must needs be strong, when one hair of a woman can draw more than an hundred pair of oxen."

Pope's description of the death of the lamb, in his "Essay on Man," is finished with the nicest touches, and is one of the finest pictures our poetry exhibits. Even familiar as it is to our ear, we never examine it but with undiminished admiration.

"The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

After pausing on the last two fine verses, will not the reader smile that I should conjecture the image might originally have been discovered in the following humble verses in a poem once considered not as contemptible.

"A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed."
Dr. KING'S "Milly of Mountown."

This natural and affecting image might certainly have been observed by Pope, without his having perceived it through the less polished lens of the telescope of Dr. King. It is, however, a *similarity*, though it may not be an *imitation*; and is given as an example of that art in composition, which can ornament the humblest conception, like the graceful vest thrown over naked and arid beggary.

I consider the following lines as strictly copied by Thomas Warton:

—"The daring artist
Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that bork beneath the tissued vest"
T. WARTON ON SHAKESPEARE.

Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesie," has the same image. He writes, "Tragedy openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the ulcers that are covered with filth."

The same appropriation of thought will attach to the following lines of Tickell :

"While the charm'd reader with thy thought
complices,
And views thy *Rosalind* with *Henry's* eyes."
TICKELL TO ADDISON.

Evidently from the French Horace :

"En vain contre le Cid, un ministre se ligue ;
Tout Paris, pour *Chimène*, a les yeux de
Rodrigue." BOILEAU.

Oldham, the satirist, says in his satires upon the Jesuits, that had Cain been of this black fraternity, he had not been content with a quarter of mankind.

"Had he been Jesuit, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone !"
Satyr II.

Doubtless at that moment echoed in his poetical ear the energetic and caustic epigram of Andrew Marvell, against Blind stealing the crown dressed in a parson's cassock, and sparing the life of the keeper.

"With the Priest's vestment had he but put on
The *Prelate's* cruelty,—the *Crown* had gone !"

The following passages seem echoes to each other, and it is but justice due to Oldham, the satirist, to acknowledge him as the parent of this antithesis :

"On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age !"
Satire against Poetry.

It seems evidently borrowed by Pope, when he applies the thought to Erasmus :—

"At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame !"

Young remembered the antithesis when he said,

"Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of the age."

Voltaire, a great reader of Pope, seems to have borrowed part of the expression :—

"Scandale d'Eglise, et des rois le modèle."

De Caux, an old French poet, in one of his moral poems on an hour-glass, inserted in modern collections, has many ingenious thoughts. That this poem was read and admired by Goldsmith, the following beautiful image seems to indicate. De Caux, comparing the world to his hour-glass, says beautifully,

— "C'est un verre qui luit
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a
produit."

Goldsmith applies the thought very happily :—

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made."

I do not know whether we might not read, for modern copies are sometimes incorrect,

"A breath unmakes them, as a breath has made."

Thomson, in his pastoral story of Palemon and Lavinia, appears to have copied a passage from Otway. Palemon thus addresses Lavinia :—

"Oh, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and
showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
And of my garden be the guide and joy !"

Chamont employs the same image when, speaking of Momnia, he says :

"You took her up a little tender flower,
— and with a careful loving hand
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines."

The origin of the following imagery is undoubtedly Grecian ; but it is still embellished and modified by our best poets :

—"While universal Pan
Knot with the graces and the hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring."—Paradise Lost.

Thomson probably caught this strain of imagery :

—"Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns, where leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines."—Summer, v. 169a.

Gray, in repeating this imagery, has borrowed remarkable epithet from Milton :

"Lo, where the vasy-beam'd hours
Fair Venus' train appear"
Ode to Spring

"Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring !
The graces and the vasy-beam'd hours
Thither all their bounties bring."

Comus, v. 984.

Collins, in his Ode to Fear, whom he associates with Danger, there grandly personified, was, I think, considerably indebted to the following stanza of Spenser.

"Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby ;
But fear'd each sudden moving to and fro ;
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue and wingy heel'd ;
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a braced shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did
wield."

Fairy Queen, B. iii. c. 12. s. 12.

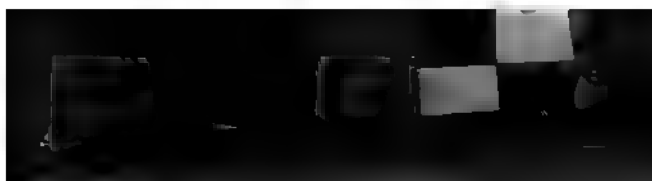
Warm from its perusal, he seems to have seized it as a hint to the Ode to Fear, and in his "Passions" to have very finely copied an idea here :

"First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en as the sound himself had made."

Ode to the Passions.

The stanza in Beattie's "Minstrel," first book, in which his "visionary boy," after "the storm of summer rain," views "the rainbow brighten to the setting sun," and turns to reach it :

"Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run
Thus it fares with age," &c.



POETICAL IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES.

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The same train of thought and imagery applied to the same subject, though the image itself be somewhat different, may be found in the poems of the platonic John Norris; a writer who has great originality of thought, and a highly poetical spirit. His stanza runs thus,

"So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to reclie;
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace,
He is arrived at the long-wish'd-for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore;
His heaven is still as distant as before."

The Inhdcl, by John Norris.

In the modern tragedy of "The Castle Spectre" is this fine description of the ghost of Evelina—"Suddenly a female form glided along the vault. I flew towards her. My arms were already unclasped to clasp her, when suddenly her figure changed." Her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom. While speaking, her form withered away, the flesh fell from her bones. a skeleton loathsome and meagre clasped me in her maddening arms. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rolling fingers pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses. Oh then how I trembled with disgust."

There is undoubtedly singular merit in this description. I shall contrast it with one which the French Virgil has written in an age, whose faith was stronger in ghosts than ours, yet which perhaps had less skill in describing them. There are some circumstances which seem to indicate that the author of "The Castle Spectre" lighted his torch at the altar of the French muse. Athalia thus narrates her dream, in which the spectre of Jezabel her mother appears:

"C'est pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit,
Ma mère Jezabel devant moi s'est montrée,
Comme au jour de sa mortie poignamment parée."

— En achevant les mots épouvantables,
Son ombre vers mon lit a paru se balancer,
Et moi, je lui tendais les mains pour l'embrasser,
Mais je n'ai plus trouvé qu'un horrible mélange
D'os et de chair meurtris, et traînés dans la fange,
Des lambeaux pleins de sang et des membres affreux."

Racine's Athalia, Act II. S. 5.

Goldsmith, when, in his pedestrian tour, he sat amid the Alps, as he paints himself in his "Traveler," and felt himself the solitary neglected genius he was, desolate amidst the surrounding scenery, probably at that moment applied to himself the following beautiful imagery of Thomson.

"As to the hollow breast of Apennine
Beneath the centre of ceciling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild."
Autumn, v. 203.

Goldsmith very pathetically applies a similar image:

"E'en now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast"
Traveler.

Akeaside illustrates the native impulse of genius by a simile of Memnon's marble statue, sounding its lyre at the touch of the sun.

"For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains, even so did nature's hand," &c.

It is remarkable that the same image, which does not appear obvious enough to have been the common inheritance of poets, is precisely used by old Regnier, the first French satirist, in the dedication of his satires to the French king Louis XIV. supplies the place of nature to the courtly satirist. These are his words—"On lit qu'en Ethiopie il y avoit une statue qui rendoit un son harmonieux, toutes les fois que le soleil levant la regardoit. Ce même miracle, Sire, avez vous fait en moy qui touché de l'autre de Votre Majesté ay reçu la voix et la parole."

In that sublime passage in Pope's "Essay on Man," Epist. I. v. 237, beginning,

"Vast chain of Being" which from God began," and proceeds to

"From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Pope seems to have caught the idea and image from Waller, whose last verse is as fine as any in the "Essay on Man."

"The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends."

Of the danger his Majesty escaped, &c. v. 168.

It has been observed by Thyer, that Milton borrowed the expression *imbrued* and *brown*, which he applies to the evening shade, from the Italian. See Thyer's elegant note in B. IV. v. 246.

—"And where the unpierced shade
imbrued the noontide bowers."

And B. IX. v. 1086.

—"Where highest woods impenetrable
To sun or star-light, spread their umbrage broad
And *brown* as evening."

Fa limbruno is an expression used by the Italians to denote the approach of the evening. Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso have made a very picturesque use of this term, noticed by Thyer. I doubt if it be applicable to our colder climate; but Thomson appears to have been struck by the fine effect it produces in poetical landscape, for he has

—"With quickened step
Brown night retires."

Summer, v. 51.

If the epithet be true, it cannot be more appropriately applied than in the season he describes, which most resembles the genial clime with the deep serenity of an Italian heaven. Milton in Italy had experienced the *brown even-*

ing, but it may be suspected that Thomson only recollected the language of the poet.

The same observation may be made on two other poetical epithets. I shall notice the epithet "LAUGHING," applied to inanimate objects, and "PURPLE" to beautiful objects.

The natives of Italy and the softer climates receive emotions from the view of their WATERS in the SPRING not equally experienced in the British roughness of our skies. The fluency and softness of the water are thus described by Lucretius :

— " Tibi sœvæ Dardala tellus
Submittit flores ; tibi aident æquora ponti."

Inelegantly rendered by Creech,

"The roughest sea puts on smooth looks, and smiles."

Dryden more happily,

"The ocean SMILES, and smooths her wavy breast."

But Metastasio has copied Lucretius :

" A te horucono
Gli erbon prati :
E i flutti almono
Nel mar placati."

It merits observation, that the *Northern Parts* could not exalt their imagination higher than that the water SMILES, while the modern Italian, having before his eyes a *different Spring*, found no difficulty in agreeing with the ancients, that the waves LAUGHED. Modern poetry has made a very free use of the animating epithet LAUGHING. Gray has the LAUGHING FLOWERS; and Langhorne in two beautiful lines exquisitely personifies Flora :—

"Where Tweed's soft banks in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora LAUGHS beneath an azure sky."

Sir William Jones, with all the spirit of Oriental poetry, has "the LAUGHING AIR." It is but justice, however, to Dryden, to acknowledge that he has employed this epithet very boldly in the following delightful lines, which are almost entirely borrowed from his original, Chaucer :

"The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray,
And soon the sun arose, with beams so bright,
That all THE MORNING LAUGHED to see the joyous sight."—*Palamon and Arcite*, B. ii.

It is extremely difficult to conceive what the ancients precisely meant by the word *purpureus*. They seem to have designed by it anything BRIGHT and BEAUTIFUL. A classical friend has furnished me with numerous significations of this word which are very contradictory. Albinovalus, in his elegy on Livia, mentions *Nivem purpureum*. Catullus, *Quercus ramos purpureos*. Horace, *Purpurea bibit nectar*, and somewhere mentions *Olores purpureas*. Virgil has *Purpuream venus ille animam*; and Homer calls the sea purple, and gives it in some other book the same epithet, when in a storm.

The general idea, however, has been fondly adopted by the finest writers in Europe. The PURPLE of the ancients is not known to us. What idea, therefore, have the moderns affixed

to it? Addison in his vision of the Temple of Fame describes the country as "being covered with a kind of PURPLE LIGHT." Gray's beautiful line is well known :

"The bloom of young desire and purple light of love."

And Tasso, in describing his hero Godfrey, says, Heaven

"Gli empie d'onor la faccia, e vi riduce
Di Giovinazza, il bell purpureo lume."

Both Gray and Tasso copied Virgil, where Venus gives to her son Æneas—

— "Lumenque Juvenis.
Purpureum."

Dryden has omitted the purple light in his version, nor is it given by Pitt; but Dryden expresses the general idea by

— "With hands divine,
Had formed his curling locks and made his temples shine,
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace."

It is probable that Milton has given us his idea of what was meant by *this purple light*, when applied to the human countenance, in the felicitous expression of

"CELESTIAL ROSE-RED."

Gray appears to me to be indebted to Milton for a hint for the opening of his elegy: as in the first line he had Dante and Milton in his mind, he perhaps might also in the following passage have recollected a congenial one in Comus, which he uttered. Milton, describing the evening, marks it out by

— "What time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat."

Gray has,

"The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

Warton has made an observation on this passage in Comus; and observes further that it is a *classical* circumstance, but not a *natural* one, in an *English landscape*, for our ploughmen quit their work at noon. I think therefore the imitation is still more evident; and as Warton observes, both Gray and Milton copied here from books, and not from life.

There are three great poets who have given us a similar incident.

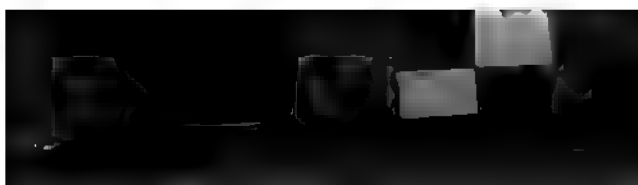
Dryden introduces the highly-finished picture of the *hare* in his *Annus Mirabilis*.

Stanza 131.

"So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay;
Who stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away."

132.

With his toll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,
His warm breath blows her flax up as she lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with bristling eyes."



Press to her heart, and with a smile survey'd;
to repose
Hush'd arm to rest, and with a smile survey'd.
passion
But soon the troubled pleasure *melt* with rising
fears, dash'd with fear,
The tender pleasure soon, chastised by fear,
like mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The passage appears thus in the printed work. It have marked in italics the *variations*.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to *clasp* the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With *secret* pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hastid to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the *burning* helmet on the ground;
Then *kiss'd* the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods *prefer'd* a father's prayer:

O thou, whose glory blaz'd th' ethereal throne,
All ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him like me to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him, with devout acclaim,
And say, *this chief* transcends his father's fame
While *peace'd* amidst the general shouts of Troy
His mother's *conscience* heart o'erflows with joy.

He *spoke*, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the *pleasing* burden to her arms
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd in repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The *troubled* pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

LITERARY FASHIONS.

THERE is such a thing as Literary Fashion, and prose and verse have been regulated by the same caprice that cuts our coats, and locks our hats. Dr Kippis, who had a taste for literary history, has observed that "Dodsley's Economy of Human Life long received the most extravagant applause, from the supposition that it was written by a celebrated nobleman, an instance of the power of Literary Fashion, the history of which, as it hath appeared in various ages and countries, and as it hath operated with respect to the different objects of science, learning, art, and taste, would form a work that might be highly instructive and entertaining."

The favourable reception of Dodsley's "Economy of Human Life" produced a whole family of uncconomies, it was soon followed by a second part, the gratuitous ingenuity of one of those obnoxious imitators, whom an original author never cares to thank. Other uncconomies trod on the heels of each other.

For some memoranda towards a history of literary fashions, the following may be arranged:

At the restoration of letters in Europe, com-

* *Silent* in the ms. (observes a critical friend) is greatly superior to *secret*, as it appears in the printed work.

mentators and compilers were at the head of the literati, translators followed, who enriched themselves with their spoils on the commentators. When in the progress of modern literature, writers aimed to rival the great authors of antiquity, the different styles, in their servile imitations, clashed together, and parties were formed who fought desperately for the style they chose to adopt. The public were long harassed by a fantastic race, who called themselves Ciceronian, of whom are recorded many ridiculous practices, to strain out the words of Cicero into their hollow verbiages. They were routed by the faction of Erasmus. Then followed the brilliant sets of epigrammatic points, and good sense, and good taste, were nothing without the spurious ornaments of false wit. Another age was deluged by a million of sonnets, and volumes were for a long time read, without their readers being aware that their patience was exhausted. There was an age of epics, which probably can never return again; for after two or three, the rest can be but repetitions with a few variations.

In Italy, from 1530 to 1540, a vast multitude of books were written on Love: the fashion of writing on that subject (for certainly it was not always a passion with the indefatigable writer, was an epidemic distemper. They wrote like pedants, and pagans; those who could not write their love in verse, diluted themselves in prose. When the Poliphilus of Colonna appeared, which is given in the form of a dream, this dream made a great many dreamers, as it happens in company (says the sarcastic Zeno) when one lawner makes many yawns. When Bishop Hall first published his satires, he called them "Toothicm satires," but his latter ones he distinguished as "Biting Satires," many good-natured men, who could only write good-natured verse, crowded in his footsteps, and the abundance of their labours only showed that even the "toothicm" satires of Hall could bite more sharply than those of servile imitators. After Spenser's "Faerie Queene" was published, the press overflowed with many mistaken imitations, in which faerie were the chief actors, this circumstance is humorously adverted on by Marston, in his satires, as quoted by Warburton: Every scribe now falls asleep, and in his

—dreams, straight lence pound to one

Out steps some Jerry—

Awakes, strait rubs his eyes, and PRINTS HIS TALE.

The great personage who gave a fashion to this class of literature was the courtly and romantic Elizabeth herself; her obsequious wits and courtiers would not fail to feed and flatter her taste. Whether they all felt the beauties, or languished over the tediousness of "the Faerie Queene," and the "Arcadia" of Sidney, at least her majesty gave a vogue to such ment mental and refined romance. The classical Elizabeth introduced another literary fashion; having translated the Hercules of Euripides, she made it fashionable to translate Greek tragedies. There was a time, in the age of fanaticism, and the long parliament, that books were considered the more valuable for their length. The seventeenth century was the age of folios. Caryl wrote a "Commentary on Job" in two volumes folio, above one thousand two hundred sheets! as it



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was intended to inculcate the virtue of patience, these volumes gave at once the theory and the practice. One is astonished at the multitude of the divines of this age; whose works now lie buried under the brick and mortar tombs of four or five folios, which, on a moderate calculation, might now be "wove woven" into thirty or forty modern octavos.

In Charles I.'s time love and honour were heightened by the wits into florid romance; but Lord Goring turned all into ridicule; and he was followed by the Duke of Buckingham, whose happy vein of ridicule was favoured by Charles II., who gave it the vogue it obtained.

Mr William Temple justly observes, that changes in veins of wit are like those of habits, or other modes. On the return of Charles II some were more out of fashion among the new courtiers than the old Earl of Norwich, who was esteemed the greatest wit, in his father's time, among the old.

Modern times have abounded with what may be called fashionable literature. Tragedies were some years ago as fashionable as comedies are at this day; Thomson, Mallet, Francis, Mill, applied their genius to a department in which they lost it all. Declamation and rant, and over-refined language, were preferred to the fable, the manners, and to Nature,—and these now sleep on our shelves! Then too we had a family of poets in the parish of poetry, in "fantasies of Spencer." Not many years ago, Churchill was the occasion of deluging the town with *political poems in quatrains*.—These again were succeeded by *narrative poems*, in the ballad measure, from all sides of poets.—The Castle of Otranto was the father of that marvellous, which overstocked the circulating library.—Lord Byron has been the father of hundreds of graces and odes.—Travels and voyages have long been a class of literature so fashionable, that we begin to dread the arrival of certain persons from the Continent:

Different times, then, are regulated by different tastes. What makes a strong impression on the public at one time, ceases to interest it at another; so neither who sacrifices to the prevailing humours of his day has but little chance of being esteemed by posterity; and every age of modern literature might, perhaps, admit of a new classification, by dividing it into the periods of *fashionable literature*.

THE PANTOMIMICAL CHARACTERS.

Il est des gens de qui l'esprit guindé
Se va en front jamais dévié;
Ne souffre, n'approuve, et n'estime,
Que le pompeux, et le sublime;
Pour moi j'ose poser en fait
Qu'en de certains moments l'esprit le plus prodigé
Peut s'élever sans rougir jusqu'aux marionnettes;
Et qu'il est des temps de son héros,
Où le grave, et le sérieux,
Ne valent pas d'agréables sottises.

PLAN D'ANÉ.

People there are who never smile;
Their forehead still unmoved, the while
Some Lambert game of mirth will play,
That wins the easy heart away;

Such only choose in prose or rhyme
A brilliant pomp,—they call sublime!
I blush not to like Marquise,
Would he but talk,—and all his kin!
Yes, there are times, and there are places,
When flows and old wits' tales are worth the
Graces.

CERVANTES, in the person of his hero, has confessed the delight he received from amusements which dasturb the gravity of some, who are apt, however, to be more entertained by them than they choose to acknowledge. Don Quixote thus dismisses a troop of merry strollers—"Andad vos Dios, buenos días, y haced vuestra fiesta, porque desde muchacho he aficionado a la Comedia, y en mi mocedad se me iban las horas en la Farsadula." In a literal version the passage may run thus:—"Go, good people, God be with you, and keep your merry-making! for from childhood I was in love with the *Cordelia*, and in my youth my eyes would lose themselves amidst the *Farsadula*." According to Plancha *La Cordelia* is an actor masked, and *La Farsadula* is a kind of farce.*

Even the studious Bayle, wrapping himself in his cloak, and hurrying to the market-place to Punchinello, would laugh when the fellow had humour in him, as was usually the case, and I believe the pleasure some still find in pantomimes, to the annoyance of their gravity, is a very natural one, and only wants a little more understanding in the actors and the spectators.

The truth is, that here our Marquis and all his effeminate family are condemned to perpetual silence. They came to us from the gross hilarity of the Italian theatre, and were all the grotesque children of wit and whims, and satire. Why is this burlesque race here privileged to cost so much, to do so little, and to repeat that little so often? Our own pantomime may, indeed, boast of two inventions of its own growth—we have turned Marquis into a magician, and this produces the surprise of sudden changes of scenery, whose splendid and curious correctives have rarely been equalled; while in the metamorphosis of the scene, a certain sort of wit to the eye, "mechanic wit," as it has been termed, has originated; as when a surgeon's shop is turned into a laundry, with the inscription "Mangling done here;" or convulsions of the bar changed into subwooms.

* *Notos*, whose translation Lord Woodhouseke distinguishes as the most curious, turns the passage thus:—"I wish you well, good people: drive on to act your play, for in my very childhood I loved *skewes*, and have been a great admirer of *dramatic representations*." Part II. c. xi. The other translators have nearly the same words. But in employing the generic term they lose the species, that is, the thing itself; but what is less tolerable, in the flatness of the style, they lose that delightfulness with which Cervantes conveys to us the recollected pleasures then bounding the warm brain of his hero. An English reader, who often grows weary over his Quixote, appears not always sensible that one of the secret charms of Cervantes, like all great national authors, lies concealed in his idiom and style.

Every one of this grotesque family were the creatures of national genius, chosen by the people for themselves. Italy, both ancient and modern, exhibits a gesticulating people of comedians, and the same comic genius characterized the nation through all its revolutions, as well as the individual through all his lifetime. The lower classes still betray their aptitude in that wild humour, where the action is suited to the word—almost grotesque sometimes expressing whole sentences. They can tell a story, and even raise the pantomime, without opening their lips. No nation in modern Europe possesses so large a stock for the *burlesque*, inasmuch as to show a class of uneducated persons, which are distinguished by the very title; and perhaps there never was an Italian in a foreign country, however deep in trouble, but would drop all remembrance of his sorrows should one of his countrymen present himself with the paraphrases of Punch at the corner of a street. I was at quarters with an Italian, a philosopher and a man of letters, residing in this country, who found an lively pleasure in performing Punchinello's little comedy, that, for the purpose, with considerable expense and curiosity, he had his wooden companion, in all their costume, sent over from his native place. The shrill squeal of the two whoops had the same comic effect on him as the notes of the *flauto dei Faros* have in awakening the tedious dream of domestic existence in the wandering Swiss; the national genius is dramatic. Lady Worsley Montagu, when she resided at a villa near Florence, was applied to by the villagers for leave to erect a theatre in her garden; they had been accustomed to turn the diables into a play-house every carnival. She complied, and, as she tells us, was "surprised at the beauty of their voices, though painted by a country painter. The performance was yet more surprising, the actors being all peasants, but the Italians have so natural a genius for comedy, they acted as well as if they had been brought up to nothing else, particularly the *Arlecchini*, who far surpassed any of our English, through only the voice of our village, and I am assured never saw a play in any other place." This is the matter and the name of the whole Harlequin race.

Hence it is that no wholeness in Europe, but the most learned Italians, even by the national genius, could have devoted their rights to narrow the revolutions of pantomime, to compile the comedy of Harlequin, to unveil the grotesqueness of Punch, and to discover even the most secret speculations of the character beneath of that grotesque family amidst their changeful fortunes during a period of two thousand years! Nor is this all, private have ranked them among the *flauteurs*, and Harlequins and *Arlecchini* have been established. Even Harlequin themselves have written elaborate tracts on the almost insurmountable difficulties of their art. I despair to convey the sympathy they have inspired me with to my reader; but every *Franciscan* genius must be informed, that of what he has never seen he must run content to be told.

Of the ancient Italian troop we have retained three or four of the characters, while their origin has nearly escaped our recollection; but of the Italian comedy, the grotesque dialogue, the

homorous faber, and its peculiar species of comic acting, all has vanished.

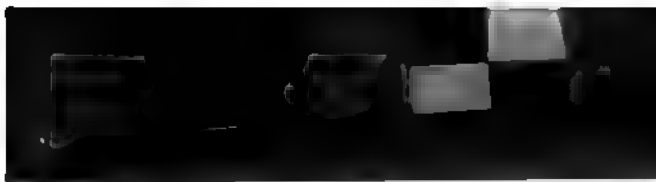
Many of the popular pantomime of the Romans unquestionably survived their dominion, for the people will survive themselves, though their masters may be conquered, and traditions have never proved more lasting than in preserving popular sports. Many of the games of our children were played by Roman boys, the *marionettes*, with the dancers and tumblers on their movable stages, still in our time, are Roman; the disorders of the *Sarcophagus* Italy appears to imitate in her caricatures. Among these Roman diversions certain comic characters have been transmitted to us, along with some of their characteristics and their dress. The speaking pantomimes and extemporary comedies, which have delighted the Italians for many centuries, are from the ancient source.

Of the *Atena* and the *Pantomime* of the Romans the following notices enter into our present description—

The *Atena* were an important race of buffoons, who excelled in mimicry, and, like our domestic fools, admitted into conversational parties to caricature the guests, from whom we derive the term *caricature* yet. Their powers enabled them to perform a state extraordinary office, for they appear to have been introduced into festivals, to mimic the person, and even the language of the deceased. *Isidore* describes an *Atena*, accompanying the funeral of *Vespanian*. This *Arch-mime* performed his part admirably, not only representing the person, but imitating, according to custom, as it was, the manner and language of the living emperor. He contrived a happy stroke at the preceding table of *Vespanian*, when he required the cost of all the funeral pomp—"Ten millions of sesterces!" On this he observed, that if they would give him but a hundred thousand, they might throw his body into the Tiber.

The *Pantomime* were quite of a different class. They were tragic actors, usually mute, they combined with the arts of gesture, music and dance of the most impressive character. Their silent language often drew tears by the pathetic imitations which they executed. "Then very sad speaking, their hands tell, and their fingers have a voice," says one of their admirers. *Seneca*, the father, grave as was his profession, confessed his taste for pantomime had become a passion,* and by the device of the artists, that "the Roman knights should not attend the pantomime players in the streets," it is evident that the performers were greatly honoured. *Lortian* has composed a curious treatise on pantomime. We may have some notion of their deep conception of character, and their correction, by an anecdote, recorded by *Macrobius*, of two rival pantomimes. When *Pythas*, dancing a hymn, which closed with the words "The great Agamemnon," to express that idea took it in its literal meaning, and stood erect, as if summing his foe—*Pythas*, his rival, exclaimed, "You make him tall, but not great!" The audience obliged *Pythas* to dance the same hymn, when he came to the words, he collected himself in a posture of deep meditation. This

* *Tullius, Attalus*, Lib. I. Sect. 22, in Murphy's translation.



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oldest pantomimic language we ourselves have witnessed carried to singular perfection, when the actor *Palmier*, after building a theatre, was prohibited the use of his voice by the magistrates. It was then he powerfully affected the audience by the eloquence of his action in the tragic pantomime of *Don Juan*!

These Pantomimes seem to have been held in great honour; many were children of the *Græci* and the *Virtues*! The tragic and the comic masks were among the ornaments of the archaic monuments of an Arch-mime and a Panto-mime Montfaucon conjectures that they formed a strict fraternity.⁶ They had much an influence over the Roman people, that when two of them quarrelled, Augustus interposed to renew their friendship. *Pyllades* was one of them, and he observed to the emperor, that nothing could be more useful to him than that the people should be perpetually occupied with the squabbles between him and *Bothylus*! The advice was accepted, and the emperor was silenced.

The parti-coloured hero, with every part of his dress, has been drawn out of the great wardrobe of antiquity; he was a Roman *Mime* *Marlequin*; is described with his shaven head, *capitotus*; his warty face, *fulgens foris odore*; his flat, untufted hair, *planities*; and his patched coat of many colours, *Mime stramentis*.⁷ Even *Pollynella*,

whom we familiarly call *Punch*, may receive, like other personages of not greater importance, all his dignity from antiquity; one of his Roman ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue more than one eruditest dissertation authenticates the family likeness, the nose long, prominent, and hooked, the staring pugle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast, in a word, all the character which so strongly marks the *Punch*-face, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbonian nose.⁸

The genealogy of the whole family is confirmed by the general term, which includes them all, for our *Levy*, in Italian *Zanni*, comes direct from *Sanna*, a buffoon; and a passage in *Cicero*, *de Oratore*, points *Marlequin* and his brother *graculatores* after the *ide*; the perpetual trembling motion of their limbs, their ludicrous and shrill gestures, and all the mimicry of their faces. "*Quid enim potest tam ridiculum quam Sanna esse?*" *Qui ore, vultu, incessanti motibus, voce, dempsit corpore ridetur ipse*." *Lib. II. Sect. 51*. For what has more of the ludicrous than *Sanna*? who, with his mouth, his face, imitating every motion, with

one engraver in the volume represents *Marlequin*, *Columbian*, and the *Clown*, as we see them on the English stage. The devices of the learned are amusing when we are not put to sleep. Dr *Clarke's Travels*, vol. IV. p. 439. The Italian antiquarian never entertained any doubt of this remote origin. See the fourth edition of this volume, Appendix. A letter from the Marquis *De Aquino*.

⁶ This statue, which is imagined to have thrown so much light on the genealogy of *Punch*, was discovered in 1727, and is engraved in Ficoroni's amusing work on *Le Maschere antiche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani*, p. 46. It is that of a *Mime* called *Marcus* by the Romans, the name indicates a simperon. But the origin of the more modern name has occasioned a little difference, whether it be derived from the *new* or its *spoon*. The learned *Quadrus* would draw the name *Pollynella* from *Pollux*, which *Sporianus* uses for *il pulle pallinaceo* (I suppose this to be the turkey-cock) because *Punch's* hooked nose resembles its beak. But *Barotti*, in that strange book the "*Tolendron*," gives a derivation admirably descriptive of the peculiar squeaking nasal sound. He says, "*Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow who in a puppet-show manages the puppet called *Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as the English folks abbreviate it, speaks with a tin whistle on his mouth, which makes him emit that comical kind of voice. But the English word *Punchinello* is in Italian *Pulcinella*, which means a hen-chicken. *Chickens' voices* are squeaking and nasal, and they are timid, and powerless, and for this reason my whistling countrymen have given the name of *Pulcinella*, or hen-chicken, to that comic character, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always thrashed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone." *Tolendron*, p. 324.

⁶ L'Art de Rep. V. 63.

⁷ Louis Excelsior, in his curious little treatise, "*De Theatro Italico*," illustrated by inventors prints of the Italian pantomimic characters, has duly collected the authorities. I give them, in the order quoted above, for the satisfaction of more grave require. *Vossius* *Latinæ Poet. Lib. II. cap. 32. § 4*. The *Mime* blackened their faces. *Diomedes de Orat. Lib. III.* *Apuleius* in *Apuleius*. And further, the patched dress was used by the ancient peasants of Italy, as appears by a passage in *Cicero*, *De Re Rust. Lib. I. c. 8*, and *Juvénal* employs the term *stramentis* as a diminutive of *cano*, for a coat made up of patches. This was afterwards applied metaphorically to those well-known poems called *canons*, compound of stanzas and patches of poetry, collected from all quarters. *Goldoni* considered *Marlequin* as a poor devil and dolt, whose coat is made up of rags patched together, his hat shows meanness, and the hare's tail is still the drum of the peasantry of Bergamo. *Quadrus*, in his learned *Storia degli Italiani*, has diffused his erudition on the ancient *Mime* and their successors. Dr *Clarke* has discovered the light (as he owned of *Marlequin*, which had hitherto baffled my most painful researches, amidst the dark mysteries of the ancient mythology! We read with equal astonishment and novelty, that the prototype of the modern Pantomime are in the *Pagan* mysteries; that *Marlequin* is *Mercury*, with his short sword called *kerpe*, or his rod the caduceus, to render himself invisible, and to transport himself from one end of the earth to the other, that the covering on his head was his potamus, or winged cap, that *Columbine* is *Psyche*, or the soul; the *Old Man* in our Pantomimes is *Chiron*, the *Clown* or *Mimes*, the buffoon of heaven, whose large gaping mouth is an imitation of the ancient masks. The subject of an ancient

his voice, and, indeed, with all his body, provokes laughter.*

These are the two ancient heroes of Pantomime. The other characters are the laughing children of mere modern humour. Each of these chimerical personages, like so many County-Members, come from different provinces in the gesticulating land of Pantomime; in little principalities the rival inhabitants present a contrast in manners and characters which opens a wider field for ridicule and satire, than in a kingdom where an uniformity of government will produce an uniformity of manners. An inventor appeared in Ruzzante, an author and actor who flourished about 1530. Till his time they had servilely copied the duped fathers, the wild sons, and the tricking valets, of Plautus and Terence; and, perhaps, not being writers of sufficient skill, but of some invention, were satisfied to sketch the plots of dramas, but boldly trusted to extempore acting and dialogue. Ruzzante peopled the Italian stage with a fresh enlivening crowd of pantomimic characters; the insipid dotards of the ancient comedy were transformed into the Venetian Pantaloon and the Bolognese Doctor; while the hare-brained fellow, the arch knave, and the booby, were furnished from Milan, Bergamo, and Calabria. He gave his newly-created beings new language and a new dress. From Plautus he appears to have taken the hint of introducing all the Italian dialects into one comedy, by making each character use his own; and even the modern Greek, which, it seems, afforded many an unexpected play on words for the Italian.† This new kind of pleasure, like the language of Babel, charmed the national ear; every province would have its dialect introduced on the scene, which often served the purpose both of recreation and a little innocent malice. Their masks and dresses were furnished by the grotesque masqueraders of the carnival, which, doubtless, often contributed many scenes and humours to the quick and fanciful genius of Ruzzante. I possess a little book of Scaramouches, &c., by Callot. Their masks and their costume must have been copied from these carnival scenes. We see their strongly-featured masks; their attitudes, pliant as those of a posture-master; the drollery

of their figures; while the grotesque creatures seem to leap, and dance, and gesticulate, and move about so fantastically under his sharp graver, that they form as individualized a race as our fairies and witches; mortals, yet like nothing mortal!

The first Italian actors wore masks—objections have been raised against their use. Signorelli shows the inferiority of the modern in deviating from the moveable or rather double masks of antiquity by which the actor could vary the artificial face at pleasure. The mask has had its advocates, for some advantages it possesses over the naked face; a mask aggravates the features, and gives a more determined expression to the comic character; an important effect among this fantastical group.*

The HARLEQUIN in the Italian theatre has passed through all the vicissitudes of fortune. At first he was a true representative of the ancient Mime, but afterwards degenerated into a booby and a gourmand, the perpetual butt for a sharp-witted fellow, his companion, called Brighella; the knife and the whetstone. Harlequin, under the reforming hand of Goldoni, became a child of nature, the delight of his country; and he has commemorated the historical character of the great Harlequin Sacchi. It may serve the reader to correct his notions of one, from the absurd pretender with us who has usurped the title. "Sacchi possessed a lively and brilliant imagination. While other Harlequins merely repeated themselves, Sacchi, who always adhered to the essence of the play, contrived to give an air of freshness to the piece by his new sallies and unexpected repartees. His comic traits and his jests were neither taken from the language of the lower orders, nor that of the comedians. He levied contributions on comic authors, on poets, orators, and philosophers; and in his impromptus they often discovered the thoughts of Seneca, Cicero, or Montaigne. He possessed the art of appropriating the remains of these great men to himself, and allying them to the simplicity of the blockhead; so that the same proposition which was admired in a serious author, became highly ridiculous in the mouth of this excellent actor."‡ In France Harlequin was improved into a wit, and even converted into a moralist; he is the graceful hero of Florian's charming compositions, which please, even in the closet. "This imaginary being, invented by the Italians, and adopted by the French," says the ingenuous Goldoni, "has the exclusive right of uniting *naïveté* with *finesse*, and no one ever surpassed Florian in the delineation of this amphibious character. He has even contrived to impart sentiment, passion, and morality to his pieces."§ Harlequin must be modelled as a national character, the creature of manners; and thus the history of such a Harlequin might be that of the age and of the people, whose genius he ought to represent.

The history of a people is often detected in their popular amusements; one of these Italian pantomimic characters shows this. They had a *Capitan*, who probably originated in the *Miles gloriosus* of Plautus; a brother, at least, of our ancient Pistol and Bobadil. The ludicrous names of this military

* How the Latin *Sannio* became the Italian *Zanni*, was a whirl in the roundabout of etymology, which put Riccoboni very ill at his ease; for he, having discovered this classical origin of his favourite character, was alarmed at Menage giving it up with obsequious tameness to a Cruscan correspondent. The learned Quadrio, however, gives his vote for the Greek *Sannos*, from whence the Latins borrowed their *Sannio*. Riccoboni's derivation, therefore, now stands secure from all verbal disturbers of human quiet.

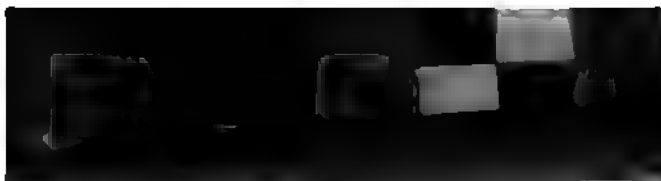
Sanna is in Latin, as Ainsworth elaborately explains, "a mocking by grimaces, mows, a flout, a frump, a gibe, a scoff, a banter;" and *Sannio* is "a fool in a play." The Italians change the S into Z, for they say *Zmyrna* and *Zambuco*, for *Smyrna* and *Sambuco*; and thus they turned *Sannio* into *Zanno*, and then into *Zanni*, and we caught the echo in our *Zany*.

† Riccoboni, *Histoire du Théâtre Italien*, p. 53; Gimma, *Italia Letterata*, 196.

* Signorelli, *Storia Critica de Teatri*, tom. III. 263.

† Mem. of Goldoni, I. 281.

‡ Ibid. II. 284.



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politeness were, *Spavento* (Horrid fright), *Spavento* (Ghastly spear), and a tremendous voracious was *Captain Spavento de l'Inferno*. When Charles V. entered Italy, a Spanish Captain was introduced; a dreadful man he was too, if we are to be frightened by names *Donque a Purga* and *Macomero*. His business was to deal in Spanish rhodomontades, to kick out the native Italian Captain, in compliment to the Spaniards, and then to take a quiet caning from Marquis, in compliment to themselves. When the Spaniards lost their influence in Italy, the Spanish Captain was turned into *Scaramouch*, who still wore the Spanish dress, and was perpetually in a panic. The Italians could only avenge themselves on the Spaniards in Pantomime! On the same principle the gods of Ponticism over his red trussard and breeches, commemorates a circumstance in Venetian history, expressive of the popular feeling; the drum is that of a Venetian citizen, and his speech the dialect, but when the Venetians lost Hegrenat, they changed their upper drum to black, which before had been red, as a national demonstration of their grief.

The characters of the Italian Pantomime became so numerous, that every dramatic subject was easily furnished with the necessary personages of comedy. That ingenious pedant the Doctor was taken from the Lawyers and the Physicians, habbing false Latin in the dialect of learned Bologna; *drapen* was a lively servant who spoke the dialect of Bergamo, a province proverbially abounding with rank intriguing knaves, who, like the doves in *Plautus* and *Turcaret*, were always on the watch to further any wickedness; while *Calabria* furnished the busy *Osogorgio* with his grotesque name. *Medore*, it has been ascertained, discovered in the Italian theatre at Paris his "*Modeste malgre lui*," his "*Etourd*," his "*L'Avant*," and his "*Scapin*." Milan offered a *gump* in the *Drighello*; Florence an apt of fashion in *Golestone*. These and other pantomimical characters, and some ludicrous ones, as the *Yaragles*, a quarrelsome doctor, a *stomacher*, and usually in a passion, had been gradually introduced by the inventive powers of an actor of genius, in call forth his own peculiar talents.

The Pantomime, or, as they have been described, the continued *Hammerhead*, of *Rossano*, with all these diversified personages, talking and acting, formed, in truth, a burlesque comedy, some of the finest known of Italy because the votaries of *Marlequin*; and the Italian Pantomime may be said to form a school of its own. The invention of *Rossano* was not capable of perpetual novelty. Many of these actors have been characterized either for the invention of some comic character, or for their true imitation of nature in performing some ludicrous one. One, already immortalized by having lost his real name in that of *Captain Macomero*, by who's invincible humour he became the most popular man in Italy invented the *Rosopolitan Pantomime*; while another, by deeper study, added one grace to another burlesque rival. One *Constantin* invented the cha-

acter of *Menetta*, as the *Mascotin* of Pantomime. He acted without a mask, to charm by the beautiful play of his countenance, and display the grace of his figure; the floating drapery of his fanciful dress could be arranged by the chaquetable humour of the wearer. *Coordi* followed him in the streets, and a King of Poland ennobled him. The Wit and *Marlequin* Dominant sometimes dined at the table of Louis XIV.—*Tiberius Pauris*, who revealed the character of *Scaramouch*, had been the amusing companion of the boyhood of Louis XIV.; and from him *Medore* learnt much, as appears by the verse under his portrait:

Cet illustre Comedien
De son art wrapa la carriere;
Il fut le maître de Medore,
Et la Nature fut le sien.

The last lines of an epigram on one of these pantomimical actors may be applied to many of them during their flourishing period:

"Toute en vie il a fait rire;
Il a fait pleurer à sa mort."

Several of these admirable actors were literary men, who have written on their art, and shown that it was one. The *Marlequin* Corbelli composed the most accurate treatise on this subject, and was emulated by the Emperor *Matthias*, and *William* *Barbieri*, for his excellent acting called the *Adrota*, a Milanese suspicion, in his comedy on Comedy, tells us that he was honoured by the coronation of Louis XIII., and rewarded with fortune.

What was the nature of that perfection to which the Italian Pantomime reached, and that prodigality of graces, which excited such enthusiasm, not only among the populace, but the students, and the artists, and the men of genius?

The Italian Pantomime had two peculiar features, a species of buffoonery technically termed *Lazzi*, and one of a more extraordinary nature, the *exquisite dialogue* of its comedy.

These *Lazzi* were certain permutations of gesticulation, quite national, yet as closely allied to our notions of buffoonery, that a Northern critic will not readily detect the separating shade; yet *Ricoboni* asserts that they formed a critical, and not a trivial art. That these acts of gesticulation had something in them peculiar to Italian humour, we infer from *Cherardi*, who could not explain the term but by describing it as "*L'è pour, seu Pr. L'è pour*." It was so peculiar to them, that he could only call it by their own name. It is difficult to describe that of which the whole magic consists in being seen; and what is more evanescent than the horizons which currents in gesture?

"*Lazzi* (says *Ricoboni*) is a term corrupted from the old *Turco* *Lazi*, which signifies a knot, or something which connects. These puerilities called *Lazzi* are certain actions by which the performer breaks into the scene, to point to the eye

curious accuracy in this gesticulation of character:
"S'è visto Pauris, che appreso si fece il Capitano
Macomero, oratore di Polesina Napoletana, e colle
dritte e grasse parole adunava Andrea Calvi detto
Cicero per approntarsi."—*Giornale, Italia Letteraria*,
p. 194.

I am here but the translator of a grave humour.
The Italian writes with all the feeling of our verse
of the important narrative, and with a most

his eruptions of panic or jocularity, but as such gestures are foreign to the business going on, the merit of the art consists in not interrupting the scene, and connecting the *Lazzi* with it, thus to tie the whole together." *Lazzi*, then, seems a kind of mimicry and gesture, corresponding with the passing scene; and we may translate the term by one in our green-room dialect, *side-play*. Riccoboni has ventured to describe some *Lazzi*. When Harlequin and Scapin represent two furnished servants of a poor young mistress, among the arts by which they express their state of starvation, Harlequin having murmured, Scapin exhorts him to groan, a music which brings out their young mistress. Scapin explains Harlequin's impatience, and begins a proposal to her which might extricate them all from their misery. While Scapin is talking, Harlequin performs his *Lazzi*—imagining he holds a handful of cherries, he seems eating them, and gaily flinging the stones at Scapin, or with a rueful countenance he is trying to catch a fly, and with his hand, in comical despair, would chop off the wings before he swallowed the chameleon game. These, with similar *Lazzi*, harmonize with the remonstrance of Scapin, and reanimate it; and thus these "*Lazzi*," although they seem to interrupt the progress of the action, yet in cutting it they slide back into it, and connect or tie the whole." These *Lazzi* are in great danger of degenerating into puerile mimicry or gross buffoonery, unless fancifully conceived and vitally articulated. But the Italians seem to possess the art of gesture before that of speech; and this national characteristic is also Roman. Such, indeed, was the powerful expression of their mimetic art, that when the select troop under Riccoboni, on their first introduction into France, only spoke in Italian, the audience, who did not understand the words, were made completely masters of the *action* by their pure and energetic imitations of nature. The Italian theatre has, indeed, recorded some miracles of this sort. A celebrated Scaramouch, without uttering a syllable, kept the audience for a considerable time in a state of suspense by a scene of successive terrors; and exhibited a living picture of a panic-stricken man. Gherardi, in his "*Théâtre Italien*," conveys some idea of the scene. Scaramouch, a character usually represented in a fright, is waiting for his master Harlequin in his apartment, having put everything in order, according to his confused notions, he takes the guitar, seats himself in an arm-chair, and plays. Pasquariel comes gently behind him, and taps time on his shoulders; this throws Scaramouch into a panic. "It was then that incomparable model of our most eminent actors," says Gherardi, "displayed the miracles of his art; that art which paints the passions in the face, throws them into every gesture, and through a whole scene of frights upon frights, conveys the most powerful expression of ludicrous terror. This man moved all hearts by the simplicity of nature, more than skilled orators can with all the charms of persuasive rhetoric." On this memorable scene a great prince observed that "*Scaramoucha non parla, e dica gran cose*," "He speaks not, but he says many great things."

In gesticulation and humour our Rich appears

to have been a complete Mime: his genius was entirely confined to Pantomime, and he had the glory of introducing Harlequin on the English stage, which he played under the feigned name of *Lun*. He could describe to the audience by his signs and gestures as intelligibly as others could express by words. There is a large caricature print of the triumph which Rich had obtained over the severe Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, which lasted too long not to excite jealousy and opposition from the *corps dramatique*.

Garriek, who once introduced a speaking Harlequin, has celebrated the silent but powerful language of Rich:

"When *Lun* appear'd, with matchless art and whim

He gave the power of speech to every limb,
Tho' mask'd and mute, convey'd his quick intent,

And told in frolic gestures what he meant:
But now the motley coat and sword of wood
Require a tongue to make them understood!"

The Italian EXTEMPORE COMEDY is a literary curiosity which claims our attention.

EXTEMPORE COMEDIES.

It is a curiosity in the history of national genius to discover a people with such a native fund of comic humour, combined with such passionate gesticulation, that they could deeply interest in acting a Comedy carried on by dialogue, intrigue, and character, all *improvisata* or *improvisu*, the actors undergoing no rehearsal, and, in fact, composing while they were acting. The plot, called *Scenaria*, consisting merely of the scenes enumerated, with the characters indicated, was first written out, it was then suspended at the back of the stage, and from the actor's inspection, the actors came forward to perform, the dialogue entirely depending on their own genius.*

"These pieces must have been detestable, and the actors mere buffoons," exclaims the Northern critics, whose imaginations have a coldness in them, like a frost in spring. But when the art of Extempore Comedy flourished among these children of fancy, the universal pleasure these representations afforded to a whole vivacious people, and the recorded celebrity of their great actors, open a new field for the speculation of genius. It may seem more extraordinary that some of its votaries have maintained that it possessed some peculiar advantages over written compositions. When Goldoni reformed the Italian theatre by

* Some of the ancient *Scenaria* were printed in 1661, by Flaminio Scala, one of their great actors. These, according to Riccoboni, consist of nothing more than the skeletons of Comedies, the *Canovas*, as the French technically term a plot and its scenes. He says, "They are not so short as those we now use to fix at the back of the scenes, nor so full as to furnish any aid to the dialogue; they only explain what the actor did on the stage, and the action which forms the subject; nothing more."

regular Comedies, he found an invincible opposition from the enthusiasts of their old Comedy: for two centuries it had been the amusement of Italy, and was a species of comic entertainment which it had created. Inventive minds were fond of sketching out these outlines of pieces, and other men of genius of representing them.

The inspiration of national genius alone could produce this phenomenon; and these Extempore Comedies were, indeed, indigenous to the soil. Italy, a land of *improvisatori*, kept up from the time of their old masters, the Romans, the same fervid fancy. The ancient *Atellana Fabula*, or Atellan Farces, originated at Atella, a town in the neighbourhood of ancient Naples; and these, too, were extempore Interludes, or, as Livy terms them, *Exodia*. We find in that historian a little interesting narrative of the theatrical history of the Romans: when the dramatic performances at Rome were becoming too sentimental and declamatory, banishing the playfulness and the mirth of Comedy, the Roman youth left these graver performances to the professed actors, and revived, perhaps in imitation of the licentious *Satyræ* of the Greeks, the ancient custom of versifying pleasantries, and throwing out jests and raillery among themselves, for their own diversion.* These Atellan Farces were probably not so low in humour as they have been represented;† or at least the Roman youth, on their revival, exercised a chaster taste, for they are noticed by Cicero in a letter to his literary friend Papyrus Pætus, which may be read in Melmoth's version. "But to turn from the serious to the jocose part of your letter—the strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having quoted the tragedy of *Cœnomanus*, puts me in mind of the modern method of introducing at the end of these graver dramatic pieces the buffoon humour of our low Mimes, instead of the more delicate burlesque of the old Atellan Farces."‡ This very curious passage distinctly marks out the two classes, which so many centuries after Cicero, were revived in the *Pantomime* of Italy, and in its *Extempore Comedy*.§

* The passage in Livy is, "Juventus, histrionibus fabellarum actu relicto, ipsa inter se, more antiquo, ridicula intexta versibus jactitare cæpit." Lib. vii. cap. 2.

† As these *Atellana Fabula* were never written, they have not descended to us in any shape. It has, indeed, been conjectured that Horace, in the fifth Satire of his first Book, v. 51, has preserved a scene of this nature between two practised buffoons in the "Pugnæ Sarmienti Scurræ," who challenges his brother Cicerrus; equally ludicrous and scurrilous. But surely these were rather the low humour of the Mimes, than of the Atellan Farces.

‡ Melmoth's Letters of Cicero, B. viii. lett. 20; in Grævius's edition, Lib. ix. ep. 16.

§ This passage also shows that our own custom of annexing a Farce, or *petite pièce*, or Pantomime, to a tragic Drama, existed among the Romans: the introduction of the practice here seems not to be ascertained; and it is conjectured not to have existed before the Restoration. Shakspeare and his contemporaries probably were spectators of only a single drama at one performance.

The critics on our side of the Alps reproached the Italians for the Extempore Comedies, and Marmontel, in the *Encyclopédie*, rashly declared that the nation did not possess a single Comedy which could endure a perusal. But he drew his notions from the low Farces of the Italian theatre at Paris, and he censured what he had never read.* The Comedies of Bibiena, Del Lasca, Del Secchi, and others, are models of classical Comedy, but not the popular favourites of Italy. Signorelli distinguishes two species of Italian Comedy, those which he calls *Commedie Antiche ed Erudite*, ancient and learned Comedies, and those of *Commedie dell'Arte*, or a *soggetto*, Comedies suggested.—The first were moulded on classical models, recited in their academies to a select audience, and performed by amateurs; but the *Commedie a soggetto*, the Extempore Comedies, were invented by professional actors of genius. More delightful to the fancy of the Italians, and more congenial to their talents, in spite of the graver critics, who even in their amusements cannot cast off the manacles of precedence, the Italians resolved to be pleased for themselves, with their own natural vein, and with one feeling preferred a freedom of original humour and invention incompatible with regular productions, but which inspired admirable actors, and secured full audiences.

Men of great genius had a passion for performing in these Extempore Comedies. Salvator Rosa was famous for his character of a Calabrian Clown, whose original he had probably often studied amidst that mountainous scenery in which his pencil delighted. Of their manner of acting I find an interesting anecdote in Passeri's life of this great painter; he shall tell his own story.

"One summer Salvator Rosa joined a company of young persons who were curiously addicted to the making of *Commedie all'improvviso*. In the midst of a vineyard they raised a rustic stage, under the direction of one Mussi, who enjoyed some literary reputation, particularly for his sermons preached in Lent.

"Their second Comedy was numerously attended, and I went among the rest; I sat on the same bench, by good fortune, with the Cavalier Bernini, Romanelli, and Guido, all well-known persons. Salvator Rosa, who had already made himself a favourite with the Roman people under the character of *Formica*,† opened with a prologue, in company with other actors. He proposed, for relieving themselves of the extreme heats and ennui, that they should make a Comedy, and all agreed. Formica then spoke these exact words:

"Non voglio già, che facimmo Commedie come certi, che tagliano li panni aduosso a chisto, o a chillo; perche co lo tempo se fa vedere chiù veloce

* Storia Critica de Teatri de Signorelli, tom. iii. 258. Baretti mentions a collection of four thousand dramas, made by Apostolo Zeno, of which the greater part were Comedies. He allows that in tragedies his nation is inferior to the English and the French; "but no nation," he adds, "can be compared with us for pleasantry and humour in Comedy." Some of the greatest names in Italian Literature were writers of Comedy. Ital. Lib. 119.

† Altieri explains *Formica* as a crabbed fellow who acts the butt in a Farce.

in taglio de no vestito, che la prima de no pecto. e no meno taglio, che fastidio vanto nella scena porta costume, equipaggiamenti, e crappia, e ne ubbidisce che lungo spregiudicato da loro."

One part of this bouquet lies in the dialect, which is Venetian, but there was a compressed stroke of satire, a snipe in the grain. The result of the passage is, "I will not, however, that we should make a Comedy like certain persons who cut clothes, and put them on this man's back, and so that man's back, for at last the liver comes which shows how much faster went the cut of the shears than the pen of the poet, now we have covering on the scene, couriers, brandy-sellers, and gun-herds, and there stays the end back: b. o. b. b. I think worthy the occasion invention: f. an. an."

Passeri now proceeds: "At this time Bernoni had made a Comedy on the Carion, very pungent and biting, and that summer he had one of Castelli performed in the suburbs, where, to represent the dawn of day, appeared on the stage water-carriers, couriers, and gun-herds, going about—all which a contrary to rule, which allows of no character who is not concerned in the dialogue to mix with the groups. At these words of the baronessa, I, who well knew his meaning, instantly glanced an eye at Bernoni, to observe his move-ments, but he, with an artificial calmness, showed that the cut of the shears did not touch him, and he made an apparent show of being hurt. But Castelli, who was also near, turning his head and smiling in bitterness, showed clearly that he was hit."

The Italian story, told with all the poignant vehemence of those vigorous natives, in whom such a striking incident was an important event, also shows the personal freedom taken on these occasions by a man of genius, entirely in the spirit of the ancient Roman *Atellana*, or the Georgian *Strolls*.

Ricciolini has discerned the curious subject of Extemporé Comedy with equal modesty and feeling, and Gherardi, with more enthusiasm and eagerness. "This kind of spectacle," says Ricciolini, "is peculiar to Italy; one cannot deny that it has grown perfectly in our soil, and which written Comedy can never equal. This impromptu mode of acting furnishes opportunities for a perpetual change in the performance, so that the same *musica* repeated still appears a new one, thus one Comedy may become twenty Comedies. An actor of this description, always supposing an actor of genius, is more widely esteemed than one who has really got his part by rote." But Ricciolini could not deny that there were incoherent persons in this singular art. One difficulty not easily surmounted was the preventing of all the actors speaking together, each one eager to reply before the other had finished. It was a nice point to know when to yield up the scene entirely to a predominant character, when agitated by violent passions; now did it require a less concerted tact to feel when to stop, the vanity of an actor often spoiled a fine scene.

It evidently required that game of the actors at least should be played with genius, and, what is scarcely less difficult to find, with a certain equality of talents, for the performance of the happy

actor of this school greatly depends on the excitement he catches from his companions, an actor beneath mediocrity would ruin a piece. "But figure, memory, voice, and even sensibility, are not sufficient for the actor of extemporé; he must be in the habit of cultivating the imagination, pouring forth the flow of expression, and jumping in those flashes which instantaneously vivify in the plaudits of an audience." And this accomplished extemporé actor feelingly laments that those destined to his profession, who require the most careful education, are likely to have received the most neglected one. Lucian, in his curious Treatise on Tragic Pantomime, asserts, that the great actor should also be a man of letters.

The lovely Gherardi pushes his arguments with more boldness, and throws out more curious information respecting this singular art. "Any one may have a part by rote, and do something bad, or indifferent, on another theatre. With us the actor is quite otherwise, and when an Italian actor dies, it is with infinite difficulty we can supply his place. An Italian actor learns nothing by heart, he looks on the subject for a moment before he comes forward on the stage, and entirely depends on his imagination for the rest. The actor who is accustomed merely to recite what he has been taught is so completely occupied by his memory, that he appears to stand as if were unconnected either with the audience or his companions. He is so impatient to deliver himself of the burden he is carrying, that he trembles like a school-boy, or is as tremulous as an actor, and could never speak if others had not spoken before. Such a tremored actor among us would be like a garden-rose to a body, an unsupportable member, only obscuring the healthy action of the sound parts. Our performers, who become illustrious by their art, charmed the spectators by the beauty of their voice, their spontaneous gestures, the freshness of their person, while a certain natural air never failed them in their motions and their dialogue."

Here, then, is a species of the histrionic art unknown to us, and running counter to that critical canon which our great poet, but not powerful critic, has delivered to us actors themselves, "to speak no more than is set down for them." The present act contained in happily performing the reverse.

Much of the merit of these actors unquestionably must be attributed to the felicity of the national genius. But there were probably many secret aids in this singular art of Extemporé Comedy which the pride of the artist has concealed. Some traits in the character, and some wit in the dialogue, might descend traditionally, and the most experienced actor on that stage would make use of his memory more than he was willing to confess. Goldoni records an unlucky adventure of his "Marquis of Lox and Found," which outlines he had sketched for the Italian company, it was well received at Paris, but utterly failed at Fontenay-lez-Forest, for some of the actors had thought proper to incorporate too many of the jokes of the "Coco Imaginaire," which displeased the court, and ruined the piece. When a new piece was to be performed, the chief actor summoned the troop in the morning, read the plot, and explained the



story, to contrive scenes. It was like playing the whole performance before the actors. These hints of scenes were all the rehearsal. When the actor entered on the scene he did not know what was to come, nor had he any prompter to help him on, much, too, depended on the talent of his companions, yet sometimes a scene might be preconceived. Invention, however, bold conception of character and rapid strokes of genius, they habitually exercised, and the pantomimic art of gesture, the passionate or humorous expression of their feelings, would come on actor when his genius for a moment had deserted him. Such facilities was not long beyond him, and in the decline of this singular art in drama became more apparent. The race had degenerated, the well-performed actor became inquisitive; long monologues were contrived by a heavy genius to hide his incapacity for spirited dialogue; and a worn, weary repetition of trivial puns, coarse humour, and vulgar buffoonery, dominated the Commedia a suggestion, and such as to a barbarian the play. But the motifs which genius produced, it may be at whatever the actor happy combination of circumstances and persons shall occur together.

I shall give one instance to record the possible existence of the art. *Leola Riccaione*, known in the annals of this theatre by the adopted name of *Leola*, his favourite comic character, was not only an accomplished actor, but a literary man, and with his wife *Marionna*, afterwards the celebrated novelist, displayed a rare union of talents and of minds. It was suspected that they did not act offensively, from the facility and the elegance of their dialogue, and a chance was soon found in the heavy curtain, who had long been a source of the limitation which attracted the public to the Italian theatre. It was said that the Riccaiones were improving on the public credulity, and that their pretended *Esternapay* Comedies were preconceived scenes. To terminate this civil war between the rival theatres, *Le Morte* offered to stretch a plot in five acts, and the Italians were challenged to perform it. This defiance was instantly accepted. On the morning of the representation *Leola* detailed the story to his troop, hung up the *Scenarii* to its usual place, and the whole company was ready at the drawing of the curtain. The plot given in by *Le Morte* was performed to admiration, and all Paris witnessed the triumph. *Le Morte* afterwards composed this very comedy for the French theatre, a *Comme diable* yet still the extempore one of the Italian theatre remained a more permanent favourite, and the public were delighted by seeing the same piece perpetually offering new scenes and changing its character at the fancy of the actors. The fact conveyed an idea of dramatic execution which does not enter into our experience. Riccaione carried the *Commedia dell'Arte* to a new perfection, by the introduction of an elegant habit and serious character, and he raised the dignity of the Italian stage when he subscribed to its curtain.

CAROLAN BURROUGHS.

HAMMER, MILTON, AND THE ITALIAN THEATRE.

The pantomimic character and the extempore comedy of Italy may have had some influence even on our own dramatic poets. This matter has indeed escaped all notice, yet I incline to think it explains a difficult point in *Hammer*, which has baffled even the keen spirit of Mr. Colford.

A passage in *Hammer* bears a striking resemblance to one in *Molière's* "Maison de la Comédie." It is "The Emperor of the East," vol. III. p. 117. The Quack or "Empire," however, even is so clearly that of *Molière's*, that Mr. Colford, agreeing with Mr. Colford, "ends in difficulty to believe the coincidence accidental." But the greater difficulty is, to conceive that *Hammer* ever fell into *Molière's* hands. At that period, in the infancy of our literature, our native authors and our own language were so isolated as to be remote. It is more than probable that *Hammer* and *Molière* had drawn from the same source. The Italian comedy *Hammer's* "Empire," as well as the acknowledged copy of *Molière's* "Médée," came from the "Dictionnaire" of the Italian comedy. The business of these old Italian pantomimes was often a traditionary property of a family. *Hammer* was a student of Italian comedy, and more of the faculty, but of their theatre, which then consisted of nothing else but their burlesque comedies, might have circulated in the English land, and as-and-there years afterwards, the same traditional plot might have been given by the Quack, one from the "Dictionnaire," who was still repeating what he knew the name of pantomime. Our theatre of the English period seems to have had the extempore comedy after the manner of the Italian, an extempore comedy, one of those *Scenarii* in the remarkable "Plans" which were accidentally discovered at *Enghien* College, bearing every feature of an Italian *Scenario*. *Hammer* calls them "a series of fragments of ancient stage directions," and adds, that "the paper describes a species of dramatic entertainment of which no memorial is preserved in any number of the English stage." The commentators on *Shakespeare* agree that we have known the nature of these *Scenarii*. The "Plans," as it is called, is fairly written in a large hand, containing directions appointed to be struck up near the poet's nose, and it has even an oblong hole in its centre in token of being compressed in a wooden peg. Particular scenes are hardly ordered, and the scenes, or rather such scenes, of several of the pieces, appear in the most familiar manner as they were known to their companions in the rude green room of that day; such as "Peg, White and Black Jack and Jack, Little Will Barnes, Jack Greeney, and the Red-faced Fellow." See some of these "Plans" in an edition of *Shakespeare*, like the tragic pantomime, and in some appear "Pantomime," and in some "Pantomime," with spectators. *Hammer* observes that he met with an earlier example of the application of Pantomime, as a specific character on our stage,

* I refer the reader to *Shakespeare's* edition, 1790, vol. II. p. 491, for a sight of these literary counterparts.

and that this direction concerning "the spectacles" cannot fail to remind the reader of a celebrated passage in "*As You Like It*."

—The lean and shipp'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose—

Perhaps, he adds, Shakspeare alludes to this personage, as habited in his own time. Can we doubt that this Pantaloon had come from the Italian theatre, after what we have already said? Does not this confirm the conjecture, that there existed an intercourse between the Italian theatre and our own? Further, Tarleton the comedian, and others, celebrated for their "extemporai wit," was the writer or inventor of one of these "Platts." Stowe records of one of our actors that "he had a quick, delicate, refined, *extempore* wit." And of another that "he had a wondrous, plentiful, picaresque, *extempore* wit." These actors then, who were in the habit of exercising their impromptu, resembled those who performed in the unwritten comedies of the Italians. Gabriel Harvey, the Aristarchus of the day, compliments Tarleton for having brought forward a *new species of dramatic exhibition*. If this compliment paid to Tarleton merely alludes to his dexterity at *extemporaneous wit* in the character of the clown, as my friend Mr. Douce thinks, this would be sufficient to show that he was attempting to introduce on our stage the extempore comedy of the Italians; which Gabriel Harvey distinguishes as "a new species." As for these "Platts," which I shall now venture to call "Scenarios," they surprise by their bareness, conveying no notion of the piece itself, though quite sufficient for the actors. They consist of mere exits and entrances of the actors, and often the real names of the actors are familiarly mixed with those of the *dramatis personæ*. Stevens has justly observed however on these skeletons, that although "the drift of these dramatic pieces cannot be collected from the mere outlines before us, yet we must not charge them with absurdity. Even the scenes of Shakspeare would have worn as unpromising an aspect had their skeletons only been discovered." The painted *scenarii* of the Italian theatre were not more intelligible, exhibiting only the *hints* for scenes.

Thus, I think, we have sufficient evidence of an intercourse subsisting between the English and Italian theatres, not hitherto suspected, and I find an allusion to these Italian pastimes, by the great town-wit Tom Nash, in his "*Pierce Penniless*," which shows that he was well acquainted with their nature. He indeed exalts over them, observing that our plays are "honourable and full of gallant resolution, not consisting, like theirs, of pantaloon, a zany, and a w—t, (alluding to the women actors of the Italian stage.)" but of emperors, kings, and princes." But my conviction is still confirmed, when I find that Stephen Gosson wrote "the comedie of Captain Mario," it has not been printed, but "Captain Mario" is one of the Italian characters.

Even at a later period, the influence of these

* Women were first introduced on the Italian stage about 1560—it was therefore an extraordinary novelty in Nash's time.

performances reached the greatest name in the English Parnassus. One of the great actors and authors of these pieces, who published eighteen of these irregular productions, was Andreini, whose name must have the honour of being associated with Milton's, for it was his comedy or opera which threw the first spark of the *Paradise Lost* into the soul of the epic poet—a circumstance which will hardly be questioned by those who have examined the different schemes and allegorical personages of the first projected drama of *Paradise Lost*—nor was Andreini, as well as many others of this race of Italian dramatists, inferior poets. The Adamo of Andreini was a personage sufficiently original and poetical to serve as the model of the Adam of Milton. The youthful English poet, at its representation, carried it away in his mind. Wit indeed is a great traveller; and thus also the "Empire" of Massinger might have reached us, from the Boingsæc "Dottore."

The late Mr. Hole, the ingenious writer on the *Arabian Nights*, observed to me that *Molière* it must be presumed never read *Fletcher's* plays, yet his "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" and the other's "*Noble Gentleman*" bear in some instances a great resemblance. They possibly may have drawn from the same Italian source of comedy which I have here indicated.

SONGS OF TRADES, OR SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Men of genius have devoted some of their hours, and even governments have occasionally assisted, to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades. Songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious taskwork, and solace the artisan at his solitary occupation. A beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measures delighting his ear, even a moralising verse to cherish his better feelings—these ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic characters and national events, would contribute something to public happiness. Such themes are worthy of a patriotic bard, of the Southey's for their hearts, and the Moore's for their verse.

Fletcher of Saltoun said, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation." The character of a people is long preserved in their national songs. "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia" are, and I hope will long be, our English national airs.

"The story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre was not a fable," says Dr. Clarke. "At Thebes, in the harmonious adjustment of those masses which remain belonging to the ancient walls, we saw enough to convince us that this story was no fable; for it was a very ancient custom to carry an immense labour by an accompaniment of music and singing. The custom still exists both in Egypt and Greece. It might, therefore, be said that the *Walls of Thebes* were built at the sound of the only musical instrument then in use; because, according to the custom of the country, the lyre

was necessary for the accomplishment of the work."⁴

Athenians? has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was a song for the corn-grinders; another for the workers in wool; another for the weavers. The masons had their *canon*; the hardmen had a song which an on-driver of Sicily had composed; the kneaders, and the bathmen, and the galley-rowers were not without their chant. We have ourselves a song of the women, which Ritson has preserved in his "Ancient Songs," and it may be found in the popular chap-book of "The Life of Jack of Newbury," and the songs of anglers, of old Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, still retain their freshness.

Mr Heber has beautifully observed, in his *Damp-ton Lectures*, that among the Greeks the hymns which praised Heracles in the green and flowery island of the Himæus was chanted by the porter to his wheel, and softened the labours of the *Poros* carrier.

Dr Johnson is the only writer I recollect who has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands. "The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are vigour and cheerfulness. There is an *oar song* used by the Melitians."

But if these chants "have not much meaning," they will not produce the desired effect of soothing the heart, as well as giving vigour to the arm of the labourer. The gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the water with the strains of *Tam*. Fragments of Homer are sung by the Greek sailors of the Archipelago; the severe labour of the traders, in China, is accompanied with a song which encourages their exertions, and renders them simultaneous. Mr Ellis mentions, that the sight of the lofty pagoda of Tongchow served as a great topic of excitement in the song of the traders sailing against the stream to their place of rest. "The cannon-men, on the Old Coast, in a very dangerous passage," on the back of a high-curling wave, paddling with all their might, singing or rather shouting their wild song, follow it up," says Mr Leach, who was a lively witness of this happy combination of song, of labour, and of play, which he acknowledges was "a very curious process." Our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, have their "Heave and ho!" even below!⁵ but the Arabian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful hymn to the Virgin! A society, instituted in Holland for general good, do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed at a low price a collection of songs for sailors.

It is extremely pleasing, as it is true, to notice the honest exultation of an excellent ballad-writer, C. Dibdin, who, in his *Professional Life*, p. 8, writes—"I have learnt my songs have been considered as an object of national consequence; that

they have been the solace of sailors and long voyagers, in storms, in battle, and that they have been quoted in motions, to the restoration of order and discipline." It is recorded of the Portuguese soldiery in Ceylon, at the siege of Columbo, when pressed with misery and the pangs of hunger, that they derived, during their marches, not only consolation, but also encouragement, by rehearsing the stanzas of the *Lusad*.

We ourselves have been a great ballad nation, and once abounded with songs of the people, not, however, of this particular species, but rather of narrative poems. They are described by Pattenham, a critic in the reign of Elizabeth as "small and popular songs, sung by those *congregations*, upon benches and barrells' heads, where they have no other audience than boys, or country fellows that pass by them on the streets, or else by blind harpers, or such like *torrens-singers*, that give a bit of mirth for a groat." Such were these "Reliques of ancient English Poetry," which Ritson collected, Pepys preserved, and Percy published. Ritson, our great poetical antiquary in this sort of things, says that few are older than the reign of James I. The more ancient songs of the people perished by having been printed in single sheets, and by their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. There we have content of a succeeding race of ballads chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, the author of the well-known romance of the Seven Champions, and Dring, the writer of *Jack of Newbury's Life*, and the "Gentle Craft," who lived in the time of James and Charles. One Martin Parker was a most notorious ballad-scribbler in the reign of Charles I. and the Protector.

These writers, in their old age, collected their songs into little penny books, called "Garlands," some of which have been republished by Ritson; and a recent editor has well described them as "humble and amusing village strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake, tales of untrue love, superstitious rumours, or marvellous traditions of the hamlet." They enter into the picture of our manners, as much as *lute chronicles*.

These songs abounded in the good old times of Elizabeth and James; for Wall in his *Satires* notices them as

"Song to the wheel, and sung unto the payle;"

that is, sung by modern spinning or milking; and indeed Shakespeare has described them as "old and plain," chanted by

"The spinner and the knitters in the sun,
And the free souls that weave their threads with boom."

Twelfth Night.

They were the favourites of the Port of Newure, who takes every opportunity to introduce them into the mouths of his clown, his fool, and his ignorant Antipyrus. When the late Dr Burney, who had probably not the slightest conception of their nature, and perhaps a little taste for their rude and wild simplicity, ventured to call the songs of Antipyrus, "two *antient songs*," the musician called down on himself one of the

⁴ Dr Clarke's *Tarant*, vol. IV. p. 36.

⁵ *Damp-ton*, lib. XIV. cap. III.

bitterest notes from Steevens that ever commentator penned against a profane scotter.*

Whatever these songs were, it is evident they formed a source of recreation to the solitary task-worker. But as the more masculine trades had their own songs, whose titles only appear to have reached us, such as "The Carman's Whistle," "Watkin's Ale," "Chopping Knives," &c., they were probably appropriated to the respective trades they indicate. The tune of the "Carman's Whistle" was composed by Bird, and the favourite tune of "Queen Elizabeth" may be found in the collection called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." One who has lately heard it played says, that "it has more air than the other execrable compositions in her Majesty's book, something resembling a French quadrille."

The feeling our present researches would excite would naturally be most strongly felt in small communities, where the interest of the governors is to contribute to the individual happiness of the laborious classes. The Helvetic society requested Lavater to compose the *Schweizerlieder*, or Swiss Songs, which are now sung by the youth of many of the cantons; and various Swiss poets have successfully composed on national subjects, associated with their best feelings. In such paternal governments as was that of Florence under the Medici, we find that songs and dances for the people engaged the muse of Lorenzo, who condescended to delight them with pleasant songs composed in popular language; the example of such a character was followed by the men of genius of the age. These ancient songs, often adapted to the different trades, opened a vein of invention in the new characters, and allusions, the humorous equivoques, and sometimes by the licentiousness of popular fancy. They were collected in 1559, under the title of "Canti Carnascialeschi," and there is a modern edition, in 1750, in two volumes quarto. It is said they sing to this day a popular one by Lorenzo, beginning

"Ben venga Maggio
E'l gonfalon selvaggio,"†

which has all the florid brilliancy of an Italian spring.

The most delightful songs of this nature would naturally be found among a people whose climate and whose labours alike inspire a general hilarity; and the vineyards of France have produced a class of songs, of excessive gaiety and freedom, called *Chansons de Vendange*. A most interesting account of these songs may be found in Le Grand D'Assoucy's *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*. "The men and women, each with a basket on their arm, assemble at the foot of the hill; there

* Dr. Burney subsequently observed, that "this rogue Autolycus is the true ancient Minstrel in the old Fabliaux;" on which Steevens remarks, "Many will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our modern minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are pickpockets as well as singers of nonsensical ballads." Steevens' Shakespeare, vol. VII. p. 107, his own edition, 1793.

† Mr. Roscoe has printed this very delightful song, in the Life of Lorenzo, No. XLI. App.

stopping, they arrange themselves in a circle. The chief of this band tunes up a joyous song, whose burthen is chorused: then they ascend, and dispersed in the vineyard, they work without interrupting their tasks, while new couplets often resound from some of the vine-dressers; sometimes intermixed with a sudden jest at a traveller. In the evening, their supper scarcely over, their joy recommences, they dance in a circle, and sing some of those songs of free gaiety, which the moment excuses, known by the name of *vineyard songs*. The gaiety becomes general; masters, guests, friends, servants, all dance together; and in this manner a day of labour terminates, which one might mistake for a day of diversion. It is what I have witnessed in Champagne, in a land of vines, far different from the country where the labours of the harvest form so painful a contrast."

The extinction of those songs which formerly kept alive the gaiety of the domestic circle, whose burthens were always sung in chorus, is lamented by the French antiquary. "Our fathers had a custom to amuse themselves at the dessert of a feast by a joyous song of this nature. Each in his turn sung,—all chorused." This ancient gaiety was sometimes gross and noisy: but he prefers it to the tame decency of our times—these smiling, not laughing days of Lord Chesterfield.

"On ne rit plus, on sourit aujourd'hui;
Et nos plaisirs sont voisins de l'ennui."

Few men of letters have not read the collections which have been made of these charming *Chansonnets*, to which French poetry owes a great share of its fame among foreigners. These treasures of wit and gaiety, which for such a length of time have been in the mouths of all Frenchmen, now forgotten, are buried in the dust of libraries. These are the old French *Paudevilles*, formerly sung at meals by the company. The celebrated Count de Grammont is mentioned by Hamilton as being

Agréable et vif en propos;
Célèbre discur de bon mots;
Recueil vivant d'antiques *Paudevilles*.

These *Paudevilles* were originally invented by a fuller of *Vau de Vire*, or the valley by the river *Vire*, and were sung by his men to amuse themselves as they spread their cloths on the banks of the river. They were songs composed on some incident or adventure of the day. At first these gay playful effusions were called the songs of *Vau de Vire*, till they became known as *Paudevilles*. Boileau has well described them:

La liberté Française en ses vers se déploie;
Cet enfant de plaisir veut naitre dans la joie.

It is well known how the attempt ended, of James I. and his unfortunate son by the publication of their "Book of Sports," to preserve the national character from the gloom of fanatical puritanism; among its unhappy effects, there was however one not a little ludicrous. The Puritans, offended by the gentlest forms of mirth, and every day becoming more sullen, were so shocked at the simple merriment of the people, that they contrived to parody these songs into spiritual ones; and Shakespeare speaks of the Puritan of his day,

"singing psalms to hornpipes." As Puritans are the same in all times, the Methodists in our own repeated the foolery, and set their hymns to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said were "too good for the devil." They have sung hymns to the air of "The beds of sweet roses," &c. And as there have been Puritans among other people as well as our own, the same occurrence took place both in Italy and France. In Italy, the Carnival songs were turned into pious hymns; the hymn *Jesu fammi morire* is sung to the music of *Vaga bella e gentile—Crucifisso a capo chino* to that of *Una donna d'amor fero*, one of the most indecent pieces in the *Canzoni a ballo*; and the hymn, beginning

"Ecco'l Messia
E la Madre Maria,"

was sung to the gay tune of Lorenzo di Medici—

"Ben venga Maggio,
E'l gonfalon, selvaggio."

Athenæus notices what we call slang or flash songs. He tells us that there were poets who composed songs in the dialect of the mob; and who succeeded in this kind of poetry, adapted to their various characters. The French call such songs *Chansons à la Pado*, and have frequently composed them with a ludicrous effect, when the style of the *Peissardes* is applied to the gravest matters of state, and conveys the popular feelings in the language of the populace. This sort of satirical song is happily defined in a playful didactic poem on *La l'audeville*,

"Il est l'esprit de ceux qui n'en ont pas."

Athenæus has also preserved songs, sung by petitioners who went about on holidays to collect alms. A friend of mine, with taste and learning, has discovered in his researches, "The Crow Song," and "The Swallow Song," and has transcribed their spirit in a happy version. I preserve a few striking ideas.

The Collectors for "The Crow" sung:

"My good worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat for the Crow.
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will,—
From the poor man, a grain of his salt may suffice,
For your Crow swallows all, and is not over-nice.
And the man who can now give his grain, and no more,
May another day give from a plentiful store.—
Come my lad to the door, Plutus nods to our wish;
And our sweet little mistress comes out with a dish;
She gives us her figs, and she gives us a smile—
Heaven send her a husband!—
And a boy to be danced on his grandfather's knee,
And a girl like herself all the joy of her mother,
Who may one day present her with just such another.

Thus we carry our Crow-song to door after door,
Alternately chanting we ramble along,
And we treat all we give, or give not, with a song."

Swallow-singing, or Chelidonising, as the Greek term is, was another method of collecting eleemosynary gifts, which took place in the month Boedromion, or August.

"The Swallow, the Swallow is here,
With his back so black and his belly so white,
He brings on the pride of the year,
With the gay months of love, and the days of delight.

Come bring out your good humming stuff;
Of the nice tit-bits let the Swallow partake;
And a slice of the right Boedromion cake.
So give, and give quickly,—

Or we'll pull down the door from its hinges:
Or we'll steal young madam away!
But see! we're a merry's boy's party,
And the Swallow, the Swallow, is here!"

These songs resemble those of our own ancient mummers, who to this day, in honour of Bishop Blaize, the Saint of Wool-combers, go about chanting on the eve of their holidays. A custom long existed in this country to elect a Boy-Bishop in almost every parish; the Montem at Eton still prevails; and there is a closer connexion perhaps between the custom which produced the "Songs of the Crow and the Swallow," and our Northern mummeries, than may be at first suspected. The Pagan Saturnalia, which the Swallow song by its pleasant menaces resembles, were afterwards disguised in the forms adopted by the early Christians; and such are the remains of the Roman Catholic religion, in which the people were long indulged in their old taste for mockery and mummery. I must add in connexion with our main inquiry, that our own ancient beggars had their songs, some of which are as old as the Elizabethan period, and many are fancifully characteristic of their habits and their feelings.

INTRODUCERS OF EXOTIC FLOWERS, FRUITS, &c.

THERE has been a class of men whose patriotic affection, or whose general benevolence, have been usually defrauded of the gratitude their country owes them: these have been the introducers of new flowers, new plants, and new roots into Europe; the greater part which we now enjoy was drawn from the luxuriant climates of Asia, and the profusion which now covers our land originated in the most anxious nursing, and were the gifts of individuals. Monuments are reared, and medals struck, to commemorate events and names, which are less deserving our regard than those who have transplanted into the colder gardens of the North the rich fruits, the beautiful flowers, and the succulent pulse and roots of more favoured spots; and carrying into their own country, as it were, another Nature, they have, as old Gerard well expresses it, "laboured with the soil to make it fit for the plants, and with the plants to make them delight in the soil."

There is no part of the characters of PEIRESC and EVELYN, accomplished as they are in so many, which seems more delightful to me, than their enthusiasm for the garden, the orchard, and the forest.

Parac, whose literary occupations admitted of no interruption, and whose universal correspondence throughout the habitable globe was more than sufficient to absorb his studious life, yet was the first man, in Cambridge at least, in his interesting manner, whose incessant inquiries procured the great variety of pomegranates, then from China, whose leaves, always green, bear a clove-coloured flower, and a delicate perfume; the American with a crimson-coloured, and the Persian with a violet-coloured flower, and the Arabian, whose tendrils he delighted to trace over "the hanging-broom in his garden," and of fruit, the orange-trees with a red and parti-coloured flower, the medlar the rough cherry without stone, the rose and beautiful rose of Shiraz and Damascus, and the fig-tree called Adam's, whom fruit by its use was supposed to be that with which the serpent tempted from the tree of Canaan. Gambrinus describes his transports when Perrot beheld the Indian goose growing green in his garden, and his delight in grafting the myrtle on the most vine, that the experiment might show us the myrtle vine of the ancients. But transplanters, like other inventors, are sometimes baffled in their delightful enterprises, and we are told of Perrot's deep regret when he found that the Indian corn not would only bud, and this perch in the cold air of France, while the leaves of the Egyptian papyrus refused to yield him their vegetable paper! But it was his garden which propagated the exotic fruits and flowers, which he transplanted into the French king's, and into Cardinal Richelieu's, and the curious in Europe, and thus commenced a work on the raising of flowers by Perrot, a botanical hunter, who there described those novelties to Europe.

Had Evelyn only composed the great work of his "Dyle, or a Discourse of Fruit Trees," his name would have earned the gratitude of posterity. The voice of the patriot resounds in the dedication to Charles II. preserved in one of the later editions. "I need not recount your majesty, how many millions of timber-trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted throughout your vast dominions, at the instigation and by the able direction of this work, because your majesty has been pleased to own it publicly for my encouragement." And again, while British wisdom has so far advanced the nation of Europe, the "Dyle" of Evelyn will appear with her triumphant oak. It was a retired philosopher who aroused the genius of the nation, and who casting a prophetic eye towards the age in which we live, has contributed to secure our sovereignty of the sea. The present glory of Great Britain has been constructed with the oak which the genius of Evelyn planted.

Influenced by a good royal patron, De Breton in France 1660, composed a work on the art of raising silk worms, and dedicated it to the municipal body of Paris, to excite the inhabitants to cultivate mulberry-trees. The work at first produced a strong sensation, and many planted mulberry-trees on the vicinity of Paris, but as they were not yet used to rear and manage the silk worm, they reaped nothing but their trouble for their pains. They tore up the mulberry-trees they had planted, and, in spite of De Breton, asserted

that the northern climate was not adapted for the rearing of that tender insect. The great folly, from his hatred of all objects of luxury, counteracted the popular clamour, and crushed the rising enterprise of De Breton. The monarch was wiser than the minister. The book had made sufficient cause to reach the ear of Henry IV., who desired the author to draw up a memorial on the subject, from which the king was induced to plant mulberry-trees in all the royal gardens, and having imported the eggs of silk worms from Spain, this patriotic monarch gave up his aversion, which were but his private gratification, for that less which, converted into silk, became a part of the national wealth. It is to De Breton, who introduced the plantations of mulberry-trees, that the circumstance of France owes one of her staple commodities; and although the patent encouraged the hospitality of the prime minister, and the happy progeny of the populace in his own day, yet his name at this moment is fresh in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, for I have just received a model, the gift of a literary friend from Paris, which bears his portrait, with the words, "*Revue d'Agriculture de Département de la Seine*." It was struck in clay. The same honour is the right of Evelyn from the British nation.

There was a period when the spirit of plantation was prevalent in this kingdom, it probably originated from the rage of the military during the civil wars. A man, whose retired industry has perhaps secured his claims on our regard, the intimate friend of the great spirits of that age, by birth a Peer, but whose mother had previously been an English woman, Isaac HASTINGS, to whom Milton addressed his tract on education, published every manuscript he collected on the subjects of horticulture and agriculture. The public good he effected attracted the notice of Cromwell, who rewarded him with a pension, which after the restoration of Charles II. was suffered to lapse, and Harbottle died in utter neglect and poverty. One of his tracts is "A design for plenty by an universal planting of fruit-trees." The project consisted in enclosing the waste lands and commons, and appointing officers, whom he calls fructifiers, or wood wards, to see the plantations were duly attended to. The writer of this project observes on fruits, that it is a sort of provisions as natural to the soil, that the poor man and even the child will prefer it before better food, "as the story gourd," which he has procured in those ancient and simple ways.

"The poor man's child invited us to dine,
With flesh of ven, sheep, and fatted oxen,
(Far better than they be at home could find.)
And yet this child to us had little words
You have, quoth he, no apple, plum, nor pear,
Nur'd poets, with bread and milk, and walnuts
by."

The enthusiasm of these plantations inspired their labourers. They have watched the Order of St. Michael of their planting, all the land and the flowers and the tree expanded under their hand, often indeed they have anticipated the quality, increased the size, and even created a new species. The apricot, drawn from America, was first known in Europe in the sixteenth century: an old French



writer has remarked, that it was originally not larger than a damson; our gardeners, he says, have improved it to the perfection of its present size and richness. One of these enthusiasts is noticed by Evelyn, who for forty years had a variety of a graft to which he gave the name of a new fruit, but perishing on wrong principles, the variety of Pomona has died without a name. We sympathize with the Wilham Temple when he unwittingly acquiesces in with the use of his orange-trees, and with the fervour of his preacher and grapes, confessed by Pouchman to have equalled those of Pontarchian and Gancrovi, while the Italians agreed that his white figs were as good as any of that sort in Italy, and of his "having had the honour" to naturalize in this country four kinds of grapes, with his liberal distribution of cuttings from them, because "he ever thought all things of this kind the commonest they are the better."

The greater number of our exotic flowers and fruits were carefully transported into this country by many of our travelled nobility and gentry. Some names have been casually preserved. The learned Linnaeus first brought, on his return from Italy, the damask rose, and Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VII., enriched our fruit-gardens with three different plums. In the reign of Elizabeth, Edward Grindal, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, returning from exile, transported here the medicinal plant of the tamarisk; the first oranges appear to have been brought into England by one of the Carr family; for a century after, they still flourished at the family seat at Beedington, in Surrey. The cherry orchards of Kent were first planted about 1600, by a gardener of Henry VIII. and the currant-bush was transported when our commerce with the island of Lantz was first opened in the latter reign. The elder Tvederant in 1630 entered himself on board of a privateer, armed against Morocco, solely with a view of finding an opportunity of stealing spirit into Britain, and it appears that he succeeded in his design. To Sir Walter Raleigh we have not been indebted solely for the luxury of the tobacco-plant, but for that infinitely useful root, which forms a part of our daily meal, and often the entire meal of the poor man—the potato, which deserved to have been called a *Rous-digé*. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbage in this country, and a cabbage as his first appears on his monument. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover grass into England from Flanders, in 1643, and the figs planted by Cardinal Poiré at Lambeth in 1646, at the reign of Henry VIII., are said to be still remaining there; nor is this surprising, for Spilman, who set up the first paper-mill in England, at Dartford, in 1569, is said to have brought over in his packman's the two first lime-trees, which he planted here, and which are still growing. The Larnhardy poplar was introduced into England by the Earl of Rochford in 1591. The first mulberry-trees in this country are now standing at Sun-house, by an Marston as it is mentioned that the first general planting of mulberries and making of silk in England was by William Baskinge, comptroller of the custom-house, and Monsieur Veron, in 1646. It is probable that Monsieur Veron trans-

planted this worm from his own country, where we have seen Du Rost's great attempts. Here the mulberry has succeeded better than the silk-worm.

The very names of many of our vegetable kingdom indicate their locality, from the majestic cedar of Lebanon, to the small Convolvulus which came from the side of Coo, the cherries from Cerasus, a city of Pontus, the peach of *Persicum*, or *mala Persica*, Persian apples, from Persia, the pistachio, or *pristina* of the Syrian word for that nut. The chestnut, or *castanea*, in French, and *castagno* in Italian, from Castagna, a town of Magnesia. Our plums coming chiefly from Syria and Damascus, the damson, or *damaena* plum, gives us a recollection of its distant origin.

It is somewhat curious to observe on this subject, that there exists an unexpected intercourse between nations, in the propagation of exotic plants, &c. Lucullus, after the war with Mithridates, introduced cherries from Pontus into Italy, and the seeds imported from us as found so pleasing that it was rapidly propagated, and in-and-twenty years afterwards, as Pliny testifies, the cherry-tree gained over into Britain. Thus a victory obtained by a Roman consul over a king of Pontus, with which it would seem that Britain could have no concern, was the real occasion of our countrymen possessing cherry-orchards. Yet to our shame must it be told, that these cherries from the king of Pontus's city of Cerasus are not the cherries we are now eating, for the whole race of cherry-trees was lost in the Roman period, and was only recovered by the gardener of Henry VIII., who brought them from Flanders—without a word to enhance his own merits, collecting the Italian *Mala Persica* from us.

A calculating political economist will little sympathize with the peaceful triumphs of those active and generous spirits, who have thus propagated the truest wealth, and the most innocent luxuries of the people. The project of a new tax, or an additional consumption of ardent spirits, or an act of parliament to put a convenient stop to population by forbidding the banes of some happy couple, would be more congenial to their recreative, and they would leave without regret the names of those, whom we have bid out to the grateful recollections of our country. The Romans, who with all their cruelties were at least patriots, entertained very different notions of those introduced into their country of exotic fruits and flowers. Sir William Temple has elegantly noticed the fact: "The great captains, and civil-conular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names, by which they ran a great while in Rome, as in memory of some great service or pleasure they had done their country; so that not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples and pears were called Marston and Claudian, Pomponian and Tiberian, and by several other such exotic names." Pliny has paid his tribute of applause to Lucullus, for bringing cherry and nut-trees from Pontus into Italy. And we have several modern instances, where the name of the transporter, or trader, has been preserved in this sort of creation. Peter Collinson, the botanist, to "whom the English gardens are indebted for many new and curious

species which he acquired by means of an extensive correspondence in America," was highly gratified when Linnæus baptised a plant with his name, and with great spirit asserts his honourable claim "Something, I think, was due to me for the great number of plants and seeds I have annually procured from abroad, and you have been so good as to pay it, by giving me a species of eternity, botanically speaking; that is, a name as long as men and books endure." Such is the true animating language of these patriotic enthusiasts!

Some lines at the close of Peacham's Emblems give an idea of an English fruit-garden in 1613. He mentions that cherries were not long known, and gives an origin to the name of filbert.

"The Persian Peach, and fruitful Quince;*
And there the forward Almond grew;
With Cherries knowne no long time since;
The Winter Warden, orchard's pride;
The *Philbert* † that loves the vale,
And red Queen-apple, I so envide
Of school-boys, passing by the pale."

USURERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A PERSON whose history will serve as a canvas to exhibit some scenes of the arts of the money-trader was one AUDLEY, a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of money. He flourished through the reigns of James I, Charles I, and held a lucrative office in the "court of wards," till that singular court was abolished at the time of the restoration. In his own times he was called "The great Audley," an epithet so often abused, and here applied to the creation of enormous wealth. But there are minds of great capacity, concealed by the nature of their pursuits, and the wealth of AUDLEY may be considered as the cloudy medium through which a bright genius shone, of which, had it been thrown into a nobler sphere of action, the "greatness" would have been less ambiguous.

* The quince comes from Sydon, a town of Crete, we are told by Le Grand, in his "Vie privée des Français," vol. I p. 143; where may be found a list of the origin of most of our fruits.

† Peacham has here given a note. "The *filbert*, so named of *Philbert*, a king of France, who caused by arte sundry kinds to be brought forth as did a gardener of Otranto in Italie by clove-gilliflowers, and carnations of such colour as we now see them."

‡ The queen-apple was probably thus distinguished in compliment to Elizabeth. In Mosset's "Health Improvement," I find an account of apples which are said to have been "grafted upon a musberry-stock, and then was thorough red as our queen apples, called by Ruellius, *Rubelliana* and *Claudiana* by Pliny." I am told the race is not extinct; an apple of this description is yet to be found.

AUDLEY lived at a time when divines were proclaiming "the detestable sin of Usury," prohibited by God and man, but the Mosiac prohibition was the municipal law of an agricultural commonwealth, which being without trade, the general poverty of its members could afford no interest for loans, but it was not forbidden the Israelite to take money from "the stranger." Or they were quoting from the fathers, who understood this point, as they had that of "original sin," and "the immaculate conception;" while the scholastics amused themselves with a quaint and collegiate fancy which they had picked up in Aristotle, that interest for money had been forbidden by nature, because coin in itself was barren and unpropagating, unlike corn, of which every grain will produce many. But Audley considered no doubt that money was not incapable of multiplying itself, provided it was in hands which knew to make it grow and "breed," as Shylock affirmed. The lawyers then however did not agree with the divines, nor the college-philosophers, they were straining at a more liberal interpretation of this odious term "Usury." Lord Bacon declared, that the suppression of Usury is only fit for an Utopian government, and Audley must have agreed with the learned Cowell, who in his "Interpreter" derives the term *ab usu et ore*, *quasi usu ore*, which in our vernacular style was corrupted into *Usury*. Whatever the *sin* might be in the eyes of some, it had become at least a *contractual sin*, as Sir Symonds D'Ewes calls it, in his manuscript Diary, who however was afraid to commit it. Audley, no doubt, considered that interest was nothing more than *rent for money*, as *rent* was no better than *Usury for land*. The legal interest was then "ten in the hundred," but the thirty, the fifty, and the hundred for the hundred, the gripe of Usury, and the shameless contrivances of the money-traders, these he would attribute to the follies of others, or to his own genius.

This sage on the wealth of nations, with his pithy wisdom, and quaint sagacity, began with two hundred pounds, and lived to view his mortgages, his statutes, and his judgments so numerous, that it was observed, his papers would have made a good map of England. A contemporary dramatist, who copied from life, has opened the chamber of such an Usurer, perhaps of our Audley.

* D'Ewes's father lost a manor, which was recovered by the widow of the person who had sold it to him. Old D'Ewes considered this loss as a punishment for the usurious loan of money, the fact is, that he had purchased that manor with the interest accumulating from the money lent on it. His son entreated him to give over "the practice of that *contractual sin*." This expression shows that even in that age there were rational political economists. Mr. Bentham, in his little treatise on Usury, has taken the just views, cleared from the indistinct and partial ones so long prevalent. Collier has an admirable *Essay on Usury*, vol. III. It is a curious notion of Lord Bacon that he would have interest at a lower rate in the country than in trading towns, because the merchant is best able to afford the highest.

—“Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeemed this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more.”—Massinger's *City Madam*.

This genius of thirty per cent. first had proved the decided vigour of his mind, by his enthusiastic devotion to his law studies: deprived of the leisure for study through his busy day, he stole the hours from his late nights and his early mornings; and without the means to procure a law-library, he invented a method to possess one without the cost; as fast as he learned, he taught, and by publishing some useful tracts on temporary occasions, he was enabled to purchase a library. He appears never to have read a book without its furnishing him with some new practical design, and he probably studied too much for his own particular advantage. Such devoted studies was the way to become a lord chancellor; but the science of the law was here subordinate to that of a money-trader.

When yet but a clerk to the Clerk in the Counter, frequent opportunities occurred which AUDLEY knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer; and the fears and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading-capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or compounding debts. This was a considerable traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses. It seems they dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however, was pure copper gilt, and they often assumed the name of some person of good credit. Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landholders, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were soon entangled in the usurer's nets; and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in AUDLEY's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times outknave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper, of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of 200*l.*, AUDLEY bought the debt at 40*l.*, for which the draper immediately offered him 50*l.* But AUDLEY would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own; this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator; and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was

“To swear and break: they all grow rich by breaking!”

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards “grew rich.” AUDLEY, silently watching his victim, within two years, claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for 500*l.*, rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of 2000*l.*, which would have closed with the draper's shop. The inventive genius of AUDLEY might have illustrated that popular tract of his own times, Peacham's “Worth of a Penny;” a gentleman who, having scarcely one left, consoled himself by detailing the numerous comforts of life it might procure in the days of Charles II.

Such petty enterprises at length assumed a deeper cast of interest. He formed temporary partnerships with the stewards of country gentlemen. They underlet estates which they had to manage; and, anticipating the owner's necessities, the estates in due time became cheap purchases for AUDLEY and the stewards. He usually contrived to make the wool pay for the land, which he called “making the feathers pay for the goose.” He had, however, such a tenderness of conscience for his victim, that, having plucked the live feathers before he sent the unfledged goose on the common, he would bestow a gratuitous lecture in his own science—teaching the art of making them grow again, by showing how to raise the remaining rents. AUDLEY thus made the tenant furnish at once the means to satisfy his own rapacity, and his employer's necessities. His avarice was not working by a blind, but on an enlightened principle; for he was only enabling the landlord to obtain what the tenant, with due industry, could afford to give. Adam Smith might have delivered himself in the language of old AUDLEY, so just was his standard of the value of rents. “Under an easy landlord,” said AUDLEY, “a tenant seldom thrives; contenting himself to make the just measure of his rents, and not labouring for any surplussage of estate. Under a hard one, the tenant revenges himself upon the land, and runs away with the rent. I would raise my rents to the present price of all commodities: for if we should let our lands, as other men have done before us, now other wares daily go on in price, we should fall backward in our estates.” These axioms of political economy were discoveries in his day.

AUDLEY knew mankind practically, and struck into their humours with the versatility of genius; oracularly deep with the grave, he only stung the lighter mind. When a lord borrowing money complained to AUDLEY of his exactions, his lordship exclaimed, “What! do you not intend to use a conscience?” “Yes, I intend hereafter to use it. We monied people must balance accounts: if you do not pay me, you cheat me; but, if you do, then I cheat your lordship.” AUDLEY's monied conscience balanced the risk of his lordship's honour, against the probability of his own rapacious profits. When he resided in the Temple

among these "purses without feathers," in an old writer describes the hood, the good man would give out paternal homilies on improvident youth, quivering that they, under pretence of "learning the law, only learnt to be lawless," and "never knew by their own studies the process of an execution, till it was served on themselves." Nor could he fail in his prophetic, for at the moment that the blood was enduring these rebukes, his agents were supplying them with the certain means of evading it, for, as it is quaintly said, he had his *deceiving* as well as his *deceiving* gentlemen.

The arts practised by the money-lenders of that time have been detected by one of the town satirists of the age. Decker, in his "English Villanies," has told the story we may observe how an old story contains many incidents which may be discovered in a modern one. The artifice of converting the usury by a pretended purchase and sale of certain wares, even now practised, was then at its height.

In "Measure for Measure" we find,

"Here's young Master Bush, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine scores and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money."

The eager "goil," for his immediate wants, takes at an immense price any goods on credit, which he immediately turns for less than half the cost; and when dispatch presses, the vendor and the purchaser have been the same person, and the "brown paper and old ginger" merely nominal.

The whole displays a complete system of dupe, and the agents were graduated. "The manner of undressing Gentlemen by taking up of Commodities," is the title of a chapter in "English Villanies." The "warren" is the cant term which describes the whole party, but this requires a word of explanation.

It is probable that rabbit-warrens were numerous about the metropolis, a circumstance which must have multiplied the poachers. Master, who wrote on deer in the reign of Elizabeth, notices their plentiful supply "for the poor's maintenance." I cannot otherwise account for the opposition given to sharpers, and the terms of chicanery being so familiarly drawn from a rabbit-warren, nor that even in that day these cant terms travelled far out of their own circle. For Robert Greene witnesses a trial in which the judges, good simple men, imagined that the con-catcher at the bar was a warren, or one who had the care of a warren.

The cant term of "warren" included the young con-men, or half-raised prodigals of that day, with the younger brothers, who had accomplished their run, these naturally banded together, as the pigeon and the black leg of the present day. The con-catchers were those who raised a trade on their occasion. To be "con-catcher" was to be cheated. The warren forms a combination altogether, to attract some novice, who in *con* or in *posse* has his present means good, and those to come great, he is very glad to have his money can be raised. The warren met after a tumbler.

"A tumbler was a sort of hunting-dog," says the New World of Words.

and the nature of a London tumbler was "to hunt dry-dog," in this manner:—"The tumbler is let loose, and runs bounding up and down in the design of murther, gadabout, dogger, bobbedabout, to meet with a *ferret*, that is, a rascal who is ready to sell a commodity." The tumbler on his first course usually returned in despair, pretending to have out-wearied himself by hunting, and swears that the city ferrets are so escaped that he, who has been stretched up close, that he can't get them to open to so great a sum as good, which the warren want. This being cheered down by the rabbit-catcher, about fifty these hearts. It irritates their appetite, and they loudly bid the tumbler, if he can't fasten on plate or cloth, or wine, to lay hold of *brown paper, barbedabout, habes, bar-dings, or bar-made*. It hath been verily reported," says Decker, "that one gentleman of great hopes took up *con* in hobby-horse, and sold them for *con*, and sold in points of mutton, and quarters of lamb, ready roasted, and sold them for three pounds." Such commodities were called *posse-arts*. The tumbler, on his second hunt, runs up and down again, at last lights on a *ferret* that will deal the nature are given to a *warren*, who inquires whether they are good *con*, and looks out out of the fire are wind-shaken, but the fifth is an oak that can beat the bowing.

"ounds are raised, commodities delivered, and the tumbler let into his second career, and their credit having obtained the posse-arts, the warren must now obtain money." The tumbler now hunts for the rabbit-catcher, those who buy these *posse-arts*; but the rabbit-catcher seems greater devil than the *ferret*, for they always bid under, and after many exclamations the warren is glad that the offer should be purchase his own commodities for ready money, at thirty or fifty per cent. under the cost. The story does not finish till we come to the manner "How the warren is spoiled." I shall transcribe this part of the narrative in the lively style of this town-writer. "While there is any grass to nibble upon, the rabbits are there; but on the cold day of repentment, they retire into their caves, so that when the *ferret* makes account of five in chase, four disappear. Then he grows weary, and tears open his own jaws to suck blood from him that is left. Serpents, marsh-moles, and hawks, are not forth, who he scaring at every corner, and with terrible paws haunt every walk. The bird is waded upon by these hawks, his estate landed into, his wings broken, his lands made over to a stranger. He peris *posse*, who never had but *con*, or to prove, or he made any bond, mortgage any livelihood, done anything, yields anything. A little way in, he cares not how far he wades; the greater his commitments are, the apter he is to take up and to be trapped,—thus gentlemen are *ferreted* and undone." It is evident that the whole system turns on the single novelty, those who join him in his bonds are stalking-horns; the whole was to begin and to end with the single individual, the great con of the warren. Such was the nature of their "commodities," in which Mammon and Shakespeare alude, and which the modern dramatist has exhibited in his comedy, and in his sketching after life.

Another scene, closely connected with the present, will complete the picture. The "Ordina-



men" of those days were the lounging-phases of the man of the town, and the "fantastic gallants" who banded together. Ordinaries were the "exchange for news," the meeting place for all sorts of news-talk, there they might hear of the latest play and poem, and the last fresh widow, who was waiting for some knight to make her a lady; those rooms were attended also "to take charge of housekeeping." The reign of James I. is characterized by all the symptoms of prodigality among one class, and all the parsimonious and miserly on another, which met in the domestic insouciance of a peace of twenty years. But a more striking feature in them "Ordinaries" showed itself as soon as "the reveler had cleared the table." Then began "the shuffling and cutting on our side, and the better sitting on the other." The "Ordinary," in fact, was a gambling-house, like those now extensively termed "Hells;" and I doubt if the phrase "infernal" earned the whole class of our ancestors.

In the former scene of sharpening they devoted their time to a rabble warren, but in the present, their allusions partly relate to an arena, and truly the proverb suited them, of "birds of a feather." Those who first propose to us drive to play are called the leaders. The round game then are the *forbes-hops*, the great venture is the eagle, a stand-by, who encourages, by little ventures himself, the feebly-impetuous gallant, who is called the gull, is the woodpecker, and a malicious bird of prey, who is always hovering round the table, is the gull-proper, who, at a pinch, is the immortal Audley of the Ordinary.

There was, besides, one other character of an original cast, apparently the friend of some of the party, and yet, in fact, "the Atlas which supported the Ordinary on his shoulders;" he was sometimes significantly called the impostor.

The gull is a young man whose father, a citizen or a squire, just dead, leaves him "ten or twelve thousand pounds in ready money, besides more hundreds a year." He sits at a table, and he is in ambush for him, they discover what "apothecary's shop he resorts to every morning, or in what tobacco-shop he strolls; he takes a pipe of smoke in the afternoon." "Some sharp wit of the Ordinary, a pious fellow, whom Robert Greene calls "the talker up," one of universal conversation, tells him how at seven hundred a year in "The Ordinary." A gull was the whole story in spirit, and Dacier well describes the latter of joy and expectation. "The leaders maintained themselves brave, the *forbes-hops*, that dropped before, doth now gallantly come on, the eagle feathers his tail, the woodpecker picks up the cream, the gull-proper grows fat with good feeding, and the gull himself, at whose every one has a pull, bath in the end scarce breathes to keep his hat warm."

During the gull's progress through Primrose and Gluck, he wants for no admirable advice and advice warms from two excellent friends, the gull-proper, and, at length, the impostor. The gull-proper, who knows "to ball an ace," all his wisdom, takes the gull, when out of luck, to a widow, and in a whisper tells of "des being

made of woman's bones, which would cure any man." But he gives his gull on the board, and a hand is repeatedly secured for the next quarter-day. But the gull-proper, by a variety of expedients, avoids having the hand duly discharged; he contrives to get a judgment, and a verdict with his more precious the forfeiture of the hand, the treble stake. But the "impostor" has none of the motherhood of the "gull-proper." He looks for no law under heaven from any man, he is bluff with all the Ordinaries, he sits at random, gingles his quare into any man's cluck, and has "boom-out" in, to be a devil of a done-all. All has been as the tyrant they most obey. The tender gull trembles, and admires his advice. At length the devil he feared becomes his champion, and the poor gull, proud of his intimacy, hides himself under the eagle's wing.

The impostor sits close in his elbow, takes a parturition in his gull, introduces the stakes when out of luck, and in truth does and care how fast the gull loses, for a part of his master's hat, a tip of his nose, or a wink of his eye, drives all the house of the gull into the profits of the grand conspiracy at the Ordinary. And when the impostor has bought the gull's quarters many a time at last he looks up the table, and the gull looks himself into the class of the *forbes-hops*, or is even at the mercy of his late friend the gull-proper and the impostor who send him out to lose some tender bird in leather.

Such were the life of our ancestors, from which our worthies might take a lesson, and the "warren" in which the Audleys were the con-catchers.

But to return to our Audley. This philosophical master never seemed hard for his drift, like the lawyer, he never shook his net but he might startle, seemed to have them, without appearing to hold them. With great fondness he compared his "birds to snare, which battle first to sleeping." To battle is to be surrounded, a term still retained at the University of Oxford. His famous enthusiasm were all subordinate actors in the great piece he was performing. In his had his part in the scene. When not taken by surprise, on his table would be spread a gem of Gold, with Bishop Andrews' *onus servatus*, which often gave him an opportunity of raising at the consciousness of the clergy, declaring their religion was "a mere pouch," and that "the time would never be well till we had Queen Elizabeth's Protestants again in London." He was aware of all the evil arising out of a population beyond the means of subsistence, and dreamed an inundation of men, spreading like the spawn of evil. Since he considered marriage, with a modern political economist, as very dangerous. Intoxicating the clergy, whose children, he said, never thrived, and whose widows were left destitute. An *aperitif* of life, according to Aristotle, required only health, meat, and drink, to be had for fifty pounds a year. Censures, voluntary poverty, and all the mortifications of a primitive Christian, were the victims procured by this puritan among his monks' bags.

Yet Aristotle was that worldly wisdom which derives all its strength from the weakness of mankind. Everything was to be obtained by stratagem, and it was his maxim, that to grasp our

* The usual result of the hangings of that day.

object the faster, we must go a little round about it. His life is used to have been one of retirement and seclusion, using indirect means in all things; but if he walked in a labyrinth, it was to bewilder others, for the clue was still in his own hand, all he sought was that his designs should not be discovered by his actions. His word, we are told, was his bond; his heart was punctual; and his opinions were comprehensive and weighty; but if he was true to his bond-words, it was only a part of the system to give facility to the carrying out of his ends, for he was not strict to his honour; the pride of victory, as well as the passion for acquisition, combined in the character of AUSTIN, as in those tremendous conquerors. His passions divided the effects of his law-library, and usually relinquished a claim rather than stand a just against a latent quibble. When one measured him by showing some money-bags, which he had reserved to empty in law against him, AUSTIN, then in office in the court of wards, with a sarcastic grin, asked "Whether the bags had any bottom?" At "replied the evading possessor, shaking them. "In that case I care not," returned the cynical officer of the court of wards, "for in the court I have a constant spring, and I cannot spend in other courts more than I gain in this." He had at once the measures which would evade the law, and the spirit which could resist it.

The genius of Audley had crept out of the portals of Guildhall, and entered the Temple, and having often wandered as "Puritan" down the great promenade which was reserved for "Duke Humphrey and his guests," he would turn into that part called "The Usurer's Alley," to talk with "Thorny in the handkerchief," and at length was enabled to purchase his office at that remarkable institution, the court of wards. The entire fortunes of those whom we now call wards in chancery were on the hands, and often submitted to the wit or the whims of the officers of this court.

When AUSTIN was asked the value of this new office, he replied, that "it might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who after his death would instantly go to heaven, twice as much to him who would go to purgatory, and untidily know what to him who would adventure to go to hell." Such was the poor cautions of a witty Usurer. Whether he undertook this last adventure, for his four hundred thousand pounds, how can a sceptical biographer decide? AUSTIN seems ever to have been weak, when temptation was strong.

Some saying quakers, however, were mixed with the vulgar ones he liked best. Another passion divided dominion with the sovereign one: AUSTIN's strongest impressions of character were cast in the old law-library of his youth, and the pride of legal reputation was not inferior in strength to the rage for money. If in the "court of wards" he pounced on incombustibles which lay on shelves, and pried about to discover the craving wants of their owners, it appears that he also received liberal fees from the rapacity of young heirs, to protect them from the rapacity of some great persons, but who could not certainly excuse AUSTIN in subtilty. He was an admirable lawyer, for he was not satisfied with hearing, but examining his clients, which he called "pouching the cause where he perceived it was wounded."

He made two observations on clients and lawyers, which have not lost their popularity. "Many clients, in telling their case, rather plead than relate it, so that the advocate hears not the true state of it, till opened by the adverse party. Some lawyers seem to keep an insurance-office in their chambers, and will warrant any cause brought into them, knowing that if they fail, they lose nothing but what was long since their credit."

The career of AUSTIN's ambitious closed with the extinction of the "court of wards," by which he incurred the loss of above named. On that occasion he observed that "No ordinary human voice is the chirping of his beard, which only grow the faster by them, but the loss of this place was like the cutting off of a member, which was irreparable." The heavy Usurer pined at the decline of his genius, discontented on the vanity of the world, and hunted at retreat. A fervent friend told him a story of an old rat, who having acquainted the young rats that he would at length retire to his hole, drawing some to come near him, their curiosity, after some days, led them to venture to look into the hole, and there they discovered the old rat string in the midst of a rich permanent cheese. It is probable that the loss of the last resource destroyed his disposition, for he did not long survive his court of wards.

Such was this man, converting wisdom into cunning, invention into trickery, and wit into cynicism. Engaged in no honourable career, he however showed a mind received, making plans the crushed and involved path he took. *Somus et solus*, to hear and to forbear, was the great principle of Epictetus, and our mirrored state bore all the contempt and hatred of the living unkindly, while he harboured all the consolations of our common nature to obtain his end. He died in unobtrusive cellars. And thus he received the curse of the living for his rapine, while the stranger who grasped the nothing he had asked together owed him no gratitude at his death.

CHIDIACK TITCHBOURNE.

In a former part of the work I have drawn a picture of a Jewish history in our country: the present is a companion-piece, exhibiting a Roman Catholic one.

The domestic history of our country awakens our feelings far more than the public: in the one, we recognise ourselves as men, in the other, we are nothing but politicians. The domestic history is, indeed, entirely involved in the fate of the public, and our opinions are regulated according to the different ages we live in; yet systems of politics, and modes of faith, are, for the individual, but the chance occurrences of human life, usually found in the cradle, and laid in the grave: it is only the herd of mankind, or those designing leaders, who fight and curse one another with so much sincerity. Amidst these intestine struggles, or, perhaps, where they have ceased, and our hearts are calm, we perceive the eternal laws of nature acting on humanity: then the heroic virtue and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting

on different principles than our own, appeal to our sympathy, and even excite our admiration. A patriot, born a Catholic, scarcely could comprehend many a pathetic history of worse heroic paganism; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous kind of Catholicism.

CHIDDICK TITCHBOURNE is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth; and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character, which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel, entitled "The Junon," whose story is founded on this conspiracy; remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen characters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark enterprises. Home has told the story with his usual grace; the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive, from the character of CHIDDICK TITCHBOURNE, a more interesting close.

Young youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors of England, had been purified on by the sublimity of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intellect and talents, whom Camden calls "a silent priest in a soldier's habit." In this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes, and took up all names; yet, with all the arts of a political Jesuit, he found himself entrapped in the net of that more crafty one, the great Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a Catholic; a youth of large frame, the grace of whose person were only inferior to those of his mind. In his travels, his generous temper had been cooled by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary, and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen; and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinged with love as with loyalty. The intimates of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies, and, in their excited imaginations, they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship, the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims, and the Damon and Pythias of antiquity were here out-numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger, one in the garb of Walsingham, others were lodged in a concealed place, covered by a painted stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spots of that singular statesman were the companions, at the moments, of the arch-conspirator Ballard; for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in smiling him through this extravagant plot. Yet, so if a plot of so bold a nature was not quite possible, the extraordinary incident of a picture, representing the secret conspirators in person,

was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue! The accomplished Babington had portrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was at least as much of chivalry as of Machiavellism in this conspiracy. This very picture, before it was delivered to Mary, the subtle Walsingham had caused, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her worst enemies. How often in his portrait of Walsingham has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth, a circumstance happy characteristic of the genius of this crafty and rapacious statesman. Camden tells us that Babington had first married beneath the picture this verse:

"Mi quis non comites, quos ipse pericula ducunt."

These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead.

But as this verse was considered by some of less heated spirits as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous:

"Quorum lux non prosperantibus."

What are the things to men hastening to another's purpose?

This extraordinary collection of personages must have accounted many alarms to Elizabeth, whenever any stranger approached her; till the conspiracy was supposed to be so nearly matured sufficiently to be tried. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator, and on that occasion erected her "iron port," reprimanding her captain of the guards, loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that "he had not a man in his company who wore a sword, - am not I lately guarded?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the program of the trial that the history, and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band at the presence of the bar. "Oh Ballard, Ballard!" the judge exclaimed, "what hast thou done? a set [a company] of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem, for he felt some compassion at the tragical executions which were in progress, and "wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life."

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instance of domestic affection appeared: one had engaged in this plot only to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success; he had obeyed in his friend what "the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington would be the destruction of himself and his friends," nevertheless he was willing to die with them. Another, to withdraw if possible one of those noble youths from the conspiracy,

although he had broken up housekeeping, and, to employ his own language, "I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more frugally than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salisbury's struggling, and willing to keep him about home." Having attempted to recreate his friend, this gentleman observed, "I am condemned, because I suffered Salisbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable, either to betray my friend whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salisbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice; or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever." Whatever the political cause may determine on this case, the social being carries his own moral in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition; but the Roman before is a history without fathers and brothers!—Another of the conspirators replied, "For dying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend." When the judge observed that, to perform his friendship, he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign, he turned his head and confessed, "Therein I have offended." Another, asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly, or tenderly, replied,—"For company."

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among the noble band that spent of honour which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have rejected them to the most barbarous of deaths, but as their eyes as traitors might be forfeited to the quora, their sole anxiety was now for their family and their creditors. One in the most pathetic terms recommended to her majesty's protection a beloved wife, another a destitute sister, but not among the least urgent of their supplications, was one that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple. "If mercy be not to be had," exclaimed one, "I humbly vow, my good lord, this, I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me, I beseech that my debts may be paid with that which is owing to me." Another prayed for a pardon, the judge complimented him, that "he was one who might have done great service to his country," but declared he cannot obtain it—"Then," said the prisoner, "I beseech that six angels, which such an one hath of mine, may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts."—"How much are thy debts?" demanded the judge. He answered, "The same six angels will discharge it."

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathies must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trait there, considerable to their social feelings. The horrid process of executing traitors was the remnant of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from pointing this scene of blood; the duty of an historian must be served thus

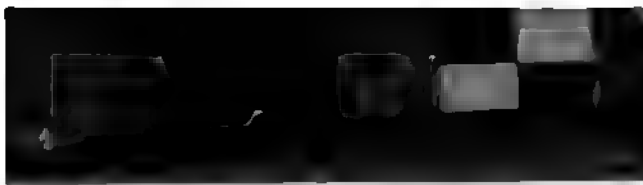
his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature. The present one was full of horror. Ballard was first executed, and stretched alive from the gallows to be embowelled! Babington looked on with an undimmed countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through; the others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty and heroic man cried out aloud the agon, *Foras male, Domine Jesu! Spare me, Lord Jesus!* There were two days of execution, it was on the first that the nobles of their youths suffered; and the pity which such cruelties had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime; the solemnity, not the barbarity of the punishment, affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of these generous adolescents, youth of generous blood, was CHIDDOCK TITCHBOURNE, of Southampton, the more intimate friend of

Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, our century the writer, since that writer is a woman—suppressing her own agony, as she supported on her lap the head of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic lady, who, amidst the horrid execution, could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim—she was a heroine, with a tender heart.

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brooks, according to the custom of those people, who dignified themselves by double names. He suffered in 1642, and this story is taken from the curious and scarce folio of Dodd, a Catholic Church Historian of England.

The hangman, either through weakness, or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill-performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly unable, and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barlow, a barber, who, being very timorous when he found he was to attach a living man, it was not half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope, and threw the Jesuit on his back. Then the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flag of skin on both sides; the poor gentleman being so pressed to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby (the writer of this), knelt at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat; the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes, and his forehead burnt with so much heat, that she almost at the could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great consternation—"But I stop my pen amidst these circumstantial horrors.



Washington. He had refused to connect himself with the emancipation of Elizabeth, but his reluctant consent was induced from his office. His address to the populace bristled at the carelessness of his, in one who knew all the value of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the Conquest till now without a stain, he passed the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friends, where any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuit; the hours of misery were only then known as the day he entered into the conspiracy. How bravely he passed into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his mother! and even his servants! Well might he cry, more in indignation than in sorrow, "Friendship hath brought me to this!"

"Conscience, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something; I am a bad orator, and my text is worse. It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought before you, for that it hath been revolved herebefore; let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially generous adolescents. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made an small account, whose friendship hath brought me to this; he said me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had had it down to be done; but I always thought it unpolitic, and desired to be a dunder to it, but the regard of my friend carried me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified, I was silent, and on consequence. Before this thing changed, we lived together in most flourishing estate. Of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet-street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchbourne? No therefore was of force to leave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for; and God knows what was in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the manner I continued after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my estate to that of Adam, who could not abstain one thing forbidden, he enjoyed all other things the world could afford; the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the danger wherewith I was fallen, I went to the John Peters in Barn, and appointed my lawyer should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was betrayed, wherewith, like Adam, we fled into the woods to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my affairs may be your joy, yet our youth smiles with tears, and pity my case; I am descended from a house, from whom hundred years before the Conquest, we were dated all this my misfortune. I have a wife and one child; my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and one child; my girl—and no sister left in my house—my poor aunt, I know, these matters being taken, were departed, for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favour, that I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might be some sort have recompensed my former guilt; which seeing I have framed, let me now meditate on the price I hope to enjoy."

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his "dear wife Agnes," the night before he suffered, which "threw" among the Marston MSS. It over-

flows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness and tenderness, which mark the Shakespearean era. The same life has also preserved a more precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which includes his genius, beside an imagery, and laugh, with the most perfect philosophy of a poet and a learned poet. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings, and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite the sympathy in the present age, which which Chidock Titchbourne would have left for them.

"A letter written by Chidock Titchbourne the night before he suffered death into his wife, dated at about 1580."

"To the most loving wife mine, I comforted me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness, pray for her dear husband, and be of good comfort, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my maker and redemption in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdom. Comforted me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charity to pardon me, if I have offended them. Comfort me to my most gentle dear wife, make about them to serve God, for without him no good can be to be expected. Were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my eye might be bred by her, God would reward her, but I do her wrong I confess, that that by my dear neighbour too little for herself, to add a further charge unto her. Desire with me, that have in these matters as much improved her fortunes, patience and patience good to be done—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay on further burden on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I know not the order of the law, perhaps it hath taken from me all, forfeited to my course of offence to her majesty, I cannot advise thee to behead me here, but if they fall out otherwise, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourself with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncle, and desire them, for the honour of God and ease of these souls, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sister bringing up the burden is now laid on them. Now, Sweet-heart, what is left to be done on thee, a small portion, a small recompense for thy dear wife, these things I have said to be done. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace always to retain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his better and blessed passion thou may become on good time of his kingdom with the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where until I shall please Almighty God I move thee, farewell loving wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!"

"By the hand from the heart of thy most faithful loving husband,

"CHIDOCK TITCHBOURNE."



"VERSES

Made by CHRISTOPHER TITCHBOURN of Henricke in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason. 1586.

My prime of youth is but a frost of care,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goodness is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!
My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!
I sought for death, and found it in the womb,
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I dye, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

ELIZABETH AND HER PARLIAMENT.

THE year 1566 was a remarkable period in the domestic annals of our great ELIZABETH; then, for a moment, broke forth a noble struggle between the freedom of the subject and the dignity of the sovereign.

One of the popular grievances of her glorious reign was the maiden state in which the queen refused to live, notwithstanding such frequent remonstrances and exhortations. The nation in a moment might be thrown into the danger of a disputed succession, and it became necessary to allay that ferment which existed among all parties, while each was fixing on its own favourite, hereafter to ascend the throne. The birth of James I. this year reanimated the partisans of Mary of Scotland; and men of the most opposite parties in England unanimously joined in the popular cry for the marriage of Elizabeth, or a settlement of the succession. This was a subject most painful to the thoughts of ELIZABETH; she started from it with horror, and she was practising every imaginable artifice to evade it.

The real cause of this repugnance has been pointed out by our historians. Camden, however, hints at it, when he places among other popular rumours of the day, that "men cursed Hux, the queen's physician, for dowsing her from marriage, for I know not what female infirmity."

* This pathetic poem has been printed in one of the old editions of Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems, but could never have been written by him. In those times the collectors of the works of a celebrated writer would insert any fugitive pieces of merit, and pass them under a name which was certain of securing the reader's favour. The entire poem in every line echoes the feelings of Chastock Titchbourne, who perished with all the bloom of life and genius about him in the May-time of his existence.

The queen's physician thus incurred the odium of the nation for the integrity of his conduct: he well knew how precious was her life.*

This fact, once known, throws a new light over her conduct; the ambiguous expressions which she constantly employs, when she alludes to her marriage in her speeches, and in private conversations, are no longer mysterious. She was always declaring, that she knew her subjects did not love her so little, as to wish to bury her before her time; even in the letter I shall now give we find this remarkable expression,—"urging her to marriage, she said, was 'asking nothing less than wishing her to dig her grave before she was dead.'" Conscious of the danger of her life by marriage, she had early declared when she ascended the throne, that "she would live and die a maiden queen;" but she afterwards discovered the political evil resulting from her unfortunate situation. Her conduct was admirable; her great genius turned even her weakness into strength, and proved how well she deserved the character which she had already obtained from an enlightened enemy—the great Rufus V., who observed of her, *C'h'era un gran cervello di Principessa*! She had a princely head-piece! ELIZABETH allowed her ministers to pledge her royal word to the commons, as often as they found necessary, for her resolution to marry; she kept all Europe at her feet, with the hopes and fears of her choice, she gave ready encouragement, perhaps allowed her agents to promote even invitations, to the offers of marriage she received from crowned heads; and all the coquetries and the capplings, so often and so fully recorded, with which she freely honoured individuals, made her empire an empire of love, where love, however, could never appear. All these were merely political artifices, to conceal her secret resolution, which was, not to marry.

At the birth of James I., as CAMDEN says, "the sharp and hot spirits broke out, accusing the queen that she was neglecting her country and posterity." All "these humours," observes HUME, "broke out with great vehemence, in a new session of parliament, held after his proclamation." The peers united with the commons. The queen had an empty exchequer, and was at their mercy. It was a moment of high ferment. Some of the boldest, and some of the most British spirits were at work; and they, with the malice or wisdom of opposition, combined the supply with the succession; one was not to be had without the other.

This was a moment of great hope and anxiety with the French court; they were flattering themselves that her reign was touching a crisis; and La Motte FAVORIS, then the French ambas-

* Foreign authors who had an intercourse with the English court seem to have been better informed, or at least found themselves under less restraint than our own home-writers. In BAILE, note x the reader will find this mysterious allusion cleared up; and at length a one of our own writers, WHISTLER, in his *Mary Queen of Scots vindicated*, Vol. II. p. 302. ELIZABETH's Answer to the first Address of the Commons, on her marriage, in HUME, Vol. V. p. 13, is now more intelligible: he has preserved her fanciful style.



ELIZABETH AND HER PARLIAMENT.

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not at the court of ELIZABETH, appears to have been based on collecting hourly information of the warm debates in the commons, and what passed in their interviews with the queen. We may rather be astonished where he procured so much secret intelligence. He sometimes complains that he is not able to acquire it as fast as Catherine de Medici and her son Charles IX. wished. There must have been Englishmen at our court, who were acting as French spies. In a private collection, which counts of two or three hundred original letters of Charles IX., Catherine de Medici, Henry III., and Mary of Scotland, &c., I had two despatches of this French ambassador, entirely relating to the present occurrence. What renders them more curious is, that the debates on the question of the succession are imperfectly given in Sir Symonds D'Ewes's Journals, the only resource open to us. Sir Symonds complains of the negligence of the clerk of the commons, who induced a vote to have exerted his negligence, whenever it was found most agreeable to the court party.

Previous to the warm debates in the commons, of which the present despatch furnishes a lively picture, on Saturday, 12 Oct. 1586, at a meeting of the lords of the council, held in the queen's apartment, the Duke of Norfolk, in the name of the whole nobility, addressed Elizabeth, urging her to settle the suspended points of the succession, and of her marriage, which had been pronounced in the last parliament. The queen was greatly angry on the occasion. She could not suffer to be urged on those points, she spoke with great animation. "Hitherto you have had no opportunity to complain of me, I have well governed the country in peace, and if a late war of little consequence has broken out, which might have occasioned my subjects to complain of me, with me it has not originated, but with yourselves, as truly I believe. Lay your hands on your hearts, and blame yourselves. In respect to the choice of the succession, not one of us shall have it, that choice I reserve to myself alone. I will not be buried while I am living, as my order was. Do I not well know, how during the life of my sister every one hastened to me at Hatfield, I am at present inclined to see no such traitors, nor desire on that your advice in any way." In regard to my marriage, you may see enough, that I am not distant from it, and in what respects the welfare of the kingdom go each of you, and do your own duty."

"Bona,

27 October, 1586.

"By my last despatch of the 20th instant,* among other matters, I informed your majesty of what was said on Saturday the 12th as well in parliament, as in the chamber of the queen, re-

* A curious trait of the object Queen Mary experienced, whose life being considered very uncertain, sent all the intrigues of a court to Elizabeth, the next heir, although then in a kind of state-imprisonment at Hatfield.

† This despatch is a meagre account, written before the ambassador obtained all the information the present letter displays. The chief particulars I have preserved above.

specting the circumstance of the succession to this crown: since which I have learnt other particulars, which occurred a little before, and which I will not now omit to relate, before I mention what afterwards happened.

"On Wednesday the 18th of the present month, the comptroller of the queen's household* moved, in the lower house of parliament, where the deputies of towns and counties meet, to obtain a subsidy, † taking into consideration, among other things, that the queen had emptied the exchequer, as well in the late war, as in the maintenance of her ships at sea, for the protection of her kingdom, and her subjects; and which expenditure has been so excessive, that it could no further be supported without the aid of her good subjects, whose duty it was to offer money to her majesty, even before she required it, in consideration that, hitherto, she had been to them a bright and continuous matrix.

"The comptroller having finished, one of the deputies, a country gentleman, rose to reply. He said, that he saw no occasion, nor any pressing necessity, which ought to move her majesty to ask for money of her subjects. And, in regard to the war, which it was said had exhausted her treasury, she had undertaken them herself, as she had thought proper, not for the defence of her kingdom, nor for the advantage of her subjects, but there was one thing which seemed to him more urgent, and far more necessary to examine concerning this campaign; which was, how the money raised by the late subsidy had been spent; and that every one who had had the handling of it should produce their accounts, that it might be known if the money had been well or ill spent.

"On this, then one named Mr. Bache ‡ pursued of the matter, and also a member of the said parliament, who shewed, that it was most necessary that the commons should vote the said subsidy to her majesty, who had not only been

* By Sir Symonds D'Ewes's Journals it appears that the French ambassador had mistaken the day, Wednesday the 18th, for Thursday the 19th of October. The ambassador is afterwards right in the other dates. The person who moved the house, whom he calls "*Le Secours de la Reine*," was Sir Edward Rogers, comptroller of her majesty's household. The motion was seconded by Sir William Cecil, who entered more largely into the particulars of the queen's charges, incurred in the defence of New-Heve, in France, the repairs of her navy, and the Irish war with O'Brien. In the present narrative we fully discover the spirit of the independent members; and, at its close, that part of the secret history of ELIZABETH which so powerfully develops her magnetic character.

† The original says, "*ving subside de quatre sous par denier*."

‡ This gentleman's name does not appear in Sir Symonds D'Ewes's Journals. Mons. Le Moine Pencilon has, however, the uncommon merit, contrary to the custom of his nation, of writing an English name somewhat recognizable; for Edward Bache was one of the general purveyors of the victualing of the queen's ships, 1577, in I had in the *Landsdowne MSS.* vol. XVI. art. 49.

at vast charges, and was so dally, to maintain a great number of ships, but also in building new ones; repeating what the comptroller of the household had said, that they ought not to wait till the queen asked for supplies, but should make a voluntary offer of their services.

"Another country gentleman rises and replies, that the said *Basche* had certainly his reasons to speak for the queen in the present case, since a great deal of her majesty's monies for the providing of ships passed through his hands; and the more he consumed, the greater was his profit. According to his notion, there were but too many purveyors in this kingdom, whose noses had grown so long that they stretched from London to the west.* It was certainly proper to know if all they levied by their commission for the present campaign was entirely employed to the queen's profit.—Nothing further was debated on that day.

"The Friday following, when the subject of the subsidy was renewed, one of the gentlemen-deputies showed, that the queen having prayed† for the last subsidy, had promised, and pledged her faith to her subjects, that after that one, she never more would raise a single penny on them: and promised even to free them from the wine-duty, of which promise they ought to press for the performance; adding, that it was far more necessary for this kingdom to speak concerning a heir or successor to the crown, and of her marriage, than of a subsidy.

"The next day, which was Saturday the 19th, they all began, with the exception of a single voice, a loud outcry for the succession. Amidst these confused voices and cries, one of the council prayed them to have a little patience, and with time they should be satisfied; but that, at this moment, other matters pressed,—it was necessary to satisfy the queen about a subsidy. 'No! No!' cried the deputies, 'we are expressly charged not to grant anything, until the queen resolvedly answers that which we now ask: and we require you to inform her majesty of our intention, which is such as we are commanded to, by all the towns, and subjects of this kingdom, whose deputies we are. We further require an act, or acknowledgment, of our having delivered this remonstrance, that we may satisfy our respective towns and counties that we have performed our charge.' They alleged for an excuse, that if they had omitted any part of this, *their heads would answer for it*. We shall see what will come of this.‡

"Tuesday the 22nd, the principal lords, and the bishops of London, York, Winchester, and

Durham, went together, after dinner, from the parliament to the queen, whom they found in her private apartment. There, after those who were present had retired, and they remained alone with her, the great treasurer, having the precedence in age, spoke first in the name of all. He opened, by saying, that the commons had required them to unite in one sentiment and agreement, to solicit her majesty to give her answer as she had promised, to appoint a successor to the crown; declaring it was necessity that compelled them to urge this point, that they might provide against the dangers which might happen to the kingdom, if they continued without the security they asked. This had been the custom of her royal predecessors, to provide long beforehand for the succession, to preserve the peace of the kingdom; that the commons were all of one opinion, and so resolved to settle the succession before they would speak about a subsidy, or any other matter whatever, that, hitherto, nothing but the most trivial discussions had passed in parliament, and so great an assembly was only wasting their time, and saw themselves entirely useless. They, however, supplicated her majesty, that she would be pleased to declare her will on this point, or at once to put an end to the parliament, so that every one might retire to his home.

"The Duke of Norfolk then spoke, and, after him, every one of the other lords, according to his rank, holding the same language in strict conformity with that of the great treasurer.

"The queen returned no softer answer than she had on the preceding Saturday, to another party of the same company; saying that, 'The commons were very rebellious, and that they had not dared to have attempted such things during the life of her father: that it was not for them to impede her affairs, and that it did not become a subject to compel the sovereign. What they asked was nothing less than wishing her to dig her grave before she was dead.' Addressing herself to the lords, she said, 'My lords, do what you will; as for myself, I shall do nothing but according to my pleasure. All the resolutions which you may make can have no force without my consent and authority: besides, what you desire is an affair of much too great importance to be declared to a knot of hare-brains.* I will take council with men who understand justice and the laws, as I am deliberating to do: I will choose half a dozen of the most able I can find in my kingdom for consultation, and, after having heard their advice, I will then discover to you my will.' On this she dismissed them in great anger.

"By this, sire, your majesty may perceive that this queen is every day trying new inventions to escape from this passage (that is, on fixing her marriage, or the succession). She thinks that the Duke of Norfolk is principally the cause of this insisting,† which one person and the other stand

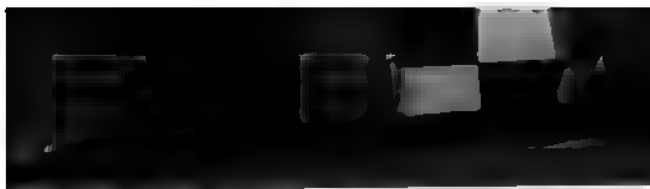
* In the original, "Ils avoient le nez si long qu'il s'estendoit depuis Londres jusques au pays d'West."

† This term is remarkable. In the original, "La Roynne ayant *impetré*," which in Cotgrave's Dictionary, a contemporary work, is explained by,—"To get by praier, obtain by sute, compass by intreaty, procure by request." This significant expression conveys the real notion of this venerable Whig, before Whiggism had received a denomination, and formed a party.

‡ The French ambassador, no doubt, flattered himself and his master, that all this "parlance" could only close in insurrection and civil war.

* In the original, "A ung tas de cerveaulx si legieres."

† The word in the original is, *insistance*; an expressive word as used by the French ambassador; but which *Boyer*, in his Dictionary, doubts whether it be French, although he gives a modern authority: the present is much more ancient.



ANECDOTES OF PRINCE HENRY.

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to; and is so agreed against him, that, if she can find any decent pretext to arrest him, I think she will not fail to do it; and he himself, as I understand, has already very little doubt of this.* The Duke told the Earl of Northumberland, that the queen remained steady to her own opinion, and would take no other advice than her own, and would do everything herself."

The mores in our parliament do not necessarily end in political disputes, when the head of the government is an Elizabeth. She, indeed, set down a prohibition in the house from all debate on the subjects. But when she discovered a spirit in the commons, and language as bold as her own royal style, she knew how to revoke the exasperating prohibition. She even charmed them by the manner, for the commons returned her "prayers and thanks," and accompanied them with a subsidy. Her majesty found by experience, that the peasant, like other persons, was more easily calmed and quieted by following than resisting, observes Dr. Monro D'Eves.

The wisdom of ELIZABETH, however, did not weaken her intemperance. The struggle was glorious for both parties; but how she escaped through the storm which her mysterious conduct had at once raised and quelled, the sweetness and the sharpness, the commendation and the reprimand of her noble speech in closing the parliament, are told by House with the usual felicity of his narrative †

ANECDOTES OF PRINCE HENRY, THE SON OF JAMES I., WHEN A CHILD.

PRINCE HENRY, the son of James I., whose premature death was lamented by the people, as well as by poets and historians, unquestionably would have proved an heroic and military character. Had he succeeded the throne, the whole face of our history might have been changed; the days of Agincourt and Cressy had been revived, and Henry IX. had rivalled Henry V. It is remarkable that Prince Henry resembled that monarch in his features, as Ben Jonson has truly recorded, though in a complimentary verse, and as we may see by his picture, among the ancient English ones at Dulwich College. Meriba, in a masque by Jonson, addressed Prince Henry,

"Yet runn that ether thunderbolt of war,
Harry the Fifth; to whom in fact you are
So like, as fate would have you so in worth."

A youth who perished in his eighteenth year

* The Duke of Norfolk was, "without comparison, the first subject in England; and the qualities of his mind corresponded with his high station," says Hume. He closed his career, at length, the victim of love and ambition, in his attempt to marry the Scottish Mary. So great and honourable a man could only be a criminal by halves; and, to such, the scaffold, and not the throne, is reserved, when they engage in enterprises, which, by their excess, in the eyes of a jealous sovereign, assume the form and the guilt of a conspiracy.

† Hume, vol. V. ch. 39; at the close of 1566.

has furnished the subject of a volume, which even the deficient animation of its writer has not deprived of attraction*. If the juvenile age of Prince Henry has proved such a theme for our admiration, we may be curious to learn what this extraordinary youth was, even at an earlier period. Authentic anecdotes of children are rare; a child has seldom a biographer by his side. We have indeed been recently treated with "Anecdotes of Children," in the "Practical Education" of the literary family of the Edgeworths, but we may presume, that as Mr. Edgeworth delighted in pieces of curious machinery in his house, these automatic infants, poets, and metaphysicians, of whom afterwards we have heard no more, seem to have resembled other automata, moving without any nerve impulse.

Prince Henry, at a very early age, not exceeding five years, evinced a thoroughness of character, singular in a child: something in the formation of this early character may be attributed to the Countess of Mar. This lady had been the nurse of James I., and to her care the king intrusted the prince. He is described in a manuscript of the times, as "an ancient, virtuous, and severe lady, who was the prince's governess from his cradle." At the age of five years the prince was consigned to his tutor, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Adam Newton, a man of learning and capacity, whom the prince at length chose for his secretary. The severity of the old countess, and the strict discipline of his tutor, were not received without affection and reverence; although not at times without a shrewd excuse, or a turn of pleasantry, which later faculty the princely boy seems to have possessed in a very high degree.

The prince early attracted the attention and excited the hopes of those who were about his person. A manuscript narrative has been preserved, which was written by one who tells us, that he was "an attendant upon the prince's person, since he was under the age of three years, having always diligently observed his disposition, behaviour, and speeches."† It was at the earnest desire of Lord and Lady Lumley that the writer of these anecdotes drew up this relation. The manuscript is without date, but as Lord Lumley died in April, 1660, and having no heir, his library was then purchased for the prince, Henry could not have reached his fifteenth year, this manuscript was evidently composed earlier so that the latest anecdotes could not have occurred beyond his thirteenth or fourteenth year—a time of life, when few children can furnish a curious miscellany about themselves.

The writer set down every little circumstance he considered worth noticing, as it occurred. I shall attempt a sort of arrangement of the most interesting, to show, by an unity of the facts, the characteristic touches of the mind and dispositions of the princely boy.

Prince Henry in his childhood rarely wept, and endured pain without a groan. When a boy wrestled with him in earnest, and threw him, he was not "seen to whine or weep at the hurt." His sense of justice was early, for when his play-

* Dr. Birch's Life of this Prince.

† Harleian MS. 5391.

mate, the little Earl of Mar, ill-treated one of his pages, Henry reproved his parent friend: "I love you because you are my lord's son and my cousin; but, if you be not better conditioned, I will love such an one better," naming the child that had complained of him.

The next time he went to the town of Stirling to meet the king, observing without the gate of the town a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him with the shape of the top he used to play with, and the child exclaimed, "That's a good top." "Who do you not then play with it?" he was answered. "Let you sit up for me, and I will play with it." This is just the fancy which we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the report, above its years.

His martial character was perpetually discovering itself. When asked what instrument he liked best, he answered "a trumpet." We are told that none could dance with more grace, but that he never delighted in dancing, while he performed his herculean exercises with pride and delight, more particularly when before the king, the constable of Cambray, and other ambassadors. He was instructed by his master to handle and use the pike, to march and hold himself in an affected style of station, according to the maxims of those days, but he soon rejected such petty and artificial fashions, yet to show that this dislike arose from no want of skill in a trifling accomplishment, he would sometimes assume it only to laugh at it, and instantly return to his own natural demeanor. On one of these occasions one of these masters observing that they could never be good soldiers unless they always kept true order and measure in marching, "What then must they do," cried Henry, "when they walk through a soft-running water?" In all things freedom of action from his own native impulse he persisted to the settled rules of his teachers, and when his physician told him that he rode too fast, he replied, "Must I ride by rules of phreze?" When he was eating a cold capon in cold weather, the physician told him that that was not meet for the weather. "You may use, doctor," said Henry, "that my cook is so accustomed." And when the same physician observing him eat cold and hot meat together, protested against it, "I cannot find that now," said the royal boy facetiously, "though they should have run at full together in my belly."

His national affections were strong. When one reported to Henry that the King of France had said that his bastard, as well as the bastard of Normandy, might conquer England, the prince's boy exclaimed, "I'll be sworn with him, if he go about any such means." There was a dish of jelly before the prince in the form of a crown, with three bars, and a kind of bullion, whom the prince used to handle, and in the prince that that dish was worth a crown. "Ay," exclaimed the future English hero, "I would I had that crown!"—"It would be a great dish," rejoined the bullion. "How can that be," replied the prince, "since you value it but a crown?"—"When James I. asked him whether he loved Englishmen or Frenchmen better, he replied, "Englishmen, because he was of kindred to more noble persons of England than of France; and when the king enquired whether he loved the

English or German better," he replied, the English, on which the king observing that his mother was a German, the prince replied, "Sir, you have the wit thereof." A southern quench, said the writer, which is as much so to my son as the cause thereof.

Born in Scotland, and bred to the crown of England at a time when the mutual prejudices of the two nations were running so high, the boy often had occasion to express the unity of affection, which was really in his heart. Being questioned by a nobleman, whether, after his father, he had rather be king of England, or Scotland? he asked, "which of them was best?" being answered, that it was England, "Then," said the Scottish-born prince, "would I have both." And once in reading this verse in Virgil,

Two Tiberine mounds unto decemvirs agitur,
the boy said he would make use of that verse for himself, with a slight alteration, thus—

"Anglia Scotiæ mudi solio decemviri agitur."

He was careful to keep alive the same feeling in another part of the British dominions, and the young prince appears to have been regarded with great affection by the Welsh, for when once the prince asked a gentleman at what mark he should shoot, the courtier pointed with levity at a Welshman who was present. "Will you see then," said the princely lip, "how I will shoot at Welshmen?" Turning his back from him, the prince shot his arrow in the air. "When a Welshman, who had taken a large casque, in the furnace of his heart and his head, and in the presence of the king, that the prince should have aimed Welshmen to wait upon him, against any king in Christendom, the king, not a little jealous, hastily inquired, "To do what?" the brave prince turned away the momentary alarm by his laconicism,—"To cut off the heads of English lords."

His bold and martial character was discoverable in minute circumstances like these. Eating in the king's presence a dish of milk, the king asked him why he ate so much child's meat? "So, it is also man's meat," Henry replied, and immediately after having fed heartily on a partridge, the king observed, that that meat would make him a coward, according to the prevalent notions of the age respecting diet, to which the young prince replied, "Though it be but a cowardly food, it shall not make me a coward."—Once taking strawberries with two spoons, when one might have sufficed, our infant Mars gaily exclaimed, "The one I use as a rapier, and the other as a dagger."

Adam Newton appears to have filled his office as preceptor with no activity to the capricious fancies of the princely boy. Newton, however, of cherishing the generous spirit and playful humour of Henry, his tutor encouraged a freedom of jesting with him, which appears to have been carried at times to a degree of momentary irritability on the side of the tutor, by the harsh humour of the boy. While the royal pupil held his master in equal reverence and affection, the gaiety of his temper sometimes touched the equality or the gravity of the preceptor. When Newton, wishing to set an example to the prince

in herculean exercises, one day practised the pike, and taming it with such little skill as to have failed in the attempt, the young prince telling him of his failure, Newton already lost his temper, observing, that "he had lost it as an evil humour." "Master, I take the humour of you!" "It becomes not a prince," observed Newton. "Then," rejoined the young prince, "doubt it were become a prince's master!" Some of these harmless buffing are amusing. When his tutor, playing at shuffle board with the prince, blamed him for changing an offer, and taking up a piece, threw it on the board, and moved his arm, the prince instantly exclaimed, "Well thrown, master," on which the tutor, a little vexed, said, "he would not strive with a prince at shuffle-board!" Henry observed, "Yet you gentlemen should be lost at such exercises, which are not meet for men who are striving." The tutor, a little irritated, said, "I am meet for whopping of boys." "You want three," rejoined the prince, "that which a ploughman or cart-driver can do better than you." "I can do more," said the tutor, "but I can govern foolish children." On which the prince, who, in his respect for his tutor, did not care to carry the jest further, rose from table, and in a low voice to those near him said, "He had need be a wise man that could do that!"—Then he was sometimes severe in his chaucement, for when the prince was playing at golf, and having wronged his tutor who was standing by in conversation that he was going to strike the ball, and having lifted up the golf-club, using one observing, "Goway, sir, that you hit not Sir Newton!" the prince drew back the club, but suddenly observed, "Mad I damn you, I had but paid my debts!" At another time, when he was amusing himself with the sports of a child, his tutor wishing to draw him to more manly exercises, amongst other things, said to him in good humour, "God send you a good wife!" "That she may govern you and me!" said the prince. The tutor observed, that "he had one of his own." The prince replied, "But none, if I have one, would govern your wife, and by that means would govern both you and me!" Henry, at this early age, exhibited a quickness of spirit, combined with reflection, which marks the precocity of his intellect. His tutor having said a word with the prince that he could not refrain from standing with his back to the fire, and seeing him forget himself once or twice, standing in that posture, the tutor said, "Sir, the wages is won, you have heated twice!" "Master," replied Henry, "Saint Peter's cock crew thrice!" A musician having played a voluntary in his presence, was requested to play the same again. "I could not for the kingdom of Spain," said the musician, "for this were harder than for a plover to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote." A clergyman standing by, observed that he thought a plover might do that. "Perhaps," rejoined the young prince, "for a bishopric!"

The natural facetiousness of his temper appears frequently in the good humour with which the little prince was accustomed to treat his domestics. He had two of opposite characters, who were frequently set by the ears for the sake of the sport; the one, Murray, nicknamed "the tailor,"

loved his liquor, and the other was a stout "trencherman." The king desired the prince to put an end to their brawls, and to make the men agree, and that the agreement should be written and subscribed by both. "Then," said the prince, "must the drunken tailor subscribe it with chalk, for he cannot write his name, and then I will make them agree upon this condition—that the trencherman shall go into the cellar and drink with Will Murray, and Will Murray shall make a great water for the trencherman to carry his victuals in."—"One of his servants having cut the prince's finger, and sucked out the blood with his mouth, that it might heal the more easily, the young prince, who expressed no displeasure at the accident, said to him pleasantly, "If, which God forbid! my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred should fall, you might claim the crown, for you have now in you the blood royal!"—One little prince once remarked on a heavy game of play, and for this purpose only admitted his young gentlemen, and excluded the more of his household that as oil served, out some of the injunctions, entered the apartment, on which the prince told him he might play too, and when the prince was asked why he admitted this old man rather than the other men, he rejoined, "Because he had a right to be of that number, for from his party."—The young Henry susceptible of great gaiety, for when once he was once shown, and one said that he looked to him as to the prince and to the learning courtier, "No, I am not the pope," the latter replied that he would not let his paper's last, except it were to bite off his great toe. The prince greatly rejoiced—"At least you would be glad to lose his foot, and forget the rest."

It was then the mode, when the king or the prince trooped, to sleep with their suite at the houses of the nobility; and the loyalty and zeal of the host were usually displayed in the reception given to the royal guest. It happened that in one of these excursions the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supperless, through the peevish parsimony of the house, which the little prince at the time of hearing seemed to take no great notice of. The next morning the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him, she found him leaning over a volume that had many pictures in it, one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet that he showed her. "I write you, madam, to a feast!" "To what feast?" she asked. "To this feast," said the boy. "What would your highness give me but a painted feast?" Having his eye on her, he said, "No better, madam, is found in this house." There was a dexterity and greatness of spirit in this significant rejoinder, far exceeding that of a child.

According to this anecdote-writer, it appears that James I. probably did not delight in the martial dispositions of his son, whose habits and opinions were, in all respects, forming themselves opposite to his own tranquil and literary character. The writer says, that "in respect, with the tokens of love to him, would sometimes mention sharp speeches, and other demonstrations of fatherly severity." Henry, who however loved,

though he died early, to become a patron of ingenious men, and a lover of genius, was himself at least as much enamoured of the pike as of the pen. The king, to rouse him to study, told him, that if he did not apply more diligently to his book, his brother, duke Charles, who seemed already attached to study, would prove more able for government and for the cabinet, and that himself would be only fit for field-exercises and military affairs. To his father, the little prince made no reply; but when his tutor one day reminded him of what his father had said, to stimulate our young prince to literary diligence, Henry asked, whether he thought his brother would prove so good a scholar? His tutor replied, that he was likely to prove so. "Then," rejoined our little prince, "will I make Charles archbishop of Canterbury."

Our Henry was decently pious, and rigid in never permitting before him any licentious language or manners. It is well known that James I. had a habit of swearing, innocent expletives in conversation, which, in truth, only expressed the warmth of his feelings, but in that age, when Puritanism had already possessed half the nation, an oath was considered as nothing short of blasphemy. Henry once made a keen allusion to this verbal frailty of his father's; for when he was told that some hawks were to be sent to him, but it was thought that the king would intercept some of them, he replied, "He may do as he pleases, for he shall not be put to the oath for the matter." The king once asking him what were the best verses he had learned in the first book of Virgil, Henry answered, These:

*Nex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.*

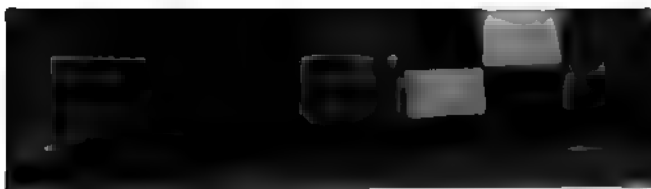
Such are a few of the puerile anecdotes of a prince who died in early youth, gleaned from a contemporary manuscript, by an eye and ear witness. They are trifles, but trifles consecrated by his name. They are genuine; and the philosopher knows how to value the indications of a great and heroic character. There are among them some, which may occasion an inattentive reader to forget that they are all the speeches and the actions of a child.

THE DIARY OF A MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES

Of court-etiquette, few are acquainted with the mysteries, and still fewer have lost themselves in its labyrinth of forms. Whence its origin? Perhaps from those grave and courtly Italians, who, in their petty pompous courts, made the who's business of their effeminate days consist in *punctilio* and, wanting realities to keep themselves alive, affected the mere shadows of life and action, in a world of these mockeries of state. It suited well the genius of a people who boasted of elementary works to teach how affronts were to be given, and how to be taken; and who had some reason to pride themselves in producing the *CORTESIANO* of Castiglione, and the *GALATEO* of Della Casa. They carried this refining temper into the most trivial circumstances, when a court

was to be the theatre and monarchs and their representatives the actors. Precedence, and other honorary discriminations, establish the useful distinctions of ranks, and of individuals, but their minutes court forms, subtilised by Italian conceits, with an erudition of precedents, and a logic of nice distinctions, imparted a mock dignity of science to the solemn impostures of a master of the ceremonies, who exhausted all the faculties of his soul on the equi-ponderance of the first place of inferior degree with the last of a superior; who turned into a political contest the placing of a chair and a stool, made a reception at the stairs-head, or at the door, raise a clash between two rival nations, a visit out of time require a negotiation of three months; or an awkward invitation produce a sudden fit of sickness, while many a rising antagonist, in the formidable shapes of ambassadors, were ready to despatch a courier to their courts, for the omission, or neglect, of a single *punctilio*. The pride of nations, in pacific times, has only these means to maintain their jealousy of power: yet should not the people be grateful to the sovereign who confines his campaigns to his drawing-room; whose held-marshal is a tripping master of the ceremonies, whose stratagema are only to save the inviolability of court-etiquette; and whose battles of peace are only for precedence?

When the Earls of Holland and Carling, our ambassadors-extraordinary to the court of France in 1614, were at Paris, to treat of the marriage of Charles with Henrietta, and to join in a league against Spain, before they showed their propositions, they were desirous of ascertaining in what manner Cardinal Richelieu would receive them. The Marquis of Vile aux Clercs was employed in this negotiation, which appeared at least as important as the marriage and the league. He brought for answer, that the cardinal would receive them as he did the ambassadors of the Emperor and the King of Spain; that he could not give them the right-hand in his own house, because he never honoured in this way those ambassadors, but that, in reconducting them out of his room, he would go farther than he was accustomed to do, provided that they would permit him to cover this unusual proceeding with a pretext, that the others might not draw any consequences from it in their favour. Our ambassadors did not disapprove of this expedient, but they begged time to receive the instructions of his majesty. As this would create a considerable delay, they proposed another, which would set at rest, for the moment, the *punctilio*. They observed, that if the cardinal would feign himself sick, they would go to see him: on which the cardinal immediately went to bed, and an interview, so important to both nations, took place, and articles of great difficulty were discussed, by the cardinal's bedside. When the Nuncio Spada would have made the cardinal jealous of the pretensions of the English ambassadors, and reproached him with violating his precedence to them, the cardinal denied this. "I never go before them, it is true, but likewise I never accompany them, I wait for them only in the chamber of audience, either seated in the most honourable place, or standing, till the table is ready. I am always the first to speak, and the first



to be wasted, and besides I have never chosen to return these visits, which has made the Earl of Carlisle an outrageous "9."

Such was the tediousness, gloominess of these court-dinners, or *potestins*, combined with political consequences, of which I am now to exhibit a picture.

When James I. ascended the throne of his united kingdoms, and promised himself and the world long halcyon days of peace, foreign princes, and a long train of ambassadors from every European power, resorted to the English court. The pacific monarch, in emulation of an office which already existed in the courts of Europe, created that of Master of the Ceremonies, after the mode of France, observing Henry Coke? This was now found necessary to preserve the state, and ally the perpetual placemen of the representatives of their sovereign. The first officer was Sir Lewis Lewkenor, with an assistant, Sir John Poynt, who, at length, succeeded him under Charles I., and seems to have been more deeply lient with the graces of the place; his soul doted on the honour of the office, and in that age of peace and of ceremony, we may be astonished at the ability of his receptive skills and contrivances, in getting that school of energy and rigid form which he had under his care—the ambassador of Europe!

Mr John Poynt, like a man of genius, in office, and being too in an age of darkness, has not retained the pleasant labour of perpetrating his own and others! He has laid every circumstance with a chronological exactitude, which passed in his presence as master of the ceremony, and when we consider that he was a busy actor amidst the whole diplomatic corps, we shall not be surprised by discovering, in this small volume of great curiosity, a vein of secret and authentic history, it throws a new light on many important events, in which the historians of the time are deficient, who had not the knowledge of this ambitious observer. But my present purpose is not to treat Sir John with all the ceremonious politeness, of which he was himself the arbiter, nor to quote him on grave subjects, which future historians may well do.

This volume contains the raptures of a morning,

* *La Vie de Card Richelieu*, anonymous, but written by J. Le Clerc, 1695, vol. 1 p. 118-119.

? "A Detection of the Court and State of England," vol. 1 p. 13.

§ *Stowe's Annals*, p. 306.

I gave the title of this rare volume, "Poynt's Philosopher. Some choice observations of Sir John Poynt, Knight, and master of the ceremonies to the two last kings, touching the reception and precedences, the treatment and audience, the public and private of foreign ambassadors in England. *Legationis et Mundi*, 1696." This very curious diary was published after the author's death, by his friend James Howell, the well-known writer, and Otway, whose literary curiosity scarcely anything in our domestic literature has escaped, has made good the volume with his accustomed care. He mentions that there was a manuscript in being, more full than the one published, of which I have not been able to learn further. — *British Librarian*, p. 164.

and the peace-making of an evening, sometimes it tells of "a dash between the French and Spanish ambassadors for precedence," now of "questions between the Imperial and Venetian ambassadors, concerning rules and rules," how they were to address one another, and who was to pay the first visit? then "the Frenchman takes exception about placing." The historian of the time now records, "that the French ambassador gets ground of the Spanish," but soon after, so essential were these drawing-room politics, that a day of festival has passed away in dispute, while a privy council has been hastily summoned, to inquire why the French ambassador had "a deflection of honour in his oath, besides a bit of the ague," although he hoped to be present at the same festival next year! or being invited to a banquet, declared "his stomach would not agree with cold meats," "thereby pointing" (shrewdly observed Sir John, at the occasion and posture of the Spanish ambassador, who, at the banquet the Christmas before, had appeared in the first place).

Sometimes we discover our master of the ceremonies disengaging himself, and the lord chamberlain, from the most provoking perplexity, by a clever and cool hit. Thus it happened, when the Marquis ambassador could not yield precedence to the French war Spaniard. On this occasion, Sir John, at his wit's end, conceived an obscure notion, in which the Spaniard he was highly honoured, as there he enjoyed a full right of the king's face, though he could see nothing of the countenance itself, while the other ambassador were in kind as "not to take exception," not caring about the Spaniard, from the residence of his country, and the little interest that court then had in Europe? But Sir John displayed even a bolder invention when the Marquis, at his reception at Whitehall, complained that only one lord was in waiting at the door-head, while no one had first been in the courtyard. Sir John assured him that in England it was considered a greater honour to be received by one lord than by two!

Mr John does not end all his wisdom in the solemn investigation of "Which was the upper end of the table?" Arguments and inductions were deduced from precedents quoted, but as precedents sometimes took contrary ways, this affair might well have remained *non solus*, had not Sir John oratorically pronounced that "to spite of the chimney in England, where the heat was not, it that end of the table." Sir John, indeed, would often take the most enlarged view of things, as when the Spanish ambassador, after hunting with the king at Theobalds, dined with him majestically in the privy-chamber, his son Don Antonio dined in the council-chamber with some of the king's attendants. Don Antonio seated himself on a stool at the end of the table. "One of the gentlemen-ushers took exception at this, being, he said, irregular and unusual, that place being ever wont to be reserved empty for state." In a word, no person in the world was ever to sit on that stool, but Sir John, having a conference, before he chose to disturb the Spanish grandeur, finally determined that "this was the representation of a gentleman-usher, and it was therefore neglected." Thus Sir John could, at a critical moment, exert a more

liberal spirit, and risk an empty stool against a little ease and quiet, which were no common occurrences with that master of state, a master of ceremonies!

But Sir John—to me he is an entertaining personage, that I do not care to get rid of—he had to overcome difficulties which stretched his fine genius on tenterhooks. Once, early did the like unlucky accident happen to the wary master of the ceremonies, did Sir John excuse the civility of his instructions, or rather his half-instructions. Being sent to invite the Dutch ambassador, and the States commissioners, then a young and new government, to the ceremonies of St. George's day, they inquired whether they should have the same respect paid to them as other ambassadors. The bland Sir John, out of the milkiness of his blood and he doubted it not. As soon, however, as he returned to the lord chamberlain, he discovered that he had been sought for up and down, to stop the invitation. The lord chamberlain said Sir John had exceeded his commission, for he had invited the Dutchmen "to stand in the closet of the queen's side; because the Spanish ambassador would never endure them *so near him, where there is a but a thin partitioned board between them, and it is in such a place which might be opened."* Sir John said gently, he had done no otherwise than he had been directed, which, however, the lord chamberlain, in part, denied, caustic and civil! "and it was not so unmanly as to contest again," (supple, but uneasy!) This affair ended miserably for the poor Dutchmen. Those new republicans were then regarded with the most jealous contempt by all the ambassadors, and were just venturing on their first dancing-steps, to move among crowned heads. The Dutch now resolved not to be present, declaring they had just received an urgent invitation, from the Earl of Essex, to dine at Wimbledon. A piece of *supercherie* to save appearances, probably the happy contrivance of the combined geniuses of the lord chamberlain and the master of the ceremonies.

I will now exhibit some curious details from these archives of fantastical state, and paint a courtly world, where politeness and civility seem to have been at perpetual variance.

When the Palatine arrived in England to marry Elizabeth, the only daughter of James the First, "the feasting and jollity" of the court were interrupted by the discontent of the archduke's ambassador, of which these were the material points.

Sir John waited on him, to honour with his presence the solemnity on the second or third day, either to dinner or supper, or both.

The archduke's ambassador paused with a troubled countenance inquiring whether the Spanish ambassador was invited. "I answered, answerable to my instructions in case of such demand, that he was not, and could not be there. He was yesterday, quoth he, as well as that the other might have very well been made him, and perhaps accepted."

To this, Sir John replied, that the French had Venetian ambassadors holding between them one course of correspondence, and the Spanish and the archduke's another, their invitations had been usually joint.

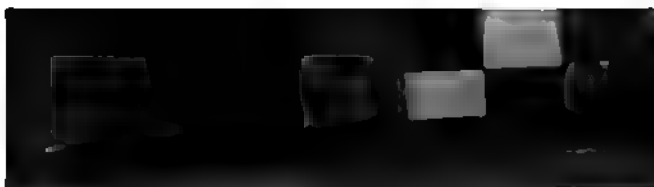
Thus the archduke's ambassador desisted, and affirmed, that they had been separately invited to masques, &c., but he had never. Thus France had always yielded precedence to the archduke's predecessors, when they were but Dukes of Burgundy, of which he was ready to produce "ancient records"—and that Venice was a *great* republic, a sort of burghers, and a handful of territory, compared in its monarchical sovereign—and to all this he added, that the Venetian begged of the frequent favours he had received.

Sir John returns in great distress to the lord chamberlain and his majesty. A solemn declaration is drawn up, in which James I. most gravely laments that the archduke's ambassador has taken this offence. But his majesty offers these most cogent arguments in his own favour, that the Venetian had announced to his majesty that his republic had ordered his men new horses on the occasion, an honour, he adds, not usual with princes. The Spanish ambassador not finding himself used for the first day, because in the way, he did not care to dispute precedence with the Frenchman, his majesty concluding that the solemnity of the marriage being now continued all through divers days, I admitted neither *pro* nor *posterus*. And then James proves too much, by boldly asserting, that the *last day* should be taken for the *greatest day*. As in other cases, for instance, in that of Christmas, where Twelfth-day, the last day, is held as the greatest.

But the French and Venetian ambassadors, so envied by the Spanish and the archduke's, soon themselves set less than, and crustily furious. The insolent Frenchman first attempted to take precedence of the Prince of Wales; and the Venetian stood upon this point, that they should sit on chairs, though the prince had but a stool; and, particularly, that the earl should not stand before him! "But," adds Sir John, "neither of them prevailed in their reasonless pretences."

Not was it peaceable even at the nuptial dinner, which closed with the following catastrophe of etiquette.

Sir John having ushered among the countesses the Lady of the French ambassador, he left her to the ranging of the lord chamberlain, who ordered she should be placed at the table next beneath the countesses, and above the baronesses. But to! "The Viscountess of Effingham standing to her woman's right, and possessed already of her proper place (as she called it), would not remove lower, so held the hand of the ambassador, till after dinner, when the French ambassador, informed of the difference and opposition, called out for his wife's (each!) With great trouble, the French Lady was persuaded to stay, the Countess of Kildare, and the Viscountess of Haddingham, making no scruple of yielding their places. Sir John, unbraiding his gravity, facetiously said, "The Lady of Effingham, in the interim, forbearing (with rather too much than too little stomach) both her supper and her company." This spirit child of quality, tugging at the French ambassador's to keep her down, mortified to be seated at the side of the Frenchwoman that day, frowning and frowning on, and going supperless to bed, passed the wedding-day of the Palatine.



and Princess Elizabeth, like a common girl on a farm.

One of the most subtle of these men of politics, and the most troublesome, was the Venetian ambassador, for it was his particular aptitude to find fault, and pick out jealousies among all the others of his body.

On the marriage of the Earl of Arundel, the Venetian was invited to the banquet, but not the dinner, as last year the reverse had occurred. The Frenchman, who drew always with the Venetian, at this moment chose to act by himself on the watch of precedence, jealous of the Spaniard newly arrived. When invited, he requested if the Spanish ambassador was to be there, and humbly prostrated his majesty to be excused, from indisposition. We shall now see the John put into the most lively action, by the subtle Venetian.

"I was nearly back of court with the French ambassador's answer, when I was told that a gentleman from the Venetian ambassador had been to seek me, who, having at last found me, said that his lord desired me, that if ever I would do him favour, I would take the pains to come to him instantly, I would take the pains to come now, because into his brain, from some intelligence he had from the French of that morning's proceeding, excused my present coming, that I might take further instructions from the lord chamberlain, whereupon, as soon as I was sufficiently armed, I went to the Venetian."

But the Venetian would not confer with the John, though he went for him in such a hurry, except in presence of his own secretary. Then the Venetian desired the John to repeat the words of his secretary, and then also of his own answer, which (as the John actually did) for he adds, "I yielded, but not without discovering my satisfaction to be so prematurely proud on, as if he had meant to trip me."

The Venetian having thus compelled the John to con over both invitation and answer, graciously complimented him on his correctness to a title. Yet still was the Venetian not in less trouble, and now he confirmed that the king had given a formal invitation to the French ambassador, and not to him.

There was a new stage in this important negotiation, it tried all the diplomatic sagacity of the John, to extract a discovery, and which was, that the Frenchman had, indeed, conveyed the invitation secretly to the Venetian.

So John now acknowledged that he had suspected as much when he received the message, and not to be taken by surprise, he had come prepared with a long apology, reading, for peace sake, with the same formal invitation for the Venetian. Now the Venetian insisted again that the John should deliver the invitation in the same precise words as it had been given to the Frenchman. The John, with his never-failing courtly docility, performed it to a syllable. Whether both parties during all these proceedings could avoid making a rubbishy amount of one another, our grave authority records not.

The Venetian's final answer seemed now perfectly satisfactory, declaring he would not excuse his absence as the Frenchman had, on the most frivolous pretences; and further, he expressed his

high satisfaction with last year's substantial testimony of the royal favour, in the public honour conferred on him, and regretted that the queen of his majesty should be so frequently disturbed by those passions, about invitations, which so often overthrew his guests at the feast.

So John now imagined that all was happily concluded, and was retiring with the conviction of a dove, and the queen of a ruse, to fly to the lord chamberlain, who beheld the Venetian would not relinquish his hold, but turned on him "with the reading of another scrap, *et hoc ille lacrymas!* asking whether the archduke's ambassador was also invited?" Poor Sir John, to keep himself clear "from categorical assertions," declared "he could not receive him." Then the Venetian observed, "So John was dissembling!" and he hoped and imagined that Sir John had in his instructions, that he was first to have gone to him (the Venetian), and on his return to the archduke's ambassador." Matters now threatened to be as unconscionable as ever, for it seems the Venetian was standing on the point of precedence with the archduke's ambassador. The political Sir John, wishing to gratify the Venetian at no expense, adds, "he thought it ill manners to mar a brief of an ambassador's making,"—and so allowed him to think that he had been invited before the archduke's ambassador.

The Venetian proved himself to be, to the great torment of Sir John, a stupendous genius in his own way; ever on the watch to be treated of *par de haute courtoisie*, equal with crowned heads, and, when at a tilt, refused being placed among the ambassadors of Savoy and the States-general, &c., while the Spanish and French ambassadors were seated alone on the opposite side. The Venetian declared that this would be a diminution of his quality, the first place of an inferior degree being ever held worse than the last of a superior. This reasoned observation delighted Sir John, who disposes it as an axiom, yet afterwards came to doubt it with a *sed de hoc quare?*—quere! then? If it be true in politics, it is not so in common sense according to the proverb of both nations, for the honest English declares, that "Better be the head of the yemmary than the tail of the geantry," while the subtle Italian has it, "*E meglio esser testa di Luccio, che coda di Stornone*;" "better be the head of a pike than the tail of a sturgeon." But brief we quit Sir John, let us hear him in his own words, reasoning with that fine critical tact, which he undoubtedly possessed, on right and left hands, but reasoning with infinite modesty as well as genius. Near this height of passions, this philosopher of courtroom.

"The Aston before delivered by the Venetian ambassador was judged, upon discourse I had with some of understanding, to be of value in a distinct company, but might be otherwise in a joint assembly." And then Sir John, like a philosophical Austrian, explores some great public event. "As at the conclusion of the peace at Vienna, the only part of the peace he cared about, the French and Spanish meeting, contradicted for precedence, who should sit at the right hand of the pope's legate, an expedition was found, of sending into France for the pope's nephew residing there, who, seated at the right hand of the said legate (the legate himself



sitting at the table's end, the French ambassador being offered the chair of the next place, he took that at the legate's left hand, leaving the second at the right hand to the Spanish, who, taking it, perched himself to have the better of it, *ad de hoc quare*. How modestly, yet how shrewdly insinuated!

So much, if not too much, of the Diary of a Master of the Ceremonies, where the important personages strangely contrast with the frivolity and foppishness of their actions.

By this work it appears that all foreign ambassadors were entirely entertained, for their diet, lodgings, coaches, with all their train, at the cost of the English monarch, and on their departure received customary presents of considerable value, from 1000 to 2000 ounces of gold plate, and in many cases more, the most magnificent were made by the ambassadors, about short allowances. Thus the foreign ambassadors in return made presents to the masters of the ceremonies, from thirty to fifty "poems," or in plate or jewels, and some so prodigiously, that Sir John Fiott often vents his indignation, and commiserates the indigent. As thus,—on one of the Spanish ambassadors extraordinary waiting at Deal for three days, Sir John, "expecting the wind with the patience of an *Anglo-Portuguese* from a clear-headed ambassador, as he present to me at his parting from Dover being but an old gilt livery pet, that had lost his fellow, not worth above twelve pounds, accompanied with two pair of Spanish gloves to make it almost thirteen, to my shame and his." When he left this worthy ambassador extraordinary at his late aboard the ship, he exclaims that "the cross-wind held him in the Downs almost a week-night before they would blow him over."

From this mode of receiving ambassadors, two inconveniences resulted, their perpetual jostle of *parades*, and their singular intrigues to obtain precedence, which so completely harassed the patience of the most pacific sovereign, that James was compelled to make great alterations in his domestic comforts, and was perpetually embroiled in the most ridiculous content. At length Charles I. perceived the great change of these embassies, ordinary and extraordinary, often on frivolous pretences, and with an empty treasury, and an uncomprising parliament, he gave his sanction for such various humours.* He gave notice to foreign

ambassadors, that he should not any more "defray their diet, nor provide coaches for them, &c."

"This frugal purpose" cost Sir John many alterations, who seems to view it as the glory of the British monarch being on the wane. The unsettled state of Charles was appearing in 1636, by the querulous narrative of the master of the ceremonies, the etiquette of the court were disturbed by the erratic course of its great star, and the master of the ceremonies was reduced to keep blank letters to superscribe, and address to any nobleman who was to be found, from the absence of the great officers of state. On this occasion the ambassador of the Duke of Mantua, who had long desired his parting audience, when the king objected to the noblemen of the place he was then in, replied, that "if it were under a tree, it should be to him as a palace."

Yet although we smile at this science of etiquette and those rigid forms of ceremony, when they were altogether discarded, a great statement lamented them, and found the inconvenience and mischief in the political consequences which followed their neglect. Charles II., who was an admirer of these regulated formalities of court-etiquette seems to have looked up the pomp and pride of the former master of the ceremonies, and the grave and great chancellor of human nature, as Warburton calls Clarendon, censured and fell all the inconveniences of this open interference of an ambassador with the king. Thus he observed in the case of the Spanish ambassador, who, he writes, "took the advantage of the licence of the court, where no rules or formalities were yet established (and to which the king himself was not enough inclined), but all doors open to all persons; which the ambassador finding, he made himself a domestic, came to the king at all hours, and spoke to him when, and as long as he would without any ceremony, or during an audience according to the old custom, but came into the bed-chamber while the king was dressing himself, and mingled in all discourses with the same freedom he would use in his own. And from this overheard-of licence, introduced by the French and the Spaniards at this time, without any doubt in the king, though not permitted in any court in Christendom, many inconveniences and thickens broke in, which could never after be shut out."⁶

DIARIES—MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

We converse with the absent by letters, and with ourselves by diaries, but vanity is more gratified by dedicating its time to the little labours which have a chance of immediate notice and may circulate from hand to hand, than by the hoarser pages of a volume reserved only for solitary con-

them but to the steam-head, he then, after a great deal of courteous resistance on the ambassador's part, attended him through the hall and courtyard, even to the very head of his coach."

Sharon MSS. 4178.

* Clarendon's Life, vol. II. p. 166.

* Charles I. had, however, adopted them, and long preserved the staidness of his court with foreign powers, as appears by these extracts from manuscript letters of the time.

Mr. Mead writes to Sir M. Stuteville, July 26, 1636—

"His Majesty was went to answer the French ambassador in his own language, now he speaks in English, and by an interpreter. And so doth Sir Thomas Schomberg to the French king, contrary to the sacred custom so that altho' of late we have not equalled them in arms, yet now we shall equal them in ceremonies."

Oct. 31, 1636

"This day fortnight the States' ambassador going to visit my lord treasurer about some business, whereas his lordship was wont always to bring



temptation, or to be a future relic of omnium, when we shall no more hear of omnium.

Marcus Antoninus's celebrated work entitled *Totius diebus*: "if the things which concern himself would be a good detraction of the war and purpose of a diary. The diary is a diary, "A Diary," included in the collection, and a Council. Harwood in the reign of Charlemagne kept a diary, which in the spirit of the times, he entitled, "Steps, Infirmities, and Passages of Providence." Such a diary is a moral instrument, should the writer exercise it on himself, and on all around him. Men then wrote letters concerning themselves, and it sometimes happened, as proved by many, which I have examined in manuscript, that when writing in retirement they would write when they had nothing to write.

Diaries must be out of date in a bustling age, although I have myself known several who have continued the practice with pleasure and utility. One of our old writers quaintly observes, that "the secret was to take their stomach-pill of self-examination every night. Some used little books, or tablets, which they tied at their girdles, in which they kept a memorial of what they did, against their night reckoning." We know that Tristram, the delight of mankind as he has been called, kept a diary of all his actions, and when at night he looked upon examination that he had performed nothing remarkable, he would exclaim, "I have done nothing." Friends! we have lost a day.

Among our own countrymen, in times more favourable for a concentrated mind than in this age of a scattered thought, and of the fragments of genius, the custom long prevailed, and we, their posterity, are still reaping the benefit of their lonely hours, and diurnal records. It is always pleasing to recollect the names of Alfred, and we have deeply to regret the loss of a memorial which this monarch, an exact manager of his time yet found leisure to pursue it would have interested us more even than his traditions, which have come down to us. Alfred carried in his bosom memorandum paper, in which he made collections from his studies, and took as much pleasure in the frequent examination of this journal, that he called it his head-book, because, says Spelman, day and night he ever had it in hand with him. This memorial, as my learned friend Mr. Turner, in his elaborate and philosophical Life of Alfred, has shown by some curious extracts from Malmsbury, was the repository of his own occasional literary reflections. An association of ideas connected two other of our illustrious princes with Alfred.

Prince Henry, the son of James I., our English Marston, who was kept by all the Muses, and mourned by all the Muses in Britain, devoted a great portion of his time to literary labours, and the finest geniuses of the age addressed their works to him, and wrote several of the prince's suggestions. Dalloway, in the preface to his curious "Aphorisms, Civil and Military," has described Prince Henry's domestic life. "He," says he, "the wisest of many in that academy, for so we be family, had this especial employment for his proper use, which he pursued favourably to entertain, and often to read over."

The diary of Edward VI., written with his own hand, conveys a notion of that poverty of intellect, in that early educated prince, which would not suffer his inferior health to relax in his royal duties. This prince was severely struck with the feeling that he was not suited to a throne in his infancy or a monarch, and the simplicity of mind is very remarkable in the entries of his diary; where, on one occasion, to remind himself of the course of his secret professor of friendship to aid the Emperor of Germany with them against the Turk, and to keep it at present secret from the French court, the young monarch writes, "This was done on intent to get some friends. The reasonings in my mind." He seems to be to have before him a state of public affairs, that often in the middle of the month he recain to mind passages which he had omitted in the beginning, what was done every day of his reign, he retired into his study to set down. Even James II. wrote with his own hand the daily occurrences of his times, his reflections and conjectures, and bequeathed as better materials for history than "perhaps any sovereign prince has left behind him." Adversity had schooled him into reflection, and informed into humanity a spirit of dignity, and it is something in his favour, that after his abdication he collected his thoughts, and mortified himself by the penance of a diary. "Could a Clive or a Cromwell have composed one? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness, they started at these casual reflections, what would they have done, had memory marshalled their crimes, and arranged them in the horrors of chronology?"

When the national character retained more originality and individuality than our monotonous habits now admit, our later ancestors displayed a love of application, which was a source of happiness, quite lost to us. Till the middle of the last century, they were as great economists of their time as of their estates, and life with them was not one hurried, yet tedious festival. Living more within themselves, more separated, they were therefore more original in their prejudices, their principles, and in the constitution of their minds. They ranged more as their estates, and the metropolitan was usually resigned to the men of trade in their Royal Exchange and the preferment-hunters, among the back-stairs of Whitehall. Lord Clarendon tells us in his "Life" that his grandfather, in James the First's time had never been in London after the death of Elizabeth, though he lived thirty years afterwards, and his wife, to whom he had been married forty years, had never once visited the metropolis. On this fact he makes a curious observation, "The wisdom and frugality of that time being such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journey, but upon important business, and their wives never, by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their houses, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours." This will appear a very common homoeopathic happiness, and there must were very great virtues to our artificial feelings, yet this seemingly created a national character, made a patriot of every country gentleman, and, finally, produced in the civil wars some of the most noble

lime and original characters that ever acted a great part on the theatre of human life.

This was the age of Diaries! The hand of almost every family formed one. Ridiculous people may have written ridiculous diaries, as Miss Ashmole's, but many of our greatest characters in public life have left such monuments of their diurnal labours.

These diaries were a substitute to every thinking man for our newspapers, magazines, and annual registers, but those who imagine that there are a substitute for the actual and dramatic life of the diary of a man of genius, like Swift who wrote one, or even of a sensible observer, who lived amidst the scenes he describes, only show that they are better acquainted with the more ephemeral and equivoical labours.

There is a curious passage in a letter of Sir Thomas Bodley, recommending to the Prince of Wales, then a young man on his travels, the study by which he should make his life "profitable to his country and his friends." His expressions are remarkable: "Let all three rules be regarded up, not only in your voyages, where time may leave you idle, but rather in good writings and books of account, which will keep them safe for your use hereafter." By these good writings and books of account, he describes the diaries of a student and an observer; these "good writings" will preserve what wear out in the memory, and these "books of account" render to a man an account of himself to himself!

It is in this solitary reflection and industry which generally constitutes a large to form the gigantic monuments of the Britons, the Caesars, the Cokes, and others of that vigorous age of genius. When Coke left some diaries, and retired into private life, the discarded statesman did not put himself into a lethargy, but on the contrary seemed almost to rejoice that an opportunity was at length afforded him of indulging in studies more congenial to his feelings. Then he found leisure not only to revise his former writings, which were thirty volumes written with his own hand, but what most pleased him, he was enabled to write a manual, which he called *Leve Merce*, and which contained a retrospective view of his life once he noted in that volume the most remarkable occurrences which had happened to him. It is not probable that such a one could have been done at that time, but by accident, and it might, perhaps, yet be recovered.

"The interest of the public was the business of Camden's life," observes Bishop Gibson, and, indeed, this was the character of the men of that age. Camden kept a diary of all occurrences in the reign of James I., not that at his advanced age, and with his infirm health he could ever imagine that he should make use of these materials, but he did this, impelled by the love of truth and of that labour which delights in preparing its matter for posterity. Bishop Gibson has made an important observation on the nature of such a diary, which cannot be too often repeated to those who have the opportunity of forming one, and let them remember it: "Were this pursued by persons of learning and curiosity, who have opportunities of seeing into the public affairs of a kingdom, the short hints and structures of this kind

would often set things in a truer light than regular histories."

A student of this class was Sir Symonds D'Ewes, an independent country gentleman, to whom owe we one of the valuable journals of parliament in Elizabeth's reign, and who has left to posterity a voluminous diary, from which may be drawn some curious matters. In the preface to his journals, he has presented a noble picture of his literary reserves, and the intended productions of his pen. They will animate the youthful student, and show the active genius of the gentleman of that day, the present diurnal observer. "Having now finished these volumes, I have already entered upon other and greater labours, committing myself not to be born for myself alone,

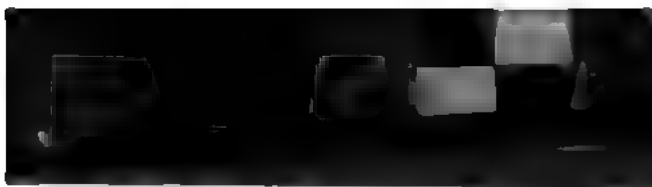
"Quæ res atq; vis, hæc me acqut esse testor,
Malo me, nam ac vitæ esse melle."

He then gives a list of his intended historical works, and adds, "These I have proposed to myself to labour in, bundas divites others, smaller works like him that shoots at the sun, not in hopes to reach it, but to shoot as high as possibly his strength, art, or skill, will permit. As though I know it impossible to touch all these during my short and uncertain life, having already retired into the thirtieth year of my age, and having many unavoidable cares of an estate and family, yet, if I can touch a little on each kind, it may hereafter set up some able judges to add in and to the whole."

"Sic meli contingat vitæ, atque mori."

Richard Baxter, whose facility and diligence, it is said, produced one hundred and forty-five distinct works, wrote, he himself says, "in the crowd of all his other employments." Assuredly the one which may excite astonishment is his voluminous autograph, forming a list of more than seven hundred closely-printed pages; a history which takes a considerable compass, from 1615 to 1681, whose writer goes into the very mind of events, and whose personal knowledge of the leading actors of his times throws a perpetual interest over his lengthened pages. Yet this was not written with a view of publication by himself, he still continued this work, till time and strength were out the hand that could no longer hold the pen, and left it to the judgment of others, whether it should be given to the world.

These were private persons. It may easily surprise us to discover that our statesmen, and others engaged in active public life, occupied themselves with the same habitual attention to what was passing around them in the form of diaries, or their own memoirs, or in forming collections for future times, with no possible view but for posterity. They seem to have been impelled by the most generous passion of patriotism, and an awful love of posterity. What motive less powerful could induce their nobleness and greatness to transcribe volumes, to transmit to posterity authentic narratives, which would not even admit of contemporary notice, either because the facts were then well known to all, or of so secret a nature as to render them dangerous to be communicated to their own times. They might another time use interest, for many collections



of this nature have come down to us without even the name of the writers, which have been usually discovered by accidental circumstances. It may be said, that this too was the pleasure of idle men—the idlers then were of a distinct cast from our own. There is scarcely a group of reputation among them, who has not left such laborious records of himself. I intend drawing up a list of such diaries and memoirs, which derive their importance from sharing themselves. Even the women of this time partook of the same thoughtful disposition. It appears that the Duchess of York, wife to James II., and the daughter of Clarendon, drew up a narrative of his life: the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle has formed a dignified biography of her husband; Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs are partially known by some curious extracts, and recently Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Colonel delighted every curious reader.

Whitelocke's "Memoirs" is a diary full of important public matters; and the noble editor, the Earl of Angelsey, observes, that "our author not only served the state, in several stations, both at home and in foreign countries, but likewise conversed with kings, and made himself a large possession from his studies and contemplation, like that noble Roman Publius Cato, as described by Nepos. He was all along so much in business, one would not imagine he ever had leisure for books; yet, who considers his studies might believe he had been always shut up with his friends, and the dust of action never fallen on his gown." When Whitelocke was sent on an embassy to Sweden, he journalized it. It amounts to two bulky quartos, extremely curious. He has even left us a History of England.

Yet all is not told of Whitelocke, and we have deeply to regret the loss, or at least the concealment, of a work addressed to his family, which apparently would be still more interesting, as exhibiting his domestic habits and feelings, and affording a model for those in public life, who had the spirit to imitate such greatness of mind, of which we have not many examples. Whitelocke had drawn up a great work, which he entitled "*Remembrances of the Labors of Whitelocke in the Affairs of his Life, for the Instruction of his Children*." To Dr. Horne, the editor of Whitelocke's "*Journal of the Swedish Embassy*," we owe the notice of this work, and I shall transcribe his dignified feelings in reporting the loss of these MSS. "Such a work, and by such a father, is become the inheritance of every child, whose abilities and station in life may at any time hereafter call upon him to deliberate for his country—and for his family and person, as parts of the great whole, and I confess myself to be one of them who lament the suppression of that branch of the *Annals* which belongs to the author himself in his private capacity: they would have afforded great pleasure, as well as instruction, to the world in their entire form. The first volume, containing the first twenty years of his life, may one day see the light, but the greatest part has hitherto escaped my inspection. This is all we know of a work of equal moral and philosophical curiosity. The preface, however, to these "*Remembrances*" has been fortunately preserved, and it is an extraordinary production.

In this it appears that Whitelocke himself owed the first idea of his own work to one left by his father, which existed in the family, and to which he repeatedly refers his children. He says, "The memory and worth of your deceased grandfather deserves all honour and imitation, both from you and me; his *Life and Papers*, his own story, written by himself, will be left to you, and was an encouragement and precedent to this larger work." Here is a family picture quite new to us, the heads of the house are its historians, and their records of the heart were stimulated by emulation and precept, drawn from their own houses, and as Whitelocke feelingly expresses it, "all is recommended to the person, and intended for the instruction of my own house, and almost in every page you will find a dedication to you, my dear children."

The habit of laborious studies, and a zealous attention to the history of his own times, produced the *Register* and *Chronicle* of Bishop Kennett, "containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic papers and records, all duly entered and commented on." It includes an account of all pamphlets as they appeared. This history, more valuable to us than to his own contemporaries, occupied two large folios, of which only one has been printed, a serious labour, which could only have been carried on from a motive of pure patriotism. It is, however, but a small part of the diligence of the bishop, since his own manuscripts form a small library of themselves.

The malignant vengeance of France in exposing the diary of Lord to the public eye had all its purpose, for nothing appeared more favorable to Lord than the exposure of his private diary. We forget the hardness in the personal manners of Lord himself, and sympathy even with his enemy, when we turn over the simple leaves of this diary, which obviously was not intended for any purpose but for his own private eye and collected meditations. There his whole heart is laid open, his errors are not concealed, and the purity of his intentions is established. Lord, who had too lightly branded the great minister with the archbishop, still, from conscientious motives, in the hurry of public duty, and in the pomp of public honours, could steal aside into solitude, to account to God and himself for every day, and "the evil thereof."

The diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon, who inherited the industry of his father, has partly escaped destruction; it presents us with a picture of the manners of the age, from whence, says Bishop Douglas, we may learn that at the close of the last century, a man of the best quality made it his constant practice to pass his time without shaking his arm at a gaming-table, or conversing with jockeys at Newmarket, or murdering time by a constant round of giddy dissipation, if not of criminal indulgence. Diaries were not uncommon in the last age: Lord Angelsey, who made to great figure in the reign of Charles II., left one behind him; and one said to have been written by the Duke of Devonshire still exists.

But the most admirable example is Lord Clarendon's History of his own "*Life*," or rather of the court, and every court and person passing

before him. In this moving scene he copies nature with freedom, and has exquisitely touched the individual character. There that great statesman opens the most concealed transactions, and traces the views of the most opposite dispositions; and though engaged, when in exile, in furthering the royal intercourse with the loyalists, and when, on the restoration, conducting the difficult affairs of a great nation, a careless monarch, and a dissipated court, yet besides his immortal history of the civil wars, "the chancellor of human nature" passed his life in habitual reflection, and his pen in daily employment. Such was the admirable industry of our later ancestors; their diaries and their memoirs are its monuments!

James II. is an illustrious instance of the admirable industry of our ancestors. With his own hand this prince wrote down the chief occurrences of his times, and often his instant reflections and conjectures. Perhaps no sovereign prince, said Macpherson, has been known to have left behind him better materials for history. We at length possess a considerable portion of his diary, which is that of a man of business and of honest intentions, containing many remarkable facts which had otherwise escaped from our historians.

The literary man has formed diaries purely of his studies, and the practice may be called *journalizing the mind*, in a summary of studies, and a register of loose hints and *sketches*, that sometimes happily occur; and like Ringelbergius, that enthusiast for study, whose animated exhortations to young students have been aptly compared to the sound of a trumpet in the field of battle, marked down every night, before going to sleep, what had been done during the studious day. Of this class of diaries, Gibbon has given us an illustrious model; and there is an unpublished quarto of the late Barré Roberts, a young student of genius, devoted to curious researches, which deserves to meet the public eye. I should like to see a little book published with this title, "*Otium delitiosum in quo objecta vel in actione, vel in lectione, vel in visione ad singulos dies Anni 1629 observata representantur.*" This writer was a German, who boldly published for the course of one year, whatever he read or had seen every day in that year. As an experiment, if honestly performed, this might be curious to the philosophical observer; but to write down everything, may end in something like nothing.

A great poetical contemporary of our own country does not think that even DREAMS should pass away unnoticed; and he calls this register his *Nocturnals*. His dreams are assuredly poetical; as Laud's, who journalized his, seem to have been made up of the affairs of state and religion;—the personages are his patrons, his enemies, and others; his dreams are scenical and dramatic. Works of this nature are not designed for the public eye; they are domestic annals, to be guarded in the little archives of a family; they are offerings cast before our Lares.

Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd;
Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face,
Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

SHENSTONE.

LICENSERS OF THE PRESS.

IN the history of literature, and perhaps in that of the human mind, the institution of the LICENSERS OF THE PRESS, and CENSORS OF BOOKS, was a bold invention, designed to counteract that of the Press itself; and even to convert this newly-discovered instrument of human freedom into one which might serve to perpetuate that system of passive obedience, which had so long enabled modern Rome to dictate her laws to the universe. It was thought possible in the subtlety of Italian *astuzia* and Spanish monachism, to place a sentinel on the very thoughts, as well as on the persons of authors; and in extreme cases, that books might be condemned to the flames, as well as heretics.

Of this institution, the beginnings are obscure, for it originated in caution and fear; but as the work betrays the workman, and the national physiognomy the native, it is evident that so inquisitorial an act could only have originated in the inquisition itself. Feeble or partial attempts might previously have existed, for we learn that the monks had a part of their libraries called the *inferno*, which was not the part which they least visited, for it contained, or hid, all the prohibited books which they could smuggle into it. But this inquisitorial power assumed its most formidable shape in the council of Trent, when some gloomy spirits from Rome and Madrid, where they are still governing, foresaw the revolution of this new age of books. The triple-crowned pontiff had in vain rolled the thunders of the Vatican, to strike out of the hands of all men the volumes of Wickliffe, of Huss, and of Luther, and even menaced their eager readers with death. At this council Pius IV. was presented with a catalogue of books of which they denounced that the perusal ought to be forbidden: his bull not only confirmed this list of the condemned, but added rules how books should be judged. Subsequent popes enlarged these catalogues, and added to the rules, as the monstrous novelties started up. Inquisitors of books were appointed; at Rome they consisted of certain cardinals and "the master of the holy palace;" and literary inquisitors were elected at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Naples, and for the Low Countries; they were watching the ubiquity of the human mind. These catalogues of prohibited books were called *Indexes*; and at Rome a body of these literary despots are still called "the Congregation of the Index." The simple *Index* is a list of condemned books never to be opened; but the *Expurgatory Index* indicates those only prohibited till they have undergone a purification. No book was to be allowed on any subject, or in any language, which contained a single position, an ambiguous sentence, even a word, which, in the most distant sense, could be construed opposite to the doctrines of the supreme authority of this council of Trent; where it seems to have been enacted, that all men, literate and illiterate, prince and peasant, the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Netherlander, should take the mint-stamp of their thoughts from the council of Trent, and millions of souls be struck off at one blow, out of the same used mould.

The sages who compiled these *Indexes*, indeed,

long had reason to imagine that passive obedience was attached to the human character, and therefore they considered, that the publication of their addresses required no other notice than a convenient insertion in their Indexes. But the heretics diligently reprinted them with ample prefaces and useful annotations. Dr James, of Orléans, republished an Index with due considerations. The parties made an opposite use of them: while the Catholic crossed himself at every tale, the heretic would purchase no book which had not been indexed. One of their portions expiated a bit of those authors whose heads were condemned as well as their books, it was a catalogue of men of genius.

The results of these indexes were somewhat curious. As they were formed in different countries, the opinions were often diametrically opposite to each other. The learned Acas Montanous, who was a chief inquisitor in the Netherlands, and concurred in the Antwerp Index, lived to see his own works placed in the Spanish Index: while the inquisitor of Naples was so displeased with the Spanish Index, that he procured to answer, that it had never been printed at Madrid. Men who began by asserting that all the world should not differ from their opinions, ended by not agreeing with themselves. A civil war raged among the Index makers, and if one criminalized, the other retaliated. If one discovered ten places necessary to be expurgated, another found thirty, and a third inclined to place the whole work in the condemned list. The inquisitors at length became so doubtful of their own opinions, that they sometimes expressed in their Indexes for printing, that "they intended the reading, after the book had been corrected by themselves, till such time as the work should be considered worthy of some further correction." The expurgatory Indexes excited louder complaints than those which simply condemned books, because the purgers and castrators, as they were termed, or, as Milton calls them, "the excruciators of books," by omitting, or interpolating passages, made an author say, or unsay, what the inquisitors chose, and these editions, after the death of the authors, were compared to the errors or forgeries in records for the books which an author leaves behind him, with his last corrections, are like his last will and testament, and the public are the legitimate heirs of an author's opinions.

The whole process of these expurgatory Indexes, that "rakes through the entrails of many an old good author, such a violation never then saw could be offered to his tomb," as Milton says, must inevitably draw off the life-blood, and leave an author a mere spectre. A book in Spain and Portugal passes through six or seven courts before it can be published, and is supposed to recommend itself by the information, that it is published with all the necessary privileges. They would more times keep works from publication till they had "properly quashed them, *interum ac calidum*," which in one case is said to have occupied them during forty years. Authors of genius have taken flight at the grasp of "the master of the holy palace," or the laughing scribbler of the "corrector general per to magistrat." At Madrid and Lisbon, and even at Rome, the burning of books

has confined most of their authors to the body of the good fathers themselves.

The Commentaries on the Law, by Pans de Brouss had occupied his serious labours for twenty-five years, and were favourably received by the learned. But the commentator was brought before the tribunal of criticism and religion, as suspected of heretical opinions, when the accuser did not succeed before the inquisitors of Madrid, he carried the charge to that of Lisbon, an objection was immediately raised to forbid the sale of the Commentaries, and it cost the commentator an elaborate defence, to demonstrate the Catholicism of the poet and himself. The Commentaries finally were released from perpetual imprisonment.

This system has prospered by education, in keeping them all down to a certain measure of spirit, and happily preserved stationary the childish stupidity through the nation, on which so much depended.

Mam's History of Venice is allowed to be printed, because it contained nothing against papal power: then were either immaculate, or historians false. The History of Guicciardini is still scarce, with the mercenary wound of the papal censure; and a curious account of the origin and increase of papal power was long wanting in the third and fourth book of his history. Velly's History of France would have been an admirable work, had it not been printed at Paris.

When the inquisitions in the Indexes were found of no other use than to bring the per cent volumes under the eye of the curious, they employed the secular arm in burning them in public places. The history of these literary conflagrations has often been traced by writers of opposite parties, for the truth is, that both used them: scabious seem all formed of one material, whatever be their party. They had yet to learn, that burning was not confuting, and that those public acts were an advertisement by proclamation. The publisher of Erasmus's Colloquies contrived to procure the burning of his book, which raised the sale to twenty-four thousand.

A curious literary anecdote has reached us of the times of Henry VIII. Tontall, Bishop of London, whose extreme moderation, at which he was accused at the time, preferred burning books to that of authors, which was then getting into practice, to testify his abhorrence of Tindal's principles, who had printed a translation of the New Testament, a mailed book for the multitude, thought of purchasing all the copies of Tindal's translation, and annihilating them in the common flame. This occurred to him when passing through Antwerp in 1556, then a place of refuge for the Tyndalites. He employed an English merchant there for this purpose, who happened to be a secret follower of Tindal, and acquainted him with the bishop's intention. Tindal was extremely glad to hear of the project, for he was desirous of printing a more correct edition of his version, but the new impression still being on his hands, and he was too poor to make a new one, he furnished the English merchant with all his unsold copies, which the bishop in eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burnt in Chancery, which the people not only declared was "a burning of the word of God," but it so inflamed the desire of reading that

volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price; and when one of the Tindalists, who was sent here to sell them, was promised by the lord chancellor in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the lord chancellor that the greatest encouragement they had was from Tostall, the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression, and enabled them to produce a second!

In the reign of Henry VIII. we seem to have burnt books on both sides; it was an age of unsettled opinions; in Edward's, the Catholic works were burnt; and Mary had her pyramids of Protestant volumes; in Elizabeth's, political pamphlets fed the flames; and libels in the reign of James I. and his sons.

Such was this black dwarf of literature, generated by Italian craft and Spanish monkery, which, however, was fondly adopted as it crept in among all the nations of Europe. France cannot exactly fix on the era of her *Censeurs de Livres*; and we ourselves, who gave it its death-blow, found the custom prevail without any authority from our statutes. The practice of licensing books was unquestionably derived from the inquisition, and was applied here first to books of religion. Britain long groaned under the leaden stamp of an *Imprimatur*, and long witnessed men of genius either suffering the vigorous limbs of their productions to be shamefully mutilated in public, or voluntarily committing a literary suicide in their own manuscripts. Camden declared that he was not suffered to print all his Elizabeth, and sent those passages over to De Thou, the French historian, who printed his history faithfully two years after Camden's first edition, 1615. The same happened to Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII., which has never been given according to the original. In the Poems of Lord Brooke, we find a lacuna of the first twenty pages: it was a poem on Religion, cancelled by the order of Archbishop Laud. The great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended, that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted MSS. to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, as their only guardians; hoping that they were a treasure worth keeping. Contemporary authors have frequent allusions to such books, imperfect and mutilated at the caprice or the violence of a licenser.

The laws of England have never violated the freedom and the dignity of its press. "There is no law to prevent the printing of any book in England, only a decree in the Star-chamber," said the learned Selden.* Proclamations were occasionally issued against authors and books; and foreign works were, at times, prohibited. The freedom of the press was rather circumvented, than openly attacked, in the reign of Elizabeth, who dreaded the Roman Catholics who were at once

disputing her right to the throne, and the religion of the state. Foreign publications, or "books from any parts beyond the seas," were therefore prohibited.* The press, however, was not free under the reign of a sovereign, whose high-toned feelings, and the exigencies of the times, rendered as despotic in *deeds*, as the pacific James was in *words*. Although the press had then no restrictions, an author was always at the mercy of the government. Elizabeth too had a keen scent after what she called treason, which she allowed to take in a large compass. She condemned one author (with his publisher) to have the hand cut off which wrote his book; and she hanged another.† It was Sir Francis Bacon, or his father, who once pleasantly turned aside the keen edge of her regal vindictiveness; for when Elizabeth was inquiring whether an author, whose book she had given him to examine, was not guilty of treason, he replied, "Not of treason, madam; but of robbery, if you please; for he has taken all that is worth noticing in him from Tacitus and Sallust." With the fear of Elizabeth before his eyes, Holinshead castrated the volumes of his History. When Giles Fletcher, after his Russian embassy, congratulated himself with having escaped with his head, and, on his

* The consequence of this prohibition was, that our own men of learning were at a loss to know what arms the enemies of England, and of her religion, were fabricating against us. This was absolutely necessary, which appears by a curious fact in Strype's Life of Whitgift: there we find a licence for the importation of foreign books, granted to an Italian merchant, who was to collect abroad this sort of libels; but he was to deposit them with the archbishop and the privy council, &c. A few, no doubt, were obtained by the curious, Catholic or Protestant. Strype's Life of Whitgift, p. 268.

† The author, with his publisher, who had their right hands cut off, was John Stubbs of Lincoln's Inn, a hot-headed Puritan, whose sister was married to Thomas Cartwright, the head of that faction. This execution took place upon a scaffold, in the market-place at Westminster. After Stubbs had his right hand cut off, with his left he pulled off his hat, and cried with a loud voice, "God save the queen!" the multitude standing deeply silent, either out of horror at this new and unwonted kind of punishment, or else out of commiseration of the man, whose character was unblemished. Camden, who was a witness to this transaction, has related it. The author, and the printer, and the publisher, were condemned to this barbarous punishment, on an act of Philip and Mary, *against the authors and publishers of seditious writings*. Some lawyers were honest enough to assert, that the sentence was erroneous, for that act was only a temporary one, and died with Queen Mary; but, of these honest lawyers, one was sent to the Tower, and another was so sharply reprimanded, that he resigned his place as a judge in the common pleas. Other lawyers, as the lord chief justice, who fawned on the prerogative far more than in the Stuart-reigns, asserted, that Queen Mary was a king; and that an act made by any king, unless repealed, must always exist, because the King of England never dies!

* Sir Thomas Crew's Collection of the Proceedings of the Parliament, 1628, p. 71.



return, wrote a book called "The Roman Commonwealth," describing its system, Elizabeth forbade the publishing of the work. Our friends were frightened, for they perceived the queen to suppress the work. The original portion with the offensive passages exists among the Longdon manuscripts. It is curious to contrast this fact with another better known, under the reign of William III., then the press had obtained its perfect freedom, and even the shadow of the sovereign could not pass between an author and his work. When the Danish ambassador complained to the king of the freedom which Lord Shaftesbury had exercised on his master's government, in his Account of Denmark, and hinted that, if a Dane had done the same with the king of England, he would, on complaint, have taken the author's head off. "That I cannot do," replied the sovereign of a free people, "but, if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book." What an uncommon interval between the fringes of Elizabeth and William, with hardly a century between them!

James I. pronounced Buchanan's history, and a political tract of his, at "the Meccas Cram," and every one was to bring his copy "to be perused and purged of the offensive and extraordinary matters, under a heavy penalty. Know, whom Milton calls, the Reformer of a Kingdom," was also censured, and "the wren of that great man shall, in all posterity, be lost for the baseness, or the presumptuous rashness, of a perfunctory licenser."

The regular establishment of licensers of the press appeared under Charles I. It must be placed among the projects of Lord and the king, I suspect, inclined to it, for, by a passage in a manuscript letter of the times, I find, that when Charles printed his speech on the dissolution of the parliament, which excited such general discontent, some one printed Queen Elizabeth's last speech as a companion piece. This was presented to the king by his own printer John Bell, not from a political motive, but merely by way of complaint, that another had printed, without leave or licence, that which, as the king's printer, he assumed was his own copyright. Charles did not appear to have been pleased with the gift, and observed, "You printers print anything." These gentlemen of the book-chamber, censured the writer, standing by, commended Mr. Bell very much, and prayed him to come oftener with such rarities to the king, because they might do more good.

One of the consequences of the persecution of the press was, the rising up of a new class of publishers, under the government of Charles I., those who became noted for what was then called "satirical and unlicensed books." Spenser, the publisher of Prynne's "Histriomastix," was of this class. I have already entered more particularly into this subject. The Presbyterian party in parliament, who then found the press closed on them, vehemently cried out for its freedom, and it was imagined, that when they had succeeded into power, the odious office of a licenser of the press

would have been abolished; but these pretended friends of freedom, on the contrary, discovered themselves as tenderly alive to the office as the old government, and maintained it with the extreme vigour such is the political history of mankind.

The literary life of Milton was remarkable; his genius was cultivated alike by the monarchist and the republican government. The royal licenser expunged several passages from Milton's history, in which Milton had pointed the superstition, the pride, and the cunning of the Roman monks, which the ingenious licenser applied to Charles II. and the bishops; but Milton had before suffered no mention a mutilation from his old friends the republicans, who suppressed a bold picture, taken from life, which he had introduced into his History of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. Milton gave the unlicensed passage to the Earl of Angelsey, a literary nobleman, the editor of Whitlock's Memorials, and the censored passage, which could not be licensed in 1670, was received with peculiar interest when separately published in 1681.* "If there be found in an author's book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not missing every low depraved humour of their own, they will not pardon him these faults."

This office seems to have lain dormant a short time under Cromwell, from the scruples of a conscientious licenser, who desired the council of state in 1659, for reasons given, to be discharged from that employment. This Milton, the licenser, was evidently deeply touched by Milton's address for "The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." The office was, however, revived on the restoration of Charles II., and through the reign of James II. the abuses of licensers were unconsciously not discouraged their contraband books reprinted appear to have been very actual, for in reprinting Clarendon's "Survey of the West Indies," which originally consisted of twenty-two chapters, in 1648 and 1657, with a dedication to Sir Thomas Fairfax, - in 1677, after expunging the passages in honour of Fairfax, the dedication is determinedly turned into a preface, and the twenty-second chapter being obnoxious for containing particulars of the artifices of "the papists," in converting the author, was entirely chopped away by the licenser's hatchet. The censored chapter, as usual, was preserved afterwards separately. Literary despotism at least is distinguished in its claws, for the expurgator employs are certain of overrunning themselves.

On this subject we must not omit noticing one

* It is a quarto tract, entitled "Mr. John Milton's Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641," printed in his other works, and never before printed, and very remarkable for those times. 1681. It is inserted in the uncorrected edition of Milton's prose works in 1750. It is a report on the Presbyterian Clement Walker's History of the Independents, and Warburton in his admirable character of the historians of this period, alluding to Clement Walker, says, "Milton was even with him in the heat and worse character he drew of the Presbyterian administration."

† So Milton calls the Pope.

* A letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Douteville, July 19, 1668. *Stowe MSS.* 499d.

of the noblest and most eloquent prose composition of Milton, "the Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is a work of love and inspiration, breathing the most enlarged spirit of literature, separating, at an awful distance from the multitude, that character "who was born to study and to love learning for itself, not for hire, or any other end, but, perhaps, for that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have promised shall be the reward of those whose writings shall advance the good of mankind."

One part of this unparalleled eduction turns on "the quality which ought to be in every licence." It will not put new licensers of public opinion, a laborious corps well known, who constitute themselves without an act of state-chamber. I shall pick out but a few sentences, that I may add some little facts, carefully preserved, of the ineptitude of such an office.

"He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be added into the world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both in study, learning, and judgment; there may be else no one so mistaken in his censure. If he be of such worth as he deserves, there is need in a more tedious and unpleasant journey, a greater loss of time, being upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unlearned books and pamphlets. There is no book so acceptable, unless of certain measure, but to be censored and the reading of that at all times, where these pages would not down at any time, is an imposition which I cannot believe him to be that values time and his own studies, or is not of a sensible nature, should be able to endure. What advantage it is to be a man over it is to be a box of school, if we have not escaped the terms to come under the fence of an *imprimatur* of serious and elaborate writings, as if there were no more than the theme of a grammar school under his pedagogic mind not be selected without the censure even of a *hypothesizing licenser*. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to send him, he watches, mediates, he industriously, and labors continually and troubles with his judgments friends, as well as any that will believe him; it is then, the most considerable act of his industry and exertion, his years, his industry, his honor, proud of his abilities, can bring forth to that state of maturity, as not to be still misread and suspected, unless he calls all his consociate disengage all his midnight watchings, and exertion of Palladian wit, to the best view of an unlicensed licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of hard writing, and if he be not required or thought, must appear in print like a flower with his title to be his hand and count that he is the writer of nobody, it cannot be but a dishonour and degradation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning."

The reader may now follow the stream in the great original I must, however, preserve one image of exquisite expression—

"Debauched and debauched walk about without a keeper, but in devious tracks must not the forth

without a visible judge in their title; nor is it to the common people less than a reproach, for if we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, credulous, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing but thro' the gutter-gape of a licenser."

The ignorance and stupidity of these censors were often, indeed, as remarkable as their exterminating spirit. The noble spirit of Milton, of Milton with the rising sun, in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, had nearly occasioned the suppression of our national epic. It was supposed to contain a treasonable allusion. The tragedy of *Arminius*, by Mr. Pate, who was an amanuensis of the poet Thomson, was intended for representation, but the dramatic censors refused a licence; so *Eden* and *Elfrida* was not permitted to be performed, being considered a party work, and *Agathocles* made critic imagined that Pate's own play was in the same predicament by being in the same handwriting. The French have retained many curious facts of the singular stupidity of these censors. Mairbrunche said, that he could never obtain an approbation for his "*Recherche after Truth*," because it was unintelligible to his censors, and at length Mervin, the historian, approved of it as a book of geometry. Later in France, it is said, that the greatest genius were obliged to submit their works to the critical understanding of persons who had formerly been low dependents on some man of quality, and who appear to have brought the same servility of mind to the examination of works of genius. There is something, which, on the principle of incongruity and contrast, becomes exquisitely ludicrous, in observing the works of men of genius allowed to be printed, and even commended, by certain persons who have never printed their names but as these licensers. One of these gentlemen approved a work, because it contained principles of government, which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of France. Another said to a geometer, "I cannot permit the publication of your book, you dare to say, that, between two given points, the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion?" If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who had, by crooked ways, an easier admission into court than by a straight line. Consider their number!" At this moment the censors in Austria appear singularly stupid, for, not long ago, they condemned as heretical two books; of which one, entitled "*Principes de la Trigonometrie*," the censors would not allow to be printed, because the *Trigonometrie*, which he imagined to be included on *Trigonometrie*, was not permitted to be discussed, and the other, on the "*Distribution of Numbers*," he thought had a covert allusion to the *Jesuits*, who, he conceived, were those malignants designated.

A curious curious incident has been recorded of the learned Richard Simon. Compelled to insert in one of his works the quibbling opinion of the censors of the Sorbonne, he inserted them within crochets. But a strange indifference attended this contrivance. The printer, who was not let into the secret, printed the work without these essential



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marks: by which means the enraged author saw his own peculiar opinions overturned in the very work written to maintain them.

These appear trifling misapprehensions, and yet, like a hair in a watch, which utterly destroys its program, these little inceptions obliged writers to have recourse to foreign phrases, compelled a Montesquieu to write with concealed ambiguity, and many to sign a recantation of principles which they could never change. The recantation of Arden, extorted from his hand on his suppressed "Memoirs of Tyburn," humiliated a great mind; but it could not remove a particle from the mass of his learning, nor darken the luminous conviction of his reasonings. nor did it diminish the number of those who assented and now assent to his principles. Recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the change of opinion. When a Dr Puchington was condemned to make a recantation, he hit the etymology of the word, while he caught at the spirit—he began thus "If *canis* be to wag, *recanto* is to wag again." so that he recanted his offending opinions, by repeating them in his recantation.

At the revolution in England, because for the press ceased, but its liberty did not commence till 1804, when every restraint was taken off by the firm and decisive tone of the commons. It was granted, says our philosophic Hume, "to the great duplicity of the king and his ministers, who, among nowhere, in any government during present or past ages, any example of such unbridled freedom, doubted much of its salutary effects, and, probably, thought that no books or writings would ever so much improve the general understanding of men, as to render it safe to entrust them with an indulgence so easily abused."

And the present moment verifies the prescient conjecture of the philosopher. Such is the licentiousness of our press, that some, not perhaps the most hostile to the cause of freedom, would not be averse to manacle authors once more with an IMPRIMATUR. It will not be denied that Erasmus was a friend to the freedom of the press, yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that there was a time when he considered it as necessary to restrain its liberty. It was then as now Erasmus had, indeed, been imperiously calumniated, and expected future libels. I am glad, however, to observe, that he afterwards, on a more impartial investigation, confessed that such a remedy was much more dangerous than the disease. To restrain the liberty of the press can only be the interest of the individual, never that of the public; one must be a patriot here: we must stand in the field with an unsharpened breast, since the safety of the people is the supreme law. There were, in Milton's days, some who said of this institution, that, although the inventions were bad, the thing, for all that, might be good. "This may be so," replied the vehement advocate for "unlicensed printing." But as the commonwealths have existed through all ages, and have lost none to use it, he saw no necessity for the invention, and held it as a dangerous and suspicious fruit from the tree which bore it. The ages of the wisest commonwealths, Milton seems not to have recalled, were not dunned with the popular infection of publications, issuing at all hours, and pro-

pagated with a celerity on which the ancients could not calculate. The learned Dr James, who has denounced the invention of the *Induvio* confessions, however, that it was not unusual when it restrained the publications of atheistic and immoral works. But it is our lot to hear with all the consequent evils, that we may preserve the good inviolate, since as the profound Hume has declared, "The Liberty of Britain is gone for ever, when such attempts shall succeed."

A constitutional sovereign will consider the freedom of the press as the sole organ of the feelings of the people. Calumnies he will leave to the fate of calumny, a fate similar to those, who, having overcharged their arms with the fiercest intentions, find that the death which they intended for others, in bursting, only annihilates themselves.

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Two "true" modern critics on our elder writers are apt to thunder their anathemas on innocent heads little versed in the arts of our literature, and the fashions of our wit, popular criticism must submit to be guided by the literary historian.

Kippis condemns Sir Symonds D'Ewes for his admiration of two anagrams, expressions of the feelings of the times. He required the value of Falstaff to attack extract anagrams, and one pretended English Bavi thought himself secure, in pronouncing all anagrammatists to be wasting in judgment and taste. Yet, if this mechanical critic did not know something of the state and nature of anagrams in Sir Symonds's day, he was more deficient in that curious of literature, which his work required, than plain honesty for Symonds in the taste and judgment of which he is so contemptuously deprived. The author who thus decides on the tastes of another age by those of his own day, and whose knowledge of the national literature does not extend beyond his own century, is neither historian nor critic. The truth is that Anagrams were then the fashionable ornaments of the witty and the most learned.

Kippis says, and others have repeated, "That Sir Symonds D'Ewes's judgment and taste, with regard to wit, were as contemptible as can well be imagined, will be evident from the following passage taken from his account of Carr Earl of Somerset, and his wife. 'The discontent gave many satirical (stinging) libels, in which they spared neither the persons nor families of that unfortunate pair. There came also two anagrams to my hands, not unworthy to be owned by the worst wits of this age.' There were, one very descriptive of the lady; and the other, of an incident in which this infamous woman was so deeply circumstanced."

FRANCIS HOWARD, THOMAS CHURCHMAN,
For *Jack a Nipper* O' G' Ben Worthier."

This sort of wit is not inferior at least to the criticism which infers that D'Ewes's "judgment and taste were as contemptible as can well be;" for he might have composed these anagrams, which,



however, are not of the nicest construction, and yet not have been so destitute of those qualities of which he is so authoritatively divested.

Camden has a chapter in his "Remains" on ANAGRAMS, which he defines to be a dissolution of a (person's) name into its letters, as its elements, and a new connexion into words is formed by their transposition, if possible without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters and the words must make a sentence applicable to the person named. The ANAGRAM is complimentary or satirical, it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic.

Such difficult trifles it may be convenient at all times to discard; but, if ingenious minds can convert an ANAGRAM into a means of exercising their ingenuity, the things themselves will necessarily become ingenious. No ingenuity can make an ACROSTIC ingenious; for this is nothing but a mechanical arrangement of the letters of a name, and yet this literary folly long prevailed in Europe.

As for ANAGRAMS, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, they are of very ancient date. They were classed among the Hebrews, among the cabalistic science; they pretended to discover occult qualities in proper names; it was an oriental practice; and was caught by the Greeks. Plato had strange notions of the influence of *Anagrams* when drawn out of persons' names; and the later platonists are full of the mysteries of the anagrammatic virtues of names. The chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man with his name anagrammatised may often have invigorated the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination.

Lycophron has left some on record: two on Ptolemæus Philadelphus, King of Egypt, and his Queen Arsinoë. The king's name was thus anagrammatised—

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ,
'Ανὸ μὲλινος, MADE OF HONEY:

and the queen's,

ΑΡΣΙΝΟΗ,
'Ἡραρ ἰοῦ. JCHO'S VIOLET.

Learning, which revived under Francis the First in France, did not disdain to cultivate this small flower of wit. Dancat had such a felicity in making these trifles, that many illustrious persons sent their names to him to be anagrammatised. Le Laboureur, the historian, was extremely pleased with the anagram made on the mistress of Charles IX. of France. Her name was

MARIE TOUCHET
JE CHARMES TOUT.

which is historically just.

In the anagram of Henry III.,

Frère Jacques Clement,

they discovered

C'EST L'ENFER QUI M'A CRÉÉ.

I preserve a few specimens of some of our own anagrams. The midwifery of the government of Elizabeth, contrasted with her intrepidity against the Iberians, is thus picked out of her title; she is

made the English ewe-lamb, and the Sonnet of Spain.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ.
ANOLIS AONA, HIASAJM LEX.

The unhappy history of Mary Queen of Scots, the deprivation of her kingdom, and her violent death, were expressed in this Latin anagram:

Maria Stuarta Soterum Regina:
TRUCA VI REGNIS, MORT AMARA CADIT:

and in

Maria Stuarta.
VERITAS ARHATA.

Another fanciful one on our James I., whose rightful claim to the British monarchy, as the descendant of the visionary Arthur, could only have satisfied genealogists of romance reading:

Charles James Stuart
CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, considered himself fortunate when he found in the name of his sovereign the strongest bond of affection to his service. In the dedication he rings loyal changes on the name of his liege, *James Stuart*; in which he finds a *just master*!

The anagram on Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, on the restoration of Charles II., included an important date in our history:

Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle,
Ego Regem redixi An. M. DCCLV.

A slight reversing of the letters in a name produced a happy compliment: as in *Fernon* was found *Renown*, and the celebrated Sir Thomas *Wals* bore his own designation in his name, a *Wu*. Of the poet *Waller* the anagrammatist said,

"His brows need not with *Lawrel* to be bound,
Since in his name with *Lawrel* he is crown'd."

Randle Holmes, who has written a very extraordinary volume on heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram

Lo, Men's Herald!

These anagrams were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship. A friend delighted to twine his name with the name of his friend. *Crashaw*, the poet, had a literary intimate of the name of *Car*, who was his posthumous editor, and, in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his late friend *Crashaw* was *Car*; for so the anagram of *Crashaw* runs: *He was Car*. On this quaint discovery, he has indulged all the tenderness of his recollections:

"Was *Car* then *Crashaw*, or was *Crashaw* *Car*?
Since both within one name combined are.
Yes, *Car*'s *Crashaw*, he *Car*; 'tis *Love* alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So *Crashaw*'s still the same," &c.

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings: as there is reason to believe that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the personal character. When one *Martha Nicholson* was found out to be *Soon calm in heart*, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admo-



OF ANAGRAMS AND ECHO VERSES.

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alism. But, perhaps, the happiness of anagrams was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Darnley, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Darnley, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Camilla of her age, and several of her productions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was, at length, brought by them into the court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name.

SARAH DAVIES.
REVEAL O DANIEL!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an S; yet Daniel and revival were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to discomfit the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the scriptures, to no purpose, she joining text against text—one of the deans of the arches, says Mylin, shot her thorough and thorough with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver, he took a pen, and at last hit upon the excellent anagram.

DANS SARAH DAVIES.
NEVER SO MAD A LADY!

The happy fancy put the merry court into laughter, and Camilla into the utmost dejection of spirit. Poised by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly returned; but either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her of her state—and we hear no more of this prophetess!

Thus much have I written in favour of Sir Symonds D'Ewes's keen rebuke of "a stinger anagram;" and on the error of those literary historians, who do not enter into the spirit of the age they are writing on.

We find in the scribbled, the ANAGRAMS appearing in the land of false wit.

"But with still more disorder'd march advance,
(Her march it seem'd, but wild fantastic dance).
The uncouth ANAGRAMS, distorted train,
Shifting, in double mass, o'er the plain."
C. D. 181.

The fine humour of Addison was never more playful than in his account of that anagrammatist, who, after shutting himself up for half a year, and having taken certain liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered, on perusing his anagram, that he had misapprehended her surname, by which he was so thunderstruck with his misfortune, that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

One Prensacina, a Quorum, prided himself on perpetrating the name of every person of eminence who died by an anagram; but by the description of the bodily pain he suffered on these occasions, when he shut himself up for those rash attempts, he seems to have shared in the dying pangs of the march whom he so painfully caricatured. Others appear to have practised this art

with more facility. A French poet, deeply in love, in one day sent his mistress, whose name was *Madeline*, three dozens of anagrams on her single name!

Even old Camden, who lived in the golden age of anagrams, notices the *difficilis qua pulchra*, the charming difficulty, "as a whetstone of patience to them that shall practice it." For some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, beat their paper, when the names were far for somewhat, and caught nothing therein! Such was the troubled happiness of an anagrammatist; yet, add our venerable author, notwithstanding "the sour sort of critics, good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds."

When the mania of making ANAGRAMS prevailed, the little persons at court suffered the great ones at inventing anagrams for them; and when the wit of the maker proved to be as barren as the letters of the name, they dropped or changed them, raving with the alphabet, and racking their wits. Among the manuscripts of the grave Sir Julius Caesar, one cannot but smile at a bundle emphatically endorsed "Trash." It is a collection of these court anagrams, a remarkable evidence of that ineptitude in which mere fashionable wit can carry the frivolous.

In contiguity this intellectual exercise to oblation, we must not confound the inveterate and the happy together. A man of genius would not consume an hour in extracting even a fortunate anagram from a name, although on an extraordinary person or occasion its appropriateness might be worth an epigram. Much of its merit will arise from the association of ideas, a wit can only produce what is trifling, but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant allusion, and a satirical one by its castidity. We have some recent ones, which will not easily be forgotten.

A similar contrivance, that of *Ecru Vassas*, may here be noticed. I have given a specimen of these in a modern French writer, whose sportive pen has thrown out so much wit and humour in *ANAGRAMS*. Nothing ought to be contemned which, in the hands of a man of genius, is converted into a medium of his talents. No verses have been considered more contemptible than these, which, with all their kindred, have been anathematized by Butler, in his exquisite character of "a small poet" in his "Remains," whom he describes as "tumbling through the heap of an anagram" and "all these gambols of wit." The philosophical critic will be more tolerant than was the orthodox church of wit of that day, which was, indeed, alarmed at the fantastical theories which were then prevailing. I say not a word in favour of unmeaning *Acrostics*; but *ANAGRAMS* and *Ecru Vassas* may be shown capable of reflecting the ingenuity of their makers. I preserve a copy of *Ecru Vassas*, which exhibit a curious picture of the state of our religious fanaticism, the Roundheads of Charles I., as an evidence, that in the hands of a wit, even such things can be converted into the instruments of wit.

* See also, LITERARY FOLLIES, what he said on *PENSIVOS*.

At the end of a comedy presented at the entertainment of the prince, by the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, in March, 1641, printed for James Calvin, 1642, the author, Francis Cole, holds in a print a paper in one hand, and a round hat in another. At the end of all is this humorous little poem.

THE ECCHO!

Now, Eccho, on what's religion grounded?
Round-head!
 Whose its professors most considerable?
Rabble!
 How do these prove themselves to be the godly?
Oddly!
 But they in life are known to be the holy.
O lie!
 Who are these preachers, men or women-com-
mon!
 Come they from any univerſitie?
Cute!
 Do they not learning from their doctrine sever?
Ever!
 Yet they pretend that they do edifie;
O lie!
 What do you call it then, to fructify?
Ay.
 What church have they, and what pulpits?
Pits!
 But now is chambers the Conventicle;
Fiddle!
 The godly sisters shrewdly are belied.
Belied!
 The godly number then will soon transcend.
End!
 As for the temples they with zeal embrace them.
Note them!
 What do they make of hubbop's hierarchy?
Archie!
 Are croses, images, ornaments their scandal?
All!
 Nor will they leave us many ceremonies,
Monus!
 Must even religion down for satisfaction,
Faction.
 How stand they affected to the government civil?
Eccl!
 But to the king they say they are most loyal.
Lye all.
 Then God keep king and State from these same
Amen!

ORTHOGRAPHY OF PROPER NAMES.

We are often perplexed to decide how the names of some of our eminent men ought to be written; and we find that they are even now written diversely. The truth is that our orthography was so long unsettled among us, that it appears by various documents of the times which I have seen, that

* An allusion, probably, to Archibald Armstrong, the fool or privileged jester of Charles I., usually called *Archie*, who had a quarrel with Archbishop Laud, and of whom many *arch* things are on record there is a little jest-book very high-priced and of little worth which bears the title of *Archie's Jests*.

persons were at a loss how to write their own names, and most certainly have written them variously. I have sometimes suspected that estates may have been lost, and descents confounded, by such uncertain and disagreeing signatures of the same person. In a late suit respecting the Duchesse of Norfolk's estate, one of the ancestors has his name printed *Higden*, while in the genealogy it appears *Huckden*. I think I have seen Ben Jonson's name written by himself with an *H*; and Dryden made use of an *i*. I have seen an inscription to printers with the sign manual of Charles II. not to print Samuel Butler's book or poem called *Hudibras* without his consent; but I do not know whether Butler thus wrote his name. As late as in 1660 a Dr. Cret was at such a loss to have his name pronounced rightly, that he tried six different ways of writing it, as appears by printed books; Cret, Croon, Croon, Croone, Croone, and Croome; all which appear under his own hand, as he wrote it differently at different periods of his life. In the subscription book of the Royal Society, he writes *W. Croone*, but in his will at the Common he signs *W. Croome*. Ray the naturalist informs us in his Letters, p. 78, that he first wrote his name *Wray*, but afterwards omitted the *W*. Dr. *Washby*, in books published by himself, writes his name sometimes *Washby*. And among the Marston Manuscripts there is a large collection of letters, to which I have often referred, written between 1630 and 1639 by Joseph Mead; and yet in all his printed letters, and his works even within that period, it is spelt *Mede*, by which signature we recognise the name of a learned man better known to us. It was long before I discovered the letter-writer to have been this scholar. Olden, in some curious manuscript memoirs of his family, has traced the family name through a great variety of changes, and sometimes it is at such variance, that the person indicated will not always appear to have belonged to the family. We saw recently an advertisement in the newspapers offering five thousand pounds to prove a marriage in the family of the Knevetts, which occurred about 1613. What most disconcerted the inquirers in their discovery that the family name was written in six or seven different ways; a circumstance which I have no doubt will be found in most family names in England. Fuller mentions that the name of *Sellers* was spelt fourteen different ways in the deeds of that family.

I shall illustrate this subject by the history of the names of two of our most illustrious countrymen, Shakespeare and Rawleigh.

We all remember the day when a violent literary controversy was opened, nor is it yet closed, respecting the spelling of our poet's name. One great editor persisted in his triumphant discovery, by printing *Shakspeare*, while another would only partially yield, *Shakespeare*; but all parties seemed willing to drop the usual and natural derivation of his name, in which we are surely warranted from a passage in a contemporary writer, who alludes by the name to a conceit of his own, of the martial spirit of the poet. The truth seems to be, then, that personal names were written by the ear, since the persons themselves did not attend to the accurate writing of their own names, which they changed sometimes capriciously and sometimes



with anxious nicety. Our great poet's name appears *Shakspeare* in the register of Stratford church, it is *Shakspeare* in the body of his will, but that very instrument is indorsed Mr *Shakspeare's* will. He himself has written his name in two different ways, *Shakspeare* and *Shakspere*. Mr. Coismen says the poet's name in his own country is pronounced with the first a short, which accounts for this mode of writing the name, and proves that the orthoepy rather than the orthography of a person's name was most attended to: a very questionable and uncertain standard.

Another remarkable instance of this sort is the name of Sir Walter *Rasely*, which I am myself uncertain how to write, although I have discovered a fact which proves how it should be pronounced.

Rasley's name was spelt by himself and by his contemporaries in all sorts of ways. We find it *Ralegh*, *Raleigh*, *Rawleigh*, *Rawley*, and *Rawly*; the last of which at least preserves its pronunciation. This great man, when young, appears to have subscribed his name "Walter *Rasely* of the Middle Temple" to a copy of verses, printed among others prefixed to a satire called the *Steel-glass*, in George Gascoigne's Works, 1576. Sir Walter was then a young student, and these verses, hark by their spirit and signature, cannot fail to be his: however this matter is doubtful, for the critics have not met elsewhere with his name thus written. The orthoepy of the name of this great man I can establish by the following fact. When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I., on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favourite, the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception "Rawly! Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very *Rawly* man!" There is also an enigma contained in a distich written by a lady of the times, which preserves the real pronunciation of the name of this extraordinary man

"What's bad for the stomach, and the word of dishonour,
Is the name of the man whom the king will not honour."

Thus our ancient personal names were written down by the ear at a period when we had no settled orthography, and even at a later period, not distant from our own times, some persons, it might be shown, have been equally puzzled how to write their names; witness the Thomsons, Thompsons; the Wastons, Whatsons, &c.

NAMES OF OUR STREETS.

LORD ORFORD has, in one of his letters, projected a curious work to be written in a walk through the streets of the metropolis, similar to a French work entitled "Anecdotes des Rues de Paris." I know of no such work, and suspect the vivacious writer alluded in his mind to Robert Poir's "Essai Historique sur Paris," a very entertaining work, of which the plan is that projected by his lordship. We have had Pennant's "London," a work of this description, but, on the whole, this is a superficial performance, so it regards manners, characters, and

events. That antiquary skimmed everything, and grasped scarcely anything, he wanted the patience of research, and the keen spirit which revivifies the past. Should Lord Orford's project be carried into execution, or rather, should Pennant be hereafter improved, it would be most necessary to obtain the original names, or their meanings, of our streets, free from the disguise in which time has concealed them. We shall otherwise lose many characters of persons, and many remarkable events, of which their original denominations would remind the historian of our street.

I have noted down a few of these modern misnomers, that this future historian may be excited to discover more.

Mining-lane was *Minchen-lane*; from monuments pertaining to the Minchenes, or sons of St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from *Guthurw's-lane*; from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwell-hall was *Behnwell's-hall*, from one Thomas Bakewell, and originally called *Baung's-leugh*, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in *Baung's-lane*.

Pink-lane was *Pink's-lane*, from a whole family of this name.

Thorn-saddle-street was originally *Thrid-nordy-street*, as Samuel Clarke deduces it from his study there.

Bulwer-lane is a corruption of *Behnwer's-lane*, from the first builder of houses.

Crooked-frank was *Crowched* or *Crooked-frank*.

Lobbsbury was so named from the name of bouniers at their work, and, as Howel pretends, this place was called *Lobbsbury* "indisputedly."

Garlick-hill was *Garlick-hill*, or *hilly*, where garlick was sold.

Petter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connection with the *fevers* of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written *Fen-tor-lane*, and is so in Howel's *Londinopolis*, who explains it as *Fen-tors* (or idle people) living there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these *Fasters*, or "mighty beggars." The *Faster*, that is, a *defayer*, or *defaulter*, became *Fen-tor*, and in the rapid pronunciation, or conception, of names, *Fen-tor* has ended in *Petter-lane*.

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Graus-street*, from a herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenny or marshy ground by a river side.

Galley-ry has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his "Londinopolis," says, "here dwelt strangers called *Galley-men*, who brought wine, &c., in *Galley*."

Great-street, says Pennant, "I am sorry to degrade into *Grig-street*," whether it alludes to the little vivacious cat, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridge-well was St. *Bridget's-well*, from one dedicated to Saint *Bridget*, or *Bridget*.

Marybone was St. *Mary-on-the-Burne*, corrupted to *Mary-bone*, as *Halsborn* was *Old Burne*, or the Old River; *Burne* being the ancient English for river, hence the Scottish *Burn*.

Newington was *New-town*.

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the virgin, which, in Catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearn, and he says, that the frequent sign of the *Maiden-head* was derived from "our Lady's head."

Lady-lane was originally *Lady's-lane*, from the same personage.

Road-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called *Piccadilly-hall*, a place of sale for *Piccadillys*, or *Turnovers*, a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614. It has preserved its name uncorrupted, for Barnabe Rich, in his "Honestie of the Age," has this passage on "the body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London. The body is still pampered up in the very droop of excess. He that some forty years since should have asked after a *Piccadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him, or could have told what a *Piccadilly* had been, either fish or flesh."

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called *Hangman's-gate*; the traders of *Hamme* and *Guyne*, in France, anciently resorted there, thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of *Smoothfield*, *smith* signifies smooth, from the Saxon *ymen*. An antiquarian friend has seen it described in a deed as *campus planus*, which confirms the original meaning.

It is described in Fitz Stephen's account of London, written before the twelfth century, as a plain field, both in reality and name, where every Friday there is a celebrated rendezvous of horse-horses, brought hither to be sold. Thither come to look or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts, proudly prancing. This ancient writer continues a minute description, and perhaps gives the earliest one of a horse-race in this country. It is remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the change of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected, or explained, by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid fiction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling, and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplative, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of *Socratic* buildings!

The names of streets will often be found connected with some singular event, or the character of some person. Not long ago, a Hebrew, who had a quarrel with his community, built a neighbourhood at Bethnal-green, and retained the subject of his anger in the name which the houses bear, of *Parim*-place. This may startle some theologist and antiquary at a remote period, who may idly lose himself in abstruse conjectures on the

sanctity of a name, derived from a well-known Hebrew festival; and, perhaps, colonise the spot with an ancient horde of Israelites.

SECRET HISTORY OF EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

It is an odd circumstance in literary research, that I am enabled to correct a story which was written about 1660. The Aubrey papers, recently published with singular faithfulness, retaining all their peculiarities, even to the grossest errors, were memoranda for the use of Anthony Wood's great work. But beside these, the Oxford antiquary had a very extensive literary correspondence, and it is known, that when speechless and dying, he evinced the fortitude to call in two friends to destroy a vast multitude of papers about two bushels full were ordered for the fire, lighted for the occasion, and, "as he was expiring he expressed both his knowledge and approbation of what was done, by throwing out his hands." These two bushels full were not, however, all his papers, his more private ones he had ordered not to be opened for seven years. I suspect, also, that a great number of letters were not burnt on this occasion, for I have discovered a manuscript written about 1720 to 1730, and which, the writer tells us, consists of "Excerpts out of Anthony Wood's papers." It is closely written, and contains many curious facts not to be found elsewhere, as far as I have hitherto discovered. These papers of Anthony Wood probably still exist in the Ashmolean Museum should they have perished, in that case this solitary manuscript will be the sole record of many interesting particulars not known to the public.

By these I correct a little story, which may be found in the Aubrey papers, Vol. III. 395. It is an account of one Nicholas Hill, a man of great learning, and in the high confidence of a remarkable and munificent Earl of Oxford, travelling with him abroad. I transcribe the printed Aubrey account.

"In his travels with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former), a poor man begged him to give him a penny. 'A penny' said Mr. Hill. 'What dost say to ten pounds?' 'Ah! ten pounds,' said the beggar, 'that would make a man happy.' Mr. Hill gave him immediately ten pounds, and put it down upon account. 'Item, to a beggar ten pounds to make him happy.' The point of this story has been marred in the telling: it was drawn up from the following one, which must have been the original. This extract was made from a letter by Aubrey to A. Wood, dated July 15, 1689. 'A poor man asked Mr. Hill, his lordship's steward, once to give him sixpence, or a shilling, for an alms. 'What dost say if I give thee ten pounds?' 'Ten pounds! that would make a man of me.' Hill gave it him, and put down in his account, 'Item, 10*l*. for making a man,' which his lordship inquiring about for the oddness of the expression, not only allowed, but was pleased with it."

This philosophical humorist was the steward of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the reign of

Elizabeth. The poet was a person of elegant accomplishments; and Lord Orford, in his "Noble Anthon," has given a higher character of him than perhaps he ever deserved. He was of the highest rank, in great favour with the queen, and, to employ the style of the day, when all our noblemen and our poetry were modelling themselves on the Italian model, he was the "Narcissus of Turcomania;" and, in a word, this cosmopolitan poet, after a seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly "Italianated." The ludicrous nature of this peregrination is given in the previous manuscript account. His flight of his descent and his silence, irritable with effeminate dandyism and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of obscurity from the court of England, ere it could be forgotten. Once making a low obeisance to the queen, before the whole court, this stately and inflated poet suffered a mortification, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion—it was "light to me!" But this accident so mortally hurt his manly delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes to his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to "be a bonneted man," and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in those years forty thousand pounds. On his return he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfume, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stowe has noticed. Part of the new poems seem to have some reference to the earl's former misfortune. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states, that the mere loss of one of Elizabeth could not shatter from congratulating the noble countess, perceiving, she said, that at length my lord had begun the mentioning the little misfortune of seven years ago!

The poet's misfortune abroad was indeed the talk of Europe; but the secret motive of this was so wicked as that of his speech had been ruled. This earl of Orford had married the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and when this great statesman would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this earl, he went in revenge himself on the continent, out of hatred to his father-in-law. He not only forsook her, but studied every means to wipe that great inheritance which had descended to him from his ancestors. Secret history often warms us with unexpected discoveries. The personal attractions of this earl induced him to quit a court, where he stood in the highest favour, to domesticate himself abroad; and a lovely page was the motive of this unbecoming prodigality which, at Florence, could throw into shade the court of Turcomany itself.

ANCIENT COOKERY AND COOKS.

The memorable grand dinner given by the claims at dinner in Pevensey Palace has induced our readers for the cookery of the ancients; but, since it is often "the cooks who spoil the broth," we cannot be sure but that even "the black Lac-

demonian," started by the spirit of a Spartan, might have had a piquancy for him, which did not happen on that occasion.

These cookery must have been superior to our humbler art, since they could find dainties in the tough membranous parts of the matrices of a snail, and the flesh of young hawks, and a young man. The elder Pliny tells, that one man had studied the art of fattening snails with paste so successfully, that the shells of some of his snails would contain many quarts. The same monstrous Lady fed up those prodigious game livers, a taste still prevailing in Italy. Swine were fattened with water and figs, and even fish in their ponds were increased by such artificial means. Our price once might astonish a Roman, so much as one of their crammed parrots would ourselves. Gluttony produces monsters, and turns away from nature to feed on unwholesome meats. The flesh of young fowls about autumn, when they fed on grapes, is praised by Galien, and Hippocrates equals the flesh of peapods to that of birds. The humorist Dr. King, who has touched on this subject, suggests that many of the Greek dishes appear charming from their medicinal terminations, surrounding with a *flour* and *rose*.

The numerous descriptions of ancient cookery which Athenæus has preserved indicate an unbridled delicacy and refinement, and the accounts, indeed, appear to have raised the culinary art into a science, and dignified cooks into philosophers. They had writers who exhausted their erudition and ingenuity in verse and prose, while some were proud to immortalize their names by the invention of a piquant sauce, or a popular *gâteau*. Apicius, a name immortalized, and now synonymous with a gorge, was the inventor of cakes called *Apician*, and one Antrochus, after many unaccountable combinations, at length hit on a peculiar manner of seasoning hares, thence called *Antrochus*. The name of a late nobleman among ourselves is thus invoked every day.

Of these *Arctia gale*, Arctemidorus, a culinary philosopher, composed an epic or didactic poem on good eating. His "Gastronomy" became the creed of the epicures, and its portion appears to have made what is so expensively called "their monthly water." The idea has been recently successfully imitated by a French poet. Arctemidorus thus opens his subject:

"I write these precepts for immortal Greece,
That round a table delicately spread,
Or there, or there, may sit in choice repast,
Or live at meat. When otherwise shall dine,
Are like a troop marching for their prey."

The elegant Romans declared, that a repast should not consist of less in number than the Græcs, nor of more than the Masses. They had, however, a quaint proverb, which Alexander ab Alexandria has preserved, not favourable even to so large a dinner-party as one; it turns on a play of words.

"*Optimè convivium, Novem convivium laetè*."

* Nat. Hist. Lib. ix. 56.

† General. Dureau, ii. 383, Aug. 1073. The writer has collected in this chapter a variety of curious particulars on this subject.

An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, regretted he could not invite him to dinner, "because my number is complete."

When Archestratus acknowledges that some things are for the winter, and some for the summer, he consoles himself, that though we cannot have them at the same time, yet, at least, we may talk about them at all times.

This great genius seems to have travelled over land and sea that he might critically examine the things themselves, and improve, with new discoveries, the table-luxuries. He indicates the places for peculiar edibles, and exquisite potables; and promulgates his precepts with the zeal of a sublime legislator, who is dictating a code designed to ameliorate the imperfect state of society.

A philosopher worthy to bear the title of cook, or a cook worthy to be a philosopher, according to the numerous curious passages scattered in Athenæus, was an extraordinary genius, endowed not merely with a natural aptitude, but with all acquired accomplishments. The philosophy, or the metaphysics, of cookery appears in the following passage.

"Know then, the Cook, a dinner that 's bespoke
Aspiring to prepare, with prescient seal
Should know the tastes and humours of the
guests;

For if he drudges through the common work,
Thoughtless of manner, careless what the place
And seasons claim, and what the favouring hour
Auspicious to his genius may present,

Why, standing midst the multitude of men,
Call we this plodding *franchiser* a Cook?

Oh differing far! and one is not the other!

We call indeed the *general* of an army
Him who is charged to lead it to the war;

But the true *general* is the man whose mind,
Mastering events, anticipates, combines,

He is he but a *leader* to his men!

With our profession thus: the first who comes
May with a humble toil, or slice, or chop,

Prepare the ingredients, and around the fire
Obsequious, him I call a *franchiseer*!

But ah! the cook a brighter glory crowns!
Well skill'd is he to know the place, the hour,

Him who invites, and him who is invited,
What *hour* in season makes the market rich,

A choice delicious rarity! I know
That all, we always find, but always all,

Charm not the palate, critically fine
Archestratus, in culinary lore

Deep for his time, in this more learned age
Is wanting, and full oft he surely talks

Of what he never ate. Suspect his page,
Nor load thy genius with a barren precept.

Look not in books for what some idle sage
So idly raved, for cookery is an art

Comporting ill with rhetoric: 'tis an art
Still changing, and of momentary triumph!

Know on thyself thy genius must depend.
All books of cookery, all helps of art,

All critic learning, all commenting notes,
Are vain, if void of genius, thou wouldst cook!"

The culinary sage thus spoke; his friend
Demands, "Where is the ideal cook thou

paint'st?"

"Lo, I the man!" the savouring sage replied.

"Now be thine eyes the witness of my art!
This tunny dress, so odorous shall steam,
The spicy sweetness so shall steal thy sense,
That thou in a delicious reverie
Shalt slumber heavenly o'er the Attic dish!"

In another passage a Master-Cook conceives himself to be a pupil of Epicurus, whose favourite but ambiguous axiom, that "Voluptuousness is the sovereign good," was interpreted by the *Senecians* of antiquity in the plain sense.

MASTER COOK.

Behold in me a pupil of the school
Of the sage Epicurus.

FRIEND.

Thou a sage!

MASTER COOK.

Ay! Epicurus too was sure a cook,
And knew the sovereign good. Nature his study,
While practice perfected his theory.

Divine philosophy alone can teach
The difference which the fish *Glacius** shows

In winter and in summer; how to learn
Which fish to choose, when set the *Meiades*,

And at the solstice. 'Tis change of seasons
Which threatens mankind, and shakes their change-

ful frame.

This dost thou comprehend? Know, what we

use

In season, is most seasonably good!

FRIEND.

Most learned cook, who can observe these
canons?

MASTER COOK.

And therefore phlegm and colics make a man
A most indecent guest. The aliment

Dress'd in my kitchen is true aliment;
Light of digestion easily it passes;

The chyle soft-blending from the juicy food
Repairs the solids.

FRIEND.

Ah! the chyle! the solids!

Thou new Democritus! thou sage of medicine!

Versed in the mysteries of the fabric art!

* The commentators have not been able always to assign known names to the great variety of fish, particularly sea-fish, the ancients used, many of which we should revolt at. One of their dainties was a shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called *Erinus*. They ate the dogfish, the star-fish, porpoises or sea-hogs, and even seals. In Dr. Mead's "Regiment of Diet," an exceeding curious writer of the reign of Elizabeth, republished by Orléans, may be found an ample account of the "sea-fish" used by the ancients. Whatever the *Glacius* was, it seems to have been of great size, and a shell-fish, as we may infer from the following curious passage in Athenæus. A father, informed that his son is leading a dissolute life, enraged, remonstrates with his pedagogue,—"Knave! thou art the fault! hast thou ever known a philosopher yield himself so entirely to the pleasures thou teldest me of?" The pedagogue replies by a Yes! and that the men of the portico are great drunkards, and none know better than they how to attack a *Glacius*.



MASTER COOK.

Now mark the blunders of our vulgar cooks !
See them prepare a dish of various fish,
Showering profuse the pounded Indian grain,
An overpowering vapour, gallimaufry !
A multitude confused of pothering odours !
But, know, the genius of the art consists
To make the poultrys feel each scent distinct ;
And not in washing plates to free from smoke.
I never enter in my kitchen, I !
But sit apart, and in the cool direct ;
Observant of what passes, scullions toil.

FRIEND.

What dost thou there ?

MASTER COOK.

I guide the mighty whole ;
Explore the causes, prophesy the dish
'Tis thus I speak : "Leave, leave that ponderous
ham ;
Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame
Beneath those lobster patties ; patiens here,
Fix'd as a statue, skin, incessant skim.
Steep well this small Glociscus in its sauce,
And boil that sea-dog in a cullender ;
This eel requires more salt and matyoram ;
Roast well that piece of kid on either side
Equal ; that sweetbread boil not over much "
'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.

FRIEND.

O man of science ! 'tis thy babble kills !

MASTER COOK.

And then no useless dish my table crowds ;
Harmonious ranged, and companionably just !

FRIEND.

Ha ! what means this ?

MASTER COOK.

Dirrest music all !
As in a concert instruments resound,
My ordered dishes in their courses chime.
So Epicurus dictated the art
Of sweet voluptuousness, and ate in order,
Musing delighted o'er the sovereign good !
Let racing Rhocus in a labyrinth
Run after virtue ; they shall find no end.
Thou, what is foreign to mankind, abuse !

FRIEND.

Right honest Cook ! thou wak'st me from their
dreams !

Another Cook informs us that he adapts his
repasts to his personages.

I like to see the faces of my guests,
To feed them as their age and station claim.
My kitchen changes, as my guests inspire
The various spectacle ; for lovers now,
Philosophers, and now for financiers.
If my young royster be a mettled spark,
Who melts an acre in a savoury dish
To charm his mistress, scuttle-fish and crabs,
And all the shelly race, with mixture due
Of cordials filtered, exquisitely rich.
For such a host, my friend ! expends much more
In oil than cotton ; unelv studying love !
To a philosopher, that animal

Voracious, solid ham and bulky feet ;
But to the financier, with costly niceness,
Glociscus rare, or rarity more rare.
Inaccessible the palate of old age,
More difficult than the soft lips of youth
To move, I put much mustard in their dish ;
With quickening sauces make their super keen,
And lash the lazy blood that creeps within.

Another genius, in tracing the art of Cookery,
derives from it nothing less than the origin of
society ; and I think that some philosopher has
defined Man to be "a cooking animal."

COOK.

The art of cookery drew us gently forth
From that ferocious life, when void of faith
The Anthropophaginus ate his brother !
'To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
Assembling men in dear society.
Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
When one of nobler sense and milder heart
First sacrificed an animal ; the flesh
Was sweet ; and man then ceased to feed on man
And something of the rudeness of those times
'The priest comment rates : first to this day,
He roasts the victim's entrails without salt.
In those dark times, beneath the earth lay hid
The precious salt, that gold of cookery !
But when its particles the palate thrill'd,
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery ! came.
They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored,
And tender kid, within two covering plates,
Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved !
At length a miracle not yet perform'd,
They minced the meat which reld'd in herbage soft,
Nor meat nor herbage seem'd, but to the eye
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
Mimick'd some curious fish, invention rare !
'Then every dish was seasoned more and more,
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
(Oatmeal and honey. To enjoy the meal
Men congregated in the populous towns,
And cities flourish'd, which we cooks adorn'd,
With all the pleasures of domestic life.

An arch-cook insinuates, that there remain only
two "pillars of the state," besides himself, of the
school of Simon, one of the great masters of the
condimenting art. Simon, we are told, applied
the elements of all the arts and sciences to this
favourite one. Natural philosophy could produce
a secret seasoning for a dish ; and architecture
the art of conducting the smoke out of a chimney ;
which, says he, if ungovernable, makes a great
difference in the drawing. From the military
science he derived a sublime idea of order ; drill-
ing the under-cooks, marshalling the kitchen,
hastening one, and making another a sentinel.

We find, however, that a portion of this divine
art, one of the professors acknowledges to be va-
pouring and bragging !—a seasoning in this art,
as well as in others. A cook ought never to come
unaccompanied by all the pomp and parade of
the kitchen : with a scurry appearance, he will be
turned away at sight ; for all have eyes, but a few
only understanding.

Another occult part of this profound mystery,
besides vapouring, consisted, it seems, in fishing.
Such is the counsel of a patriarch to an appren-

here a precept which contains a truth for all ages of cookery.

"Carion! come with thy antipastuous part,
For as ass rich. It was but yesterday,
Blundering, thou nearly caught thee in the fact;
None of thy baits had been, and the guests,
In horror, pursued their art emptiness.
Not even the brutes were there, those begonia
housed."

If thou art hired among the meddling class,
Who pay thee freely, be thou honestable!
But for this day, where now we go to cook,
It is not the master's thimble for all I care,
'A need to th' new,' and show thyself my
subtle!"

There thou must rich and revel, all may yield
In one secret point to the darkling hand.
'Tis an old proverb given a worded dinner,
And except o'er every sparring dish at table;
Then I do not bid thee dost devour
All thou canst touch, even to the very coals,
I will drown thee! Lo! I bid thee-dant cuman,
In thy doer ever what purveyance states!"

These cooks of the ancients, who appear to have been hired for a grand dinner, carried their art to the most whimsical perfection. They were to distribute so to be able to serve up a whole pig hauled on one side, and roasted on the other. The cook who performed this feat defies his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff the belly with an olio, composed of threodes and other birds, slices of the matrices of a sow, the yolks of eggs, the bellies of hens with their soft eggs, flavoured with a rich juice, and mixed meats in this space. When this cook is requested to explain his secret art, he solemnly swears by the laws of those who feared all the dangers of the Plague of Athens, and concluded at sea at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year. But of an inventor, so triumphant in the annals of the gastronomic art, our philosophers would not deprive posterity of the knowledge. The animal had been killed in a ditch by a ground under the shoulder, whence after a copious effusion, the master could extract the entrails, washed them with wine, and having the animal by the feet, he crammed down the skin at the stuffings already prepared. Then covering the half of the pig with a pair of hocks thickened with wine and oil, he put it on a small oven on a heated side of iron, where it was gently roasted with all due care. When the skin was browned, he broiled the other side, and then taking on at the hocks part, the pig was served up at once broiled and roasted. These cooks with a vegetable could counteract the shape, and the taste, of fish and flesh. The king of Bithynia, in your expedition against the Scythians, in the winter, and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *apdy*, a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape, then tried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grains of a dozen black peppercorns, he presented the root to his guests as an excellent fish. This transmutation of vegetables into meat or fish is a gem of the culinary art which we appear

to have lost, yet there are still traces, compared with the things themselves. No people are such gluttons of more animal food as our own; the art of preparing vegetables, pulse, and roots, is scarcely known in this country. This cheaper and healthful food should be introduced among the common people, who neglect them from not knowing how to dress them. The peasant, for want of the skill, breeds only fowl the best meat in the world, and sometimes the best way of dressing it is least costly.

The gastronomic art must have reached to its last perfection, when we find that it had its history; and that they knew how to ascertain the age of a dish with a sort of chronological criticism. The philosophers of Athens at table dissert on every dish, and tell us of one called *mdeti*, that there was a treatise composed on it, that it was first introduced at Athens, at the epocha of the Macedonian empire, but that it was undoubtedly a Thersian invention, the most sumptuous people of all the Greeks. The *mdeti* was a term at length applied to any dainty, of excessive delicacy, also arrived the last.

But as no art has ever attained perfection without numerous admirers, and as it is the public which only can make such exquisite cooks, our curiosity may be excited to inquire, whether the patrons of the gastronomic art were as great enthusiasts as its professors?

We see there had writers who exhausted their genius on these professional topics; and books of cooks were much read for a comic poet, quoted by Athenæus, exhibits a character existing in having procured "The new kitchen of Philostratus, which," says he, "I keep for myself to read in my solitude." That these devotees to the culinary art understood propriety to remove parts of the world, in quest of these discoveries, sufficient facts authenticate. England had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from about Sandwich. *Journal* records, that Montaigne was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the new taste whether they were English or not. The well-known Apicius passed into his stomach an immense fortune. He usually resided at Minturnæ, a town in Campania, where he ate shrimps at a high price. They were so large, that those of Amiens, and the prawns of Alexandria, could not be compared with the shrimps of Minturnæ. However, this luxurious epicure was informed that the shrimps in Africa were more monstrous; and he embarked without losing a day. He encountered a great storm, and through imminent danger arrived at the shores of Africa. The fishermen bring him the largest for use; these men could furnish Apicius shakes his head. "Have you never any larger?" he inquires. The answer was not favourable to his hopes. Apicius reports them, and finally remembers the shrimps of his own Minturnæ. He orders his pilot to return to Italy, and leaves Africa with a look of contempt.

A fraternal genius was Philostratus. He whom higher wish was to possess a crane's neck, that he might be the longer in carrying his dainties, and who appears to have invented some expedients which might answer, in some degree, the purpose.



This impudent episcopus was so well attended to the feelings of his brother guests, that, in the hot bath, he secretly bathed himself to keep his hands in the scalding water, and even used to plunge his throat with it, that he might feel less impediment in swallowing the hottest dishes. He begged the cooks to serve up the roast smoking hot, that he might gloriously devour what he chose before any one else could venture to touch the dish. It seemed as if he had used his fingers to handle fire. "He is an oven, not a man!" exclaimed a grumbling fellow-guest. Once having embarked for Ephesus, for the purpose of eating fish, his favorite food, he arrived at the market, and found all the stalls empty. There was a wedding in the house, and all the fish had been husbanded. He hastened to embrace the new-married couple, and among an epithalamium, the droll, mirthful episcopus charmed the company. The bridegroom was delighted by the homages of the pointer of such a part, and earnestly requested he would return on the morrow. "I will return, young friend, if there is no fish at the market." It was this Phalaris, who, at the table of Demetrius, the tyrant of Sicily, having near him a small bayonet, and observing a large one near the prince took the little one and held it to his ear. Demetrius inquired the reason. "At present," replied the ingenious episcopus, "I am occupied by my Galvus" (a poem in honour of the mistress of the tyrant), "that I wished to enquire of this little fish, whether he could give me some information about Demetrius, but he is silent, and I imagine they have taken him up too young. I have no doubt that old one, opposite to you, would perfectly satisfy me." Demetrius rewarded the pleasant conceit with the large bayonet.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SATURNALIA.

THE Sages discovered that our nature delights in imitation, and perhaps in nothing more than in representing persons, different from ourselves, in matters of those, in fact, there is a passion for masquerade in human nature. Children discover this propensity, and the populace, who see the children of to-day, through all ages have been haunted by their governors with festivals and recreations, which are made up of this male and transformation of persons and things, and the humble orders of society have been privileged by the higher, to please themselves by the language and ridiculing the great, at short intervals, in some recreation for the rest of the year.

The Saturnalia of the Romans is a remarkable instance of this characteristic of mankind. No cynic could not trace the origin of this institution, and seems to derive it from the Greeks, so that it might have arisen in some rude period of antiquity, and among another people. The conjecture seems supported by a passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,* who discovers traces of this institution among the more ancient nations, and most imagined that he saw in the habits of the Germans some similar usage. It is to be regretted that

Ovid does not afford us any new light on the cause to which originated the institution itself. The habits of the Germans was the common festival of an agricultural people, but bears none of the ludicrous characteristics of the Roman Saturnalia.

It would have been satisfactory to have discovered the occasion of the inextinguishable festivity which was then sanctioned by the legislator. This overturning of the principles of society, and this public ridicule of its laws, its customs, and its feelings. We are told, these festivals, dedicated to Saturn, were designed to represent the natural equality which prevailed in his golden age, and for this purpose the slaves were allowed to change places with the masters. This was, however, giving the people a false notion of the equality of men, for, while the slave was restored unto the master, the pretended equality was as much violated as in the usual situation of the person. The political misapprehension of this term of natural equality seems, however, to have been carried on through all ages, and the political Saturnalia had lately nearly thrown Europe into a state of that worse than slavery, where slaves are masters.

The Roman Saturnalia were latterly prolonged to a week's debauchery and folly, and a diary of that week's words and deeds would have furnished a copious chronicle of *Facetus*. Some notions are acquired from the lives of the Saturnalia of Lucian, an *Epistle of Demetrius*,† and from Horace, who, from his love of quiet, retired from the city during the busy season.

It was towards the close of December that all the towns was in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn, nothing new to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment. All business was suspended, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; so account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-fourth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this party. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation, nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the greatest freedom of raillery and truth with their masters, sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, telling them of their faults to their faces, while they snorted them. The slaves were imaginary kings, as indeed a lottery determined their rank; and as their masters attended them, wherever it happened that those performed their offices humbly, doubtless with some recollection of their own under consideration, the slave made the master leap into the water head foremost. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was pleased on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Games of all sorts were to be read, and all were to drink when and what they chose; none but the most skillful musicians and romancers were allowed to perform, for these people are worth seeking out as requests, as the Saturnalia were desired. Dancing, singing, and shouting, and

* *Metamorphoses*, Book 15.

† Horace, in his *Saturnalia* with his slave Demetrius, exhibits a lively picture of this circumstance. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

carrying a female murrain three round on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the pains in which the masters had their revenge for the rigour of the pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season: the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bareheaded, which Pomeroy explains in the spirit of this extraordinary institution, as designed to show that time destroys, or, as in the present case of the bareheaded priests, unconverts, all things.

Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favourite popular recreation of Paganism, and as the sports and games of the people outlast the date of their temples, and are carried with them, however they may change their name and their place on the globe, the greater pleasure of the Saturnalia were long well adapted to their tastes to be forgotten. The Saturnalia, therefore, long constituted the most extraordinary institutions among the nations of modern Europe, and, what seems more extraordinary, more than the unknown origin of the present absurdity itself the Saturnalia crept into the services and offices of the Christian church. Strange it is to observe at the altar the rites of religion but degraded, and all its offices performed with the utmost badness. It is only by tracing them to the Roman Saturnalia, that we can at all account for these grotesque sports—that extraordinary mixture of licentiousness and profaneness so long continued under Christianity.

Such were the terms of the law, the feast of fools at modernity, *festus des fous*. The feast of the fools of the innocents, and that of the conductors which perhaps, in its original term, meant only such-a-fool, but their conduct was expressed by the conversion of a pun into *conductus* or *conductus* *foolus*, drunken *deus* *con*. Institution of the nature, even more common than the historian has usually recorded, and varied in their mode, were so variously made other in their other extravagance.

These grotesque festivals were universally practised in the middle ages, and, as I shall show, comparatively even in modern times. The ignorant and the catch words then imagined it as the securest means to win the populace—who were always inclined to these pagan recreations.

These grotesque festivals have sometimes afforded the poet of fiction and dramatic antiquaries, but our own country has participated as heavily in

these impious festivities. In the first of June, an ass covered with accidental white was gravely conducted to the choir, where service was performed before the altar, and a hymn chanted in as discordant a manner as they could contrive, the office was a matter of all that had been sung in the course of the year—parts of a choir were sung at the head of the choir, the ass was supplied with drink and proceeded at every demand of the service, and the women were drinking, dancing, and laughing for two days. The hymn to the ass has been preserved, each stanza ends with the burden "Hosanna Ant, hee!" "Hosanna Ant, hee!" "Hosanna Ant, hee!" On other occasions, they put burnt old men to fume in the chimney, ran about the church, lamping, singing, and dancing otherwise, scattering waste among the audience, piling at dice upon the altar, while a boy-dance, or a page of fools, borrowed the divine service. Sometimes they disguised themselves in the skins of animals, and pretending to be transformed into the animal they represented, it became dangerous, or worse, to meet these abandoned souls. There was a *procession of fools*, who were shewn in public, during which he entertained the populace with all the badness his genius could invent. We had in Leicester, in 1615, what was called a *glutton-man*, during the five days of the festival of the Virgin Mary. The people ran early to mass, during which they practised eating and drinking with the most solemn solemnity, and, as in France, drove from the corners of the altar the rich puddings placed there.

As late as in 1845, a pupil of Cambray, writing to his master what he himself witnessed at Aut on the feast of the Innocents, says, "I have seen, in some monasteries on this practice, extraordinary amusements, which the papists would not have practised. Whether the clergy are the guardians, indeed, go to the choir on this day, but all is given up to the lay-brothers, the cabbage-cutters, the errand boys, the cooks and waiters, the gardeners, in a word, all the menials fill their places in the church, and most that they perform the office proper for the day. They dress themselves with all the sacerdotal ornaments, but torn to rags, or wear them made out they hold in their hands the book reserved or adorned, which they pretend to read with large spectacles without glasses, and to which there is the shaft of unceasing oranges, which renders them as bedrows, that one must have seen those madmen to form a notion of their appearance, particularly while dashing the oranges, they keep shaking them on devotion, and letting the ashes fly about their heads and faces, one against the other. In this equipage they in that way discuss, our passions, new manners, but resemble a certain gibberish as short and speaking as a herd of pigs whopped on to market. The numerous whom they chant are singularly barbarous—

"Hoc est clavis domus, clavis domus clavis domus.
Hoc est clavis domus, clavis domus clavis domus."

There are verses which equal one which the humour of the Italian burlesque poets have invented, and which might have entered with others.

* *Theses, Tracts des Jours*, p. 409.

* A large volume might be composed on these grotesque poems, and licentious fables. Du Cange notices several under different terms in his *Glossary*. Petrus Antonius, *Calendula*, *Cervola*. A curious collection has been made by the Abbe Artois in the fourth and seventh volumes of his *Mémoires de France*, &c. Du Ruis in his *Les Écrivains Modernes*, vol. I p. 109, has noticed several writers on the subject, and prescient on the hunting of a man called Adam, from *Ab-Voducula* to *Hob Thurela*, and treating him with a good supper at night, peculiar to a town in Germany. See Ancillon's *Mélanges Critiques*, &c. I. 10, where the passage from *Richard de Volterra* is found at length. In my learned friend Mr. Turner's second volume of his *History of England*, p. 387, will be found a copious and a curious note on this subject.

into the "Malmantile racquistato" of Lippi; but that they should have been endured amidst the solemn offices of religion, and have been performed in cathedrals, while it excites our astonishment, can only be accounted for by perceiving that they were, in truth, the Saturnalia of the Romans. Mr. Turner observes, without perhaps having a precise notion that they were copied from the Saturnalia, that "It could be only by rivalling the pagan revelries, that the Christian ceremonies could gain the ascendancy." Our historian further observes, that these "licentious festivities were called the *December liberties*, and seem to have begun at one of the most solemn seasons of the Christian year, and to have lasted through the chief part of January." This very term, as well as the time, agrees with that of the ancient Saturnalia:—

"Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere: narra."
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

The Roman Saturnalia, thus transplanted into Christian churches, had for its singular principle, that of inferiors, whimsically and in mockery, personifying their superiors with a licensed licentiousness. This forms a distinct characteristic from those other popular customs and pastimes which the learned have also traced to the Roman, and even more ancient nations. Our present inquiry is, to illustrate that proneness in man, of delighting to reverse the order of society, and ridiculing its decencies.

Here we had our *boy-bishop*, a legitimate descendant of this family of foolery. On St. Nicholas's day, a saint who was the patron of children, the boy-bishop with his *mitra parva* and a long crozier, attended by his schoolmates as his diminutive prebendaries, assumed the title and state of a bishop. The child-bishop preached a sermon, and afterwards, accompanied by his attendants, went about singing, and collecting his pence: to such theatrical processions in collegiate bodies, Warton attributes the custom, still existing at Eton, of going *ad montem*. But this was a tame mummery compared with the grossness elsewhere allowed in burlesquing religious ceremonies. The English, more particularly after the Reformation, seem not to have polluted the churches with such abuses. The relish for the Saturnalia was not, however, less lively here than on the Continent; but it took a more innocent direction, and was allowed to turn itself into civil life: and since the people would be gratified by mock dignities, and claimed the privilege of ridiculing their masters, it was allowed them by our kings and nobles; and a troop of grotesque characters, frolicsome great men, delighting in merry mischief, are recorded in our domestic annals.

The most learned Selden, with parsimonious phrase and copious sense, has thus compressed the result of an historical dissertation: he derives our ancient Christmas sports at once from the true, though remote, source. "Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia; the same time, the same number of holy-days; then the master waited upon the servant like the *lord of misrule*."* Such is the title

of a facetious potentate, who, in this notice of Selden's, is not further indicated, for this personage was familiar in his day, but of whom the accounts are so scattered, that his offices and his glory are now equally obscure. The race of this nobility of drollery, and this legitimate king of all hoaxing and quizzing, like mightier dynasties, has ceased to exist.

In England our festivities at Christmas appear to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were once famed for merry Christmases and their pies: witness the Italian proverb, "*Ha piu di fare che i forni di Natale in Inghilterra*:" "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." Wherever the king resided, there was created for that merry season a Christmas Prince, usually called "the *Lord of Misrule*;" and whom the Scotch once knew under the significant title of "the *Abbot of Unreason*." His office, according to Stowe, was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder." Every nobleman, and every great family, surrendered their houses, during this season, to the Christmas prince, who found rivals or usurpers in almost every parish; and more particularly, as we shall see, among the grave students in our inns of court.

The Italian Polydore Vergil, who, residing here, had clearer notions of this facetious personage, considered the Christmas Prince as peculiar to our country. Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed, whether he be legitimate or not. If this whimsical personage, at his creation, was designed to regulate "misrule," his lordship, invested with plenary power, came himself, at length, to delight too much in his "merry disports." Stubbes, a morose puritan in the reign of Elizabeth, denominates him "a grand captaine of mischiefe," and has preserved a minute description of all his wild doings in the country; but as Strutt has anticipated me in this amusing extract, I must refer to his "*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*," p. 254. I prepare another scene of unparalleled Saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys.

For those who can throw themselves back amidst the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors, who, without what we think to be taste, had whim and merriment—there has been fortunately preserved a curious history of the manner in which "A grand Christmas" was kept at our Inns of Court, by the grave and learned Dugdale, in his "*Origines Juridicales*:" it is a complete festival of foolery, acted by the students and law-officers. They held for that season everything in mockery: they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie*, or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the Tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents, all the paraphernalia of a court, burlesqued by these youthful sages before the boyish judges.

* Selden's Table-talk.

The characters permitted were in the costume of their assumed offices. On Christmas-day, the constable-marshal, accoutred with a complete gilded harness, showed that everything was to be chivalrously ordered, while the lieutenant of the Tower, in "a fur whose artifice," attended with his troop of halberdiers, and the Tower was then placed beneath the fire. After this opening followed the costly feasting, and then, nothing less than a hunt with a pack of hounds in their hall.

The master of the game dressed in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest in green satin, bearing a green bow and arrow, each with a hunting-horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of ventry (or hunting). They pace round about the fire three times. The master of the game knouch to be admitted into the service of the high-constable. A huntsman comes into the hall, with nine or ten couples of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a purple-net, which holds a fox and a cat; these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.

These extraordinary amusements took place after their repast, for these grotesque Saturnalia appeared after that grave part of their grand Christmas Supper ended, the constable-marshal presented himself with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round, at length he cries out "a lord! a lord!" &c. &c. and then calls his mock court every one by name.

Sir Francis Platterer, of Pouchburn

Sir Randall Bar-Rabite, of Rascal-hall, in the county of Rake-hell

Sir Morgan Munchance, of Much Monkey, in the county of Mad Monkeys

Sir Bartholomew Bald-breech, of Bantuckbury, in the county of Break-neck

They had also their mock arrangements. The king's-joyceant, after dinner or supper, "unmistakable," complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail, the complaint was answered by the common-joyceant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The king's-joyceant replied, then ryon, &c. till one at length is committed to the Tower, his being found most deficient. If any offender contrived to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the bailey, and brought into the hall a manchet, or small loaf.

* A rare quarto tract seems to give an authentic narrative of one of these grand Christmas-joyceants, exhibiting all these whimsical and burlesque humour. It is entitled "Gesta Gervason, or the History of the high and mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Arch-duke of Stapula and Bernardus Stapula and Bernard's Inn, Duke of High and Nether-Holthorn, Marquess of St. Gilm and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Blum-andbury and Chertswell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, &c., Knight and Sovereign of the most heretical order of the Helms, who reigned and died A.D. 1500." It is full of burlesque speeches and addresses. As it was printed in 1600, I suppose it was from some manuscript of the times, the practice gives no indication.

upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Thus began the revels. Blount derives this term from the French *reveller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking, comedies, &c. for some were called memento revels, used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a number of the revels.

Amidst "the grand Christmas," a personage of no small importance was "the Lord of Miracle." His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chambers to drag forth the laggards, but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in vespers till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or as Dugdale expresses it, "and then his power is most potent."

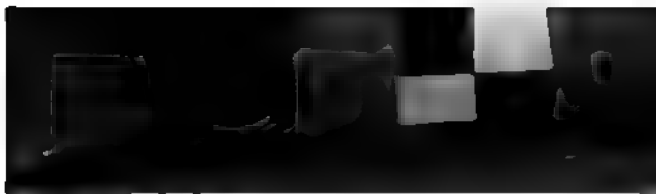
Such once were the pastimes of the whole learned bench, and when once it happened that the under-barristers did not dance on Candlemas-day, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, the whole bar was offended, and at Lincoln's-Inn were by decimation put out of communion, for example sake, and if the same summons were repeated, they were to be fined or disbanded, for these dances were thought necessary, "so much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times." I cannot furnish a detailed notice of these pastimes; for Dugdale, whenever he indicates them, spurs his gravitas from recording the evanescent frolics, by a provoking &c., &c., &c.

The dance "round about the coal-fire" is taken off in the "Rehearsal." These revels have also been ridiculed by Donne in his Satires, Prior in his Alms, and Pope in his Dunciad. "The judge to dance, his brother serpents call."

"The Lord of Miracle," in the eyes of court, latterly did not conduct himself with any recollection of "Mein Intendanten," being unrecognisable, but the "spark of the Temple," as a contemporary calls them, had gradually, in the early part of Charles I.'s reign, yielded themselves up to excessive disorders. Sir Edmund D'Ewes, in his diary in 1620, has noticed their choice of a lieutenant, or lord of miracle, who seems to have practised all the mischief he invented, and the festival days, when "a standing table was kept," were accompanied by dancing, and much gaming, oaths, execrations, and quarrels. "being of serious turn of mind, he regrets this, for he adds, 'the sport, if itself, I conceive to be lawful.'"

I suspect that the last memorable act of a Lord of Miracle of the Inns of court occurred in 1629, when the Christmas game became serious. The Lord of Miracle then issued an edict to his officers to go out at Twelfth-night to collect his rents, in the neighbourhood of the Temple, at the rate of five shillings a house, and on those who were to their beds, or would not pay, he levied a distress. An unexpected resistance at length occurred on a memorable battle with the Lord Mayor on person—and I shall tell how the Lord of Miracle for some time stood victor, with his gunner, and his

* On the last Seven Hills, see Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 273.



trumpets, and his martial array, and how heavily and carefully stood my Lord Mayor amidst his "watch and ward," and how these lordships agreed to meet half-way, each to preserve his independent dignity, till our Lord laid down the other. And how the long halberds clashed with the short swords, how my Lord Mayor (who was) took the Lord of Mirabeau prisoner with his own civil hand, and how the Christmas prince was summoned to the Counter, and how the learned Templars insisted on their privilege, and the unlearned of Ram-alleys and Fleet-street asserted their right of saving three crown-pieces, and finally how this combat of mockery and earnestness was settled, not without the introduction of "a God," as Horace allows on great occasions, so the interposition of the king and the attorney-general, although the tale had been well told in more comic epic, but the wit of that day let it pass out of their hands.

I find this event, which seems to record the last desperate effort of a "Lord of Mirabeau," in a manuscript letter of the learned Mede to Sir Martin Stretville, and some particulars are collected from Hammond L'Estrange's life of Charles I.

Jan 12, 1649-50.

"On Saturday the Templars chose one Mr Palmer their Lord of Mirabeau, who on Twelfth-eve, late in the night, went out to gather up his realm of one shilling a house, in Ram-alleys and Fleet-street. As every door they came they wended the Temple horn, and at the second blast or summons they within opened not the door, then the Lord of Mirabeau cried out, 'Give fire, gunner!' His gunner was a robustious Viking, and the gun or pistol it self was a huge overgrown smith's hammer. This being complained of to my Lord Mayor, he said he would be with them about eleven o'clock on Sunday night last, adding that all that ward should attend him with their halberds, and that himself, besides three that came out of his house, should bring the Watchers along with him. His lordship, thus attended, advanced as high as Ram-alleys in martial equipage, when forth came the Lord of Mirabeau, attended by his gallants, out of the Temple-gate, with three swords, all armed as corpses. A halberdier had the Lord of Mirabeau come to my Lord Mayor. He answered, 'No! let the Lord Mayor come to me!' At length they agreed to meet half-way, and, as the ceremony of trial process is never without danger of some ill accident, as it happened in this, for first, Mr Palmer being quarrelled with, but not pulling off his hat to my Lord Mayor, and giving cross answers, the halberds began to fly about his ears, and he and his company to brandish their swords. At last having beaten to the ground, and the Lord of Mirabeau was wounded, they were fain to yield to the longer and more numerous weapon. My Lord Mayor taking Mr Palmer by the shoulder, led him to the Counter, and thrust him in at the prison-gate with a kind of indignation, and so, notwithstanding his hurts, he was bound to be attending the common prisoners for two weeks. On Tuesday the king's attorney became a suitor to my Lord Mayor for their liberty, which his lordship granted, upon condition they should repair the gathered ruin, and do reparations upon broken doors. Then the game ended. Mr Attorney-

General, being of the same house, fetched them in his own coach, and carried them to the court, where the king himself presided, as my Lord Mayor and them together with pressing all hands, the gentleness of the Temple being this show made to present a block to their Majesties, over and besides the king's own great block, to be performed at the Banqueting-house by an hundred a-ton."

That it appears, that although the grave citizens did well and rightly protect themselves, yet, by the attorney-general taking the Lord of Mirabeau in his coach, and the king giving his royal interference between the parties, that they considered that the Lord of Mirabeau had certain ancient privileges, and it was, perhaps, a doubt with them, whether this interference of the Lord Mayor might not be considered as severe and unbecomable. It is probable, however, that the arm of the civil power brought all future Lords of Mirabeau to their knees. Perhaps this dynasty in the shape of mockery ceased with this Christmas prince, who felt a victim to the arbitrary taxation he levied. I find after this, orders made for the Inner Temple, for "preventing of that general scandal and obloquy, which the House hath heretofore incurred in time of Christmas," and that "there be not any going abroad out of the gates of this House, by any lord or others, to break open any house, or take anything in the name of rent or a distress."

These "Lords of Mirabeau," and their mock court and royalty, appear to have been only extinguished with the English sovereignty itself, at the time of our republican government. Edmund Gayton tells a story, to show the strange impression of strong fancies on his work of great rarity, I shall transcribe the story in his own words, both to give a continuation to this inquiry, and a specimen of his style of narrating the sort of little things. "A gentleman importuned, at a late night in the public hall, to accept the high and mighty place of a mock-emperor, which was duly conferred upon him by seven mock-electors. At the same time, with much wit and ceremony, the emperor accepted his chair of state, which was placed in the highest table in the hall, and at his installation all pomp, reverence, and signs of homage were used by the whole company, inasmuch that our emperor, having a spice of self-conceit before, was suddenly metamorphosed into the sturdiest, greatest, and commanding soul, that ever existed. Taylor acting Arden, or Demetrius D'Ambrose, were shadows to him; his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb, was altered. Alexander upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle upon that elephant, was not so high, and so clear did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that his many years he could not shake off this war night's assumed department, and the times came that drew all theatrical imaginations out, and made out of his head, but every one's." This mock "emperor" was unquestionably one of these "Lords of Mirabeau," or "a Christmas Prince." The "public hall" was that of the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. And it was natural enough, when the levelling equality of our theatres and parliaments

* Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote, by Edmund Gayton, Esq., 1616, p. 30.

commonwealths were come into vogue, that even the shadowy regular of machinery started them, by reviving the recollections of commonness and into which some might incline, as they afterwards did, seriously to restore. The "Prince of Christmas" did not, however, attend the Restoration of Charles II.

The Restoration spirit has not been extinct even in our days. The Marquis of Gortal, with the much address and baroque election, was an image of such satirical exhibitions of their superior, so delightful to the people. France, at the close of Louis XIV's reign, first saw her imaginary "Régiment de la Calotte," which was the terror of the names of the day, and the blackheads of all times. This "regiment of the skullcaps" originated in an officer and a wit, who, suffering from violent headaches, was recommended the use of a skullcap of lead and his companions, as great wits, formed themselves into a regiment, to be distinguished by their extravagances in words or in deeds. They elected a general, they had their arms blazoned, and struck medals, and issued "brevets," and "lettres patentes," and granted pensions to certain individuals, stating their claims to be enlisted in the regiment for some egregious extravagance. The wits renounced these arms commissions and the idlers, like pioneers, were buried in clearing their way, by picking up the common and commonplaces of the most noted characters. Those who were favoured with its "brevets" intrigued against the regiment, but at length they found it easier to wear their "calotte," and say nothing. This society began in raillery and playfulness, seasoned by a spice of malice. It produced a great number of ingenious and satirical little things. That the privileges of the "calotte" were afterwards abused, and calumnies too often took the place of poignant satire, is the history of human nature, as well as of "the calotte."

Another society in the same spirit has been discovered in one of the lordships of Poland. It was called "The Republic of Baboonery." The society was a burlesque model of their own government: a king, chancery, councillors, archbishops, judges, &c. If a member would regulate the conversation, he was immediately appointed master of the republic. If he spoke with impudence, the absurdity of his conversation usually led to some unstable office created to perpetuate his folly. A man talking too much of dogs, would be made a master of the hock-hounds, or wanting his courage, perhaps a field-marshal, and if bogged on disputable matters and speculative opinions in religion, he was considered to be nothing less than an inquisitor. This was a pleasant and useful project to reform the manners of the Polish youth, and one of the Polish kings great-humourists observed, that he considered himself "as much King of Baboonery as King of Poland." We have had in our own country some attempts at similes

* Their "brevets," &c. are collected in a little volume, "Recueil des papiers du Régiment de la Calotte," à Paris chez Jacques Colombat, Imprimeur privilégié du Régiment. L'an de l'ère Calottine 7726. From the date we infer, that the true calotte is as old as the creation.

Saturnalia; but their success has been so equivocal that they hardly afford materials for our domestic history.

RELIQUIÆ GETHIANÆ.

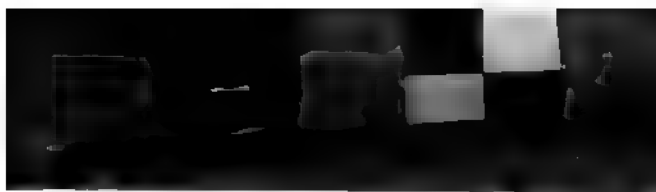
In the south aisle of Westminster Abbey stands a monument erected to the memory of Lady Grace GERTIE. A statue of her adorning represents her kneeling, holding a book in her right hand. This accomplished lady was considered as a prodigy in her day, and appears to have created a feeling of enthusiasm for her character. She died early, having scarcely attained to womanhood, although a wife, for "all this goodness and all this excellence was bounded within the compass of twenty years."

But it is her book commemorated in marble, and not her character which may have merited the marble that chronicles it, which has excited my curiosity and my suspicion. After her death a number of loose papers were found in her handwriting, which could not fail to attract, and, perhaps, attract these readers, with the maturity of thought and the vast capacity which had accompanied them. These reliquies of genius were collected together, methodised under death, and appeared with the title of "Reliquiæ Gethianæ; or some remains of Grace Lady Gertie, lately deceased," being a collection of choice discourses, pious apothegms, and witty sentences; written by her for the most part by way of leisure, and at spare hours, published by her nearest relations to preserve her memory. Second edition, 1720.

Of this book, considering that comparatively it is modern, and the copy before me is called a second edition, it is somewhat extraordinary that it seems always to have been a very scarce one. Even Ballard, in his *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, 1750, mentions that these remains are "very difficult to be procured," and Dr. William Mitford in a manuscript note observed, that "this book was very scarce." It bears now a high price. A list is given in the preface that the work was chiefly printed for the use of her friends, yet by a second edition, we must infer that the public at large were so. There is a poem prefixed with the signature W. C. which no one will hesitate to pronounce is by Congreve; he wrote indeed another poem to celebrate this astonishing book, for, considered as the production of a young lady, it is a marvellous, rather than a human, production. The last lines in this poem we might expect from Congreve in his happier vein, who contrives to preserve his panegyric amidst that comic wit, with which he keenly scorched the age.

"A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE ACTRESS."

"I that hate books, such as come daily out
By public licence to the reading rout,
A due religion yet observe to thee,
And here assert, if any thing's amiss,
It can be only the compiler's fault,
Who has ill-drest the charming author's thought—
That was all right (her beauties looks were
just)
To a no less admired excellent mind.



But oh! this glory of frail Nature's dead,
As I shall be that write, and you that read.*
(Once, to be out of fashion, I'll conclude
With something that may tend to public good
I wish that poets, from which in heaven
The fair is placed to the lawn sleeves were
given.

Her justice—to the knot of men whose care
From the raised millions is to take their share.

"W. C."

The book claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow on it. But let us hear the editor—He tells us, that "It is a vast disadvantage to authors to publish their private undigested thoughts, and first notions hastily set down, and designed only as materials for a future structure." And he adds, "But the work may not come short of that great and just expectation which the world had of her while she was alive, and still has of everything that is the genuine product of her pen, they must be told that this *as written for the most part to Aske*, were her first conceptions and overflowings of her luxuriant fancy, noted with her pencil at spare hours, or as she was dressing, as her *Maggy* you only, and set down just as they came into her mind."

All this will serve as a memorable example of the cant and mendacity of an editor, and that total absence of critical judgment that could assert such unadvised reflection, in so exquisite a style, could ever have been "first conceptions, just as they came into the mind of Lady Gethin, as she was dressing."

The truth is, that Lady Gethin may have had little concern in all these "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." They indeed might well have delighted their readers, but those who had read Lord Bacon's Essays, and other writers, such as Owen Fetham, and Osborne, from whom these relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the ladies of the Honours and the Gethins, to whom her adship was added, to Congreve and to the editor, and still more puzzled as to subsequent compilers, as Balcan in his Memoirs, and late as the Rev. Mark Noble in his Continuation of *et cetera*, who both, with a total absence of criticism, give specimens of these "Reliquiæ," without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's Essays. Unquestionably Lady Gethin herself intended no impudence; her mind had all the delicacy of her sex, she noted much from the book she seems most to have delighted in, and nothing less than the most undiscerning friends could have imagined that everything written by the hand of this young lady was her "first conception," and *apologies* for some of the finest thoughts, in the most vigorous style which the English language can produce. It seems, however, to prove that Lord Bacon's Essays were not much read at the time this volume appeared.

The marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves, but it was necessary to discover the origin of this miraculous pro-

duction of a young lady. What is Lady Gethin's, or what is not hers, in this miscellany of plagiarisms, it is not material to examine. Those passages in which her ladyship speaks in her own person probably are of original growth, of this kind many evince great vivacity of thought, drawn from actual observation on what was passing around her, but even among these are intermixed the splendid passages of Bacon and other writers.

I shall not crowd my pages with specimens of a very suspicious author. One of her subjects has attracted my attention; for it shows the corrupt manners of persons of fashion who lived between 1600 and 1700. To find a mind so pure and elevated as Lady Gethin's unquestionably was, discussing whether it were most advisable to have for a husband a general lover, or one attached to a mistress, and deciding in the force of reasoning in favour of the dissipated man for a woman, it seems, had only the alternative, either a public degradation of morals. These manners were the wretched remains of the Court of Charles II., when Wycherley, Dryden, and Congreve seem to have written with much less invention, in their indecent plots and language, than is imagined.

"I know not which is worse, to be wife to a man that is continually changing his sex, or to an husband that hath but one mistress whom he loves with a constant passion. And if you keep some measure of civility to her, he will at least esteem you, but he of the roving humour plays an hundred frolics that divert the town and perplex his wife. She often meets with her husband's mistress, and is at a loss how to carry herself towards her. 'Tis true the constant man is ready to sacrifice, every moment, his whole family to his wife, he hates any place where she is not, is prodigal in what concerns his love, covetous in other respects, expects you should be blind to all he doth, and though you can't but see, yet must not dare complain. And tho' both he who lends his heart to whomever pleases it, and he that gives it entirely to one, do both of them require the exactest devotion from their wives, yet I know not if it be not better to be wife to an unconstant husband, provided he be something discreet than to a constant fellow who is always perplexing her with his constant humour. For the unconstant lovers are commonly the best humoured, but let them be what they will, women ought not to be unfaithful to their true sake and their own, nor to offend by example. It is one of the best bonds of charity and obedience in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous."

"Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses."

The last degrading sentence is found in a wife writer, whose name I cannot recollect. Lady Gethin, with an intellect so superior to that of the women of that day, had no conception of the dignity of the female character, the claims of virtue, and the duties of honour. A wife was to know obedience and silence, however she hated that such a husband should not be jealous. There was a sweetness in revenge reserved for some of these married women.

* Was this thought, that strikes with a sudden effect, in the mind of Hawkerworth, when he so pathetically concluded his last paper?

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the favourite of the learned and the unlearned, of the youth and the adult, the book that was to constitute the library of Boswell's family, owes its secret charm to its being a new representation of human nature, yet drawn from an existing state, this picture of self-education, self-enquiry, self-happiness, is scarcely a fiction, although it includes all the magic of romance, and is not a mere narrative of truth, since it displays all the forcible genius of one of the most original minds our literature can boast. The history of the work is therefore interesting. It was treated in the author's time as a mere idle romance, for the philosophy was not discovered in the story; after his death it was considered to have been pillaged from the papers of Alexander Selkirk, confided to the author, and the humour, as well as the genius, of De Foe were alike questioned.

The entire history of this work of genius may now be traced, from the first hints to the mature state, to which only the genius of De Foe could have brought it.

The adventures of Selkirk are well known; he was found on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, where he had formerly been left, by Woodes Rogers, and Edward Cooke, who in 1713 published their voyages, and told the extraordinary history of Crusoe's prototype, with all those curious and minute particulars which Selkirk had freely communicated to them. This narrative of itself is extremely interesting, and has been given entire by Captain Burners; it may also be found in the *Biographical Britannica*.

In this article narrative we may discover more than the outline of Robinson Crusoe. "The first appearance of Selkirk," a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked more wild than the first natives of them. "The two huts he had built, the one to dress his victuals, the other to sleep in; his contrivance to get fire, by rubbing two pieces of gum-resin wood together, his distress for the want of bread and salt, till he came to refresh his meat without either, his mending out his shoes, till he grew so accustomed to be without them, that he could not for a long time afterwards, on his return home, use them without inconvenience, his method of his gun contriving, and his bed of goat-skins, when his gunpowder failed, his teaching himself by continual exercise to run as swiftly as the goats, his falling from a precipice in catching hold of a goat, wounded and bruised, till coming to his senses he found the goat dead under him, his taking hold to divert himself by dancing with them and his cats, his converting a wal into a needle, his sewing his goat-skins with little thorns of the same, and when his knife was worn to the back, contriving to make blades out of some iron hoops. His relaxing himself in this solitude by singing psalms, and preserving a social feeling in his several years. And the habitation which Selkirk had cared, to reach which, they followed him "with difficulty, climbing up and creeping down many crabs, till they came at last to a pleasant spot of ground full of grass and of trees, where stood his two huts, and his numerous tame geese showed his solitary retreat;" and,

finally, his indifference to return to a world, from which his feelings had been so perfectly weaned.—Such were the raw rude materials of a new situation in human nature: an European in a universal state, with the habit of mind of a savage.

The year after this account was published, Selkirk and his adventures attracted the notice of Steele, who was not likely to pass unobserved a man and a story so strange and so new. In his paper of "The Englishman," Dec. 1713, he communicated further particulars of Selkirk. Steele became acquainted with him; he says, that "he could discern that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude." Steele adds another very curious change in his wild man, which occurred some time after he had seen him. "Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. I made converse to this turn had taken off the homeliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face." De Foe could not fail of being struck by these interesting particulars of the character of Selkirk, but probably it was another observation of Steele which threw the genius of Robinson Crusoe into the mind of De Foe. "It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he was a man of sense, give an account of the different sensations in his own mind in that long solitude."

The work of De Foe, however, was no sudden evolution, long engaged in political warfare, committed to suffer imprisonment, and at length struck in a fit of apoplexy, the unhappy and unprosperous man of genius on his recovery was reduced to a comparative state of solitude. To his injured feelings and lonely contemplations, Selkirk in his Desert Isle, and Steele's striking hint, often occurred, and to all these we perhaps owe the instructive and delightful tale, which shows man what he can do for himself, and what the solitude of poetry does for man. Even the personage of Friday is not a mere image of his brain: a Mangout Indian, described by Dampier, was the prototype. Robinson Crusoe was not given to the world till 1719, seven years after the publication of Selkirk's adventures. Selkirk could have no claims on De Foe, for he had only supplied the man of genius with that which lies open to all, and which no one had, or perhaps could have converted into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself. Had De Foe not written Robinson Crusoe, the name and story of Selkirk had been passed over like others of the same sort, yet Selkirk has the merit of having detained his on a history, in a manner so interesting, as to have attracted the notice of Steele, and to have inspired the genius of De Foe.

After this, the origin of Robinson Crusoe will no longer be suspected, and the old tale which Dr. Beattie has repeated of Selkirk having supplied the materials of his story to De Foe,

from which our author borrowed his work, and published for his own profit, will be finally put to rest. This is due to the injured honour and the genius of De Foe.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT DRAMAS.

LITERATURE, and the arts connected with it, in this free country, have been involved with its political state, and have sometimes flourished or declined with the fortunes, or been made instrumental to the purposes, of the parties which had espoused them. Thus in our dramatic history, in the early period of the Reformation, the Catholics were secretly working on the stage; and long afterwards the royalist party, under Charles I., possessed it till they provoked their own ruin. The Catholics, in their expiring cause, took refuge in the theatre, and disguised the invectives they would have invented in sermons, under the more popular forms of the drama, where they freely ridiculed the chiefs of the *new religion*, as they termed the Reformation, and "the new Gospel-lers," or those who quoted their Testament as an authority for their proceedings. Fuller notices this circumstance. "The popish priests, though unseen, stood behind the hangings, or lurked in theiring-house."* These found supporters among the elder part of their auditors, who were tenacious of their old habits and doctrines; and opposers in the younger, who eagerly adopted the term Reformation in its full sense.

This conduct of the Catholics called down a proclamation from Edward VI., when we find that the government was most anxious that these pieces should not be performed in "the English tongue;" so that we may infer that the government was not alarmed at treason in Latin. This proclamation states, "that a great number of those that be common players of interludes or plays, as well within the city of London as elsewhere, who for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition, &c. &c., whereupon are grown, and daily are like to grow, much division, tumult, and uproars in this realm. The king charges his subjects that they should not openly or secretly play in the *English tongue*, any kind of *Interlude, Play, Dialogue*, or other matter set forth in *form of Play*, on pain of imprisonment, &c."

This was, however, but a temporary prohibition; it cleared the stage for a time of these Catholic dramatists; but *reformed Enterludes*, as they were termed, were afterwards permitted.

These Catholic dramas would afford some speculation to historical inquirers: we know they made very free strictures on the first heads of the Reformation, on Cromwell, Cranmer, and their party; but they were probably overcome in their struggles with their prevailing rivals. Some may yet possibly lurk in their manuscript state. We have, printed, one of those Moralities, or moral plays, or allegorical dramatic pieces, which succeeded the Mysteries in the reign of Henry VIII., entitled "Every Man:" in the character of that hero, the

writer not unaptly designates Human Nature herself.* This comes from the Catholic school, to recall the auditors back to the forsaken ceremonies of that church; but it levels no strokes of personal satire on the Reformers. It is evident that from the solemnity of the subjects, the summoning of man out of the world by death, and by the gravity of its conduct, not without some attempts, however rude, to excite terror and pity, this morality may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. Such ancient simplicity is not worthless to the poetical antiquary: although the mere modern reader would soon feel weary at such inartificial productions, yet the invention which may be discovered in these rude pieces would be sublime, warm with the colourings of a Gray or a Collins.

On the side of the reformed we have no deficiency of attacks on the superstitions and idolatries of the Romish church; and Satan, and his old son Hypocrisy, are very busy at their intrigues with another hero called "Lusty Juventus," and the seductive mistress they introduce him to, "A formidable Living:" this was printed in the reign of Edward VI. It is odd enough to see such a dramatic performance, chapter and verse, nearly as if a sermon were to be perorated. In we find such rude learning as this:—

"Read the V. to the Galatians, and thou shalt see
That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit"—

or in homely rhymes like these,

"I will show you what St. Paul doth declare
In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the X. chapter"

In point of historical information respecting the pending struggle between the Catholics and the "New Gospellers," we do not glean much secret history from these pieces: yet they curiously exemplify that regular progress in the history of man, which has shown itself in the more recent revolutions of Europe: the old people still clinging, from habit and affection, to what is obsolete, and the young ardent in establishing what is new; while the balance of human happiness trembles between both.

Thus "Lusty Juventus" conveys to us in his rude simplicity the feeling of that day. Satan, in lamenting the downfall of superstition, declares that—

"The old people would believe still in my laws,
But the younger sort lead them a contrary way—
They will live as the Scripture teacheth them."

Hypocrisy, when informed by his old master, the Devil, of the change that "Lusty Juventus" has undergone, expresses his surprise; attaching that usual odium of meanness on the early reformers, in the spirit that the Hollanders were nicknamed at their first revolution, by their lords the Spaniards, "Les Gueux," or the Beggars.

"What, is Juventus become so tame
To be a new Gospeller?"

But in his address to the young reformer, who as-

* Eccl. Hist. Book VII. 390.

* It has been preserved by Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," vol. I.

serts that he is not bound to obey his parents but "in all things honest and lawful," Hypocrisy thus vents his feeling:

"Lawful, quoth he? Ah! fool! fool!
Wilt thou set men to school
When they be old?
I may say to you secretly,
The world was never merry
Since children were so bold;
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a fool, the child a preacher;
This is pretty gear!
The fool presumption of youth
Will shortly turn to great ruth,
I fear, I fear, I fear!"

In these rude and simple lines there is something like the artifice of composition: the repetition of words in the first and the last lines was doubtless intended as a grace in the poetry. That the ear of the poet was not unmusical, amidst the inartificial construction of his verse, will appear in this curious catalogue of holy things, which Hypocrisy has drawn up, not without humour, in asserting the services he had performed for the Devil.

"And I brought up such superstition
Under the name of holiness and religion,
That deceived almost all.

As—holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestments, holy copes,
Holy hermits, and friars,
Holy priests, holy bishops,
Holy monks, holy abbots,
Tea, and all obstinate liars.

Holy pardons, holy beads,
Holy saints, holy images,
With holy holy blood,
Holy stocks, holy stones,
Holy clouts, holy bones,
Yea, and holy holy wood.

Holy skins, holy bulls,
Holy rochets, and cowls,
Holy crutches and staves,
Holy hoods, holy caps,
Holy mitres, holy hats,
And good holy holy knives.

Holy days, holy fastings,
Holy twitching, holy fastings,
Holy visions and sights,
Holy wax, holy lead,
Holy water, holy bread,
To drive away spirits.

Holy fire, holy palme,
Holy oil, holy cream,
And holy ashes also;
Holy broaches, holy rings,
Holy kneeling, holy censurs,
And a hundred trims-trams mo.

Holy crosses, holy bells,
Holy reliques, holy jewels,
Of mine own invention;
Holy candles, holy tapers,
Holy parchments, holy papers;—
Had not you a holy son?"

Some of these Catholic dramas were long afterwards secretly performed among Catholic families. In an unpublished letter of the times, I find a case in the Star-chamber respecting a play being acted at Christmas 1614, at the house of Sir John Yorke; the consequences of which were heavy fines and imprisonment. The letter-writer describes it, as containing "many foul passages to the vilifying of our religion and exalting of popery, for which he and his lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece, and imprisoned in the Tower for a year; two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums."

THE HISTORY OF THE THEATRE DURING ITS SUPPRESSION.

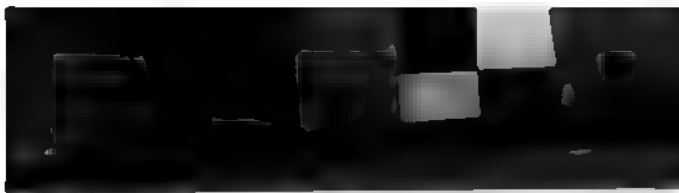
A PERIOD in our dramatic annals has been passed over during the progress of the civil war, which indeed was one of silence, but not of repose in the theatre. It lasted beyond the death of Charles I., when the fine arts seemed also to have suffered with the monarch. The theatre, for the first time in any nation, was abolished by a public ordinance, and the actors, and consequently all that family of genius who by their labours or their tastes are connected with the drama, were reduced to silence. The actors were forcibly dispersed, and became even some of the most persecuted objects of the new government.

It may excite our curiosity to trace the hidden footsteps of this numerous fraternity of genius. Hypocrisy and Fanaticism had, at length, triumphed over Wit and Satire. A single blow could not, however, annihilate those never-dying powers; nor is suppression always extinction. Reduced to a state which did not allow of uniting in a body, still their habits and their affections could not desert them: actors would attempt to resume their functions, and the genius of the authors and the tastes of the people would occasionally break out, though scattered and concealed.

Mr GIFFORD has noticed, in his introduction to *Massinger*, the noble contrast between our actors at that time, with those of revolutionary France, when, to use his own emphatic expression, "One wretched actor only deserted his sovereign; while of the vast multitude fostered by the nobility and the royal family of France, not one individual adhered to their cause: all rushed madly forward to plunder and assassinate their benefactors."

The contrast is striking, but the result must be traced to a different principle; for the cases are not parallel as they appear. The French actors did not occupy the same ground as ours. Here the fanatics shut up the theatre, and extirpated the art and the artists; there, the fanatics enthusiastically converted the theatre into an instrument of their own revolution, and the French actors therefore found an increased national patronage. It was natural enough that actors would not desert a flourishing profession. "The plunder and assassinations," indeed, were quite peculiar to themselves as Frenchmen, not as actors.

The destruction of the theatre here was the result of an ancient quarrel between the Puritan party and the whole *corps dramatique*. In this



little history of plots and players, like more important history, we perceive how all human events form but a series of consequences linked together, and we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth to comprehend an event which occurred in that of Charles the First. It has been perhaps peculiar to this land of contending opinions, and of happy and unhappy liberty that a ghostly met was early formed, who, drawing, as they focused, the principles of their conduct from the moral precepts of the Gospel, learned those views of human nature which were more practicable in a desert than a city, and which were rather suited to a monastic order than to a polished people. These were our Puritans, who at first perhaps from utter simplicity, among other extravagant notions, imagined that of the extinction of the theatre. Numerous works from that time assigned their own part and their readers' heads, founded on literal interpretations of the Scriptures, which were applied to our drama, though written ere our drama existed, voluminous quotations from the Fathers, who had only witnessed farical interludes and licentious pantomimes. They even quoted classical authority to prove that "a stage-player" was considered infamous by the Romans; among whom, however, Horace, the admission of Rome, received the princely remuneration of a thousand drachms per diem, the tragedian *Æsopus* bequeathed about £150,000 to his son. * Remuneration which shows the high regard in which the great actors were held among the Roman people.

A series of writers might be collected of three anti-dramatic. The licentiousness of our comedies had too often indeed procured a fair occasion for their attacks, and they at length succeeded in purging the stage: we owe them this good, but we owe little gratitude to that blind zeal which was desirous of extinguishing the theatre, which wanted the taste also to feel that the theatre was a popular school of morality; that the stage is a supplement to the pulpit, where virtue, according to Plato's sublime idea, forms our love and affections when made visible to the eye. Of this class among the earliest writers was STEPHEN GOSSEN, who in 1579 published "The School of Abuse, or a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars." Yet this Gosson dedicated his work to Sir Philip Sidney, a great lover of plays, and one who has indicated their morality in his "Defence of Poesy." The same puritanic spirit soon reached our universities, for when a Dr. GOSSEN had a play performed at Christchurch, Dr. BARROLOP, of Queen's College, testified at the Statute meeting, published "The Overthrow of Stage-plays, 1595," a tedious invective, leading at the mouth of its text with quotations and authorities, for that was the age when authority was stronger than opinion, and the slightest could awe the readers. BARROLOP takes great pains to prove that a stage-play is infamous, by the opinions of antiquity, that a theatre corrupts morals, by those of the Fathers, but the most reasonable point of attack is "the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women." This was too long a flagrant evil in the theatrical economy. To us there appears something so repulsive in the exhibi-

tion of boys, no men, personating female characters, that one cannot conceive how they could ever have been tolerated as a substitute for the spontaneous grace, the melting voice, and the winning looks of a female. It was quite impossible to give the tenderness of a woman to any perfection of feeling in a personating male, and to this cause may we not attribute that the female characters have never been made a chief personage among our elder poets, as they would assuredly have been had they not been conscious that the male actor could not have sufficiently affected the audience? A poet who lived in Charles II's day, and who has written a prologue to Othello, so introduces the *first actor* on our stage, has humorously touched on this gross absurdity.

"Our women are defective, and misshapen,
You'd think they were some of the goodly guarded."

For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Party and ally, weakness of blood.
With honours so large, and nerve so uncompassant,
When you call *Deadwounds*—enter *Caesar*."

Yet at the time the abused custom prevailed, Tom Naon, in his *Force Pressures*, commends our stage for not having, as they had abroad, women-actors, or "court-actors," as he calls them, and even as late as in 1694, when women were not introduced on our stage, readers are the springs for the restoration of the novel usage. Such are the difficulties which occur even in forcing bad customs to return to nature; and so long does it take to infuse into the multitude a little common sense! It was even probable that this happy revolution originated from mere necessity, rather than from choice; for the boys who had been trained to act female characters before the rebellion, during the present suppression of the theatre, had grown too masculine to resume their tender office at the Restoration, and, as the same poet observes,

"Doubting we should never play again,
We have play'd all our women into men."

So that the introduction of women was the mere result of necessity—hence all their springs for the most natural ornament of the stage.

This volume of BARROLOP seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monuments, the tremendous "Hystriochastis, or the Player's Scourge," of PARNELL, in 1633. In that volume, of more than a thousand closely-printed quarto pages, all that was ever written against plays and players, perhaps, may be found: what followed could only have been transcripts from a genius who could come at once the *Mountain* and the *Moose*. YET COLLIER, as late as in 1698, renewed the attack still more vigorously, and with equal success, although he left room for Arthur Bedford a few years afterwards, in his "Sins and Danger of Stage-plays," in which extraordinary work he produced seven thousand instances, taken out of plays of the present century, and a catalogue of "fourteen hundred texts of scriptures, reduced by the stage." This religious anti-dramatist must have been more deeply read in the drama than even its most fervent lovers. His party pursued one deeply the study of such impious productions; and such

labours were, probably, not without more amusement than he ought to have found in them.

Thus stage-performances, which began in the reign of ELIZABETH, had been necessarily resented by the theatrical people, and the *lanterns* were really objects too tempting for the traders in wit and satire to pass by. They had made themselves very marketable; and the puritans, changing their character with the times, from ELIZABETH to CHARLES I., were often the *Fortresses* of the stage. But when they became the government stock, in 1642, all the theatres were suppressed, because "stage-plays do not suit with seasons of humiliation, but fasting and praying have been found very effectual." This was but a mild censure, and the suppression, at first, was only to be temporary. But as they gained strength, the hypocrite, who had at first only struck a gentle blow at the Theatre, with retributed vengeance hurled it in its own ruins. ALEXANDER BURNES, in his verses on RICHARD BURNES's comedies, declares the secret motive —

— " 'Tis worth our note,
Bishops and players, both united in one side
And reason good, for they had cause to fear
them;
One did suppress their schemes, and 't'other *was*
then
Bishops were gualtless, for they preach'd with
riches,
'T'other had bought but verses, songs, and
speeches,
And by their run, the state did no more
But rob the spittle, and unring the post."

They pursued forth the long-suppressed bitterness of their souls six years afterwards, in their ordinance of 1649, for "the suppression of all stage-plays, and for the taking down all their boxes, stages, and seats whatever, that so there might be no more plays acted." "Those proud parrotting players" are described as "a sort of supercilious ruffians, and, because sometimes the men are clothed in better than the docto imagine themselves somewhat, and walk in as great state as *Cæsar*." This ordinance against "bricks, stages, and seats," was, without a metaphor, a war of extermination. They passed their ploughshare over the land of the drama, and sowed it with their salt, and the sport which raged in the governing powers appeared in the deed of one of their followers. When an actor had honourably surrendered himself in battle to this ignominious "salt," he exclaimed, "Curse be he who duth the work of the Lord negligently," and shot his prisoner because he was an actor!

We had some account of the dispersed actors in that curious novel of *Historia Histrionica*, preserved in the twelfth volume of Dubble's *Old Plays*, full of the traditional history of the Theatre, which the writer appears to have gleaned from the reminiscences of the old cavalier, his father.

The actors were "Malignants" to a man, if we except that "wretched actor," as Mr. Colford distinguishes him, who was, however, only such for his politics, and was plucked hard for his treason, that he really was a Presbyterian, although an actor. Of these men, who had lived in the sunshine of a court, and amidst taste and criticism,

many perished in the field, from their affection for their royal master. Some sought humble occupations, and not a few, who, by habits long indulged, and their own turn of mind, had hands too delicate to put to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were often dragged to prison.

These disturbed audiences were too unpleasant to afford much employment to the actors. FRANCIS KIRKMAN, the author and bookbinder, tells us they were often seized on by the soldiers, and stripped and flogged at their pleasure. A curious circumstance occurred in the economy of these strutting theatricals: their seizures often deprived them of their wardrobe, and among the stage directions of the time may be found among the exits and the entrances, these, *Enter the red-coat: first hat and cloak*, which were, no doubt, considered not as the least precious parts of the whole living company: they were at length obliged to substitute painted cloth for the splendid habits of the drama.

At this epoch a great comic genius, ROBERT COO, invented a peculiar sort of dramatic exhibition, suited to the necessities of the time, short pieces which he mixed with other amusements, that they might disguise the acting. It was under the pretence of representing that he filled the Red-bull playhouse, which was a large one, with such a confluence that as many went back for want of room as entered. The dramatic contrivance consisted of a combination of the richest comic scenes into one piece, from Shakespeare, Marston, Sherry, &c., concealed under some taking title, and these pieces of plays were called "Humours" or "Drolleries." These have been collected by MASON, and reprinted by KINZMAN, as put together by COO, for the use of theatrical booths at the fairs. The argument pressed to each piece serves as its plot, and drawn as most are from some of our dramas, these "Drolleries" may still be read with great amusement, and offer, seen together, an extraordinary specimen of our national humour. The price this collection obtains among book-collectors is excessive. In "The Humming Knight, or the Robbers Robbed," we recognize our old friend Falstaff, and his celebrated adventure. "The Equal Match" is made out of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," and thus many.

* The title of this collection is "Tus Were, or Sport upon Sport, in select pieces of Drollery, digested into a chain by way of Dialogue. Together with variety of Humours of several nations, fitted for the pleasure and content of all persons, either in Court, City, Country, or Camp. The like never before published. Printed for M. Marsh, 1663;" again printed for F. Kirkman, 1673. To Kirkman's edition is prefixed a curious print representing the murder of a Bartholomew-fair theatre. Several characters are introduced. In the middle of the stage, a clown with a fool's cap peeps out of the curtain with a label from his mouth, "Tu quoque," which perhaps was a cool expression used by clown or fool. Then a changing, a sombrero, a French dancing-master, Clouse the beggar, Sir John Falstaff and others. Our notion of Falstaff in this print seems very different from that of our ancestors: there Falstaff is no extravagant of obesity, and he seems not to have required, to be Falstaff, so much "stuffing" as our own.

But we shall find, ere the last act be spent,
Enter the King, across the Parliament.
And *Heigh then up we go!* who by the frown
Of guilty members have been voted down,
Until a legal trial show us how
You used the king, and *Heigh then up we go!*
So pray your humble slaves with all their powers,
That when they have their due, you may have
yours."

Such was the petition of the suppressed players in 1649; but, in 1653, their secret exultation appears, although the stage was not yet restored to them, in some verses prefixed to RICHARD BROME's *Plays* by ALEXANDER BROME, which may claim our little history. Alluding to the theatrical people, he mentions on the fate of players:

"See the strange twist of times! when such poor things
Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!
This revolution makes exploded wit
Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it;
And the condemned stage hath now obtain'd
To see her executioners arraign'd.
There's nothing permanent, those high great men
That rose from dust, to dust may fall again,
And late as orders things, that the same hour
Saw the same man both in contempt and power:
For the multitude, in whom the power doth lie,
Do in one breath cry *Had'st thou* and *Crucify!*"

At this period, though deprived of a Theatre, the taste for the drama was, perhaps, the more lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed, sometimes contrived at, and sometimes protected by bribery, in Oliver's time they stole into a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland-house, at Kensington and "Alexander Cooke, the *summer-actor*, was the jackall, to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama," according to the writer of "*Notoria Matriosca*." The players, urged by their necessities, published several excellent manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companies. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished, for numerous titles are recorded, but the plays are not known; yet some may still remain in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakespeare had not descended to us, had HAMMOND and CONDELL felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. They had been scattered and lost, and, perhaps, had not been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of that age. One more effort, during this suspension of the drama, was made in 1655, to recall the public attention to its productions. This was a very curious collection by John Cotgrave, entitled "*The English Treasury of Wit and Language*, collected out of the most and best of our English Dramatick Poems." It appears by Cotgrave's Preface, that "*The Dramatick Poem*," as he calls our tragedies and comedies, "had been

of late too much slighted." He tells us how some, not wanting in wit themselves, but "through a still and obstinate prejudice, have, in this neglect, lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations; not duly considering, or believing, that the *frumors* of them were the most sweet and redundant wit that this age, or I think any other, ever knew." He enters farther into this just panegyric of our old dramatic writers, whom he acquired knowledge in ancient and modern languages, and whose luxuriant fancies, which they derived from no other sources but their own native growth, are viewed to great advantage in CORSAIR's commonplace; and, perhaps, still more in HATWELL's "*British Muse*," which collection was made under the supervision, and by the valuable aid of OLIVE, an experienced caterer of these relishing morsels.

DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

THE ancient Bacchus, as represented in gems and statues, was a youthful and graceful deity; he is so described by Ovid, and was so painted by Barry. He has the epithet of *Palas*, or *Unguis*, to express the light spirit which gave wings to the soul. His voluptuousness was joyous and tender; and he was never viewed rising with intoxication. According to Virgil:

Et quocunque deus circum caput agit *hæc* est
Georg. II. 362.

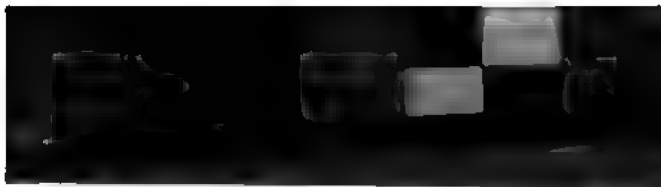
which Dryden, contemplating on the red-faced bearded boy astride on a barrel on our sign-posts, tastelessly walks into gross vulgarity.

"On what's er said he turns his *hæc* face."

The Latinism of *hæc* est, even the literal inelegance of Davidson had spirit enough to translate, "Where'er the god hath moved around his *graceful head*." The ludicrous figure of ebriety, in its most disgusting stage, the ancients exposed in the banal Silenus and his crew, and with these, rather than with the Orphan and Virginal deity, our own convivial customs have assimilated.

We shall, probably, outlive that custom of hard-drinking, which was so long one of our national vices. The Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard, only taste the luxury of the grape, but never seem to have indulged in art convivial parties, or drinking matches, as some of the Northern people. Of this folly of ours, which was, however, a borrowed one, and which lasted for two centuries, the history is curious: the variety of its modes and customs, its freaks and extravagances, the technical language introduced to raise it into an art, and the inventions contrived to amuse the progress of the thirsty souls of its votaries.

Nations, like individuals, in their intercourse are great imitators, and we have the authority of Camden, who lived at the time, for asserting that "the English in their long wars in the Netherlands first learnt to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking others' healths to impair their own. Of all the northern nations, they had been before this most commended for their sobriety." And the historian adds, "that the



vire had so diffused itself over the nation, that in our days it was not restrained by severe laws."

Here we have the authority of a grave and judicious historian for ascertaining the first period and even origin of this custom; and that the nation had not, heretofore, disgraced itself by such prevalent ebriety is also confirmed by one of those curious contemporary pamphlets of a popular writer, so invaluable to the philosophical antiquary Tom Nash, a townsman of the reign of Elizabeth, long before Camden wrote her history, in his "Nerve Penitence," had detected the same origin.

"Superfluity in drink," says this spirited writer, "is a vice that ever since we have named ourselves with the Low-Countries is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spelt at him, and wanted all our friends out of his company."

Such was the old source of this vice custom, which is further confirmed by the barbarous dialect it introduced into our language, all the terms of drinking which once abounded with us are, without exception, of a base northern origin.

* Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth, Book III. Many statutes against drunkenness, by way of prevention, passed in the reign of James I. Our law books on this vice as an aggravation of any offence committed, not as an excuse for criminal misbehaviour. See Blackstone, Book IV. C. 2, Sect. III. In Mr Gifford's Memoirs, vol II. 428, is a note, to show that when we were young scholars, we were equalled, if we did not surpass, our masters. Mr Gifford there borrows an extract from Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, which traces the origin of this exotic custom to the source mentioned; but the whole passage from Baker is literally transcribed from Camden.

† Nash's Pierre Penitence, 1595, Sig. F. 3.

‡ These barbarous phrases are Dutch, Danish, or German. The term *shaker*, a filler of wine, a butler or cup-bearer, according to Phillips, and in taverns, as appears by our dramatic poets, a *drummer*, is Dutch; or according to Dr Meis, purely Danish, from *shaker*.

Half-was over, or nearly drunk, is likely to have been a proverbial phrase from the Dutch, applied to that state of ebriety by an idea familiar with those water-men. Thus, *op-ave*, Dutch, means literally *over-ave*. Mr Gifford has recently told us in his Journal, that it was a name given to a stupefying beer introduced into England from the Low-Countries; hence *op-ave* or *over-ave*, and *feras* in German, signifies to swallow greedily from this vice alliance they compounded a harsh term, often used in our old plays. Thus Jonson:

"I do not like the dulness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *op-ave* Dutch."

Ackermann, A. & S. 2.

And Fletcher has "up-ave-dree," which Dr Meis explains in his edition of Decker's Gull's Hornet, as "a upper draught, or swallowing liquor till drunk." Mr Gifford says it was the name of a French beer, the meaning, however, was, "to drink voraciously like a Dutchman."

But the best account I can find of all the refinements of this new science of potation, when it seems to have reached its height, is in our Tom Nash, who being himself one of those deep experimental philosophers, is likely to detect all the mysteries of the craft.

He says, "Now, he is nobody that cannot drink *super-naturalum*; *carous* the hostess's health; *quaff* *ripe frore crans*; with *healths*, *glasses*, *marques*, *proches*, and a thousand such domineering inventions."

Drinking *super-naturalum*, that is, on the east, is a device, which Nash says is now come out of France; but it had probably a northern origin, for far northward it still exists. This new device consisted in this, that after a man, says Nash, hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a peep with what is left, which if it stood, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is not much, he must drink again for his penance.

The custom is also alluded to by Bishop Hall, in his satirical romance of "Mundus alter et idem," "A Discovery of a New World," a work which probably Swift read, and did not forget. The Duke of Teniter-betty on his oration, when he drinks off his large goblet of twelve quarts on his election, exclaims, should he be false to their laws, "Let never this goodly-formed goblet of wine go joyfully through me; and then he set it to his mouth, stoode it off every drop, were a little remainder, which he was by custom to set upon his thumb's end, and lick it off as he did."

The phrase is in Fletcher:

I am there ad *super-naturalum*—

that is, he would drink with his friend to the last. In a manuscript letter of the times, I find an account of Columbus the Spanish ambassador being at Oxford, and drinking healths to the Infanta. The writer adds, "I shall not tell you how our doctors pledged healths to the Infanta and the archbishop, and if any left too by a staff, Columbus would cry, *supernaturalum*! *supernaturalum*!"

This Bacchic freak seems still preserved; for a recent traveller, Sir George Mackenzie, has noticed the custom in his Travels through Iceland. "His host having filled a silver cup to

We are indebted to the Danes for many of our terms of jollity; such as a *roose* and a *carous*. Mr Gifford has given not only a new, but a very distinct explanation of those classical terms in his Memoirs. "A *roose* was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carous*. Barnaby Ruch notices the *carous* as an invention for which the first founder merited hanging. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *roose* or *carous*, unless the glasses were emptied." Although we have lost the terms, we have not lost the practice, as those who have the honour of dining in public parties are still gratified by the animating cry of "Gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

According to Blount's Glossographia, *carous* is a corruption of two old German words, *gar* signifying all, and *saun*, out so that to drink *gar-saun* is to drink all out; hence *carous*.

§ Pierre Penitence, Sig. F. 2, 1595.

the basin, and put on the cover, then held it towards the person who sat next to him, and desired him to take off the cover, and look into the cup; a ceremony intended to secure fair play in filling it. We drank our health, desiring to be excused from emptying the cup, on account of the indifferent state of his health, but we were informed at the same time that if any one of us should neglect any part of the ceremony, or fail to invert the cup, placing the edge on one of the thumb as a proof that we had swallowed every drop, the defective would be obliged by the laws of drinking to fill the cup again, and drink it off a second time. In spite of these stern warnings, the penalty of a second draught was incurred by two of the company, we were dreading the consequences of having swallowed as much wine, and to insure that the cup should be once round again.

Carouse the landlord's keep.—"Carouse" has been already explained. The landlord's keep alludes to the custom of keeping being marked on a drinking-pot, by which every man was to measure his draught. Shakespeare makes the Jacobin Jack Code, among his famous reformations, promise his friends that "there shall be in England seven halfpenny taverns sold for a penny; the shaver-shaped pot shall have six haps, and I will make it felony to drink small beer." I have elsewhere observed that our modern Barchanabazis, whose frois are recorded by the butcher, and who hunt on an equality in their rival combats, may discover some discrepancy in that assertion among our ancestors of their peg-tankards, of which a few may yet occasionally be found in Derbyshire,* the invention of an age

* These inventions for keeping every thrust and within bounds are alluded to by Tom Nash. I do not know that his authority will be great as an antiquary, but the things themselves he describes he had seen. He tells us that "King Edgars, because his subjects should not offend on swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain iron cups to be chained to every fountain and well-side, and at every victualler's door with wooden pins in them, to staid every man how much he should drink, and he who went beyond one of those pins forfeited a penny for every draught."

Pope, in his *Annoyances*, has minutely described these peg-tankards, which confirms this account of Nash, and nearly the antiquity of the custom. "They have in the inside a row of eight pins one above another, from top to bottom, the tankard hold two quarts, so that there is a gill of ale, or half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first pin or pin, the second was to empty to the next pin, &c. by which means the pins were so many measures to the reticulator, making them all drink alike, or the same quantity, and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, the company would be very happy by this method to get drunk, especially when, if they drank short of the pin or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. In archbishop Augustus's Canons, made in the reign of London in 1160, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-houses, nor to drink to pags. The words are, "Et Presbyter non eant ad potationes, nec ad Pinas bibant." (Wilkins,

has refused than the present, when we have heard of globular glasses and basins, which by their shape cannot stand, but roll about the table, thus compelling the unfortunate Barchanabazis to drain the last drop, or expiate his recalcitrant misdeeds.

We must have recourse again to our old friend Tom Nash, who acquaints us with some of "the general rules and ceremonies for drinking, as good as printed precepts or statutes by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard, as, still to keep your first man, not to leave any fluids in the bottom of the cup, to knock the glass on your thumb when you have done, to have wine shoving-down to pull on your wine, as a rather on the comb or a red herring."

Shoving-down, sometimes called gloves, are also described by Bishop Hall in his "Mundus alter et idem." "Then, as, comes up a service of shoving-downs of all sorts, not cakes, red herring, anchovies, and gammos of herring, and abundance of such puffers-on." That famous variety of Rhemish and pickled herring, which banquet proved so fatal to Robert Green, a comrade of it and associate of our Nash, was accompanied by these shoving-downs.

Manning has given a curious list of "a service of shoving-downs."

—I advise
Such an unexpected dainty but for breakfast
As never yet I cook'd; 'Tis not Botargo,
Pried finge, potatoes marrow'd, cresset,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chum of beef,
Nor our Italian delicats of d'ambrosio,
And yet a d'ambrosio too, and if you show not

ent. p. 388.] This shows the antiquity of this invention, which at least was as old as the Conquest.

* And yet a d'ambrosio too. I have observed in appetite the phrase is yet in use. This d'ambrosio was also technically termed a puffer-on and a shoving-down in drink.

On "the Italian delicate world's mouthpiece," with a *la-scourve* dish with the Italians, I have to communicate more curious knowledge. In an original manuscript letter dated Hereford, 15 Nov. 1655, the name of the writer wanting, but evidently the composition of a physician who had travelled, I find that the drawing of *Micromedon* was then a novelty. The learned writer laments his error that he "durst not learn the cookery that occurred in my travels, by a sudden principle of mistaken devotion, and then declared the great helps I had to enlarge and improve human diet."

This was an age of medicine, when it was imagined that the health of mankind essentially depended on diet, and Boerhaave had written his curious book on this principle. Our writer, in noticing the passion of the Romans for mouthpieces, which was called "an imperial dish," says, "he had eaten it often at Sir Henry Wotton's table (our resident ambassador at Venice), always dressed by the inspection of his Dutch Venetian Johannes, or of his Oudart, and that it did deserve the old appellation as I found it at his table, it was far beyond our English food. Neither did any of us find it of hard digestion, for we did not eat like Adamites, but as modern men would eat of mouthpieces. If it were now lawful to hold any kind



DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

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An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too.
(But it will not stay a preface) I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at,
Mammeret, the Guardian, A. S. 3.

To knock the glass on the thumb, was to show they had performed their duty. Barnaby Rudge describes this custom, after having drunk, the possessor "turned the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gave it a flip, to make it cry *ting*."

They had among these "domesticating inventions" some which we may imagine never took place, till they were told by "the hollow cask."

"How the waning night grew old"

Such were *flap-dragns*, which were small combustible bodies tied at one end and floated in a glass of liquor, which an experienced toper swallowed unharmed, while yet blazing. Such is Dr Johnson's accurate description, who seems to have witnessed what he so well describes. When Robert says of Pons's acts of dexterity to ingratiate him, "If with the prince, that 'he drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragns,'" it seems that this was likewise one of these "frolics," for Nash notices that the liquor was "to be stirred about with a candle's end, to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while the pot is stirring," no doubt to mark the interludes of the miserable "shinker." The most illustrious feat of all is one, however, described by Bishop Hall. If the drinker "could put his finger into the flame of the candle without playing his finger," he is held a wiser man, however otherwise drunk he might be. This was considered as a trial of valour among these "court lords," or hiberns of canary wine.

We have a very curious expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that "he is as drunk as a hound," or that "he is bound drunk." This is a libel on the brutes, for the use of ebriety is perfectly human. I think the phrase is peculiar to ourselves, and I imagine I have discovered its origin. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancies, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most various quality of different animals, or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

"All drunkards are beasts," says George Gascoigne in a curious treatise on them, and he pro-

of intelligence with Mr. Oudart, I would only ask him *Dr Henry Norton's art of dressing mushrooms*, and I hope that is not high treason."—*Shore MSS.* 4203.

See Mr Drouce's curious "Illustrations of Shakespeare." Vol. I. 452: a gentleman more intimately conversant with our ancient domestic manners than, perhaps, any single individual in the country.

† This term is used in "Bancroft's two books of exercises and Epitaphs," 1639. I take it to have been an accepted one of that day.

‡ A delicate diet for dainty month-old drunkards, wherein the fowls above of common cat-

coons in illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash has classified eight kinds of "drunkards," a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of their manners and habits.

"The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings and hollows and danceth for the heavens, the second is *lion-drunk*, and he sings the pots about the house, calls the houses woe, breaks the glass-windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him, the third is *runner-drunk*, heavy, lumpy, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes, the fourth is *sheep-drunk*, woe in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word, the fifth is *maiden-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and how you, saying, 'By God! captain, I love thee, go thy way, thou dost not think so often of me, as I do of thee. I would if it pleased God' I could not love thee so well as I do,' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *maria drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir, the seventh is *god-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. The eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is craft-drunk, so many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these *speints*, and more, I have seen practised in one company at one sitting; when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours." These head-drunkards are characterized in a fermus piece to a curious treatise on Drunkenness, where the men are represented with heads of apes, lions, &c. &c.

A new era in this history of our drinking-parties occurred about the time of the Restoration, when politics heated their wine, and drunkenness and lustily became more closely connected. As the puritanic eddies were off, the people were perpetually, in 1660, warmed in drinking the king's health on their knees, and among various kinds of "ranting exaltation," the cavalier during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crumb of bread into their glass, and before they drank it off, with cautious ambiguity exclaimed, "God send thee *crumb well down*," which by the way preserves the orthography of that extraordinary man's name, and may be added to the instances adduced in our present volume. "On the orthography of proper names." We have a curious account of a drunken bout by some royalists, told by Whitehall in his Memorials. It bore some resemblance to the drinking party of Caligula, they mingled their own blood with their wine. After the Restoration,

ing and quaffing with harte draughtes is hence-fore admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquire 1576.

† I shall preserve the story in the words of White-locke; it was something ludicrous, as well as terrific.

‡ From Berkshire (in May 1650) that five drunkards agreed to drink the king's health in their hands, and that each of them should cut off a piece of his bottom, and lay it upon the ground, which was done by four of them, of whom one did bleed so exceedingly, that they were fain to



Burnet complains of the excess of convivial loyalty. "Drinking the king's health was set up by too many as a distinguishing mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his majesty's restoration."^e

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A WRITER of penetration and conversation in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others; in his hands anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. Facts of themselves are barren, it is when these facts pass through our reflections, and become interwoven with our feelings, or our reasonings, that they are the best illustrations, that they assume the dignity of "philosophy teaching by example."—that, in the moral world, they are what the sun system of Bacon inculcated in the natural knowledge deduced from experiments, the study of Nature to her operations. "When examples are pointed out to us," says Lord Bolingbroke, "there is a kind of appeal, with which we are dazzled, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority, we yield to fact, when we resist speculation."

For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. In literary biography a man of genius stores up something which rises to himself. The studies of artists have a great uniformity, and their habits of life are monotonous. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, although they do not all meet with the same glory. How many secrets may the flame of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies, warned sometimes by failure, and often animated by watching the inspired and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected, from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unwarmed labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life is revealed to him by a literary anecdote, and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigour of study, as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. Now superficial is that cry of some important pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, "Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!" I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.

Dr Johnson devoted one of his periodical papers to a chorograph, and so were discovered. The wife of one of them hearing that her husband was amongst them, came to the room, and taking up a pair of tongs laid about her, and so saved the cutting of her husband's flesh.—"Boswell's Dr. Johnson," p. 413, second edition.

^e Burnet's Life of her Matthew Hale.

to a defence of anecdotes, and expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes. "They are not always to be happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance in which Tichet has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind,—the irregularity of his pen, nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherbe, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions, one, that the innocence of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent, the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentilsse*, because either word included the sense of both."

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following notice. Dr J. Watso has informed the world that many of our poets have been *housdoms*. They, certainly, neither concern the world, nor the class of poets. It is trifling to tell us that Dr Johnson was accustomed "to set his head to the wall." I am not much gratified in being informed, that Menage wore a greater number of *unlions* than any other person, excepting one, whose name I have really forgotten. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that two things were remarkable of this scholar. The first, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him, and, secondly, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great. This admirable biographer should have told us whether he frequently turned from his very useless attitude. Somebody informs us, that Cui Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome, on which I enter into a comparison of Patin with Cicero; but a man may resemble a statue of Cicero, and yet not be Cicero. Butler loads his life of Descartes with a thousand mistakes, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wig; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept four? That he wore green taffety in France, but that in Holland he quitted taffety for cloth, and that he was fond of omelets of eggs?

It is an odd observation of Clarendon to his own life, that "Mr Chillingworth was of a stature little inferior to Mr. Hales, and it was on age in which there were many great and wonderful men of vast size." Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of low stature, and smaller than most men, and of solidary Godolphin, "There was no more so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient in his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company where he was the prospect man." This irrelevant observation of Lord Clarendon is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle, as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connection with their genius and their virtues. Perhaps, too, there was in this a tincture of the superstitions of the times, whatever it was, the

fact ought not to have degraded the truth and dignity of historical narrative. We have writers who cannot discover the particulars which characterise *THE MAN*,—their souls, like damp gunpowder, cannot ignite with the spark when it falls on them.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers to give us all they know, than to try their discernment for rejection. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than that anything material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear inconsequential to a reader, may bear some remote or latent connexion; a biographer who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many connexions which escape an ordinary reader. Kippis, in closing the life of the diligent Dr. Birch, has, from his own experience no doubt, formed an apology for that minute research, which some have thought this writer carried to excess. "It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject often sees a connexion and importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them, that will escape the notice of superficial minds."

CONDEMNED POETS.

I FLATTER myself that those readers who have taken any interest in my volume have not conceived me to have been deficient in the elevated feeling which, from early life, I have preserved for the great literary character: if time weakens our enthusiasm, it is the coldness of age which creeps on us, but the principle is unalterable which inspired the sympathy. Who will not venerate those Master-spirits "whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind," and those BOOKS which are "the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life?" But it has happened that I have more than once incurred the censure of the inconsiderate and the tasteless, for attempting to separate those writers who exist in a state of perpetual illusion; who live on querulously, which is an evil for themselves, and to no purpose of life, which is an evil to others. I have been blamed for exemplifying "the illusions of writers in verse," by the remarkable case of Percival Stockdale, who, after a condemned silence of nearly half a century, like a vivacious spectre throwing aside his shroud in gaiety, came forward a venerable man in his eightieth year, to assure us of the immortality of one of the worst poets of his age; and for this, wrote his own memoirs, which only proved, that when authors are troubled with a literary hallucination, and possess the unhappy talent of reasoning in their madness, a little raillery, if it cannot cure, may serve at least as a salutary regimen.

I shall illustrate the case of condemned authors who will still be pleading after their trials, by a foreign dramatic writer. Among those incorrigible murmurers at public justice, not the least extraordinary was a M. Peyraud de Beausol, who, in 1775, had a tragedy, "*Les Arsacides*," in six acts, printed, not as it was acted, as Fielding says, on the title-page of one of his comedies, but as it was damned!

In a preface, this "Sir Fretful," more inimitable than that original, with all the gravity of an historical narrative, details the public conspiracy; and with all the pathetic touches of a shipwrecked mariner—the agonies of his literary egotism.

He declares, that it is absurd for the town to condemn a piece which they can only know by the title, for heard it had never been! And yet he observes, with infinite naïveté, "My piece is as generally condemned as if the world had it all by heart."

One of the great objections against this tragedy was its monstrous plan of six acts: this innovation did not lean towards improvement in the minds of those who had endured the long sufferings of tragedies of the accepted size. But the author offers some solemn reasons to induce us to believe that six acts were so far from being too many, that the piece had been more perfect with a seventh! M. de Beausol had, perhaps, been happy to have known, that other dramatists have considered, that the usual restrictions are detrimental to a grand genius. Nat. Lee, when in Bedlam, wrote a play in twenty-five acts.

Our philosophical dramatist, from the constituent principles of the human mind, and the physical powers of man, and the French nation more particularly, deduces the origin of the Sublime, and the faculty of attention. The plan of his tragedy is agreeable to these principles: Monarchs, Queens, and Rivals, and every class of men;—it is therefore grand! and the acts can be listened to, and therefore it is not too long! It was the high opinion that he had formed of human nature and the French people, which at once terrified and excited him to finish a tragedy, which, he modestly adds, "may not have the merit of any single one; but which one day will be discovered to include the labour bestowed on fifty!"

No great work was ever produced without a grand plan. "Some critics," says our author, "have ventured to assert that my six acts may easily be reduced to the usual five, without injury to the conduct of the fable." To reply to this required a complete analysis of the tragedy, which, having been found more voluminous than the tragedy itself, he considerably "published separately." It would be curious to ascertain whether a single copy of the analysis of a condemned tragedy was ever sold. And yet this critical analysis was such an admirable and demonstrative criticism, that the author assures us that it proved the absolute impossibility, "and the most absolute too," that his piece could not suffer the slightest curtailment. It demonstrated more—that "the gradation and the development of interest" required necessarily *seven Acts!* but, from dread of carrying this innovation too far, the author omitted



the *Art* which passed behind the scenes¹ but which ought to have come in between the fifth and sixth.² Another point is proved, that the attention of an audience, the physical power of man, can be kept up with interest much longer than has been calculated, that his power only takes up two hours and three quarters, or three hours at most, if more of the most impassioned parts were but declaimed rapidly?

Now we come to the history of all the disasters which happened at the acting of this tragedy: "How can people complain that my piece is tedious, when, after the first act, they would never listen ten minutes to it?" Why did they attend to the first scenes, and even applaud one? Let me not be told, because there were sublime, and commanded the respect of the cabal raised against it, because there are other scenes far more sublime in the piece, which they perpetually interrupted. Will it be believed, that they pitched upon the scene of the sacrifice of Voltaire, as one of the most tedious?—the scene of Voltaire, which is the heart of my piece, not a verse, not a word in it, can be omitted?³ Everything tends towards the catastrophe, and it tends to the close as well as it would elicit us on the stage. I was not, however, understood at this, what men hear, and do not understand, is always tedious, and it was noted as so thumping a tone by the actress, who not having entirely recovered from a fit of illness, was flurried by the tumult of the audience. She declaimed in a strong tone, like plain-songing, so that the audience could not hear, among these foreign dissonances, he means their own listening, not separate the thoughts and words from the full chant which accompanied them. They objected perpetually to the use of the word *Madame*, between a female and a male, as in some, one of the poet, when an actress said *Madame*, cried out, "has *Princesse*." This discovered the actress. They also objected to the words *oppos* and *mal oppos*. Yet, after all, how are there less many *Madames* in the piece, since they do not amount to forty-as in the course of forty-five scenes? Of these, however, I have erased half.

This history of his own wrongheadedness proceeds, with all the simplicity of this narrative, to describe the hubbub.

"Thus it was impossible to connect what they

¹The words are "Un deviens la scène." I am not sure of the meaning, but an *Art* behind the scenes would be perfectly in character with this dramatic bard.

²The exact reasoning of Sir Prefect, in the *Critic*, when Mrs Dangle thought his piece "rather too long," while Sir Prefect his play was "a remarkably short play."—"The next evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole, from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts. The watch here, you know, is the critic."

³Again Sir Prefect, when Dangle ventures to suggest that the interest rather falls off in the fifth act.—"Rox, I believe you mean, in." "No, I don't upon my word."—"Yes, yes, you do, upon my word, it certainly don't fall off; no, no, it don't fall off."

were hearing with what they had heard. In the short intervals of silence, the actors, who, during the tumult, forgot their characters, tried with difficulty to recover their conception. The conspirators were prepared to a man, not only in their head, but some with written notes had their watch words, to set their parts going. They seemed to act with the most extraordinary concert, they seemed to know the exact moment when they were to give the word, and drew, in their hasty breath, the voice of the actor, who had a passionate part to declaim, and then broke the connection between the speakers. All this produced so complete an effect, that it seemed as if the actors themselves had been of the conspiracy, so useful and so active was the execution of the plot. It was particularly during the fifth and sixth acts that the cabal was most outrageous; they knew these were the most beautiful, and deserved particular attention. Such a booming arose, that the actors seemed to have had their heads turned, some lost their voice, some declaimed at random, the prompter in vain cried out, nothing was heard and everything was said, the actor who could not hear the catch-word remained disconcerted and silent, the whole was broken, wrong and right, it was all Helicon. But was this all, the actors behind the scenes were terrified, and they rushed came forwards trembling, and only watching the signs of their brother actors, or could not venture to show themselves. The machinist only, with his heart-shifter, who left so deep an impression in the late of his piece, was tranquil and attentive to his duty, to produce a fine effect. After the last burst was over, he left the actors mute with their arms crossed. He opened the scenes¹ and not an actor could enter on it. The poet, more clamorous than ever, would not suffer the discomfiture. Such was the conduct, and such the intemperance of the army employed to denounce "the Atrocities." Such was the cause of that accounts of bedlamism made against a drama, which has most exactly the contrary effect.²

Such is the history of a damned dramatist, written by himself with a truth and simplicity worthy of a happier fate. It is admirable to see a man, who was himself so deeply involved in the event, preserve the observing calmness which could discover the minutest occurrence, and, allowing for his particular conception of the cause, detailing them with the most rigid veracity. This author was unquestionably a man of the most honourable probity, and not destitute of intellectual ability, but he must write in an awful example of that wrong-headed nature in some men, which has produced so many "Abuses of Unreason" in society, when it is too in converse by a recitation of arguments, when, assuming false principles, act rightly according to themselves, a sort of rational insanity, which, when it discovers itself in politics and religion, and in the more common affairs of life, has produced the most unhappy effects, but this lunaticism, when confined to poets, only assumes its wild and ludicrous, and, in the persons of M. de Beaumont, and of Pierre d'Almonde, may offer some very fortunate and successful instances in that calamity of authors, which I have called "The Illusion of Writers in Verse."



RESULTS AND DISCUSSION

As a former member of the American Revolution, I am proud to have been a part of the struggle for freedom and justice. I am proud to have been a part of the struggle for the rights of all people. I am proud to have been a part of the struggle for the rights of all people.

[illegible]

Among the novelties of this small volume, not the least remarkable is the dedication of this *laissez-aller* to the public, which excited great attention, and charmed and provoked our author's noble patron. Du Clos here openly ridicules, and dotes his protector and his judge. This hazardous attack was successful, and the author soon acquired the reputation which he afterwards maintained, of being a writer who little respected the common prejudices of the world. Freton replied by a long criticism, entitled "Reponse du Public à l'Auteur d'Acquies," but its severity was not discovered in its length; so that the Public, who had been so recently ridiculed, and so harshly braved in the light and sparkling page of the pleasant Du Clos, preferred the caustic truths and the pleasant insinuations in this "Epistle to the Public," the author informs us that, "excited by example, and encour-

* The plates of the original edition are in the quarto form; they have been poorly reduced in the common editions in twelves.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

2. The second step is to set goals. These should be specific, measurable, achievable, relevant, and time-bound.

3. The third step is to develop a plan. This involves identifying the resources needed and the steps to be taken.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual results with the goals and identifying areas for improvement.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

24 July 1994

²² *“The Great American Insurance Company”*, *Insurance* 116, 117 (1913).

[illegible]

TOM O' BEDLAM'S.

THE history of a race of singular mendicants, known by the name of *Tom o' Bedlams*, connects itself with that of our poetry. Not only will they live with our language, since Shakespeare has perpetuated their existence, but they themselves appear to have been the occasion of creating a species of wild fantastic poetry, peculiar to our nation.

Bethlem Hospital formed, in its original institution, a contracted and penurious charity, its governors soon discovered that the metropolis furnished them with more lunatics than they had calculated on, they also required from the friends of the patients a weekly stipend, besides clothing. It is a melancholy fact to record in the history of human nature, that when one of their original regulations prescribed that persons who put in patients should provide their clothes, it was soon observed that the poor lunatics were frequently perishing by the omission of this slight duty from their former friends, so soon forgotten were they when some found an interest to neglect. They were obliged to open contributions to provide a wardrobe.*

In consequence of the limited resources of the Hospital, they relieved the establishment by frequently discharging patients whose cure might be very equivoical. Harmless lunatics thrown thus into the world, often without a single friend, wandered about the country, chanting wild ditties, and wearing a fantastical dress to attract the notice of the charitable, on whose alms they lived. They had a kind of costume, which I had described by Randle Holme in a curious and extraordinary work†

"The Bedlam has a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; his clothing fantastic and ridiculous, for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins (ribands), feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a wandering and darning-bugle." This writer here points out one of the grievances resulting from licensing even harmless lunatics to roam about the country, for a set of pretended madmen, called "Abram men," a cant term for certain sturdy rogues, concealed themselves in their *cosumes*, covered the country, and pleaded the privileged denomination when detected in their depredations.‡

* Stowe's Survey of London, Book I.

† "The Academy of Armory," Book II c. 3, p. 161. This is a singular work, where the writer has contrived to turn the barren subjects of Heraldry into an entertaining Encyclopædia, containing much curious knowledge on almost every subject, but this folio more particularly exhibits the most copious vocabulary of old English terms. It has been said that there are not more than twelve copies extant of this very rare work, which is probably not true.

‡ In this curious source of our domestic history, the "English Villagers" of Decker, we find a lively description of the "Abram Cove," or Abram man, the impostor who personated a Tom o'

Bedlam. He was terribly disfigured with his grotesque rags, his staff, his knotted hair, and with the more disgusting contrivances to excite pity, still practiced among a class of our mendicants, who, in their cant language, are still said "to sham Abraham." This impostor was, therefore, so suited his purpose and the place, capable of working on the sympathy, by uttering a silly mawnding, or demanding of charity, or terrifying the easy fears of women, children, and domestics, as he wandered up and down the country they refused nothing to a being who was so terrific to them as "Robin Goodfellow," or "Raw-head and bloody-bones."

Thus, as Edgar expresses it, "sometimes with lunatic hums, sometimes with prayers," the gestures of this impostor were "a counterfeited puppet-play they came with a hollow noise, whooping, leaping, gamboling, wildly dancing, with a nerve or distracted look." These sturdy mendicants were called "Tom of Bedlam's band of madcaps," or "Poor Tom's flock of wild geese."

Decker has preserved their "Mawnd," or begging—"Good worship master, bestow your reward on a poor man that hath been in Bedlam without Brobopagate, three years, four months, and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, of 3*l*. 13*s*. 7*d*." (or to such effect)

Or, "Now dame, well and wisely, what will you give poor Tom? One pound of your sheep's leathers to make poor Tom a blanket? or one cutting of your awe's side, no bigger than my arm, or one piece of your salt meat to make poor Tom a sharing horn, or one crum of your small silver, towards a pair of shoes, well and wisely, give poor Tom an old sheet to keep him from the cold, or an old doublet and jerkin of my master's; well and wisely, God save the king and his council." Such is a history drawn from the very archives of mendacity and imposture, and written perhaps so far back as the reign of James I, but which prevailed in that of Elizabeth, as Shakespeare has so truly shown in his *Edgar*. The *Mawnd*, and these assumed manners and costume, I should not have preserved from their utter penury, but such was the rude material which Shakespeare has worked up into that most fanciful and richest vein of native poetry, which pervades the character of the wandering *Edgar*, personated by "the foul fiend," when he

—bethought

To take the hair and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast

And the poet proceeds with a minute picture of "Bedlam beggars." See *LEARN*, A. II. B. 3.

been poor distracted men that had been put in Bedlam, where recovering a little better, they were liberated to go a begging. They had in their left arm an arm, and in their right hand a stick about four inches long, as long as a finger. They could not get it off, then, and they would make a great bend of it, as if it were a jaw-bone, which, when they came to the door of the workhouse, they put the stick down to the ground, and when they got inside, they put it up to their ears, where they got stopped. I do not know what the workmen were to do with them, and I do not know what the civil was, probably, to do with the quantity of all sorts of vagabonds; but I am of the opinion, were the parliamentarians, we do not know that they put their rank and the they had to make them Bedlams.

I have now to explain something of the character of Edgar in *Lionel Lincoln*, which the comments seem to have ingeniously interpreted, even as imperfect knowledge of the character which Edgar represents.

EDGAR, in wandering about the country for a wife at last, assumes the character of these "men of Bedlam": he thus closes one of his celebrated speeches, "Poor Tom, 'Tis come to this." On this Johnson is content to infer, that "when that beggar under pretence of being a fool desired to carry a horn and I was it through his streets." This is no explanation of Edgar's allusion to the *drunken* of his horn. Steevens adds a Latin note, that Edgar alludes to a proverbial expression *Tis horn is dry*, designed to express that a man had said all he could say; and, further, Steevens supposes that Edgar speaks these words *as if* he had been quite weary of *Tom of Bedlam's* part, and could not keep it up any longer. The reasons of all this conjectural criticism are a curious illustration of perverse ingenuity. Aubrey's manuscript note has shown us that the Bedlam's horn was also a *drinking-horn*, and Edgar closes his speech in the perfection of the assumed character, and not as one who had grown weary of it, by making the mendicant jocular descent of departing from a heath, to march, as he cries, "to wakes, and fairs, and market-places—Poor Tom 'tis horn is dry!" as more likely places to solicit alms, and he is thinking of his *drink-merry*, when he cries that "his horn is dry."

An intricate lunatic, chanting wild ditties, fancifully stirred, gay with the simplicity of clunkhoo, yet a man with the solemnity of a sage, the wit of a scholar, a mixture of character and grace grotesque and plaintive, became an interesting object to poetical minds. It is probable that the chaos of Edgar, in the Lear of Shakespeare, first introduced the hazardous conception into the poetical world. Poems composed in the character of a Tom of Swindler appear to have formed a fashionable class of poetry among the wits; they seem to have held together poetical conceits, and some of these writers became celebrated for their successful efforts, for old Isaac Walton mentions a "Mr.

* Aubrey's information is perfectly correct; for those impostors who assumed the character of Tom o' Bedlams for their own nefarious purposes used to have a mark burnt in their arms, which they showed as the mark of Bedlam. "The English Villanies of Decker," C. 19, 1648.

[illegible]

This poem is not to be read without a personal reference to the personated character. In its nature and sentiment, it is a study in a manner, as it is read with familiarity in literature, and even degraded by the cant language, for the people are one of these "learn'd Bores" who are confounded with the "pooring Adamites." These Jackies are described by Decker as sometimes exceeding merris, and would do nothing but sing songs taken out of their own brains, now they danced, now they would do nothing but laugh and weep, or were drugged and snailish both in voice and speech. And they sing, all they sung, was stale unconnected, indistinct of the deservies, and rambling mix of the chaunter.

A TOM-A-BEDLAIN SING:

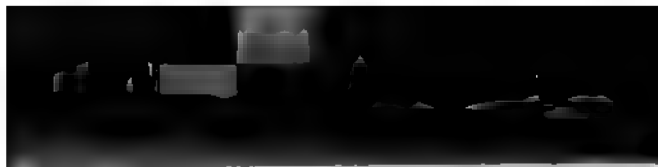
From the hag and hungry goblin
That into fays we wish to send ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the back of new-moon defend ye!
That of your five wund'rous senses
You never be bewaken'd;
Nor travel from
Yourself with Tom
Abroad, to beg your bacon.

Смелов.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
 Meats, drink, or clothing;
 Come dance or maul,
 Be not afraid,
 For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty years have I
 'Twice twenty been enraged;
 And of fifty been
 Three times bitten
 In duance roundly cared.

* I discovered the present in a very scarce collection, entitled "Wit and Drollery," 1661; an edition, however, which is not the earliest of this once fashionable miscellany.



In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stables soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding, dong,
And a wholesome hunger plenty.
With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruise of cockle pottage,
And a thing thus—tall,
Sky bless you all,
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not till the Conquest;
Till then I never waked;
Till the roguish boy
Of love where I lay,
Me found, and stript me naked.
When short I have shorn my sow's face,
And swagg'd my horned barrel;
In an oak inn
Do I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel:
The morn's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music, to my sorrow.
The palse plague these pouncers,
When I prig your pigs or pullen;
Your culverts take
Or matelass make
Your chancier and sullen;
When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's,
With waking soles
I never am affrighted.
I know more than Apollo;
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping;
The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.
With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Toomey;
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!

The last stanza of this Bedlam song contains the seeds of exquisite romance; a stanza worth many an admired poem.

INTRODUCTION OF TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire: and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a

quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

In our own recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of Vaccination; when some families, terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of Minotaurs.

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque horem.

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at the first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet, even in civilized Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science; and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and on others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose scallative fumes made it so long an universal favourite; or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries, that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation in the nations of Europe, and have been anathematized by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. *Patin*, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls "*l'impertinente nouveauté du uécle*." In Germany, *Hanneman* considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and *Dr. Duncan*, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1690 a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth, suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

The history of the Tea-shrub, written by *Dr. Lettsom*, is usually referred to on this subject; I consider it little more than a plagiarism on *Dr. Short's* learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it: a Russian ambassador, in 1693, who resided at the

the appearance of the tea, which had been introduced with a commensurate price which had been too high. The appearance of "a black water" and an odd taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearius in 1637. Dr. Saurt has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea; and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage: but at length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate, for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained: according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland, in 1660, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossery brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East-India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James I., for the first fleet set out in 1600; but, had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East-India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1647, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Cha*, hot." The word *Cha* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Tea*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bakea*, tea which comes from the country of *Touki*; and that of *Hyson* was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use, and the prices of tea in England, appears in the handbill of one who may be called our first *Tea-maker*. This curious handbill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, this bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders.

Tea in the early times was sold for six pence, and sometimes for ten pence the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarcity and dearth it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *bag or sack*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said tea, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

Probably, tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1657; for in the diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that "Pere Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had to go, which he said was ready as good as any he had drunk in China." Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not, probably, made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour; that admirable traveller, Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople, 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him, that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls "*Caffee*," or as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford, 1659, on "the nature of the drink *Kandi* or *Coffee*." As this celebrated traveller lived to 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drunk at Rome; this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a Philomath," and well knew what was "*Coffee*," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "*Vie privée des Français*," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting: it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris at the fair-time opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Flo

tine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices: he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses repaired to Procope's, where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c., met; but the mild streams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We, however, had the use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant, in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his handbill, in which he sets forth—

"The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both in medicinal and domestic views. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, as it still is on the Continent; and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses is often that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. Even in its native country the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to an Arabian ms., in the King of France's library, which shows that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in "A cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours," 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make Coffee a substitute for Canary.

"For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too.*
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear

* This witty poet was not without a degree of prescience; the luxury of eating spiders has never, indeed, become "modish," but Mons. Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shown this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were epicures of this stamp.

The name of coffee so much call'd upon;
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and
stench,

Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.

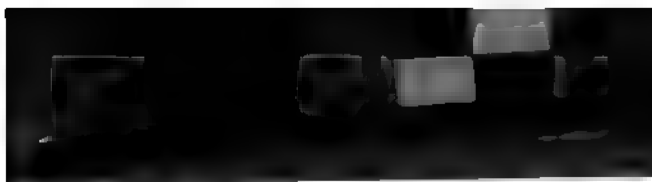
Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your round appear,
They would not find the air perfumed with one
Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men;
These sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Syrop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals and the books of news."

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the company in the first coffee-houses. In "A Broad-side against Coffee, or the Marriage of the Turk," 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion:

"Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean;
For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not.
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But custom is but a remove from nature."

In "The Women's Petition against Coffee," 1674, they complained that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." It was now sold in convenient pennyworths; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called "a penny university."

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken Canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established; nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's "Organon Salutis," 1659, observed that "this coffee-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman Sir James



Huddiford, who introduced the practice heretofore in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee among the labouring classes does not appear to have lasted, and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudice prevailed against it, and ran in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the Continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluis summoned by a bell, to take their regular refreshment of coffee, and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms but robust than the fleets of Britain.

The frequenting of coffee-houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since institutions of a higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee-houses. The latter dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles II., 1655, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the protection of that day. Roger North has given, in his *Examen*, a full account of this bold stroke. It was not done without some apparent respect to the British Constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade, but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance." A general disallowance, in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition, and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books and libels from being read in them, and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee-house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably, to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico, where it was denominated *Chocolatl*, it was a coarse mixture of ground cacao and Indian corn with sugar, but the Spaniards being its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The moderate use of chocolate, in the seventeenth century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions, that Joan. From Roux published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the monks to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had ensued, that scandal with which that holy order had been branded

might have proved more groundless. This *Du painis mendo-dictoria de adre et circulatoris, secum de pord*, Vienna, 1844, is a rare work among collectors. This attack on the monks, as well as on chocolate, is said to be the cause of its asceticism; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a dozen copies exist. We had chocolate-houses in London long after coffee-houses, they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new term when the other had become common. Roger North thus inveighs against them. "The use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate-houses, for the benefit of monks and culiers of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W— ordem take, as if the devil had erected a new University, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as his schools of discipline." Roger North, a high Tory, and attorney-general to James II., observed, however, that these rendezvous were often not so entirely composed of those "factious gentry he so much detested" for he says, "This way of passing time might have been stopped at first before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short dispatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." And old Aubrey, the small Barrell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to "the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their own relations, and societies." A curious statement, which proves the moral connection with society of all sedentary recreations which induce the landing agent.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS.

HERBERT, the faithful attendant of Charles I. during the two last years of the king's life, mentions "a diamond seal with the king's arms engraved on it." The history of this "diamond seal" is remarkable; and seems to have been recovered by the conjectural sagacity of Warburton, who never exercised his favourite talent with greater felicity. The curious passage I transcribe may be found in a manuscript letter to Dr. Birch.

"If you have read Herbert's account of the last days of Charles I.'s life, you must remember he tells a story of a diamond seal, with the arms of England cut into it. This King Charles ordered to be given, I think, to the prince. I suppose you don't know what became of this seal, but would be surprised to find it afterwards in the Court of Prussia. Yet there Tavernier certainly carried it, and offered it for sale, as I certainly collect from these words of vol. i. p. 541. — 'Le mouvement de ce qui estoit arrive au Chevalier de Reville,' &c. He tells us he told the Prime Minister what was engraved on the diamond was the arms of a Prince of Europe, but, says he, I would not be more particular, remembering the case of Reville. Reville's case was this: he came to seek employment under the

hoppy, who asked him, 'where he had served?' He said, 'in England under Charles I., and that he was a captain in his guards.' 'Why did you leave his service?' 'He was murdered by cruel rebels.' 'And how had you the impudence,' says the biographer, 'to survive him?' And so disgraced him. Now Tavernier was afraid if he had said the arms of England had been on the seal, that they would have occasioned the inquiry into the old story. You will ask how Tavernier got this and I suppose, that the prince, in his accusation, said it to Tavernier, who was at Paris when the English court was there. What made me recollect Herbert's account on reading this, was the singularity of an impression cut on the diamond, which Tavernier represents as a most extraordinary rarity. Charles I. was a great virtuoso, and delighted particularly in sculpture and painting."

This is an instance of conjectural evidence, where an historical fact seems established on no other authority than the sagacity of a student, exercised in his library on a private and secret event a century after it had occurred. The diamond seal of Charles I. may, probably, be yet discovered in the treasures of the French library.

Warburton, who had ranged with keen delight through the age of Charles I., the noblest and the most humiliating in our own history, and in that of the world perpetually instructive, has justly observed the king's passion for the fine arts. It was indeed such, that had the reign of Charles I. proved prosperous, that monarch about whom we could have anticipated those tastes, and even that enthusiasm, which are still almost foreign to the nation.

The mind of Charles I. was moulded by the Greeks. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite for those congenial tastes, and the frequent exhibition of those splendid mansions and entertainments, which combined all the picture of bath-dances, with the tone of music, the charms of the voice of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbert, the duke's architect, the bosom friend of Bulwer. There was a costly magnificence in the *festes* at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious remarks are on record. They eclipsed the splendour of the French Court, for Boncompagni, in one of his despatches, declares he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music, the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door made like that of the minarettes, which admitted only one person at a time. The following extract from a manuscript letter of the times conveys a lively account of one of these *festes*:

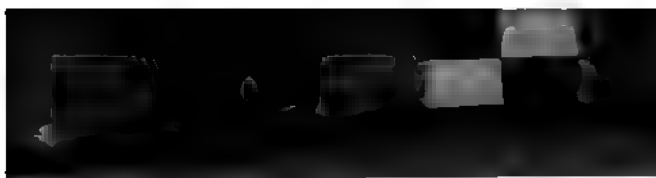
"Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained three companies and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show where all things came down in clouds, amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king, and the two queens, with their choicest attendants, and so to the life, that the queen's

majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate the entertainment at five or six thousand pounds." At another time, "The king and queen were entertained at supper at Gerbert the duke's painter's house, which could not stand him in less than a thousand pounds." For Symonds D'Ewen mentions banquets at *festes*. The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the several machinery and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the costume habits of the gentlemen, and the whole dressed with white horse's plumes and jewelled head-dresses and robes of pearls of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the times, with which I supplied the editor of *Jonson*, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet? "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to *Mansel*, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought." That the expenditure was costly, proves that the greater encouragement was offered to artists, nor should Buckingham be censured, so much as to incur to, for this lavish expense, it was not unusual with the great nobility then, for the literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions that an entertainment of this sort, which the duke gave to Charles I., cost her lord between four and five thousand pounds. The sceptic puritan would indeed abuse these scenes, but their magnificence was also designed to infuse into the national character gentler feelings and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those feverish republican spirits in their tender youth. Milton owns his Arcadian and his delightful Centur to a banquet at Ludlow Castle, and Walsingham, who was himself an actor and manager, in "a splendid royal masque of the two lords of courts joining together" to go to court about the time that *Prynne* published his *Memorials*, "to manifest the difference of their opinions from Mr. Prynne's new learning."—*memoirs*, even at a later day, when drawing up his "Memorials of the English Affairs," and occupied by graver concerns, to have dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on the stately shows and masques of his more innocent age, and has devoted, in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, no less columns to a masque and very curious description of "these dreams p., and their vanished pomp."

Charles I., indeed, not only possessed a critical tact, but extensive knowledge in the fine arts, and the relics of antiquity. In his flight in 1648, the king stopped at the shade of the religious family of the Parras at Gidding, who had there raised a singular monastic institution among themselves. One of their favourite amusements had been to form an illustrated Bible, the wonder and the talk of the country. In turning it over, the king would tell his companion the Palegrave, whose curiosity in prints exceeded his knowledge, the various masters, and the character of their inven-

* *Blount* 1686. p. 170, letter 389.

† Mr. Gifford's *Memoirs of Jonson*, p. 88.



tion. When Panzani, a secret agent of the Pope, was sent over to England to promote the Catholic cause, the subtle and elegant Cardinal Barberini, called the protector of the English at Rome, introduced Panzani to the king's favour by making him appear an agent rather for procuring him fine pictures, statues, and curiosities, and the earnest inquiries and orders given by Charles I prove his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient art. "The statues go on prosperously," says Cardinal Barberini in a letter to Mazarine, "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if in exchange we might be so happy as to have the king of England's name among those princes who submit to the Apostolic See." Charles I was particularly urgent to procure a statue of Adam in the Villa Ludovica, every effort was made by the queen's confessor, Father Philip, and the vigilant Cardinal of Rome, but the inexorable Duke of Fiano would not suffer it to be separated from her rich collection of statues and paintings, even for the chance conversion of a whole kingdom of heretics.*

This monarch, who possessed "four and twenty palaces, all of them elegantly and completely furnished," had formed very considerable collections. "The value of pictures had doubled in Europe, by the emulation between our Charles and Philip IV. of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion." When the rulers of France began their reign, "all the king's furniture was put to sale, his pictures, disposed of at very low prices, enriched all the collections in Europe, the cartoons which complete were only appeared at Rome, though the whole collection of the king's curiosities were sold at about 50,000 l. Mazarine adds, "the very library and medals at St James's were intended to be brought to auction, in order to pay the arrears of some equipments of cavalry, but Richieu, apprehensive of this loss, engaged his friend Whitehake, then lord-keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian. This contrivance saved that valuable collection." This account is only partly correct, the love of books, which formed the passion of the two I armed nobles whom Mazarine notices, fortunately intervened to save the royal collection from the intended sale, stirring, but the pictures and medals were, perhaps, objects too slight in the eyes of the book-lover, they were resigned to the singular fate of appropriation. After the Restoration very many books were missing, but nearly a third part of the medals remained of the strange manner in which these precious remains of ancient art and history were valued and disposed of, the following account may not be read without interest.

In March, 1660, the parliament ordered com-

missioners to be appointed, to inventory the goods and personal estate of the late king, queen, and prince, and appraise them for the use of the public. And in April, 1660, an act, which Whitehake, was committed, for inventorying the late king's goods, &c.†

This very inventory I have examined. It forms a magnificent folio, of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the objects which the inventory-writer describes. It is entitled "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c. belonging to King Charles I. sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1653" so that from the decapitation of the king, a year was allowed to draw up the inventories, and the sale proceeded during three years.

From this manuscript catalogue I give long extracts were useless if I have omitted, however, some remarkable observations. Every article is an appraisal, nothing was sold under the appraised price, but a slight competition sometimes seems to have raised the sum, and when the council of state could not get the sum appraised, the gold and silver were sent to the Mint, and accordingly many fine works of art were valued by the ounce. The names of the purchasers appear, they are usually English, but probably many were the agents for foreign courts. The coins or medals were thrown promiscuously into drawers, one drawer, having twenty-four medals, was valued at 100 l., another of twenty at 10 l., another of twenty-four at 10 l., and one drawer, containing forty or silver coins with the lion, was sold for 50 l. On the whole, the medals were not to have been valued at much more than a shilling apiece. The appraisement was certainly no antiquary.

The king's curiosities in the former Jewel-house generally, fetched above the price fixed, the taste of art could please the undirected minds that had no conception of its worth.

The Temple of Jerusalem, made of ebony and amber, fetched 250 l.

A fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artistically made to play of itself, sold for 300 l.

A chess-board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls, 250 l.

A conquering drum from Lapland, with an almach cut on a piece of wood.

Several sets in silver of a Turkish galley, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a portable man of war.

A haon king's mare used in war, with a bell full of spurs, and the handle covered with gold plates, and enamelled, sold for 270 l.

A gorget of mass gold, chased with the manner of a battle, weighing thirty-one ounces, at 300 l. per ounce, was sent to the Mint.

A Roman shield of brass, covered with a plate of gold, richly chased with a Turkish shield, set in and the rim with rubies, emeralds, turquoises, &c., in number 117, 150 l.

The pictures, taken from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbleson, Greenwich, Hampton Court, &c., valued, in number, an unparalleled collection.

* Whitehead's Memorials.
† Hall. ms. 4960.

* See Gregorio Panzani's Memoirs of his agency in England. This work long lay in manuscript, and was only known to us in the Catholic Doubt's Church History, by partial extracts. It was at length translated from the Italian ms. and published by the Rev. Joseph Berington, a curious piece of our own secret history.
† Hume's History of England, VII. 342. His authority is the Parl. Hist. III. 23.



By what standard they were valued, it would, perhaps, be difficult to conjecture, from *good* to *real*, seems to have been the limits of the appraiser's taste and imagination. Some whose price is whimsically low may have been thus rated, from a political feeling respecting the portrait of the person; there are, however, in this singular appraised catalogue, two pictures, which were rated at, and sold for, the remarkable sums of one and of two thousand pounds. The one was a sleeping Venus by Correggio, and the other a Madonna by Raphael. There was also a picture by Julio Romano, called "The great piece of the Nativity," at *good*. "The little Madonna and Christ," by Raphael, at *good*. "The great Venus and Putto," by Titian, at *good*. These seem to have been the only pictures in this immense collection which reached a picture's price. The inventory-writer had, probably, been instructed by the public voice of their value; which, however, would, in the present day, be considered much under a fourth. Rubens' "Woman taken in Adultery," described as a large picture, sold for *real*; and his "Peace and Plenty, with many figures beg at the life," for *real*. Titian's pictures were generally valued at *real*. Veron's drawn by the Graces, by Guido, reached to *real*.

The Cartoon of Raphael, here called "The Acts of the Apostles," notwithstanding their subject was so congenial to the popular feelings, and only appraised at *good*, could find no purchaser.

The following full-lengths of celebrated personages were rated at these whimsical prices:—

Queen Elizabeth in her parliament robes, valued *al*.

The Queen-mother in mourning habit, valued *al*.

Buchanan's picture, valued *al*.

The King, when a youth in coats, valued *al*.

The picture of the Queen when she was with child, sold for five shillings.

King Charles on horseback, by Sir Anthony Van Dyke, was purchased by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, at the appraised price of *good*.

The greatest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings, which were chiefly purchased for the service of the Protector. Their amount exceeds *good*. I note a few.

At Hampton Court, ten pieces of arras hangings of Abraham, containing 826 yards at *real*, a yard, *good*.

Ten pieces of Julius Cæsar, 717 ells, at *al*, *good*.

One of the cloth of estates is thus described:—

"One rich cloth of estate of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, having the arms of England within a garter, with all the furniture suitable thereunto. The state containing these stones following: two camels or agates, twelve chrysolites, twelve ballaces or garnets, one sapphire seated in chains of gold, one long pearl pendant, and many large and small pearls, valued at *good*, sold for *good* to Mr Oliver, 4 February, 1649."

Was plain Mr Oliver, in 1649, who we see "one of the earlier purchasers, shortly after "the Lord Protector?" All the "cloth of estate" and "arras hangings" were afterwards purchased for the service of the Protector; and one may venture to conjecture that when Mr. Oliver purchased

this "rich cloth of estate," it was not without a latent motive of its service to the new owner.*

There is one circumstance remarkable in the feeling of Charles I for the fine arts. It was a passion without ostentation or egotism, for although this monarch was inclined himself to participate in the pleasures of a creating artist, the king having handled the pencil and composed a poem, yet he never suffered his private dispositions to prevail over his more majestic duties. We do not discover in history that Charles I was a painter and a poet. Accident and secret history only reveal this softening feature in his grave and king-like character. Charles sought no glory from, but only indulged his love for, art and the artists. There are three manuscripts on his art, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Ambrosian library, which bear an inscription that a King of England, in 1490, offered one thousand guineas of gold for each. Charles, too, suggested to the two great painters of his age the subjects he considered worthy of their pencils; and had for his "closest-companions," those native poets, for which he was censured in "evil times," and even by Milton!

Charles I therefore, if ever he practised the arts he loved, it may be conjectured, was impelled by the force of his feelings. His works, or his touches however unskillful, were at least their effusions, expressing the full language of his soul. In his imprisonment at Carisbrook Castle, the author of the "Eikon Basilike" solaced his royal woes by composing a poem, entitled, in the very style of this memorable volume, "Majesty in Maturity, or an Implication to the King of Kings," a title probably not his own, but like that volume, it contains stanzas fraught with the most tender and solemn feeling. Such a subject, in the hands of such an author, was sure to produce poetry, although in the unpractised poet we may want the verities. A few stanzas will illustrate this conception of part of his character:

"The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey-dimmed head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.
With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name, the king's himself un-
crown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond."

After a pathetic description of his queen, "forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb," and "Great Brittain's hear forced into France," whose,

"Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!"

Charles continues:

"They promise to erect my royal stem;
To make me great, to advance my diadem;
If I will not fall down, and worship them!
But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Outren my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of doom."

* Some may be curious to learn the price of gold and silver about 1649. It appears by this manuscript inventory that the silver sold at *al*. 12d. per oz and gold at *al*. 10s., so that the value of these metals has little varied during the last century and a half.

And implores, with a martyr's piety, the Saviour's forgiveness for those who were more misled than criminal :—

"Such as thou know'st do not know what they do."*

As a poet and a painter, Charles is not popularly known ; but this article was due, to preserve the memory of the royal votary's ardour and pure feelings for the love of the Fine Arts.†

THE SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I. AND HIS QUEEN HENRIETTA.

THE secret history of Charles I., and his queen Henrietta of France, opens a different scene from the one exhibited in the passionate drama of our history.

The king is accused of the most spiritless uxoriousness ; and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume conceives that his queen "precipitated him into hasty and imprudent counsels," and Bishop Kennet had alluded to "the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband." The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible ; while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own political misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery ; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen ; and this at the risk and menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume : that historian on his preconceived system imagined, that every action of Charles I. originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu, and taking advantage of these

domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen.*

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles I. to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point to rest ; these decisively prove that the whole matter originated with the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary ; for the king complains, that he had been too long overcome by his persuasions, but that he was now "resolved it must be done, and that shortly !" †

It is remarkable, that the character of a queen, who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it ; when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of a winter storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort, those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman ; one who had never studied, never reflected, and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain even a state secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the characters of great men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Strafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person : "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." Landing at Burlington-bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay ; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house ; and several shot reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn, requested her to fly ; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend Madame Motteville : these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her lively temper, and impatiently babbled the plot ; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it. Some have dated the ruin of his cause to the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics ; we perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry IV. ; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all

* This poem is omitted in the great edition of the king's works, published after the Restoration ; and was given by Burnet from a manuscript in his "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton ;" but it had been previously published in Perrenchier's "Life of Charles I."

† This article was composed without any recollection that a part of the subject had been anticipated by Lord Orford. In the "Anecdotes of Painting in England," many curious particulars are noticed : the story of the king's diamond seal had reached his lordship, and Vertue had a mutilated transcript of the inventory of the king's pictures, &c., discovered in Moorfields ; for, among others, more than thirty pages at the beginning, relating to the plate and jewels, were missing. The manuscript in the Harleian Collection is perfect. Lord Orford has also given an interesting anecdote to show the king's discernment in the knowledge of the hands of the painters, which confirms the little anecdote I have related from the Farrars.

* Hume, vol. VI. p. 234.

† Lord Hardwicke's State-papers, II. 2, 3.

the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity.

And, indeed, when the awful events she had witnessed were one by one registered in her melancholy mind, the sensibility of the woman subdued the natural haughtiness of her character; but, true woman! the feeling creature of circumstances, at the Restoration she resumed it, and when the new court of Charles II. would not endure her obsolete haughtiness, the dowager-queen left it in all the full bitterness of her spirit. An habitual gloom, and the meagerness of grief, during the commonwealth, had changed a countenance once the most lively, and her eyes, whose dark and dazzling lustre was ever celebrated, then only shone in tears. When she told her physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that she found her understanding was failing her, and seemed terrified lest it was approaching to madness, the court-physician, hardly courtly to fallen majesty, replied, "Madam, fear not that; for you are already mad." Henrietta had lived to contemplate the awful changes of her reign, without comprehending them.

Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Henrietta so beautiful, that her beauty would affect every lover "more than his private loves." She was "the whole world's mistress." A portrait in crayons of Henrietta at Hampton-court sadly reduces all his poetry, for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court-poet. But there may be some truth in what he says of the eyes of Henrietta:

"Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself, had thrown
As bright and hence a lightning as his own."

And in another poem there is one characteristic line:

"—such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

In a MS. letter of the times, the writer describes the queen as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady."* In the MS. journal of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who saw the queen on her first arrival in London, cold and puritanic as was that antiquary, he notices with some warmth "the features of her face which were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye."† She appears to have possessed French vivacity both in her manners and her conversation: in the history of a queen, an accurate conception of her person enters for something.

Her talents were not of that order which could influence the revolutions of a people. Her natural dispositions might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices, which may be considered as so many political coquetries. But Machiavelian principles, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into her character. At first she tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the king that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England that she

was quite in love with them. Now that we know that no female was ever more deeply tainted with Catholic bigotry; and that, haughty as she was, this princess suffered the most insulting superstitions, inflicted as penances by her priests, for this very marriage with a Protestant prince, the following new facts relating to her first arrival in England, curiously contrast with the mortified feelings she must have endured by the violent suppression of her real ones.

We must first bring forward a remarkable and unnoticed document in the Embassies of Marshal Bassompierre.* It is nothing less than a most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and her brother the King of France to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them. Had this been known either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne. The fate of both her sons shows how faithfully she performed this treasonable contract. This piece of secret history opens the concealed cause of those deep impressions of that faith, which both monarchs sucked in with their milk; that triumph of the cradle over the grave which most men experience: Charles II. died a Catholic, James II. lived as one.

When Henrietta was on her way to England, a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, requiring the princess to undergo a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation. The queen stopped her journey, and wrote to inform the king of the occasion. Charles, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury, replied, that if Henrietta did not instantly proceed, he would return alone to London. Henrietta doubtless sighed for the Pope and the penance, but she set off the day she received the king's letter. The king, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman pontiff, who, had he been permitted to arrest the progress of a Queen of England for sixteen days in the face of all Europe, would thus have obtained a tacit supremacy over a British monarch.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion; *Sire! Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*† It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, and neither higher nor lower." After an hour's

* Ambassades du Marechal de Bassompierre, vol. III. 49.

† A letter from Dr. Meddus to Mr. Mead 17, Jan. 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

* Sloane MSS. 4176,
Harl. MSS. 646.

conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present: but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time whether she could abide a Huguenot? she replied, "Why not? Was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves! Sir Symonds D'Ewes, as appears by his manuscript diary, was struck by "her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble!"* However, this was in the first days of her arrival, and these "sweet and humble looks" were not constant ones; for a courier at Whitehall, writing to a friend, observes, that "the queen, however little of stature, yet is of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, otherwise full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution;" and he adds an incident of one of her "frowns." The room in which the queen was at dinner being somewhat overheated with the fire and company, "she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."† We may already detect the fair waxen mask melting away on the features it covered, even in one short month!

By the marriage-contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment, composed of her own people; and this had been contrived to be not less than a small French colony, exceeding three hundred persons. It composed, in fact, a French faction, and looks like a covert project of Richelieu's to further his intrigues here, by opening a perpetual correspondence with the discontented Catholics of England. In the instructions of Bassompierre, one of the alleged objects of the marriage is the general good of the Catholic religion, by affording some relief to those English who professed it. If, however, that great statesman ever entertained this political design, the simplicity and pride of the Roman priests here completely overturned it; for in their blind zeal they dared to extend their domestic tyranny over majesty itself.

* Sir S. D'Ewes's Journal of his life, Harl. MS. 646. We have seen our puritanic antiquary describing the person of the queen with some warmth; but "he could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion," a circumstance that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted for Sir Symonds himself!

† A letter to Mr. Mead, July 1, 1625, Sloane MSS. 4176.

The French party had not long resided here ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the queen by herself; while Charles was compelled, by the popular cry, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the queen, or to be present at the celebration of her mass. The king was even obliged to employ *poursuivants* or king's messengers, to stand at the door of her chapel to seize on any of the English who entered there, while on these occasions the French would draw their swords to defend these concealed Catholics. "The queen and hers" became an odious distinction in the nation. Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; they were not less reserved in private. The following anecdote of saying a grace before the king, at his own table, in a most indecorous race run between the Catholic priest and the king's chaplain, is given in a manuscript letter of the times:—

"The king and queen dining together in the presence,* Mr. Hacket (chaplain to the Lord Keeper William†) being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber."‡ It is with difficulty we conceive how such a scene of priestly indiscretion should have been suffered at the table of an English sovereign.

Such are the domestic accounts I have gleaned from MS. letters of the times; but particulars of a deeper nature may be discovered in the answer of the king's council to Marshal Bassompierre, preserved in the history of his embassy: this marshal had been hastily despatched as an extraordinary ambassador when the French party were dismissed. This state-document, rather a remonstrance than a reply, states that the French household had formed a little republic within themselves, combining with the French resident ambassador, and inciting the opposition members in parliament; a practice usual with that intriguing court, even from the days of Elizabeth, as the original letters of the French ambassador of the time, which will be found in the present

* At Hampton Court there is a curious picture of Charles and Henrietta dining in the presence. This regal honour, after its interruption during the Civil Wars, was revived in 1667 by Charles II., as appears by Evelyn's Diary. "Now did his majesty again *dine in the presence*, in ancient style, with music and all the court ceremonies."

† The author of the Life of this Archbishop and Lord Keeper; a voluminous folio, but full of curious matter, Ambrose Philips the poet abridged it.

‡ A letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

volume, simply show; and those of La Boderne in James the First's time, who raised a French party about Prince Henry, and the correspondence of Barillon in Charles the Second's reign so fully exposed to his entire correspondence published by Fox. The French dissimulation of the queens were engaged in lower intrigues, they lent their names to live houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad in Catholic seminaries. But the queen's priests, by their well known means which the Catholic religion sanctions, were drawing from the queen the most intimate circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the king, indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, impressed on her a contempt of the English nation, and a disgust of our customs, and particularly, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, so if the queen of England held no common interest with the nation. They had made her surrender a place of security for the precious and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic obedience, subjecting the most degrading penances. One of the most flagrant is attested to in our history. This was a harrowing pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jews had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause.* A manuscript letter of the same woman states that "the priests had also made her do lie in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset-house to St James's, her Lacierman confessed riding along by her in his coach." They have made her to go barefoot, to open, to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. And if they dare thus insult (adds the writer) over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo?†

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the queen should have a chapel at St James's, to be built and consecrated by her French bishop, the priests became very impudant, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state it ought before a queen. The king's answer is not that of a man inclined to popery. "If the queen's chapel, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber, and, if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden, and, if the garden would not serve there turn, there was the park the fittest place."

* There is a very rare print which has commemorated this circumstance.

† Mr Pury to Mr Mead, July, 1686. Marl was No 35. The answer of the king's conduct to the complaints of Ramonperre is both copious and detailed in Vol. III p. 166, of the "Ambassadors" of the Marshal.

The French priests and the whole party looking themselves slighted, and mistresses were treated, were breeding perpetual quarrels among themselves, grew weary of England, and wished themselves away—but many having purchased their places with all their fortune, would have been ruined by the breaking up of the establishment. Ramonperre alluded to the bruis and clamours of these French strangers, which exposed them to the laughter of the English court, and we cannot but smile in observing, in one of the dispatches of this great mediator between two kings and a queen, addressed to the minister, that one of the greatest obstacles which he had found in this difficult negotiation arose from the bedchamber women! The French king being desirous of having two additional women to attend the English queen, his sister, the ambassador declares, that "it would be more expedient rather to diminish than to increase the number; for they all live so all together, with such ridiculous jealousies and enmities, that I have more trouble to make them agree than I shall find to accommodate the difference between the two kings. Their continual backbiting, and often their vituperative language, occasion the English to entertain the most contemptible and ridiculous opinions of our nation. I shall not, therefore, insist on this point, unless it shall please his majesty to reverse it."

The French bishop was under the age of thirty, and his authority was imagined to have been but irreverently treated by two beautiful women in that end war of words which was raging, one of whom, Madame St George, was in high favour, and most intolerably hated by the English. Yet such was English gallantry, that the king permitted this lady on her domestic with several thousand pounds and jewels. There was something in conceivably ludicrous in the notions of the English, of a bishop hardly of age, and the gravity of whose character was probably tarnished by French gesture and mimicry. This French establishment was daily growing in expense and number, a manuscript letter of the same states that it cost the king aged a day, and had increased from three-score persons to less than hundred and forty, besides children!

It was one evening that the king suddenly appeared, and, summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure—the carriages were prepared for their removal. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest entreaties, and even the vehement anger of the queen, who is said to have rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment in which the king dragged her, and confined her from them.

The scene which took place among the French people, at the sudden announcement of the king's determination, was remarkably ludicrous. They instantly flew to take possession of all the queen's wardrobe and jewels, they did not leave her, it appears, a change of linen, more it was with difficulty she procured one as a favour, according to some manuscript letters of the times. One of

* A letter from Mr Pury to Mr Mead contains a full account of this transaction. Marl was 35.

their extraordinary expedients was that of inventing bills, for which they pretended they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000*l.*, which the queen at first owned to, but afterwards acknowledged the debts were fictitious ones. Among these items was one of 400*l.* for necessaries for her majesty; an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800*l.*; and another of 150*l.* for "the bishop's unholy water," as the writer expresses it. The young French bishop attempted by all sorts of delays to avoid this ignominious expulsion; till the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset-house, where the juvenile French bishop, at once protesting against it, and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure "head and shoulders." It appears that to pay the debts and the pensions, besides sending the French troops free home, cost 50,000*l.*

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision, and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame George, whose vivacity is always described extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap; an English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot; but no farther notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

But Charles did not show his kingly firmness only on this occasion: it did not forsake him when the French Marshal Bassompierre was instantly sent over to awe the king; Charles sternly offered the alternative of war, rather than permit a French faction to trouble an English court. Bassompierre makes a curious observation in a letter to the French Bishop of Mende, he who had been just sent away from England; and which serves as the most positive evidence of the firm refusal of Charles I. The French marshal, after stating the total failure of his mission, exclaims, "See, sir, to what we are reduced! and imagine my grief, that the Queen of Great Britain has the pain of viewing my departure without being of any service to her; but if you consider that I was sent here to *make a contract of marriage observed, and to maintain the Catholic religion in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage*, you will assist in excusing me of this failure." The French marshal has also preserved the same distinctive feature of the nation, as well as of the monarch, who, surely to his honour as King of England, felt and acted on this occasion as a true Briton. "I have found," says the Gaul, "humility among Spaniards, civility and courtesy among the Swiss, in the embassies I had the honour to perform for the king; but the English would not in the least abate of their natural pride and arrogance. The king is so resolute not to re-establish any French about the queen, his consort, and was so stern (*rude*) in speaking to me, that it is impossible

to have been more so." In a word, the French marshal, with all his vaunts and his threats, discovered that Charles I. was the true representative of his subjects, and that the king had the same feelings with the people: this indeed was not always the case. This transaction took place in 1626, and when, four years afterwards, it was attempted again to introduce certain French persons, a bishop and a physician, about the queen, the king absolutely refused even a French physician who had come over with the intention of being chosen the queen's, under the sanction of the queen mother. This little circumstance appears in a manuscript letter from Lord Dorchester to Mr. De Vic, one of the king's agents at Paris. After an account of the arrival of this French physician, his lordship proceeds to notice the former determinations of the king; "yet this man," he adds, "hath been addressed to the ambassador to introduce him into the court, and the queen persuaded in clear and plaine terms to speak to the king to admit him as domestique. His majesty expressed his dislike of this proceeding, but contented himself to let the ambassador know that this doctor may return as he is come, with intimation that he should do it speedily; the French ambassador, willing to help the matter, spake to the king that the said doctor might be admitted to kiss the queen's hand, and to carrie the news into France of her safe delivery: which the king excused by a civil answer, and has since commanded me to let the ambassador understand, that he had heard him as Monsieur de Fontenay in this particular, but, if he should persist and press him as ambassador, he should be forced to say that which would displease him." Lord Dorchester adds, that he informs Mr. de Vic of these particulars, that he should not want for the information should the matter be revived by the French court, otherwise he need not notice it.*

By this narrative of secret history Charles I. does not appear so weak a slave to his queen as our writers echo from each other; and those who make Henrietta so important a personage in the cabinet appear to have been imperfectly acquainted with her real talents. Charles, indeed, was deeply enamoured of the queen, for he was inclined to strong personal attachments: and "the temperance of his youth, by which he had lived so free from personal vice," as May the parliamentary historian expresses it, even the gay levity of Buckingham seems never, in approaching the king, to have violated. Charles admired in Henrietta all those personal graces which he himself wanted; her vivacity in conversation enlivened his own seriousness, and her gay volubility the defective utterance of his own; while the versatility of her manners relieved his own formal habits. Doubtless the queen exercised the same power over this monarch which vivacious females are privileged by nature to possess over their husbands; she was often listened to, and her suggestions were sometimes approved; but the fixed and systematic principles of the character and the government of this monarch must not be imputed to the intrigues of a mere lively and volatile woman; we

* A letter from the Earl of Dorchester, 27 May, 1630. Harl. MSS. 7000 (160).

must trace them to a higher source ; to his own inherited conceptions of the regal rights, if we would seek for truth, and read the history of human nature in the history of Charles I.

THE MINISTER—THE CARDINAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

RICHELIEU was the greatest of statesmen, if he who maintains himself by the greatest power is necessarily the greatest minister. He was called "the King of the King." After having long tormented himself and France, he left a great name and a great empire—both alike the victims of splendid ambition! Neither this great minister, nor this great nation, tasted of happiness under his mighty administration. He had, indeed, a heartlessness in his conduct which obstructed by no relentings those remorseless decisions which made him terrible. But, while he trod down the princes of the blood and the nobles, and drove his patroness the queen-mother into a miserable exile, and contrived that the king should fear and hate his brother, and all the cardinal-duke chose, Richelieu was grinding the face of the poor by exorbitant taxation, and converted every town in France into a garrison ; it was said of him, that he never liked to be in any place where he was not the strongest. "The commissioners of the exchequer and the commanders of the army believe themselves called to a golden harvest ; and in the interim the cardinal is charged with the sins of all the world, and is even afraid of his life." Thus Grotius speaks, in one of his letters, of the miserable situation of this great minister, in his account of the court of France in 1635, when he resided there as Swedish ambassador. Yet such is the delusion of these great politicians, who consider what they term *state-interests* as paramount to all other duties, human or divine, that while their whole life is a series of oppression, of troubles, of deceit, and of cruelty, their *state-conscience* finds nothing to reproach itself with. Of any other conscience it seems absolutely necessary that they should be divested. Richelieu, on his death-bed, made a solemn protestation, appealing to the last Judge of man, who was about to pronounce his sentence, that he never proposed anything but for the good of religion and the state ; that is, the Catholic religion and his own administration. When Louis XIII., who visited him in his last moments, took from the hand of an attendant a plate with two yolks of eggs, that the King of France might himself serve his expiring minister, Richelieu died in all the self-delusion of a great minister.

The sinister means he practised, and the political deceptions he contrived, do not yield in subtilty to the dark grandeur of his ministerial character. It appears that, at a critical moment, when he felt the king's favour was wavering, he secretly ordered a battle to be lost by the French, to determine the king at once not to give up a minister who, he knew, was the only man who could extricate him out of this new difficulty. In our great civil war, this minister pretended to Charles I. that he was attempting to win the parliament over to him, while he was backing their most secret projects

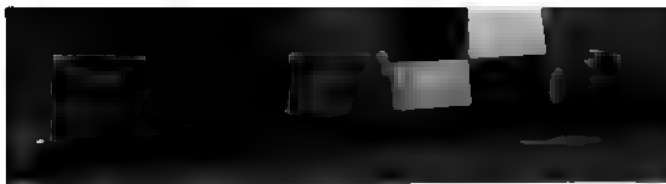
against Charles. When a French ambassador addressed the parliament as an independent power, after the king had broken with it, Charles, sensibly affected, remonstrated with the French court ; the minister disavowed the whole proceeding, and instantly recalled the ambassador, while at the very moment his secret agents were to their best embroiling the affairs of both parties.* The object of Richelieu was to weaken the English monarchy, so as to busy itself at home, and prevent its fleets and its armies thwarting his projects on the continent, lest England, jealous of the greatness of France, should declare itself for Spain the moment it had recovered its own tranquillity. This is a stratagem too ordinary with great ministers, those plagues of the earth, who, with their state-reasons, are for cutting as many throats as God pleases among every other nation.†

A fragment of the secret history of this great minister may be gathered from that of some of his confidential agents. One exposes an invention of this minister's to shorten his cabinet labours, and to have at hand a screen, when that useful contrivance was requisite ; the other, the terrific effects of an agent setting up to be a politician on his own account, against that of his master's.

Richelieu's confessor was one Father Joseph ; but this man was designed to be employed rather in state-affairs, than in those which concerned his conscience. This minister, who was never a penitent, could have none. Father Joseph had a turn for political negotiation, otherwise he had not been the cardinal's confessor ; but this turn was of that sort, said the Nuncio Spada, which was adapted to follow up to the utmost the views and notions of the minister, rather than to draw the cardinal to his, or to induce him to change a tittle

* Clarendon details the political coquetries of Monsieur La Ferté ; his "notable familiarity with those who governed most in the two houses ;" II. 93.

† Hume seems to have discovered in Estrades' Memoirs, the real occasion of Richelieu's conduct. In 1639 the French and Dutch proposed dividing the Low-Country provinces ; England was to stand neuter. Charles replied to D'Estrades, that his army and fleet should instantly sail to prevent these projected conquests. From that moment the intolerant ambition of Richelieu swelled the venom of his heart, and he eagerly seized on the first opportunity of supplying the Covenanters in Scotland with arms and money. Hume observes, that Charles here expressed his mind with an imprudent candour ; but it proves he had acquired a just idea of national interest. VI. 337. See on this a very curious passage in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, III. 22. He apologizes for his cardinal by asserting that the same line of policy was pursued here in England "by Charles I. himself, who sent fleets and armies to assist the Hugonots, or French rebels, as he calls them ; and that this was the constant practice of Queen Elizabeth's ministry, to foment differences in several neighbouring kingdoms, and support their rebellious subjects, as the forces she employed for that purpose both in France, Flanders, and Scotland, are an undeniable proof." The recriminations of politicians are the confessions of great sinners.



of his designs. The truth is, that Father Joseph preferred going about in his chariot on ministerial business, rather than walking solitary to his convent, after listening to the unceasing confessions of Cardinal Richelieu. He made himself so intimately acquainted with the plans and the will of this great minister, that he could venture, at a pinch, to act without orders, and foreign affairs were particularly committed to his management. When Swedish ambassador, knew these both. Father Joseph, he tells us, was employed by Cardinal Richelieu to open negotiations, and put them in a way to succeed to his mind, and then the cardinal would step in, and undertake the finishing himself. Joseph took business in hand when they were given, and, after ripening them, he handed them over to the cardinal. In a conference which Grotius held with the parties, Joseph began the treaty, and bore the brunt of the first contest. After a warm debate the cardinal intervened as arbitrator. "A middle way will reconcile you," said the minister, "and as you and Joseph can never agree, I will now make you friends."

That this was Richelieu's practice, appears from another similar passage mentioned by Grotius, but one more curious and less cunning. When the French ambassador, Leon Brulart, asked by Joseph, concluded at Ratisbon a treaty with the emperor's ambassador, on its arrival the cardinal unexpectedly disappeared of it, declaring that the ambassador had exceeded his instructions. But Brulart, who was an old servant, and Joseph, to whom the cardinal confided his most secret secrets, it was not supposed could have committed such a gross error, and it was rather believed that the cardinal changed his opinion with the state of affairs, wishing for peace or war as they suited the French interests, or as he conceived they tended to render his administration necessary to the crown? When Brulart, on his return from his embassy, found this outcry raised against him, and not a murmur against Joseph, he explained the mystery, the cardinal had raised this clamour against him merely to cover the instructions which he had himself given, and which Brulart was convinced he had received, through his organ, Father Joseph a man, and he, who has nothing of the Capuchin but the frock, and nothing of the Christian but the name a mind so prettily to artifice, that he could do nothing without deception; and during the whole of the Ratisbon negotiation, Brulart discovered that Joseph would never communicate to him any business till the whole was finally arranged: the sole object of his pursuits was to find means to gratify the cardinal. Such free sentiments nearly cost Brulart his head, for once, in quelling the cardinal in warmth, the minister, following him to the door, and passing

his hand over the other's neck, observed, that "Brulart was a fine man, and it would be a pity to divide the head from the heels."

One more anecdote of this good Father Joseph, the favourite instrument of the most important and covert designs of this minister, has been preserved in the *Mémoires Anecdotes de Vincent Sarr*, an Italian Abbe, the Procurator of France, but afterwards imprisoned by Mazarine. Richelieu had in vain tried to gain over Colonel Ornano, a man of talents, the governor of Moulins: the only brother of Louis XIII. not accustomed to have his offers refused, he resolved to turn him. Joseph was now employed to contract a particular friendship with Ornano, and to suggest to him, that it was full time that his pupil should be admitted into the council, to acquire some political knowledge. The advancement of Ornano's royal pupil was his own, and as the king had no children, the crown might descend to Mazarine. Ornano then saw took the first opportunity to open himself to the king, on the property of instituting his brother into affairs, either in council, or in a command in the army. Thus the king, as usual, immediately communicated to the cardinal, who was well prepared to give the request the most odious turn, and to alarm his majesty with the character of Ornano, who, he said, was inspiring the young prince with ambitious thoughts—that the first step would be an attempt to share the crown itself with his majesty. The cardinal fore-saw how much Mazarine would be offended by the refusal, and would not fail to betray his impatience, and inflame the jealousy of the king. Yet Richelieu here still an open face and friendly voice for Ornano, whom he was every day undermining in the king's favour, till all terminated in a pretended conspiracy, and Ornano perished in the Bastille, of a fever, at least caught there. So much for the friendship of Father Joseph! And by such men and such means, the astute minister secretly threw a seed of perpetual hatred between the royal brothers, producing conspiracies, often closing in blood, which only his own haughty tyranny had provoked.

Father Joseph died regretted by Richelieu, he was an ingenious sort of a creature, and kept his carriage to his last day, but his name is only preserved in secret histories. The tale of Father Caumon, the author of the "Cours Sainte," a popular book among the Catholics for its curious religious stories, and whose name is better known than Father Joseph's, shows how this minister could tell himself of father-confessors who permitted, according to their own notions, to be honest men, in spite of the minister. This piece of secret history is drawn from a manuscript narrative which Caumon left addressed to the general of the Jesuits?

* *Grand Espistolier*, 373 and 380 in *Ann. 1667*. A volume which contains some letters of this great man.

† *La Vie du Cardinal Duc de Richelieu*, anonymous, but written by Jean le Clerc, vol. I. 907. An impartial but heavy life of a great minister, of whom, however the panegyrics of his flatterers, and the notices of his enemies, it was difficult to discover a just medium.

* *Mém. Rec. vol. VI. 131*

† It is quoted in the "*Remarque Critique sur le Dictionnaire de Bayle*," Paris, 1748. This anonymous tale relates was written by *Le Sieur Joly*, a canon of Dijon, and is full of curious researches, and many authentic discoveries. The writer is no philosopher, but he corrects and adds to the knowledge of Bayle. Here I found some original anecdotes of Hobbes, from an. museum.

Richelieu chose Father Causin for the king's confessor, and he had scarcely entered his office, when the cardinal informed him of the king's romantic friendship for Mademoiselle La Fayette, of whom the cardinal was extremely jealous. Desirous of getting rid altogether of this sort of tender connexion, he hinted to the new confessor that, however innocent it might be, it was attended with perpetual danger, which the lady herself acknowledged, and, warm with "all the motions of grace," had declared her intention to turn "Religieuse;" and that Causin ought to dispose the king's mind to see the wisdom of the resolution. It happened, however, that Causin considered that this lady, whose zeal for the happiness of the people was well known, might prove more serviceable at court than in a cloister, so that the good father was very inactive in the business, and the minister began to suspect that he had in hand an instrument not at all fitted to it, like Father Joseph.

"The motions of grace" were, however, more active than the confessor, and mademoiselle retired to a monastery. Richelieu learned that the king had paid her a visit of three hours, and he accused Causin of encouraging these secret interviews. This was not denied, but it was adroitly insinuated, that it was prudent not abruptly to oppose the violence of the king's passion, which seemed reasonable to the minister. The king continued these visits, and the lady, in concert with Causin, impressed on the king the most unfavourable sentiments of the minister, the tyranny exercised over the exiled queen mother, and the princes of the blood. * the grinding taxes he levied on the people, his projects of alliance with the Turk against the Christian sovereigns, &c. His majesty sighed, he asked Causin if he could name any one capable of occupying the minister's place? Our simple politician had not taken such a consideration in his mind. The king asked Causin whether he would meet Richelieu face to face? The Jesuit was again embarrassed, but summoned up the resolution with equal courage and simplicity.

Causin went for the purpose: he found the king closeted with the minister, the conference was long, from which Causin augured ill. He himself tells us, that, weary of waiting in the antechamber, he contrived to be admitted into the presence of the king, when he performed his promise. But the case was altered! Causin had lost his cause before he pleaded it, and Richelieu had completely justified himself to the king. The good father was told that the king would not perform his devotions that day, and that he might return to Paris. The next morning the whole affair was cleared up. An order from court pro-

hibited this voluble Jesuit either from speaking or writing to any person; and farther drove him away in an inclement winter, sick in body and at heart, till he found himself an exile on the barren rocks of Quimper in Brittany, where, among the savage inhabitants, he was continually menaced by a prison or a gallows, which the terrific minister lost no opportunity to place before his imagination; and occasionally, despatched a Paris Gazette, which distilled the venom of Richelieu's heart, and which, like the eagle of Prometheus, could gnaw at the heart of the insulated politician chained to his rock.*

Such were the contrasted fates of Father Joseph and Father Causin! the one the ingenious *creature*, the other the simple oppositionist, of this great minister.

THE MINISTER—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD ADMIRAL, LORD GENERAL, &c. &c. &c.

"HAD the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the duke would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man in that age in Europe." Such was the opinion of Lord Clarendon in the prime of life, when yet untouched by party feeling, he had no cause to plead, and no quarrel with truth?

The portrait of Buckingham by Hume seems to me a character dove-tailed into a system, adjusted to his plan of lightening the errors of Charles I. by participating them among others. This character conceals the more favourable parts of no ordinary man—the spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and some qualities he possessed of a better nature. All the fascination of his character is lost in the general shade cast over it by the niggardly commendation, that "he possessed some accomplishments of a courtier." Some, indeed, and the most pleasing; but not all true, for dissimulation and hypocrisy were arts unpractised by this courtier. "His sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the graces," has been described by Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well; while Clarendon, another living witness, tells us, that "He was the most rarely accomplished the court had ever beheld; while some that found inconvenience in his nearness, intending by some affront to discontinue him, perceived he had masked under this gentleness a terrible courage, as could safely protect all his sweetnesses."

The very errors and infirmities of Buckingham seem to have started from qualities of a generous nature; too devoted a friend, and too undaunted an enemy, carrying his loves and his hatreds on his

during that philosopher's residence at Paris, which I have given in "Quarrels of Authors."

* Montresor, attached to the Duke of Orleans, has left us some very curious memoirs, in two small volumes; the second preserving many historical documents of that active period. This spirited writer has not hesitated to detail his projects for the assassination of the tyrannical minister.

* At page 50 of this work is a different view of the character of this extraordinary man, those anecdotes are of a lighter and satirical nature; they touch on "the follies of the wise."

* In "The Disparity" to accompany "The Parallel," of Sir Henry Wotton; two exquisite cabinet-pictures, preserved in the *Reliquiae Wottonianae*; and at least equal to the finest "Parallel" of Plutarch.

open forehead,* too careless of calumny,† and too fearless of danger, he was, in a word, a man of sensations, a ting from impulse, arming, indeed, prudential views, but capable at all times of con-

* The singular appearance of his character was not statesman-like. He was one of those whose un-governable sincerity "cannot put all their passions in three pockets." He told the Count Duke Olivares, on quitting Spain, that "he would always cement the friendship between the two nations, but with regard to you, or, in particular, you must not consider me as your friend, but must ever expect from me all possible enmity and opposition." The cardinal was willing enough, says Horne, "to accept what was proffered, and on these terms the favourite parted." Buckingham, desirous of accommodating the parties in the nation, once tried at the behest of the puritanic party, whose head was Dr Preston, master of Emmanuel College. The duke was his generous patron, and Dr Preston his most terrible adulterator. The more pious puritans were offended at this intimacy; and Dr Preston, in a letter to some of his party, observed, that it was true that the duke was a vile and profligate fellow, but that there was no other way to come at him but by the lowest flattery; that it was necessary for the glory of God that such instruments should be made use of, and more so this strain. Some officious hand conveyed this letter to the duke, who, when Dr Preston came one morning, as usual, asked him whether he had ever delighted him, that he should describe him to his party in such black characters. The doctor amazed, denied the fact, on which the duke instantly produced the letter, then turned from him, never to see him more. It is said that from this moment he abandoned the puritan party, and attached himself to Lord. This story was told by Thomas Baker to W. Wotton, as coming from one well versed in the secret history of that time. *Londoner MSS Bys. 10 88.*

† A well-known story against the Duke of Buckingham, by Dr George Eglisham, physician to James I., entitled "The Fore-runner of Revenge," may be found in many of our collections. Oerber, in his manuscript memoirs, gives a curious account of this political libeller, the model of that class of desperate scribblers. "The fairness of his libels," says Oerber, "he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Brussels, this Eglisham desired the William Chaloner, who then was at Liège, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant. He proposed, if the king would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some competent subsistence, that he would recant all that he had said or written, to the disadvantage of any in the court of England, concluding that he had been urged thereto by some comburians parties, that for their malicious designs had set him on work." Buckingham would never enter them and similar libels. Eglisham flew to Holland after he had deposed his political venom in his native country, and found a late which every villainous factionist who offers to recant for "a competent subsistence" does not always, he was found dead, assassinated on his walks by a companion. Yet this political libel, with many like it, are still subsistent.

bearing grand and original aims; compared by the jealousy of faction to the splendour of Edward II. and even the greatness of Tiberius, he was no enemy to the people, often serious in the best designs, but volatile in the midst, his great error arising from a sanguine spirit. "He was ever," says Wotton, "greedy of honour and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the prosperity of beginnings." If Buckingham was a hero, and yet no statesman, if often the creator of popular admiration, he was at length hated by the people; if long envied by his equals, and betrayed by his own creatures,* "delighting too much in the praise and adulation of dependents and sycophants who are always born, and sometimes the heirs of favouriteness," as Wotton well describes them, of one of his great crimes in the eyes of the people was, that "his enterprises succeeded not according to their impossible expectation;" and that it was a still greater, that Buckingham had been the permanent favourite of two monarchs, who had spent their child of fortune; then may the future inquirer find something of his character which remains to be opened, to instruct like the sovereign and the people, and "be worthy to be registered among the great examples of time and fortune."

Contrast the late of Buckingham with that of his great rival, Rouselle. The one winning popularity and losing it; once in the Commons admired as "their redeemer;" till, at length, they resumed that "Buckingham was the cause of all the evils and dangers to the king and kingdom." Magnificent, open, and merciful; so forbearing, even in his acts of gross oppression, that they were easily erased; and riots and lynch were infecting the country, till, in the popular clamour, Buckingham was made a political monster, and the danger was planted in the heart of the nation's monster. The other statesman, unwavering in his power, and grinding in his oppression,

"George Duke of Buckingham," says Oidry, "will not speedily outstrip Dr Eglisham's Fore-runner of Revenge."

* The memory of prime ministers and favourites is a portion of their fate, which has not always been noticed by their biographers, one must be conversant with secret history, to discover the thorn in their pillow. Who could have imagined that Buckingham, possessing the entire affections of his sovereign, during his absence had reason to fear being supplanted? When his confidential secretary, Dr Mann, slept in the same chamber with the duke, he would give way at night to those unexpressed passions which his unaltered countenance concealed by day. In the absence of all other ears and eyes, he would break out into the most querulous and unpolished language, declaring, that "never his disappointments to divers princes, not the great business of a fleet, of an army, of a peace, of a treaty, of war and peace both on foot together, and all of them in his head at a time, did not so much break his repose, as the idea that some at home under his Majesty, of whom he had well-deserved, were now content to forget him." So short-lived is the gratitude observed to an absent favourite, who is most likely to fail by the creation his own hands have made.

ambition with one brother-fighting, had his dangerous filled and his wealths rained, and died in safety and glory—a cautious tyrant.

There exists a manuscript memoir of Sir Bathurst Gerbier, who was one of those vigorous men whom Buckingham delighted to surround about him. For this was one of his characteristics, that although the duke himself was not learned, yet he never wanted for knowledge, too early in life a practical man, he had not the leisure to become a contemplative one, he supplied this deficiency by perpetually "sifting and questioning well" the most eminent for their experience and knowledge, and Lord Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Williams, as well as such as Gerbier, were admitted into that sort of intimacy. We have a curious letter by Lord Bacon, of advice in our manner, written at his own request, and I have seen a large correspondence with that subtle politician, the Lord Keeper Williams, who often only attempted to supplant him, to the same purpose. Gerbier was the painter and architect, and at the same time one of the confidential agents of Buckingham, the friend of Rubens the painter, with whom he was concerned in this country to open a Spanish negotiation, and became at length the master of the restoration to Charles II. in his exile. He was an actor in many scenes, & the result of him, that "he was a minister who had the honour of public employment, and that therefore must require for declaring some passages of state more events than he others such an one, but events are events but for a time, others may be more for themselves, but it is their nature which makes me wonder."

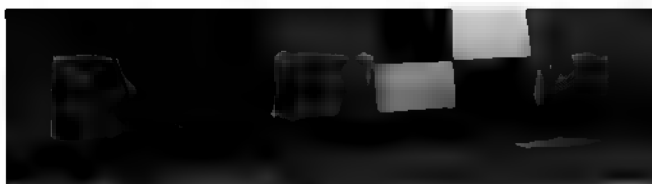
A woman has always being over that piece of English history, the Puritans, purges to Madrid, where the prime minister and the first apparatus in disguise, considered their safety in the hands of our national enemies, who it existed with popular clamour, and indeed onsets for the prince and the Protestant cause. A new light came over this extraordinary transaction by a story which the duke imparted to Gerbier. The project was Buckingham's, a bright, original view, but taken far out of the line of precedent. It was one of those bold inventions which no common mind could have conceived, and none but the spirit of Buckingham could have carried on with a splendour and mastery over the persons and events, which turned out, however, as unsavoury as possible.

The restoration of the independent Palatine, the son-in-law of James I., to the Palatinate which that Prince had lost by his own indiscretion, when he accepted the crown of Bohemia, although warned of his own incompetency, as well as of the incapacity of those princes of the empire, who might have assisted him against the power of Austria and Spain, seemed however to a great part of our nation necessary to the stability of the Protestant succession. James I. was most bitterly run down at home for his cool, pacific measure, but the truth is, by Gerbier's account, that James could not depend on one single ally, who had all taken flight, although some of the Germans were willing enough to be introduced at present a much from England. This James had not to give,

and which he had been a fool had he given, for though this was for the Protestant interests was popular in England, it was by no means general among the German princes. The Prince Bishop of Treves, and another prince, had treated Gerbier cruelly, and observed that "God in three days did not send prophets more to the Protestants than to others, in fight against nations, and to second pretences which public ecclesiastical projects to princes, to engage them into unnecessary wars with their neighbours." France would not go to war, and much less the Dutch, the Swedes, and the Hollanders. James was calumniated for his timidity and cowardice, yet, says Gerbier, King James worried much of his people, though ill-remembered, choosing rather to suffer an odium of his personal reputation, than to bring into such hazard the reputation and force of his kingdom in a war of no hopes.

As a father and a king, from private and from public motives, the restoration of the Palatinate had a double tie on James, and it was always the earnest object of his negotiations. But Spain set him on opposing and lowering ambassadors, who kept him in play year after year with every tale and new one. These negotiations had long-shouldered through all the wisdom of diplomacy, the assuming generosity of the court of Combarce were sure, on return of the court, to bring sudden difficulties from the subtle Charles. Buckingham mediated by a single idea to strike at the true knot, whether the Spanish court could be induced to hasten this important object, gained over by the promised alliance with the English crown, from the lips of the prince himself. The whole scene dazzled with policy, boldness, and magnificence, it was caught by the high spirit of the youthful prince, who, Clarendon tells us, "loved adventures," and it was indeed an incident which has adorned more than one Spanish romance. The point which urged the English hatred of the personal safety of the prince did not prevail with the duke who told Gerbier that the prince ran no hazard from the Spaniards, who well knew that while his wife, the fugitive Queen of Bohemia, with a numerous suite was residing in Holland, the Protestant succession to our crown was perfectly secured, and it was with this conviction, says Gerbier, that when the Count Duke of Olivares had been persuaded that the Prince of Wales was meditating a flight from Spain, Buckingham, with his accustomed spirit told him, that "if he had made the prince steal out of his own country, yet

* Gerbier gives a curious specimen of Combarce's plumed wit of independence. When James expressed himself with great warmth on the Spaniards under Olivares, taking the first town in the Palatinate, under the eyes of our ambassador, Combarce, with Cervantine humour attempted to give a new turn to the discussion, for he wished that Spaniards had taken the whole Palatinate all over, for "then the governments of my master would be shown in all its lustre, by returning it all again to the English ambassador, who had witnessed the whole operations." James, however, at this moment, was no longer pleased with the marvellous humour of his old friend, and set about trying what could be done.



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that he should depart with an equipage as fitted a Prince of Wales. This was no empty boast. An English fleet was then waiting in a Spanish port, and the Spanish court meeting our prince to the grand Escorial, attended the departure of Charles, as Nature expresses it, with "elaborate pomp."

This attempt of Buckingham, of which the origin has been so often inquired into, and so oppositely viewed, entirely failed with the Spaniards. The Catholic league outwitted the Protestant. At first the Spanish court had been so much taken by surprise as the rest of the world, all parties seemed at their first interview highly gratified. "We may rule the world together," said the Spanish to the English minister. They were, however, not made by nature, or state interests, to agree at a second interview. The Lord Keeper Williams, a wily courtier and subtle politician, who, in the absence of his patron, Buckingham, is silently supplanted him in the favour of his royal master, when asked by James, "Whether he thought this knight-errant pilgrimage would be likely to win the Spanish lady?" answered, with much political foresight, and saw the difficulty.

"If my lord marquis will give himself to the Count Duke Olivares, and remember he is the favourite of Spain, or, if Olivares will show honourable civility to my lord marquis, remembering he is the favourite of England, the wrong may be prosperous; but if my lord marquis should forget where he is, and not stoop to Olivares, or if Olivares, forgetting what guest he hath received with the prince, treat him as if he a Castilian grandee to my lord marquis, the prosecution that even your Majesty's good intentions." "What Olivares once let out," though somewhat in hot blood, that in the councils of the king the English match had never been taken into consideration, but from the time of the Prince of Wales's arrival at Madrid, might have been true enough. The seven years which had passed in apparent negotiation represented the scene of a *fata morgana*, an earth pointed in the air—raised by the delusive arts of Guendram and Olivares. As they never designed to realise it it would, of course, never have been brought into the councils of his Spanish majesty. Buckingham discovered, as he told Gerbier, that the Infanta, by the will of her father, Philip III., was designed for the emperor's son, the Catholic for the Catholic, to cement the venerable system. When Buckingham and Charles had now agreed, that the Spanish cabinet could not adopt English and Protestant interests, and Olivares had convinced himself that Charles would never be a Catholic, all was broken up, and thus a treaty of marriage, which had been slowly raised, during a period of seven years, when the flower seemed to take, only contained within itself the seeds of war.

* Hacket's Life of Lord Keeper Williams, p. 116, pt. 1, 50.

† The narrative furnished by Buckingham, and approved by the prince to the parliament, agrees in the main with what the duke told Gerbier. It is curious to observe how the narrative seems to have perplexed Home, who from some precon-

Olivares and Richelieu were thorough-paced statesmen, in every respect the opposites of the elegant, the spirited, and the open Buckingham. The English favourite cherished the haughty Catholic, the favourite of Spain, and the more than king-like cardinal, the favourite of France, with the rival spirit of his island, proud of her equality with the continent.

There is a story that the war between England and France was examined by the personal disrespect shown by the Cardinal Duke Richelieu to the English duke in the affronting mode of addressing his letters. Gerbier says the world are in a ridiculous mistake about this circumstance. The fact of the letters is true, since Gerbier was himself the secretary on the occasion. It terminated, however, differently than is known. Richelieu, at least as haughty as Buckingham, addressed a letter, in a moment of caprice, in which the word *Monsieur* was levelled with the first line, violating the usual space of honour, to mark his disrespect. Buckingham instantly turned on the cardinal his own irritation. Gerbier, who had written the letter, was also in heaven. The cardinal started at the next night, never having been addressed with such familiarity, and was dead.

On the following day, however, the cardinal received Gerbier civilly, and with many rhetorical expressions respecting the duke. "I know," said he, "the power and greatness of a high admiral of England, the reasons of his great ships make way, and prescribe law more forcibly than the reasons of the church, of which I am a member. I acknowledge the power of the favourites of great kings, and I am content to be a member of state, and the duke's humble servant. I was an *apology* made with all the politeness of a court, and by a great statesman who had received his views."

If ever minister of state was threatened by the prospect of a total termination to his life, it was Buckingham, but his own fortitude disdained to interpret them. The following circumstances, collected from manuscript letters of the times, are of this nature. After the sudden and unhappy demolition of the parliament, popular riots showed itself in all shapes, and those who did not join in the popular cry were branded with the odious nickname of the *dark-lings*.

A short time before the assassination of Buckingham, when the king, after an oblique resistance, had conceded his assent to the "Petition of Right," the houses testified their satisfaction, perhaps their triumph, by their shouts of acclamation. They were prolonged by the hearse on the outside, from one to the other till they reached the city, some confused account arrived before the occasion of their rejoicings was generally known, suddenly the bells began to ring, bonfires were kindled, and in an instant all was a

cered system, condemn Buckingham. "for the fainty of this long narrative, as calculated entirely to mislead the parliament." He has, however, in the note (T) of this very volume, sufficiently marked the difficulties which being about the opinion he has given in the text. The curious may find the narrative in Branklin's Annals, p. 80, and in Richelieu's Hist. 1 vol. 119. It has many entertaining particulars.

scene of public rejoicing. But anxious indeed were these rejoicings, for the greater part was occasioned by a false rumour that the duke was to be sent to the Tower; no one inquired about a news which every one wished to hear; and so sudden was the joy, that a *ms.* letter says, "the old scaffold on Tower-hill was pulled down and burned by certain unhappy boys, who said they would have a new one built for the duke." This mistake so rapidly prevailed as to reach even the country, which blazed with bonfires to announce the fall of Buckingham.* The shouts on the acquittal of the seven bishops, in 1688, did not speak in plainer language to the son's ear, when after the verdict was given, such prodigious acclamations of joy "seemed to set the king's authority at defiance: it spread itself not only into the city, but even to Hounslow-heath, where the soldiers upon the news of it gave up a great shout, though the king was then actually at dinner in the camp."† To the speculators of human nature, who find its history written in their libraries, how many plain lessons seem to have been lost on the mere politician, who is only such in the heat of action.

About a month before the duke was assassinated, occurred the murder by the populace of the man who was called "The duke's devil." This was a Dr. Lambe, a man of infamous character; a dealer in magical arts, who lived by showing apparitions or selling the favours of the devil, and whose chambers were a convenient rendezvous for the curious of both sexes. This wretched man, who openly exulted in the infamous traffic by which he lived, when he was sober, prophesied that he should fall one day by the hands from which he received his death; and it was said he was as positive about his patron's. At the age of eighty, he was torn to pieces in the city, and the city was imprudently heavily fined 6000*l.*, for not delivering up those who, in murdering this hoary culprit, were heard to say, that they would handle his master worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. This is one more instance of the political cannibalism of the mob. The fate of Dr. Lambe served for a ballad, and the printer and singer were laid in Newgate.‡ Buckingham, it seems, for a moment contemplated his own fate in his wretched creature's, more particularly as another omen obtruded itself on his attention; for

* Letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville, June 5, 1628. *Harl. mss.* 7000.

† *Memoirs of James II.* vol. II. p. 163.

‡ Rushworth has preserved a burthen of one of these songs:

Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Dr. Lamb.

And on the assassination of the duke, I find two lines in a *ms.* letter:

The shepherd's struck, the sheep are fled!
For want of *Lamb* the *wolf* is dead!

There is a scarce tract of "A brief description of the notorious life of John Lambe, otherwise called Doctor Lambe," &c., with a curious wood print of the mob pelting him in the street.

on the very day of Dr. Lambe's murder, his oval portrait in the council-chamber was seen to have fallen out of its frame; a circumstance as awful in that age of omens, as the portrait that walked from its frame in the "Castle of Otranto," but perhaps more easily accounted for. On the eventful day of Dr. Lambe's being torn to pieces by the mob, a circumstance occurred to Buckingham, somewhat remarkable to show the spirit of the times. The king and the duke were in the Spring-gardens looking on the bowlers; the duke put on his hat. One Wilson, a Scotchman, first kissing the duke's hands, snatched it off, saying, "Off with your hat before the king." Buckingham, not apt to restrain his quick feelings, kicked the Scotchman, but the king interfering, said, "Let him alone, George; he is either mad or a fool." "No, Sir," replied the Scotchman, "I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak." This was as a prognostic, an anticipation of the dagger of Felton!

About this time a libel was taken down from a post in Coleman-street by a constable and carried to the lord mayor, who ordered it to be delivered to none but his majesty. Of this libel the manuscript letter contains the following particulars:

"Who rules the kingdom? The king.
Who rules the king? The duke.
Who rules the duke? The devil.

—Let the duke look to it; for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the doctor; and if things be not shortly reformed they will work a reformation themselves."

The only advice the offended king suggested was to set a double watch every night! A watch at a post to prevent a libel being affixed to it was no prevention of libels being written, and the fact is, libels were now bundled and sent to fairs, to be read by those who would venture to read, to those who would venture to listen; both parties were often sent to prison. It was about this time, after the sudden dissolution of the parliament, that popular terror showed itself in various shapes, and the spirit which then broke out in libels by night was assuredly the same, which, if these political prognostics had been rightly construed by Charles, might have saved the eventual scene of blood. But neither the king nor his favourite had yet been taught to respect popular feelings. Buckingham, after all, was guilty of no heavy political crimes; but it was his misfortune to have been a prime minister, as Clarendon says, "in a busy, querulous, froward time, when the people were uneasy under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty, which their great impostors scattered among them like glasses to multiply their fears." It was an age, which was preparing for a great contest, where both parties committed great faults. The favourite did not appear odious in the eyes of the king, who knew his better dispositions more intimately than the popular party, who were crying him down. And Charles attributed to individuals, and "the great impostors," the clamours which had been raised.

But the plurality of offices showered on Buckingham rendered him still more odious to the people: had he not been created lord high admiral



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and general, he had never risked his character amidst the opposing elements, or before impregnable forts. But something more than his own lowering spirit, or the severity of vanity, must be alleged for his assumption of those opposite military characters.*

A peace of twenty years appears to have rusted the arms of our soldiers, and their commanders were destitute of military skill. The war with Spain was clamoured for, and an expedition to Cadix, in which the duke was reproached by the people for not taking the command, as they supposed from deficient spirit, only ended in our undisciplined soldiers under bad commanders getting drunk in the Spanish cellars, inasmuch that not all had the power to run away. On this expedition, some verses were handed about, which probably are now first printed, from a manuscript letter of the times, a political panegyric which shows the utter silliness of this, "Ridiculous Men."

VERSES ON THE EXPEDITION TO CADIX.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
He flew away—and there was none!
There was a man that ran a race,
When he ran fast—he ran space!
There was a maid that eat an apple,
When she eat raw—she eat a couple!
There was an ape sat on a tree,
When he fell down—then down fell he!
There was a fleet that went to Spain,
When it returned—it came again!

Another expedition to Rochelle, under the Earl of Denbigh, was indeed of a more sober nature, for the Earl declined to attack the enemy. The national honour, among the other grievances of the people, had been long degraded; not indeed by Buckingham himself, who personally had ever maintained, by his high spirit, an equality, if not a superiority, with France and Spain. It was to win back the public favour by a resolute and public effort, that Buckingham a second time was willing to pledge his fortune, his honour, and his life, into our daring raid, and on the dyke of Rochelle to leave his body, or to vindicate his asperned name. The garrulous Gerbier shall tell his own story, which I transcribe from his own handwriting, of the mighty preparations, and the duke's perfect devotion to the cause; for among other rumours, he was calumniated as never having been faithful to his engagement with the Protestants of Rochelle.

"The duke caused me to make certain works, according to the same model as those wherewith the Prince of Parma blew up, before Antwerp, the main dyke and estacade, they were so mighty

strong, and of that quantity of powder, and so closely massed in banks, that they might have blown up the half of a town. I employed therein of powder, stone-quarries, bombs, ore-balls, chains, and iron balls, a double proportion to that used by the Duke of Parma, according to the description left thereof."

"The duke's intention to succour the Rochellers was manifest, as was his care to assure them of it. He commanded me to write and convey to them the secret advertisement thereof. The last advice I gave them from him contained these words, 'Hold out but three weeks, and God willing I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there.' The bearer of this receded from my hands a hundred Jacobins to carry it with speed and safety." The duke had disbursed three or four thousand pounds of his money upon the fleet, and lost his life ere he could get aboard. Nothing but death had hindered him or frustrated his design, of which I am confident by another very remarkable passage. "The duke, a little before his departure from York-house, being alone with me in his garden, and giving me his last commands for my journey towards Italy and Spain, one Mr. Wigmore, a gentleman of his, coming to us, presented to his lordship a paper, and to come from the prophesying Lady Davies,[†] foretelling that he should end his life that month, besides he had received a letter from a very considerable head, persuading him to let some other person be sent on that expedition to command in his place, on which occasion the duke made this expression to me: 'Gerbier, if God please I will go, and be the first man who shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle to die, or do the work, whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place.' He had before told me the same in his chamber, after he had signed certain dispatches of my letters of credence to the Duke of Lorraine and Savoy, to whom I was sent to know what decisions they could make in favour of the king, in case the peace with Spain should not take. His majesty spoke to me, on my going towards my residency at Bruxelles, 'Gerbier, I do command thee to have a continual care, to prevent the Infanta and the Spanish ministers there, for the restitution of the Palatinate, for I am obliged to conscience, in honour, and in maxim of state, to stir all the powers of the world, rather than to fail to try to the uttermost to compass this business.'"

In the week of that expedition, the king took "George" with him in his coach to view the ships at Deptford on their departure for Rochelle, when he said to the duke, "George, there are some that wish both thee and thou mightest perish together, but care not for them, we will both perish together, if thou dost!"

* This machine seems noticed in *Le Mercure François*, 1625, p. 863.

† Gerbier, a foreigner, scarcely ever writes an English name correctly, while his orthography is not always intelligible. He means here Lady Davies, an extraordinary character and a supposed prophetess. This Camandra hit the time in her dark predictions, and was more persuaded than ever that she was a prophetess.

* At the British Institution, some time back, was seen a picture of Buckingham, mounted on a charger by the sea-shore, crowded with troops, &c. As it reflected none of the grace or beauty of the original, and seemed the work of some wretched apprentice of Rubens, perhaps Gerbier himself, these contradictory accompaniments increased the suspicion that the picture could not be the duke's. It was not remarked generally that the favourite was both admiral and general; and that the duke was at once Hepburn and Mars, ruling both sea and land.



A few days before the duke went on his last expedition, he gave a farewell masque and supper at York-house, to their majesties. In the masque the duke appeared followed by Envy with many open-mouthed dogs, which were to represent the barkings of the people, while next came Fame and Truth, and the court allegory expressed the king's sentiment and the duke's sanguine hope.

Thus resolutely engaged in the very cause the people had so much at heart, the blood Buckingham would have sealed it with was shed by one of the people themselves; the enterprise, designed to retrieve the national honour, long tarnished, was prevented, and the Protestant cause suffered, by one who imagined himself to be, and was blent by nearly the whole nation, as a patriot! Such are the effects of the exaggerations of popular delusion.

I find the following epitaph on Buckingham in a manuscript letter of the times. Its condensed bitterness of spirit gives the popular idea of his unfortunate attempts.

THE DUKE'S EPIGRAPH.

If idle travellers ask who lieth here,
Let the duke's tomb this for inscription bear:
Paint Calos and libe, make French and Spanish
laugh;
Mix England's shame—and there's his epitaph!

Before his last fatal expedition, among the many libels which abounded, I have discovered a manuscript satire, entitled "Rhodomontades." The thoughtless minister was made to exult in his power over the giddy-headed multitude. Buckingham speaks in his own person, and we have here perceived those false rumours, and those aggravated feelings, then floating among the people, a curious instance of those heaped-up calumnies, which are often so heavily laid on the head of a prime minister, no favourite with the people.

"Thou not your threats shall take me from the king!"

Now questioning my counsels and commands,
Now with the honour of the state it stands;
That I ion like, and with such loss of men,
As scarcely time can e'er repair again,
Shall aught aught me, or the care to see
The narrow seas from Dunkirk clear and free,
Or that you can enforce the king to believe,
I from the pirates a third share receive;
Or that I correspond with foreign states
(Whether the king's foes or confederates)
To pierce the ruin of the king and state,
As erst you thought of the Palatinate,
Or that five hundred thousand pounds doth lie
In the Venice bank to help Spain's majesty;
Or that three hundred thousand more doth rest
In Dunkirk, for the arch-duchess to content
With England, where'er occasion offers;
(Or that by rapine I will fill my coffers,
Nor that an office in church, state, and court,
Is freely given, but they must pay me for't.
Now shall you ever prove I had a hand
In poisoning of the monarch of this land,
Or the like band by poisoning to smother
Southampton, Oxford, Hamilton, Lennox
Nor shall you ever prove by magic charms,
I wrought the king's affection or his harms.

Nor fear I if ten Vintys now were here,
Since I have thrice ten Havillands as near
My power shall be unbounded in each thing,
If once I use those words, "I and my king."

Scorn war, and cease then to perturb the realm,
Or strive with him that sits and guides the helm.
I know your reading will inform you soon,
What creatures they were, that barst against
the moon.

I'll give you better counsel as a friend
Cobblers their latches ought not to transgress;
Meddle with common matters, common wrongs;
To the house of commons common things be-
long.

Leave him the oar that best knows how to row,
And state to him that best the state doth know.
If I by industry, deep reach, or grace,
Am now arriv'd at this or that great place,
Must I, to please your inconsiderate rage,
Throw down mine honours? Will I ought else
manage

Your furious whimsies? True shall the verue
be vet,

There's no law wit required to keep, than get.
Though Lamb be dead, I'll stand, and you shall
see

I'll smite at them that can but bark at me."

After Buckingham's death, Charles I. cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to his memory, and if any one accused the duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. The king said, "Let not the duke's enemies seek to catch at any of his offences, for they will find themselves deceived." Charles called Buckingham "his martyr," and often said the world was much mistaken in the duke's character, for it was commonly thought the duke ruled his majesty, but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world. Indeed, after the death of Buckingham, Charles showed himself extremely active in business. Lord Dorchester wrote—"The death of Buckingham causes no change, the king holds in his own hands the total direction, leaving the executory part to every man within the compass of his charge." This is one proof, among many, that Charles I. was not the puppet-king of Buckingham, as modern historians have imagined.

FELTON, THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

FELTON, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

"Refulgent from the stroke."—ALEXANDER.

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's "God-like stroke," as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent, he was, however, considered in his own day as a being almost beyond humanity. Mrs. Macanley has

* *Stance* 1798. 4178, letter 329.

been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared even inconceivable to his contemporaries; for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham, observes, that "what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke's assassination) is even yet in the clouds." After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr. Eggesheim's furious "libel," and the "remonstrance" of the parliament, which, having made the duke "one of the foulest monsters upon earth," worked on the dark imagination of Felton.

From Felton's memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for however he may be convinced that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford "the God-like stroke," he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was some time after having written this reflection that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. "Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour, which the duke slighting said, 'It needs not; there are no Roman spirits left.'"^{*}

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathized with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the MS. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation of, the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received many warnings which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state-libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country; and an old woman exclaimed, as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, "God bless thee, little David!" Felton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's School), who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the Star-chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity College, Gill said that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say *What lack ye?* than to govern a

^{*} Harl. MSS. 646.

king. "I have seen the king," he said, "and I have seen King James, and drinking a health to Felton, added he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act." In the taste of that day, they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immoveable self-devotion he showed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read—

Noh' flie not!

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse; so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination, with him, was a sort of theoretical one, depending, as we shall show, on four propositions; so that when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it as the offending instrument to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head, to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy; and a man naturally brave was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been "a stout soldier." These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the MS. letter.[†]

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonizing scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand officers, who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt, perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured broods over his revenge. Felton once cut off a piece of his own finger, enclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance. Yet with all this, such was

^{*} The MS. letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton.

[†] Clarendon notices that Felton was "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk of good fortune and reputation." I find that during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers, their son, "he being of their blood," says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his "winding-sheet," for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains: they did not succeed.

[‡] Rushworth, vol. I. 638.

his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nickname of "honest Jack," one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind, and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

Clarendon mentions that in his hat he had sewed a paper, in which were written a few lines of that remonstrance of the commons, which appeared to him to sanction the act. I have seen a letter from Lord Carlton to the queen, detailing the particulars; his lordship was one of those who saved Felton from the swords of the military around him, who in their vexation for the loss of their general the duke, which they considered to be the end of the war, and their ruin, would have avenged themselves. But though Felton, in conversation with Lord Carlton, confessed that by reading the remonstrance of the parliament it came into his head, that in committing the act of killing the duke, he should do his country a great good service, yet the paper sewed in his hat, thinking he might have fallen a victim in the attempt, was different from that described by Clarendon, and is thus preserved in this letter to the queen by Lord Carlton. "If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. Our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. He is unworthy the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country. JOHN FELTON."*

Felton's mind had, however, previously passed through a more evangelical process; four theological propositions struck the knife into the heart of the minister. The conscientious assassin, however, accompanied the fatal blow with a prayer to Heaven, to have mercy on the soul of the victim; and never was a man murdered with more gospel than the duke. The following curious document I have discovered in the *ms. letter*.

"Propositions found in Felton's trunk, at the time he slew the duke.

1. There is no alliance nearer to any one than his country.

Except his God and his own soul, said the divines.

2. The safety of the people is the chiefest law.

Next to the law of God, said these divines.

3. No law is more sacred than the safety and welfare of the commonwealth.

Only God's law is more sacred, said the divines.

4. God himself hath enacted this law, that all things that are for the good profit and benefit of the commonwealth should be lawful.

The divines said, We must not do evil that good may come thereon."

The gradual rise in these extraordinary propositions, with the last sweeping one, which includes everything lawless as lawful for the common weal, was at least but feebly parried by the temperate divines, who, while they were so reasonably referring everything to God, wanted the vulgar curiosity to inquire, or the philosophical discern-

ment to discover, that Felton's imagination was driving everything at the duke. Could they imagine that these were but subtle cobwebs, spun by a closet-speculator on human affairs? In those troubled times did they not give a thought to the real object of these inquiries? Or did they not care what befell a minion of the state?

There is one bright passage in the history of this unhappy man, who, when broken down in spirits, firmly asserted the rights of a Briton; and even the name of John Felton may fill a date in the annals of our constitutional freedom.

Felton was menaced with torture. Rushworth has noticed the fact, and given some imperfect notes of his speech, when threatened to be racked; but the following is not only more ample, but more important in its essential particulars. When Lord Dorset told him (says the *ms. letter*) Mr. Felton, it is the king's pleasure that you should be put to the torture, to make you confess your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack: Felton answered, "My lord, I do not believe that it is the king's pleasure, for he is a just and a gracious prince, and will not have his subjects tortured against law. I do affirm upon my salvation that my purpose was not known to any man living; but if it be his majesty's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself."* This firm and sensible speech silenced them. A council was held, the judges were consulted; and on this occasion, they came to a very unexpected decision, that "Felton ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law." Thus the judges condemned what the government had constantly practised. Blackstone yields a fraternal eulogium to the honour of the judges on this occasion; but Hume more philosophically discovers the cause of this sudden tenderness. "So much more exact reasoners, with regard to law, had they become from the jealous scruples of the House of Commons." An argument which may be strengthened from cases which are unknown to the writers of our history. Not two years before the present one, a Captain Brodeman, one who had distinguished himself among the "bold speakers" concerning the king and the duke, had been sent to the Tower, and was reported to have expired on the rack; the death seems doubtful, but the fact of his having been racked is repeated in the *ms. letters* of the times. The rack has been more frequently used as a state-engine than has reached the knowledge of our historians; secret have been the deadly embraces of the Duke of Exeter's daughter.† It was only by an original journal of the transactions in the Tower that Burnet discovered the racking of Anne Askew, a narrative of

* Harl. MSS. 7000. J. Mead to Sir Matt. Stuteville, Sept. 27, 1628.

† The rack, or brake, now in the Tower, was introduced by the Duke of Exeter in the reign of Henry VI., as an auxiliary to his project of establishing the civil law in this country; and in derision it was called his daughter.

Cowel's Interp. voc. Rack.

* Lansdowne MSS. 209. Auctioneer's Catalogue.

better! James the First incidentally mentions in his account of the powder-plot that this rack was *shown* to Guy Hawkes during his examination; and yet under this prince, mild as his temper was, it had been used in a terrific manner.* Elizabeth but too frequently employed this engine of arbitrary power; once she had all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk tortured. I have seen in a MS. of the times heads of charges made against some member of the House of Commons in Elizabeth's reign, among which is one for having written against torturing! Yet Coke, the most eminent of our lawyers, extols the mercy of Elizabeth in the trials of Essex and Southampton, because she had not used torture against their accomplices or witnesses. Was it for the head of law itself, as Coke was, to extol the *mercy* of the sovereign for not violating the laws, for not punishing the subject by an illegal act? The truth is, lawyers are rarely philosophers; the history of the heart, read only in statutes and law cases, presents the worst side of human nature: they are apt to consider men as wild beasts; and they have never spoken with any great abhorrence of what they so erroneously considered a means of obtaining confession. Long after these times, Sir George Mackenzie, a great lawyer in the reign of James II., used torture in Scotland. We have seen how the manly spirit of Felton, and the scruples of the Commons, wrenched the hidden law from judges who had hitherto been too silent; and produced that unexpected avowal, which condemned all their former practices. But it was reserved for better times, when philosophy, combining with law, enabled the genius of Blackstone to quote with admiration the exquisite ridicule of torture, by Beccaria.

On a rumour that Felton was condemned to suffer torture, an effusion of poetry, the ardent breathings of a pure and youthful spirit, was addressed to the supposed political martyr, by Zouch Townley, of the ancient family of the Townleys in Lancashire, to whose last descendant the nation owes the first public collection of ancient art.†

The poem I transcribe from a MS. copy of the times; it appears only to have circulated in that secret form, for the writer being summoned to the Star-chamber, and not willing to have any such poem addressed to himself, escaped to the Hague.

* This remarkable document is preserved by Dalrymple; it is an indorsement in the handwriting of secretary Winwood, respecting the examination of Peacham, a record whose graduated horrors might have charmed the speculative cruelty of a Domitian or a Nero. "Upon these interrogatories, Peacham this day was examined *before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture*; notwithstanding, nothing could be drawn from him, he persisting still in his obstinate and insensible denials and former answer." Dalrymple's Mem. and Letters of James I. p. 58.

† Z. Townley, in 1624, made the Latin oration in memory of Camden, reprinted by Dr. Thomas Smith at the end of Camden's Life. Wood's Fasti. I find his name also among the verses addressed to Ben Jonson, prefixed to his works.

"To his confined friend, Mr. JO. FELTON.

"Enjoy thy bondage, make thy prison know
Thou hast a liberty, thou can'st not owe
To those base punishments; keep entire, since
Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.
I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to affray,
Infeebling it with pity; nor dare I pray
Thine acts may mercy finde, least thy great story
Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory.
I wish thy merits, laboured cruelty;
Stout vengeance best befriends thy memory.
For I would have posterity to hear,
He that can bravely do can bravely bear.
Tortures may seem great in a coward's eye;
It's no great thing to suffer, less to die.
Should all the clouds fall down, and in that strife,
Lightning and thunder serve to take my life,
I would applaud the wisdom of my fate,
Which knew to value me of such a rate,
As to my fall to trouble all the sky,
Emptying upon me Jove's full armoury.
Serve in your sharpest mischiefs; use your rack,
Enlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack,
Thy soul before was straitened; thank thy doom,
To show her virtue, she hath larger room.
Yet sure if every artery were broke,
Thou would'st find strength for such another
stroke.

And now I leave thee unto Death and Fame,
Which lives to shake Ambition with thy name;
And if it were not sin, the court by it
Should hourly swear before the favourite.
Farewell! for thy brave sake we shall not send
Henceforth commanders, enemies to defend;
Nor will it our just monarchs henceforth please,
To keep an admiral, to lose the seas.
Farewell! undaunted stand, and joy to be
Of public service the epitome.
Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrall
All we for him did suffer, thou for all!
And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'st die,
Stout Felton, England's ransom, here doth lie!"

This it is to be a great poet. Felton, who was celebrated in such elevated strains, was, at that moment, not the patriot but the penitent. In political history it frequently occurs that the man who accidentally has effectuated the purpose of a party is immediately invested by them with all their favourite virtues; but in reality, having acted from motives originally insignificant and obscure, his character may be quite the reverse they have made him; and such was that of our "honest Jack." Had Townley had a more intimate acquaintance with his Brutus, we might have lost a noble poem on a noble subject.

JOHNSON'S HINTS FOR THE LIFE OF POPE.

I SHALL preserve a literary curiosity, which perhaps is the only one of its kind. It is an original memorandum of Dr. JOHNSON's, of hints for the life of POPE, written down as they were suggested to his mind, in the course of his researches. The lines in italics, Johnson had scratched with red ink, probably after having made use of them. These notes should be com-

pared with the life itself. The youthful student will find some use, and the curious be gratified in discovering the gradual labours of research and observation; and that art of seizing on those general conceptions which afterwards are developed by meditation, and illustrated by Genius. I once thought of accompanying these *hints* by the amplified and finished passages derived from them: but this is an amusement which the reader can contrive for himself. I have extracted the most material notes.

This fragment is a companion-piece to the engraved fac-simile of a page of Pope's Homer, given in a previous part of this work.

That fac-simile was not given to show the autograph of Pope—a practice which has since so generally prevailed—but to exhibit to the eye of the student the fervour and the diligence required in every work of genius: this could only be done by showing the state of the manuscript itself, with all its erasures, and even its half-formed lines; nor could this effect be produced by giving only some of the corrections, which Johnson had already, in printed characters. My notion has been approved of, because it was comprehended by writers of genius; yet this fac-simile has been considered as nothing more than an autograph by those literary blockheads, who, without taste and imagination, intruding into the province of literature, find themselves as awkward as a once popular divine, in his "Christian Life," assures us certain sinners would in paradise—like "pigs in a drawing-room."

POPE.

Nothing occasional. No haste. No rivals. No compulsion.

Practised only one form of verse. Facility from use. Emulated former pieces. Cooper's-hill. Dryden's ode.

Affected to disdain flattery. *Not happy in his selection of Patrons. Cobham, Bolingbroke.**

Cibber's abuse will be better to him than a dose of hartshorn.

Poems long delayed.

Satire and praise late, alluding to something past.

He had always some poetical plan in his head.†

Echo to the sense.

Would not constrain himself too much.

Felicities of language. Watts.‡

Luxury of language.

Motives to study—want of health, want of money—helps to study—some small patrimony.

Prudent and frugal—pint of wine.

* He has added in the Life the name of *Burlington*.

† In the Life Johnson gives Swift's complaint that Pope was never at leisure for conversation, because *he had always some poetical scheme in his head*.

‡ Johnson in the Life has given Watts's opinion of Pope's poetical diction.

LETTERS.

Amiable disposition—but he gives his own character. *Elaborate. Think what to say—say what one thinks. Letter on sickness to Steele.*

On Solitude. Ostentatious benevolence. Professions of sincerity.

Neglect of fame. Indifference about everything.

Sometimes gay and airy, sometimes sober and grave.

Too proud of living among the great. Probably forward to make acquaintance. No literary man ever talked so much of his fortune. Grotto. Importance. Post-office, letters open.

Cant of despising the world.

Affectation of despising poetry.

His easiness about the critics.

Something of soppery.

His letters to the ladies—pretty.

Abuse of Scripture—not all early.

Thoughts in his letters that are elsewhere.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Ramsay missed the fall of man.

Others the immortality of the soul. Address to our Saviour.

Excluded by Berkley.

Bolingbroke's notions not understood.

Scale of Being turn it in prose.

Part and not the whole always said.

*Conversation with Bol. R. 220.**

Bol. meant ill. Pope well.

Crousaz. Resnel. Warburton.

Good sense. Luxurious—felicities of language. Wall.

Lov'd labour—always poetry in his head.

Extreme sensibility. Ill-health, head-aches.

He never laughed.

No conversation.

No writings against Swift.

Parasitical epithets. Six lines of Iliad.†

He used to set down what occurred of thoughts—a line—a couplet.

The humorous lines end sinner. Prunello.‡

First line made for the sound, or v. versa.

Foul lines in Jervas.

More notice of books early than late.

DUNCIAD.

The line on Phillips borrowed from another poem.

Pope did not increase the difficulties of writing.

Poetæ pulorum.

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope.

† In the Life Johnson says, "Expletives he very early rejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the Iliad might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another."

‡ He has a few double rhymes; but always, I think, unsuccessfully; except one in the Rape of the Lock.—Life of Pope.

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MODERN LITERATURE—BAYLE'S CRITICAL DICTIONARY.

A NEW edition of BAYLE is now in a progressive state of publication; an event in literary history which could not have been easily predicted. Every work which creates an epoch in literature is one of the great monuments of the human mind; and BAYLE may be considered as the father of literary curiosity, and of Modern Literature. Much has been alleged against our author: let us be careful to preserve what is precious. BAYLE is the inventor of a work which dignified a collection of facts, by reasonings and illustrations; conducting the humble pursuits of an Aulus Gellius and an Athenæus by a higher spirit, he showed us the *philosophy of books*, and communicated to such limited researches a value they had otherwise not possessed.

This was introducing a study perfectly distinct from what is pre-eminently distinguished as "classical learning," and the subjects which had usually entered into philological pursuits. Ancient literature, from century to century, had constituted the sole labours of the learned; and "*variae lectiones*" were long their pride and their reward. Dante was reproached by the erudite Italians for composing in his mother-tongue, still expressed by the degrading designation of *il volgare*, which the "resolute" John Florio renders "to make common;" and to translate was contemptuously called *volgarizzare*; while Petrarch rested his fame on his Latin poetry, and called his Italian *nugellas vulgares*! With us, Roger Ascham was the first who boldly avowed "*To speak as the common people, to think as wise men*;" yet, so late as the time of Bacon, that great man did not consider his "*Moral Essays*" as likely to last in the moveable sands of a modern language, till they were sculptured in the marble of ancient Rome. Yet what had the great ancients themselves done, but trusted to their own *volgare*? The Greeks, the finest and most original writers of the ancients, "were unacquainted with every language but their own; and if they became learned, it was only by studying what they themselves had produced," is an observation by Adam Ferguson.

During fourteen centuries, whatever lay out of the pale of classical learning was condemned as barbarism; in the meanwhile, however, amidst this barbarism, another literature was insensibly

creating itself in Europe. Every people, in the gradual accessions of their vernacular genius, discovered a new sort of knowledge, one which more deeply interested their feelings and the times, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and the Latins, but of themselves! A spirit of inquiry, originating in events which had never reached the ancient world, almost suddenly enlightening Europe; and the arts of composition being cultivated by the models of antiquity, at length raised up rivals, who competed with the great ancients themselves; and Modern Literature now occupies a space which looks to be immensity, compared with the narrow and the imperfect limits of the ancient. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, the milk and honey of our youth, may be hived in a single glass case; but to obtain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of ten thousand volumes will not satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our researches even on a single topic!

Let not, however, the votaries of ancient literature dread its neglect, nor be over-jealous of their younger and Gothic sister. The existence of their favourite study is secured, not only by its own imperishable claims, but by the stationary institutions of Europe. But one of those silent revolutions in the intellectual history of mankind, which are not so obvious as those in their political state, seems now fully accomplished. The very term "classical," so long limited to the knowledge of ancient authors, is now equally applicable to the most elegant writers of every literary people; and although Latin and Greek were long characterised as "the learned languages," yet we cannot in truth any longer concede that those are the most learned who are "*inter Græcos Græcissimus, inter Latinos Latinissimus*," no more than we can reject from the class of "the learned," those great writers, whose scholarship in the ancient classics may be very indifferent. The modern languages now have also become learned ones, when he who writes in them is imbued with their respective learning. He is a "learned" writer who has embraced most knowledge on the particular subject of his investigation, as he is a "classical" one who composes with the greatest elegance. Sir David Dalrymple dedicates his "*Memorials relating to the History of Britain*" to Earl Hardwicke, whom he styles, with equal happiness and propriety,

"*Learned in British History*"—"*Scholarship*" has hitherto been a term reserved for the adept in ancient literature, whatever may be the mediocrity of his intellect; but the inimitable distinction must be extended to all great writers in modern literature, if we would not confound the natural error and propensity of things.

Modern literature may, perhaps, still be distinguished from the ancient, by a term as happy as to be called by at the Scholasticism, that of "*the New Learning*." Without supplanting the ancient, the modern must grow up with it, the farther we advance in science, it will more deeply occupy our interests, and it has already poured what Bacon, calling his philosophical views retrospectively and prospectively has observed, "*that Time was the greatest of innovation.*"

When DAYLE projected his "*Critical Dictionary*," he probably had no idea that he was thus effecting a revolution in our literature, and founding a new generation in the dominion of human knowledge. Creative genius often is itself the creator of its own age; it is but that reaction of public opinion, which is generally the forerunner of some critical change, or which calls forth some want which nature or later will be supplied. The predisposition for the various, but neglected literature, and the curious, but the scattered knowledge, among the Moderns, which had long been accumulating, with the speculative turn of inquiry, prevailed in Europe when DAYLE took his pen to give the thing itself a name and an existence. But the great authors of modern Europe were not yet consecrated beings, like the ancients, and their volumes were not read from the chairs of universities, yet the new sciences which had arisen in science, the new modes of human life, the new spread of knowledge, the currency after even the little things which concern us, the variations of social history, and the state-papers which have sometimes escaped from national archives, the philosophical spirit which was hastening its steps and raising up new systems of thinking; all alike required research and criticism, inquiry and discussion. DAYLE had not studied his own age, before he gave the public his great work.

"If DAYLE," says Gibbon, "wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It promoted him everything, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could patch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased in those articles."

"*Je ne suis pas*" exclaimed DAYLE, on the publication of his dictionary, as yet dubious of the extraordinary enterprise; and while he had been going on with the work, not yet knowing whether he was directing his course, but we must think, that in his own mind he counted on something, which might have been difficult even for DAYLE himself to have developed. The author of the "*Critical Dictionary*" had produced a voluminous labour, which, to all appearance, could only rank him among compilers and retrievers, for his work is formed of such materials as they might use. He had never studied any science, he concluded that he could never demonstrate the first problem in Euclid, and on his last day reflected

that sort of evidence called mathematical demonstration. He had but little taste for classical learning, for he quotes the Latin writers curiously, not elegantly, and there is reason to suspect that he had entirely neglected the Greek. Even the erudition of antiquity scarcely reached him by the ready medium of some German commentator. His multifarious reading was chiefly confined to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With such deficiencies in his literary character, DAYLE could not reasonably expect to obtain pre-eminence in any single pursuit. Notwithstanding, he had not extricated him from the secondary tasks of literature, where he found a rival at every step, and without his great work, the name of DAYLE at the present had been buried among his controversialists, the rabid Jurists, the cloudy Jacques and the common Le Clerc, to whom, indeed, he sacrificed too many of his valuable days, and at the hour of his death was still answering them; both was the cloudy horizon of that bright future which was to rise over Europe. DAYLE, desirous of escaping from all beaten tracks, while the very materials he used professed no authority, opened an eccentric course, where at least he could encounter no parallel; for DAYLE felt, that if he could not stand alone, he would only have been an equal to the side of another. Experience had more than once taught this mortifying lesson, but he was blinded with the glow which could stamp an indelible originality on a fool.

This originality seems to have been obtained in this manner. The exhausted topics of classical literature he regarded as a province not adapted to an ambitious genius; sciences he rarely touched on, and hardly ever without betraying superficial knowledge, and trusting himself in shalldown; but in the history of men, in penetrating the motives of their conduct, in clearing up obscure circumstances, in detecting the strong and the weak parts of men whom he was trying, and in the cross-examination of the common wisdom he maintained, he assumed at once the judge and the advocate. Books for him were pictures of men's intentions, and the business of their thoughts, for any book, whatever its quality, must be considered as an experiment of the human mind.

In controversy, in which he was an ambidextrous—in the progress of the human mind, in which he was so philosophical—furnished, too, by his bounding curiosity with an immense accumulation of details,—skilful in the art of detecting falsehoods amidst truths, and weighing probability against uncertainty—holding together the chain of argument from its first principle to its remotest consequence—DAYLE stands among them masters of the human intellect who taught us to think, and also to unthink! All, indeed, is a collection of researches and of reasoning; he had the art of mashing down his common questions with his own subtle ideas. He collected everything of truth, they came into history, if fictitious, into discussions; he placed the secret by the side of the public story, opinions are balanced against opinions; if his arguments grew tedious, a lucky accident or an unforeseen turn relieved the tedious page, and, knowing the infirmity of our

nature, he picks up trivial things to amuse us, while he is grasping the most abstract and ponderous. Human nature in her shifting scenery, and the human mind in its eccentric directions, open on his view; so that an unknown person, or a worthless book, are equally objects for his speculation with the most eminent—they alike curiously instruct. Such were the materials, and such the genius of the man, whose folios, which seemed destined for the retired few, lie open on parlour tables. The men of genius of his age studied them for instruction, the men of the world for their amusement. Amidst that mass of facts he has collected, and those enlarged views of human nature his philosophical spirit has combined with his researches, BAYLE may be called the Shakespeare of dictionary makers; a sort of chimerical being, whose existence was not imagined to be possible before the time of BAYLE.

But the catalogue of his errors is voluminous as his genius! What do apologies avail? They only account for the evil which they cannot alter!

BAYLE is reproached for carrying his speculations too far into the wilds of scepticism—he wrote in distempered times; he was witnessing the *dragonades* and the *révocations* of the Romish church, and amidst the Reformed, or the French prophets, as we called them when they came over to us, and in whom Sir Isaac Newton more than half believed: these testified that they had heard angels singing in the air, while our philosopher was convinced that he was living among men for whom no angel would sing! BAYLE had left persecutors to fly to fanatics, both equally appealing to the Gospel, but alike untouched by its blessedness. His impurities were a taste inherited from his favourite old writers, whose *naïveté* seemed to sport with the grossness it touched; neither in France, nor at home, had the age then attained to our moral delicacy: he himself was a man without passions! His trivial matters were an author's compliance with the bookseller's taste, which is always that of the public. His scepticism is said to have thrown everything into disorder. Is it a more positive evil to doubt, than to dogmatise? Even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying *perhaps*, and the egotist Cicero with a modest *it seems to me*. His scepticism has been useful in history, and has often shown how facts universally believed are doubtful, and sometimes must be false. BAYLE, it is said, is perpetually contradicting himself; but a sceptic must doubt his doubts; he places the antidote close to the poison, and lays the sheath by the sword. BAYLE has himself described one of those self-tormenting and many-headed sceptics by a very noble figure, "He was a Hydra who was perpetually tearing himself."

The time has now come when BAYLE may instruct without danger. We have passed the ordeals he had to go through; we must now consider him as the historian of our thoughts as well as of our actions; he dispenses the literary stores of the moderns, in that vast repository of their wisdom and their follies, which, by its originality of design, has made him an author common to all Europe. Nowhere shall we find a rival for BAYLE!

and hardly even an imitator! BAYLE compared himself, for his power of raising up, or dispelling objections and doubts, to "the cloud-compelling Jove," who at his will disperses or collects the clouds; but the great Leibnitz, who was himself a lover of his *varia eruditio*, applied a line of Virgil to BAYLE, characterizing his luminous and elevated genius:—

"Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."
Beneath his feet he views the clouds and stars!

CHARACTERISTICS OF BAYLE.

To know BAYLE as a man, we must not study him in the folio life of Des Maisieux; whose laborious pencil, without colour and expression, loses in its indistinctness the individualizing strokes of the portrait. Look for BAYLE in his "Letters," those true chronicles of a literary man, when they solely record his own pursuits.

The personal character of BAYLE was unblemished even by calumny—his executor, Basnage, never could mention him without tears! With simplicity which approached to an infantine nature, but with the fortitude of a Stoic, our literary philosopher, from his earliest days, dedicated himself to literature: the great sacrifice consisted of those two main objects of human pursuits—fortune and a family. Many an ascetic, who has headed an order, has not so religiously abstained from all worldly interests; yet let us not imagine that there was a sullenness in his stoicism; an icy misanthropy which shuts up the heart from its ebb and flow. His domestic affections through life were fervid. When his mother desired to receive his portrait, he sent her a picture of his heart! Early in life the mind of BAYLE was strengthening itself by a philosophical resignation to all human events!

"I am indeed of a disposition neither to fear bad fortune, nor to have very ardent desires for good. Yet I lose this steadiness and indifference when I reflect that your love to me makes you feel for everything that happens to me. It is, therefore, from the consideration that my misfortunes would be a torment to you that I wish to be happy; and when I think that my happiness would be all your joy, I should lament that my bad fortune should continue to persecute me; though, as to my own particular interest, I dare promise to myself that I shall never be very much affected by it."

An instance occurred of those Social affections in which a Stoic is sometimes supposed to be deficient, which might have afforded a beautiful illustration to one of our most elegant poets. The remembrance of the happy moments BAYLE spent when young on the borders of the river Auriège, a short distance from his native town of Carlat, where he had been sent to recover from a fever, occasioned by an excessive indulgence in reading, induced him many years afterwards to devote an article to it in his "Critical Dictionary," for the sake of quoting the poet who had celebrated this obscure river; it was a "Pleasure of Memory!" a tender association of domestic feeling!

The first step which BAYLE took in life is remarkable. He changed his religion and became a Catholic; a year afterwards he returned to the



creed of his fathers. Posterity might not have known the story had it escaped from his Diary. The circumstance is thus curiously stated:—

BAYLE'S DIARY.

Years of the Christian Era. Years of my age.

1669, Tuesday, March 19. 22. I changed my religion—next day I resumed the study of logic.

1670. August 26. 23. I returned to the reformed religion, and made a private allegation of the Romish religion in the hands of four ministers!

These he assumes: his brother was one whom he had attempted to convert by a letter, long enough to evince his sincerity, but which required his subscription that we should now attribute it to BAYLE. For this last BAYLE endured bitter censure. Gibbon, who himself changed his religion about the same "year of his age," and for as short a period, sarcastically observes of the first entry, that "BAYLE should have finished his logic before he changed his religion." It may be retorted, that when he had learnt to reason, he renounced Catholicism! The true fact is, that when BAYLE had only studied a few months at college, some books of controversial divinity by the Catholics offered him; a specious argument against the reformed doctrines, a young student was easily entangled in the nets of the Jesuits. But their passive obedience, and their transubstantiation, and other stuff woven in their toms, soon enabled such a man as BAYLE to recover his senses. The promises and the services of the wily Jesuits were rejected, and the gush of tears of the brothers, on his return to the religion of his fathers, in one of the most pathetic incidents of domestic life.

Thus was BAYLE willing to become an expatriated man, to study from the love of study in poverty and honour. It happens sometimes that great men are crucified for their noblest deeds by their parties.

When his great work appeared, the adversaries of BAYLE reproached him with haste, while the author expressed his astonishment at his slowness. At first the "Critical Dictionary," consisting only of two folios, was finished in little more than four years, but in the life of BAYLE that was equivalent to a treble amount with men of ordinary application. BAYLE even calculated the time of his head-aches. "My migrains would have left me had it been in my power to have lived without study; by them I lose many days in every month" — the fact is, that BAYLE had entirely given up every sort of recreation except that delicious incubation of his faculties, as we may call it for those who know what it is, which he drew from his books. He gave his avowed "Public amusements, games, country jaunts, morning visits, and other recreations necessary to many students, as they tell us, were none of my business. I wanted no time on them, nor in any domestic cares, never soliciting for preferment, not busied in any other way. I have been happily delivered from many occupa-

tions which were not suitable to my humour; and I have enjoyed the greatest and the most charming leisure that a man of letters could desire. By such means an author makes a great progress in a few years."

BAYLE, at Rotterdam, was appointed to a professorship of philosophy and history; the salary was a competence to his frugal life, and enabled him to publish his celebrated *Review*, which he dedicated "to the glory of the city," for the nobles have *no free*.

After this grateful acknowledgment he was unexpectedly deprived of the professorship. The secret history is curious. After a tedious war, some one assumed the world by a chimerical "Project of Peace," which was much against the wishes and the designs of our William III. Jurieu, the head of the Reformed party in Holland, a man of heated fancy, persuaded William's party that this book was a part of a secret cabal in Europe, raised by Louis XIV. against William III. and accused BAYLE as the author and promoter of this political confederacy. The magistrates, who were the creatures of William, dismissed BAYLE without alleging any reason. To an ordinary philosopher it would have seemed hard to lose his salary because his antagonist was one

"Whose sword is sharper than his pen."

BAYLE only rejoiced at this emancipation, and quietly returned to his Dictionary. His feelings on this occasion he has himself perpetuated.

"The sweetness and repose I had in the studies in which I have engaged myself, and which are my delight, will make me stay in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least till the printing of my Dictionary is finished, for my province is absolutely necessary in the place where it is printed. I am no lover of riches, nor honours, and would not accept of any invitation, should it be made to me, nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals, and peremptorial enangings, which reign in all our academies. *Conam nobis et Mox!*" He was indeed so charmed by quiet and independence, that he was continually refusing the most magnificent offers of patronage from Count Guiscard, the French ambassador, but particularly from our English nobility. The Earl of Shaftesbury, of Albemarle, and of Warrington, tried every solicitation to win him over to reside with them as their friend, and too nice a sense of honour induced BAYLE to refuse the Duke of Shrewsbury's gift of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his Dictionary. "I have no other ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any," was the reply of our philosopher.

The only complaint which escaped from BAYLE was the want of books; an evil particularly felt during his writing the "Critical Dictionary." That work should have been composed not distant from the shelves of a public library, so this want even the elder Pliny was sensible, who had not so many volumes to turn over as a modern, by his acknowledgments, that there was no book so bad that we might not profit by looking into some part. Men of classical attainments, who are studying about twenty authors, and chiefly for their style, can form no conception of the state of someone to which an "*helioc librum*" is two

often reduced in the new sort of study which Bayle founded. Taste is no acquiring faculty, and when once obtained it must remain stationary, but knowledge is of perpetual growth, and has infinite demands. Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country; but its borders are confined, and its term is limited. Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery. Bayle often grieves over the wants, or the want of books, by which he was compelled to leave many things uncertain, or to take them at second-hand, but trusting to the reports of others, as in more cases than one he made to lead the blind. It was this circumstance which induced Bayle to declare, that some works cannot be written in the country, and that the metropolitan only can supply the wants of the literary man. Mairanx has made a similar confession.

BAYLE'S peculiar vein of research and skill in discussion first appeared in his "Pensées sur la Comète." In December, 1680, a comet had appeared, and the public yet trembled at a portentous meteor, which they still imagined was connected with some forthcoming and terrible event. Persons as curious as they were terrified traced BAYLE by their inquiries, but rejected all his arguments. They found many things more than arguments in his amazing volumes. "I am not one of the authors by whom," says BAYLE, in giving an account of the method he meant to pursue, "who follow a series of views, who treat project their subject, then divide it into books and chapters, and who only choose to work on the ideas they have planned. I, for my part, give up all claims to authorship, and shall chain myself to no such servitude. I cannot meditate with much regularity on one subject, I am too fond of change. I often wander from the subject, and jump into places of which it might be difficult to guess the way out, so that I shall make a learned doctor who looks for method quite impatient with me." The work is indeed full of curiosity and speculation, with many critical ones concerning history. At first it found an easy entrance into France, as a simple account of comets, but when it was discovered that BAYLE's comet had a number of particulars concerning the French and the Austrian, it soon became as terrible as the comet itself, and was prohibited.

BAYLE'S "Critique générale de l'Histoire du Calvinisme par le Père Mairanx," had more pliancy than bitterness, except to the palate of the vindictive Father, who was of too hot a constitution to relish the delicacy of our author's wit. Mairanx stored up all the intrigues he could rouse to get the Critique burnt by the hangman at Paris. The lieutenant of the police, De la Reynie, who was among the many who did not dislike to see the Father corrected by Bayle, delayed this execution from time to time, till there came a final order. The lieutenant of the police was a shrewd fellow, and wishing to put an odium on the bigoted Mairanx, allowed the irascible Father to write it himself with all the violence of one who evidently wished to burn his brother with his book. In this curious order, which has been preserved as a literary curiosity,

BAYLE'S "Critique" is declared to be defamatory and calumnious, abounding with useless superfluous, pernicious to all good subjects, and therefore is condemned to be torn to pieces, and burnt at the Place de Grève. All printers and book-sellers are forbidden to print, or to sell, or to dispose the said abominable book, under pain of death, and all other persons, of what quality or condition they are, are to undergo the pains of exemplary punishment. De la Reynie must have smiled on publishingly receiving this edictum from one enraged author, and to punish Mairanx in the only way he could contrive and to do at the same time the greatest kindness to BAYLE, whom he admired, he dispersed three thousand copies of this proclamation to be passed up through Paris, the alarm and the curiosity were simultaneous; "at the latter private River book collector hastened to procure a copy so terrifically denounced, and at the same time so amusing. The author of the "Lives of the Philosophers" might have inserted this anecdote in his collection. It may be with adding, that Mairanx always affected to say that he had never read BAYLE's work, but he afterwards confessed to Mairanx, that he could not help valuing a book of such currency. Jurieu was in possession of its secrets, that Beaumont attributed his personal hatred of BAYLE to our young philosopher overhauling the creation.

The taste for literary history we owe to BAYLE, and the great interest he communicated to these researches spread in the rational tastes of Europe. France has been always the centre of these studies, but our acquisitions have been rapid, and Mairanx, who delighted in them, and who did not mean and that end, by the efforts of Bayle, and the spirit of criticism which he kindled. BAYLE, indeed, his more works were not only sold, but his great library was purchased by the King. It is curious to observe, that the first edition of early attempts, and the second edition of his "Lettres de Mairanx," which sometimes divides the first edition of BAYLE, to which the "Lettres de Mairanx" is the second edition of his "Lettres de Mairanx," the volume of "Mairanx and Bayle de la Providence," a supposition concerning Mairanx with a country gentleman. It was a work of more literary curiosity, and of a better description, a miscellaneous writing than that of the present fashion of giving the merits and maxims, and useful characters, and the stories, which has excited the public taste; however, the book was not well received. He attributes the public caprice to his prodigality of literary anecdotes, and other matters of interest, and his frequent quotations. But he defends himself with skill. "It is against the nature of things to pretend that in a work to prove and clear up facts, an author should not make use of his own thoughts, or that he should be quite very obscure. Those who say, that the work does not sufficiently interest the public, are doubtless in the right, but an author cannot interest the public except he discuss new and political subjects. All others with which men of letters fill their hands are motion to the public, and we might to consider the inutility of such study, notwithstanding its importance. But who, however, gratify the curiosity of men of letters,

according to the diversity of their taste. What is there, for example, less interesting to the public than the *Bibliothèque Choise de Columbo* (a small bibliographical work), yet is that work looked on as excellent in its kind. I could mention other works which are read, though containing nothing which interests the public. Two years after, when he resumed these letters, he changed his plan, he became more argumentative, and more sparing of literary and historical articles. We have now certainly obtained more decided notions of the nature of this species of composition, and treat such investigations with more skill, still they are "costly to the multitude." An accumulation of dry facts, without any exertion of taste or discernment, forms but the barren and obscure diligence of tale-hunters. All things which do not come to the reader by having first passed through the mind, as well as the pen of the writer, will be with open to the fatal objection of innate indolence raging with a depraved appetite for trash and rindets, and this is the lot which will for ever separate a Bayle from a Prosper Marchand, and a Watton from a Rittius. The one must be satisfied to be useful, but the other will not fail to delight. Yet something must be alleged in favour of those who may sometimes indulge themselves too minutely, perhaps there is a point beyond which nothing remains but useless curiosity, yet this too may be relative. The pleasure of these pursuits is only tasted by those who are accustomed to them, and whose empty spirits are thus converted into amusements. A man of fine genius, Addison relates, trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to march into several regiments and records, at first found this a very dry and tedious employment, yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

As for our Borgia, he exhibits a perfect model of the real literary character. He, with the secret selfishness of human happiness, extracted his tranquillity out of those base metals, and at the cost of his ambition and his fortune. Throughout a voluminous work, he experienced the enjoyment of perpetual acquisition and delight, he obtained glory, and he endured persecution. He died as he had lived, in the same uninterrupted habits of composition, for with his dying hand, and nearly speechless, he sent a fresh poem to the printer.

CICERO VIEWED AS A COLLECTOR.

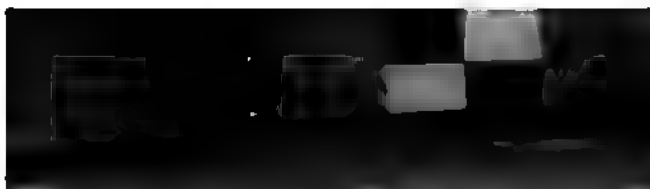
MR. FISKE, in the introduction to the second part of his *Lectures*, has touched on the character of Cicero, in what relates to his knowledge and feeling of art, in a manner which excites our curiosity. "Though," says that eloquent lecturer, "Cicero seems to have had as little native taste for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, he had a conception of Nature, and with his usual acumen frequently gathered useful hints and pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Horace, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who

was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time." The inquiry may arise, to trace the progress of Cicero's taste for the works of art, which was probably a late, but an ardent pursuit with this celebrated man, and there actual enjoyment seems with him rather to have been connected with some future plan of life.

Cicero, when about forty-three years of age, seems to have projected the forming of a library and a collection of antiquities, with the remote intention of succession, and one day stealing away from the noisy business of the republic. Although that great man remained too long a victim to his political ambition, yet at all times his natural disposition would break out, and amidst his public avocations he often anticipated a time when life would be untroubled without un-interrupted repose; but repose, destructive of the simple furniture, and even of the business of a mind occupying itself in literature and art, would only for him have opened the region of a dream. It was rather his provident wisdom than these actual enjoyments, which induced him, at a hurried period of his life, to accumulate from all parts, books, and statues, and curiosities, without number, in a word, to become, according to the term, too often misapplied and misconceived among us, for it is not always understood in an honourable sense, a collector.

Like other later collectors, Cicero often appeared ardent to possess what he was not able to command, sometimes he entreated, or cautiously negotiated, or in planning the future means to secure the acquisitions he thirsted after. He is repeatedly interceding his literary friend Atticus to keep his books for him, and not to dispose of his collections on any terms, however minutely the business may crowd, and to keep his patience in good hope. For Atticus imagined his collection would exceed the price which Cicero could afford, he desires Atticus not to despair of his being able to make them his, for that he was saving all his wits to purchase these books for the relief of his old age.

This projected library and collection of antiquities, it was the intention of Cicero to have placed in his favourite villa in the neighbourhood of Rome, whose name, commemorated by time, now proverbially describes the retirement of a man of elegant tastes. To adorn his villa at Tusculum formed the day-dreams of this man of genius, and his passion broke out in all the enthusiasm and impetuosity which so frequently characterise the modern collector. Not only Atticus, on whom here taste he could depend, but every one likely to survive his acquisitions, was Cicero pursuing with entreaties or entreaties, with the seduction of large prices, and with the expectation, that if the oracle and counsel would submit to accept any bribe, it would hardly be refused in the shape of a manuscript or a statue. "In the name of our friendship," says Cicero, addressing Atticus, "suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious and rare." When Atticus informed him that he should send him a fine statue, in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, Cicero, with the enthusiasm of a maniacal lover of the present day, hails every object which is uncommon the very thing for which he has a proper place. "Your discovery is admirable, and this



status you mention seems to have been made purposely for my cabinet." Then follows an explanation of the mystery of this allegorical statue, which expressed the happy union of exercise and study. "Continue," he adds, "to collect for me, as you have promised, in as great a quantity as possible, morsels of this kind." Cicero, like other collectors, may be suspected not to have been very difficult in his choice, and for him the curious was not less valued than the beautiful. The mind and temper of Cicero was of a robust and philosophical cast, not too subject to the fascinations of those whose morbid imagination and delicacy of taste touch an inferior. It is, however, amusing to observe this great man, actuated by all the fervour and joy of collecting. "I have paid your agent, as you ordered, for the Etrurian statues—and the as many of them as you can, and as soon as possible, with any others which you think proper for the place, and to my taste, and good enough to please yours. You cannot imagine how greatly my passion increases for this sort of things, it is such that it may appear ridiculous in the eyes of many, but you are my friend, and will only think of satisfying my wishes." Again—"Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse." And, indeed, in another place he loves Atticus both for his promptitude and cheap purchases. *Te multum amamus, quod in ade te diligamus, parvique curas parit.*

Our collectors may not be displeased to discover at their head so venerable a personage as Cicero, thus to sanction their own feverish thirst and panting impatience with all the raptures on the day of possession, and the "savouring of roots" to afford commanding prices—by the authority of the greatest philosopher of antiquity.

A fact is noted in this article which requires elucidation. In the life of a true collector, the selling of his books is a singular incident. The truth is, that the elegant friend of Cicero, residing in the literary city of Athens, appears to have enjoyed but a moderate income, and may be said to have traded not only in books, but in gladiators, whom he let out, and also charged interest for the use of his money, circumstances which Cornelius Nepos, who gives an account of his landed property, has omitted, as, perhaps, not well adapted to brighten the interesting picture he gives of Atticus, but which the Abbe Mongault has detected in his curious notes on Cicero's letters to Atticus. It is certain that he employed his slaves, who, "as the best boy," as *Medicorum* expresses himself, were all literary and skilful scribes, in copying the works of the best authors for his own use, but the duplicates were sold, to the common profit of the master and the slave. The state of literature among the ancients may be paralleled with that of the age of our own masters of learning, when printing was not yet established, then Boccaccio, and Petrarch, and such men, were collectors, and seriously occupied in the manual labour of transcription, innumerable was the delight of that conscientiousness of manuscript, by which, in a certain given time, the possessor, with an unwearyd pen, could reach himself by his copy; and this copy an estate would not always purchase! Besides that a manuscript selected by

Atticus, or copied by the hand of Boccaccio and Petrarch, must have been in value, associating it with the known taste and the judgment of the collector.

THE HISTORY OF THE CARACCI.

The compressed history of literature and of art are accompanied by the same periodical revolutions, and none is more interesting than that which occurs in the decline and corruption of art, when a single mind returning to right principles, amidst the degenerated race who had forsaken them, seems to create a new epoch, and teaches a servile race once more how to invent. These epochs are few, but are easily distinguished. The human mind is never stationary, it advances or it retrogrades, having reached its meridian point, when the hour of perfection has gone by, it must verge to its decline. In all Art, perfection lapses into that weakened state too often dignified as classical imitation, but it sinks into mannerism, and wanders into affectation, till it shoots out into fantastic novelties. When all languages in a state of mediocrity, or as deformed by false tastes, then is reserved for a fortunate genius the glory of restoring another golden age of invention. The history of the Caracci family serves as an admirable illustration of such an epoch, while the personal characters of the three Caracci throw an additional interest over this curious incident in the history of the works of genius.

The establishment of the famous *Accademia*, or school of painting, at Bologna, which renewed the art in the last stage of degeneracy, originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico. There was a happy boldness in the idea, but its great singularity was that of discovering those men of genius, who alone could realize his ideal conception, amidst his own family circle, and yet there were men whose opposite dispositions and acquirements could hardly have given any hope of mutual assistance, and much less of uniting together their minds and their work in such an unity of conception and execution, that even in our days they leave the critics undetermined which of the Caracci to prefer, each excelling the other in some pictorial quality. Often combining together in the same picture, the mingled labour of three painters seemed to proceed from one artist, as their works exhibit which adorn the churches of Bologna. They still dispute about a picture, to ascertain which of the Caracci painted it, and still one prefers Lodovico for his *grandeur*, another Agostino for his invention, and others Annibale for his rhythm or his grace.

It happened to Lodovico Caracci in his youth, what has been told of others; he struggled with a mind tardy in its conceptions, so that he gave no indications of talent, and was apparently so inept as to have been advised by two masters to be satisfied to grind the colours he ought not otherwise to meddle with. Tintoretto, from friendship, exhorted him to change his trade. "The sluggishness of intellect did not prevent," observes the sagacious Lami, "from any discoveries, but from

the depth of his penetrating mind: early in life he dreaded the ideal as a rock on which so many of his contemporaries had been shipwrecked." His hand was not blest with precocious facility, because his mind was unsettled about truth itself; he was still seeking for nature, which he could not discover in those wretched mannerists, who, boasting of their freedom and expedition in their bewildering tastes, which they called the ideal, relied on their diplomas and honours obtained by intrigue or purchase, which sanctioned their follies in the eyes of the multitude. "Lodovico," says Lanzi, "would first satisfy his own mind on every line; he would not paint till painting well became a habit, and till habit produced facility."

Lodovico then sought in other cities for what he could not find at Bologna. He travelled to inspect the works of the elder masters; he meditated on all their details; he penetrated to the very thoughts of the great artists, and grew intimate with their modes of conception and execution. The true principles of art were collected together in his own mind, the rich fruits of his own studies,—and these first prompted him to invent a new school of painting.*

Returning to Bologna, he found his degraded brothers in art still quarrelling about the merits of the old and the new school, and still exulting in their vague conceptions and expeditious methods. Lodovico, who had observed all, had summed up his principles in one grand maxim,—that of combining a close observation of nature with the imitation of the great masters, modifying both, however, by the disposition of the artist himself. Such was the simple idea and the happy project of Lodovico! Every perfection seemed to have been obtained: the *Raffaello* excelled in the ideal; the *Michelangelo* in the anatomical; the Venetian and the Lombard schools in brilliant vivacity or philosophic gravity. All seemed pre-occupied; but the secret of breaking the bonds of servile imitation was a new art: of mingling into one school the charms of every school, adapting them with freedom; and having been taught by all, to remain a model for all; or as Lanzi expresses it, *dopo avere imparato da tutti pigliar a tutti*. To restore Art in its decline, Lodovico pressed all the sweets from all the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian Brass. This school is described by Du Fresnoy in the character of Annibale,

Quos scdulus Hannibal omnes

By borrowing system atque morem mirâ arte

Perpluend by Mison,

From all their charms combined, with happy toil,

Did Annibal compose his wondrous style;

Over the truth and to close a veil is thrown,

That every borrow'd grace becomes his own.†

* IV Argenville, Vie des Peintres, II. 46.

† The curious reader of Taste may refer to Mr. Fuseli's Second Lecture for a *parade* against what he calls "the eclectic School," which, by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects, and wending the extremes of the different *schools*, attempted to form a perfect system." He acknowledges the greatness of the Caraccis, yet he

Lodovico perceived that he could not stand in the breach, and single-handed encounter an impetuous multitude. He thought of raising up a party among those youthful aspirants who had not yet been habitually depraved. He had a brother whose talent could never rise beyond a poor copyist's, and him he had the judgment, unswayed by undue partiality, to account as a cipher; but he found two of his cousins, men capable of becoming as extraordinary as himself.

These brothers, Agostino and Annibale, first by nature, and then by their manners and habits, were of the most opposite dispositions. Born amidst humble occupations, their father was a tailor, and Annibale was still working on the paternal board, while Agostino was occupied by the elegant works of the goldsmith, whence he acquired the fine art of engraving, in which he became the Marc Antonio of his time. Their manners, perhaps, resulted from their trades. Agostino was a man of science and literature: a philosopher and poet, of the most polished elegance, the most enchanting conversation, far removed from the vulgar, he became the companion of the learned and the noble. Annibale could scarcely write and read; an inborn ruggedness made him sullen, taciturn, or, if he spoke, sarcastic; scorn and ridicule were his bitter delight. Nature had strangely made these brothers little less than enemies. Annibale despised his brother for having entered into the higher circles; he ridiculed his refined manners, and even the neat elegance of his dress. To mortify Agostino one day, he sent him a portrait of their father threading a needle, and their mother cutting out the cloth, to remind him, as he once whispered in Agostino's ear, when he met him walking with a nobleman, "not to forget that they were sons of a poor tailor!" The same contrast existed in the habits of their mind. Agostino was slow to resolve, difficult to satisfy himself; he was for polishing and maturing everything: Annibale was too rapid to suffer any delay, and often evading the difficulties of the art, loved to do much in a short time. Lodovico soon perceived their equal and natural aptitude for art; and placing Agostino

laughs at the mere copying the manners of various painters into one picture. But perhaps, I say it with all possible deference, our animated critic forgot for a moment that it was no mechanical imitation the Caraccis inculcated: *nature* and *art* were to be equally studied, and *secondo il naturale talento e la propria sua disposizione*. Barry distinguishes with praise and warmth. "Whether," says he, "we may content ourselves with adopting the *early plan of art* pursued by the Caraccis and their school at Bologna, in uniting the perfections of all the other schools; or whether, which I rather hope, we look further into the style of design upon our own studies after nature; whichever of these plans the nation might fix on," &c. II. 518. Thus three great names, Du Fresnoy, Fuseli, and Barry, restricted their notions of the Caracci plan to a mere imitation of the great masters; but Lanzi, in unfolding Lodovico's project, lays down as his first principle the observation of nature, and, secondly, the imitation of the great masters; and all modified by the natural disposition of the artist.



THE HISTORY OF THE CARACCI.

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under a manner, who was celebrated for his faculty of execution, he first Acquisit in his own study, where his common thought he taught by himself in the *Feeling* *brute*. how the best works are intended by a leversity *hank*. London seems to have adapted the artifice of *Guerrilla* in his management of two people, of which he said, that the one was to be given on by the *spit*, and the other kept to be the *pin*.

But a new delicacy arose in the attempt to combine together such incongruous nature, the thoughtful Lodovico, intent on the great purpose of the reformation of the art, by his producer, long balanced their unequal tempers, and with that penetration which so strongly characterizes his genius, detected their distinct talents. To his one great purpose. From the literary Agostino he obtained the philosophy of critical lectures and scientific principles, intention and designing which occupied Annibale, while the address of contour, lightness and grace, were his own acquisition. But though Annibale presumptuously condemned the rare and elevated talents of Agostino, and scarcely submitted to copy the works of Lodovico, whom he preferred to rival, yet, according to a traditional remark which Lanti records, it was Annibale's decision of character which enabled him, as it were, unperceived, to become the master over his cousin and his brother. Lodovico and Agostino long hesitated to oppose the predominant style, in their first Essays, Annibale hardly decided to persevere in opening their new career by opposing "works to voices," and to the enervate labours of their wretched rivals, their own works, warm in vigour and freshness, conducted on the premises of a nature and art

The Caracas not only refused to paint justly, but to produce the art itself, by perpetuating the perfect taste of the true style among these academics. In their own houses they opened an *Academy*, calling it *legitimamente*, "the opening a new way," or "the improve." The academy was furnished with casts, drawings, prints, a school for anatomy, and for the living figure, receiving all comers with kindness; teaching gratuitously, and, as it is said, without jealousy, but too many facts are recorded to warrant the banishment of this infectious passion from the academies of the Caracas, who, like other congregated artists, cannot live together and escape their own endemic fever.

It was better, however, that Agostino found his entrance as the director of their studies, delivering lectures on architecture and perspective, and winning trust from his students of history and letters by the design of their papers, who on certain days exhibited their works to the most liberal judges, adjusting the merits by their decisions. "To the crowned suffrage is the prize of glory," says La Fontaine, and while the poets chanted their poems, the lyre of Agostino himself gratefully celebrated the progress of his pupils. A curious anecdote has been transmitted to us, where Agostino, like the ancient legislator, accompanied his new laws into a few years, easily to be remembered. The monument is now well known, since Mr. Sestri and Barry have preserved it in

[illegible][illegible]

The exact history of this *Academus* forms an illustration for that chapter on "Literary Jealousy" which I have written in "The Literary Character." We have seen even the gentle Lombroso infected by it, but it raged in the breast of Annals. Careless of fortune as they were through life, and free from the bonds of

* U'Argovilla, Vico dei Peccati, □ 43-44.

* Belloni, Le Voto da Petrucc, 20
? Pagnoni, Voto da Petrucc

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LITERATURE.*

WE have Royal Societies for PHILOSOPHERS, for ANTIQUARIES, and for ARTISTS—none for MEN OF LETTERS! The lovers of philological studies have regretted the want of an asylum since the days of ANNE, when the establishment of an English ACADEMY OF LITERATURE was designed; but political changes occurred which threw out a literary administration. France and Italy have gloried in great national academies, and even in provincial ones. With us the curious history and the fate of the societies at Spalding, Stamford, and Peterborough, whom their zealous founder lived to see sink into country clubs, is that of most of our failed attempts at literary academies! The Manchester Society has but an ambiguous existence, and that of Exeter expired in its birth. Yet that a great purpose may be obtained by an inconceivable number, the history of the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, &c.," may prove: for that originally consisted only of twelve persons, brought together with great difficulty, and neither distinguished for their ability nor their rank.

The opponents to the establishment of an academy in this country may urge, and find but are on their side, that no corporate body generates a single man of genius; no Milton, no Homer, no Adam Smith will spring out of an intellectual community, however they may partake of one common labour. Of the same, too, error among the many, the individual feels his portion too contracted, besides that he will often suffer by comparison. Literature, with us, exists independent of patronage or association. We have done well without an academy; our dictionary and our style have been polished by individuals, and not by a society.

The advocates for such a literary institution reply, that in what has been advanced against it, we may perhaps find more glory than profit. Had an academy been established in this country, we should have possessed all our present advantages with the peculiar ones of such an institution. A series of volumes composed by the learned of England, had rivalled the precious "Memoirs of the French Academy;" probably more philosophical, and more congenial to our modes of thinking! The congregating spirit creates by its sympathy; intercourse exists between its members, which has not otherwise occurred; in this attrition of minds the torpid awakens, the timid is emboldened, and the secluded is called forth; to contradict and to be contradicted is the privilege and the source of knowledge. Those original ideas, hints, and suggestions which some literary men sometimes throw out, once or twice during their whole lives, might here be preserved; and if endowed with sufficient funds, there are important works, which surpass the means and industry of the individual, which would be more advantageously formed by such literary unions.

An academy of literature can only succeed by

* Long after this article was composed, *Royal Academy of Literature* has been projected; with the state of its existence, I am unacquainted. It has occasioned no alteration in these researches.

the same means in which originated all such academies—among individuals themselves! It will not be "by the favour of the MANY, but by the wisdom and energy of the FEW." It is not even in the power of Royalty to create at a word what can only be formed by the co-operation of the workmen themselves, and of the great taskmaster, Time!

Such institutions have sprung from the same principle, and have followed the same march. It was from a private meeting that "The French Academy" derived its origin; and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends at Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Conrart's residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing *collation*. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Pelisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: "It was such that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship, they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms."

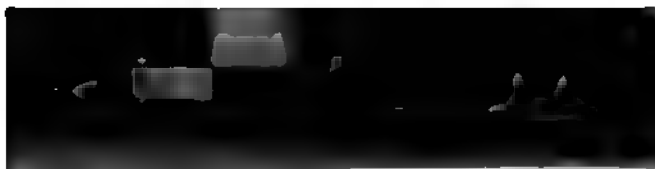
They were happy, and they resolved to be silent; nor was this bond and compact of friendship violated till one of them, Malleville, secretary of Marshal Bassompierre, being anxious that his friend Faret, who had just printed his *L'Honnête Homme*, which he had drawn from the famous "Il Cortigiano" of Castiglione, should profit by all their opinions, procured his admission to one of their conferences: Faret presented them with his book, heard a great deal concerning the nature of his work, was charmed by their literary communications, and returned home ready to burst with the secret. Could the society hope that others would be more faithful than they had been to themselves? Faret happened to be one of those lighthearted men who are communicative in the degree they are grateful, and he whispered the secret to Des Marets and to Boisrobert. The first, as soon as he heard of such a literary senate, used every effort to appear before them and read the first volume of his "Ariane;" Boisrobert, a man of distinction, and a common friend to them all, could not be refused an admission; he admired the frankness of their mutual criticisms. The society, besides, was a new object; and his daily business was to furnish an amusing story to his patron Richelieu. The cardinal-minister was very literary, and apt to be sohipped in his hours of retirement, that the physician declared, that "all his drugs were of no avail, unless his patient mixed with them a drachm of Boisrobert." In

one of those fortunate moments, when the cardinal was "in the vein," Boisrobert painted, with the warmest hues, this region of literary felicity, of a small, happy society formed of critics and authors! The minister, who was ever considering things in that particular aspect which might tend to his own glory, instantly asked Boisrobert, whether this private meeting would not like to be constituted a public body, and establish itself by letters patent, offering them his protection. The flatterer of the minister was overjoyed, and executed the important mission; but not one of the members shared in the rapture, while some regretted an honour which would only disturb the sweetness and familiarity of their intercourse. Malleville, whose master was a prisoner in the Bastille, and Serisay, the *intendant* of the Duke of Rochefoucault, who was in disgrace at court, loudly protested, in the style of an opposition party, against the protection of the minister; but Chapelain, who was known to have no party-interests, argued so clearly, that he left them to infer that Richelieu's offer was a *command*; that the cardinal was a minister who willed not things by halves; and was one of those very great men who avenge any contempt shown to them, even on such little men as themselves! In a word, the dogs bowed their necks to the golden collar. However, the appearance, if not the reality, of freedom was left to them; and the minister allowed them to frame their own constitution, and elect their own magistrates and citizens in this infant and illustrious republic of literature. The history of the further establishment of the French Academy is elegantly narrated by Pelisson. The usual difficulty occurred of fixing on a title; and they appear to have changed it so often, that the academy was at first addressed by more than one title: *Académie des beaux Esprits*; *Académie de l'Eloquence*; *Académie Eminente*, in allusion to the quality of the Cardinal, its protector. Desirous of avoiding the extravagant and mystifying titles of the Italian academies,* they fixed on the most unaffected, "*L'Académie Française*;" but though the national genius may disguise itself for a moment, it cannot be entirely got rid of, and they assumed a vaunting device of a laurel wreath, including their epigraph "*à l'Immortalité*." The Academy of St. Petersburg has chosen a more enlightened inscription, *Paulatim* ("little by little,") so expressive of the great labours of man, even of the inventions of genius!

Such was the origin of L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE; it was long a private meeting before it became a public institution. Yet, like the ROYAL SOCIETY, its origin has been attributed to political motives, with a view to divert the attention from popular discontents; but when we look into the real origin of the French Academy, and our Royal Society, it must be granted, that if the government either in France or England ever entertained this project, it came to them so accidentally that at least we cannot allow them the merit of profound invention. Statesmen are often considered by speculative men in their closets to be mightier wonder-workers than they often prove to be.

Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired

* See an article "On the ridiculous titles assumed by the Italian Academies," in this volume.



into, it might be justly dated a century before its existence. The real founder was Lord Bacon, who planned the *ideal academy* in his philosophical romance of the *New Atlantis*. The notion is not fanciful, and it was that of its very founders, as not only appears in the engraving of old Aubrey, when alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *an academy in the manner of Bacon*; but by a rare print designed by Evelyn probably for a frontispiece to Bishop Speke's history, although we seldom find the print in the volume. The design is precious to a Grammont, exhibiting three fine portraits. On one side is represented a library, and on the table lie the statutes, the journals, and the mace of the Royal Society; on its opposite side are suspended numerous philosophical instruments, in the centre of the print is a column, on which is placed a bust of Charles II, the patron, on each side whose length of Lord Brouncker, the first president, and Lord Bacon, as the founder, surmount *eternum fastidium*. The grace of Holiar has preserved this happy invention of Evelyn's, which exemplifies what may be called the continuity and genuineness of genius, as its spirit is perpetuated in its successors.

When the fury of the civil wars had exhausted all parties, and a breathing time from the passions and madness of the age allowed ingenious men to return more ready to their soberer studies, Bacon's vision of a philosophical society appears to have occupied their reveries. It charmed the fancy of Cowley and Milton; but the politics and religion of the times were still possessed by the same fears, and doubts and politics were on some widely agreed to be strictly prohibited from their inquiries. On the subject of religion they were more particularly alarmed, and only at the time of the foundation of the society, but at a much later period, when under the direction of Newton himself, even Bishop Speke, their first historian, observed, that "they have freely admitted men of different religions, countries, and professions of life; and to lay the foundation of an English, French, Irish, Spanish or Portuguese philosophy; but a prohibition of religiousness." A curious protest of the most enthusiasm of philosophy may be found when "the society for promoting Christian knowledge" were desirous of holding their meetings at the house of the Royal Society, Newton drew up a number of arguments against their admission. One of them is, that "It is a fundamental rule of the society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give our common to religious bodies to meddle with us." Newton would not even comply with their wishes, but by this compromise the Royal Society might "diminish the shade of other religions." The wisdom of the protest by Newton is as admirable as it is remarkable, to preserve the Royal Society from the passions of the age.

It was in the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins at Wadham College a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the embryo of the Royal Society. When the members were dispersed about London, they renewed their meetings first at a tavern, then at a private house, and when the society became too great to be held in a club, they assembled in "the parlour" of Gresham College, which still had been named by

the membership of a citizen, who endowed it liberally, and presented a noble example to the individuals now assembled under its roof. The society afterwards derived its title from a sort of accident. The warm loyalty of Evelyn in the first hopeful days of the Restoration, in his dedicatory epistle of *Roche's treatise on literature*, called that philosophical meeting *The Royal Society*. These learned men amicably voted these thanks to Evelyn for the happy designation, which was so grateful to Charles II, who was himself a victim of that day, and the charter was soon granted the king, declaring himself their founder, "and then a mace of silver gilt of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his majesty, to be borne before the president on meeting days." To the seal of Evelyn the Royal Society owe no inferior acquisition to its title and its name the noble Arundelian library, the rare literary accumulations of the noble Howards, the last possessor of which had so little inclination for books, that the treasure his ancestors had collected lay open at the mercy of any one. This desperate heir to the literature and the name of Howard seemed perfectly satisfied when Evelyn cut his marble which were perishing in his gardens, to Oxford, and his books which were diminishing daily, to the Royal Society.

The Society of Antiquaries might create a deeper interest, could we penetrate to its secret history; it was interrupted, and suffered to expire, by another obscure cause of political passion. It long ceased to exist, and was only re-created almost in our own days. The revival of learning under Edward VI suffered a severe check from the papal government of Mary, but under Elizabeth a happier era opened to our literary pursuits. At this period several students of the law at court, many of whose names are distinguished for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society, which they called "The Antiquaries College." From its opposite quarters we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse; it is delightful to discover Raleigh borrowing manuscripts from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Evelyn deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh. Then made of proceeding has even been preserved. At every meeting they proposed a question or two respecting the history or the antiquities of the English nation, on which each member was expected, at the subsequent meeting, to deliver a dissertation or an opinion. They also "sopped together." From the days of Athanasius to those of Dr. Johnson, the persons of the table have numbered them of literature. A copy of each question and a summons for the place of conference were sent to the absent members. The opinions were carefully registered by the secretary, and the dissertations deposited in their archives. One of their summations to Stowe, the antiquary, with his memoranda on the back, came to the Ashmolean Museum. I shall preserve it with all its verbal savings.

"Society of Antiquaries.

"To Mr. Moore

"The place appointed for a conference upon the question following: *Is Sir Sir Garter's name, on*

Friday the 11th of this November, 1598, being All-Soules daye, at 11 of the clocke in the afternoon, where your opinion in wrytinge or otherwise is expected.

"The question is,

"Of the antiquitie, etimologic, and priviledges of parishes in Englande.

"It is desired that you give not notice hereof to any, but such as haue the like somons."

Such is the summons; the memoranda in the handwriting of Stowe are these:

[630. Honorius Romanus, Archbishops of Canterbury, devided his province into *parishes*; he ordeyned clerks and prechers, comaunding them that they should instruct the people, as well by good life, as by doctryne.

760. Cuthbert, Archbyshepe of Canterbury, procured of the Pope that in cities and townes there should be appoynted church yards for buriall of the dead, whose bodies were used to be buried abroad, & cet.].

Their meetings had hitherto been private; but to give stability to them, they petitioned for a charter of incorporation, under the title of *The Academy for the Study of Antiquity and History founded by Queen Elizabeth*. And to preserve all the memorials of history which the dissolution of the monasteries had scattered about the kingdom, they proposed to erect a library, to be called "The Library of Queen Elizabeth." The death of the queen overturned this honourable project. The society was somewhat interrupted by the usual casualties of human life; the members were dispersed, or died, and it ceased for twenty years. Spelman, Camden, and others, desirous of renovating the society, met for this purpose at the Herakl's office; they settled their regulations, among which, one was "for avoiding offence, they should neither meddle with matters of state nor religion." "But before our next meeting," says Spelman, "we had notice that his majesty took a little mislike of our society, not being informed that we had resolved to decline all matters of state. Yet hereupon we forbore to meet again, and so all our labour's lost!" Unquestionably much was lost, for much could have been produced; and Spelman's work on law-terms, where I find this information, was one of the first projected. James I. has incurred the censure of those who have written more boldly than Spelman on the suppression of this society; but whether James was misinformed by "taking a little mislike," or whether the antiquaries failed in exerting themselves to open their plan more clearly to that "timid pedant," as Gough and others designate this monarch, may yet be doubtful; assuredly James was not a man to condemn their erudition!

The king at this time was busied by furthering a similar project, which was to found "King James's College at Chelsea;" a project originating with Dean Sutcliff, and zealously approved by Prince Henry, to raise a nursery for young polemics in scholastical divinity, for the purpose of defending the Protestant cause from the attacks of Catholics and sectaries; a college which was afterwards called by Laud "Controversy College." In this society were appointed historians and antiquaries, for Camden and Haywood filled these offices.

The Society of Antiquaries, however, though suppressed, was perhaps never extinct: it survived in some shape under Charles II., for Ashmole in his Diary notices "The Antiquaries' Feast," as well as "The Astrologers," and another of the "Freemasons'." The present society was only incorporated in 1751. There are two sets of their Memoirs; for besides the modern *Archæologia*, we have two volumes of "Curious Discourses," written by the Fathers of the Antiquarian Society in the age of Elizabeth, collected from their dispersed manuscripts, which Camden preserved with a parental hand.

The philosophical spirit of the age, it might have been expected, would have reached our modern antiquaries; but neither profound views, nor eloquent disquisitions, have imparted that value to their confined researches and languid efforts, which the character of the times, and the excellence of our French rivals in their "Académie," so peremptorily required. It is, however, hopeful to hear Mr. Hallam declare, "I think our last volumes improve a little, and but a little! A comparison with the Academy of Inscriptions in its better days must still inspire us with shame."

Among the statutes of the Society of Antiquaries, there is one which expels any member "who shall by speaking, writing, or printing, publicly defame the society." Some things may be too antique and obsolete even for the Society of Antiquaries! and such is this vile restriction! Should there be a stray wit among them, or a critical observer, are they to compromise the freedom of the republic of letters, by the monopolising spirit of excellence this statute needs any attributes to their works—and their "gestes?"

QUOTATION.

It is generally supposed that where there is no quotation, there will be found most originality; and as people like to lay out their money according to their notions, our writers usually furnish their pages rapidly with the productions of their own soil: they run up a quickset hedge, or plant a poplar, and get trees and hedges of this fashion much faster than the former landlords procured their timber. The greater part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are never quoted!

This is one of the results of that adventurous spirit now walking forth and raging for its own innovations. We have not only rejected AUTHORITY, but have also cast away EXPERIENCE; and often the unburthened vessel is driving to all points of the compass, and the passengers no longer know whither they are going. The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by QUOTATION.

It seems, however, agreed, that no one would quote if he could think; and it is not imagined that the well-read may quote from the delicacy of their taste, and the fulness of their knowledge. Whatever is felicitously expressed risks being worse expressed: it is a wretched taste to be gratified

with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us. We quote, to save proving what has been demonstrated, referring to where the proofs may be found. We quote, to screen ourselves from the odium of doubtful opinions, which the world would not willingly accept from ourselves, and we misquote from the curiosity which only a quotation itself can give, when in our own words it would be deemed of that lost or ancient phrase, that detail of narrative, and that narrative, which we have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence.

The ancients, who in these matters were not perhaps such blockheads as some may conceive, considered partial quotation as one of the requisite ornaments of oratory. Cicero, even in his philosophical works, is as little sparing of quotations as Plutarch. Old Montaigne is so studded with them, that he owns, if they were taken out of him little of himself would remain, and yet this never injured that original turn which the old Gascon has given to his thoughts. I suspect that Addison hardly ever composed a Spectator which was not founded on some quotation, which he had noted in those three fine manuscript volumes which he had previously collected, and Addison lived, while Horace, who always wrote from first impressions and to the times, with perhaps no very inferior genius, has passed on, inasmuch that Dr Beattie once remarked that he was obliging the world by collecting Addison's papers, and certainly, omitting Horace's.

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one confuses. The ancient lawyers used to quote at the bar till they had staggered their own cause. "Retournons à nos moutons," was the cry of the client. But such vagrant provisos must be consigned to the bottom of criticism. Such do not always understand the authors whose names adorn their barren pages, taken, ten, from the third or the thirtieth hand. Those who trust to such false quarters will often learn how contrary this transmission is to the sense and application of the original. Every transplantation has altered the fruit of the tree, every new channel, the quality of the stream in its remove from the spring-head. Bayle, when writing on "Comets," discovered this, for having collected many things applicable to his work, as they stood quoted in some orderless writers, when he came to compare them with their originals, he was surprised to find that they were nothing for his purpose: the originals conveyed a quite contrary sense to that of the pretended quoters, who often, from innocent blundering, and sometimes from purposeful deception, had falsified their quotations. This is an useful story for second-hand authorities.

Beldin had formed some notions on this subject of quotations in his "Table-talk," art "Books and Authors," but as La Motte justly observes, proud of his immense reading, he has too often substituted his own precept. "In quoting of books," says Beldin, "quote such authors as are usually read, others read for your own satisfaction, but not name them." Now it happens that no writer names more authors, except Fyene, than the learned Beldin. La Motte de Vayer's curious works consist of sixteen volumes; he is among the

greatest quoters. Whoever turns their eyes will perceive that he is an original thinker, and a great wit, his style, indeed, is strange, which, as much as his quotations, may have proved fatal to him. But in both these cases it is evident, that even quoters who have abused the privilege of quotation, are not necessarily writers of a mean genius.

The quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who want to do one but themselves. In borrowing a passage, they carefully observe its connexion, they collect authorities, to reconcile any disparity in them before they furnish the one they adopt, they advance no fact without a witness, and they are not loose and general in their references, as I have been told is our historian Henry so frequently, that it is suspected he drew much in second-hand ware. Bayle lets us into a mystery of author-craft. "Suppose on this man it is proved that an ancient author entertained certain particular opinions, which are only mentioned here and there through his works, I am sure it will take him up more days to collect the passages which he will have occasion for, than to argue at random on those passages. Having once found out his authorities and his quotations, which perhaps will not fill six pages, and may have cost him a month's labour, he may finish in two mornings' work, twenty pages of arguments, objections, and answers to objections; and, consequently, which proceeds from our own genius sometimes costs much less time than what is requisite for collecting. Cornelle would have required more time to defend a tragedy by a great collection of authorities, than to write it, and I am supposing the same number of pages in the tragedy and in the defence. Menenius perhaps bestowed more time in defending his *Ménandre réconcilié* against Balzac, than a Spaniard (or a Scotch) metaphysician humors on a large volume of controversies, where he takes all from his own stock." I am somewhat concerned in the truth of this principle. There are articles in the present work occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches they contain than mine would allow in a small volume, which might excel in ground, and yet be likely not to be long remembered. All this is labour which never meets the eye. It is quicker work, with special pleading and poignant periphrases, to fill sheets with generalising principles, those bird's-eye views of philosophy for the moment more so if though never seen clearer when at a distance and *en masse*, and require little knowledge of the individual parts. Such an art of writing may resemble the famous Lullian method, by which the *donor alumnus* enabled any one to invent arguments by a machine. Two tables, one of *attributions*, and the other of *subjects*, worked about circularly in a frame, and placed correlatively to one another, produced certain combinations, the number of questions multiplied as they were worked! So that there was a mechanical invention, by which they might dispute without end, and write on without any particular knowledge of their subject!

But the painstaking quater, where heaven sends them ground enough, are the more instructive sort, to whom we shall appeal while time and truth can meet together. A well-read writer, with good

test, is one who has the command of the wit of other men; he searches where knowledge is to be found; and though he may not himself excel in invention, his ingenuity may compose one of those agreeable books, the *delicæ* of literature, that will outlast the fading meteors of his day. Epicurus is said to have borrowed nothing from any other writer in his three hundred inspired volumes, while Plutarch, Seneca, and the elder Pliny made such free use of their libraries; and it has happened that Epicurus, with his unsubstantial nothingness, has "melted into thin air," while the solid treasures have buoyed themselves up amidst the wrecks of nations.

On this subject of QUOTATION, literary politics, for the commonwealth has its policy and its cabinet-secrets, is more concerned than the reader suspects. Authorities in matters of fact are often called for; in matters of opinion, indeed, which, perhaps, are of more importance, no one requires any authority. But too open and generous a revelation of the chapter and the page of the original quoted, has often proved detrimental to the legitimate honours of the quoter. They are unfairly appropriated by the next comer; the quoter is never quoted, but the authority he has afforded is produced by his successor with the air of an original research. I have seen MSS. thus confidently referred to, which could never have met the eye of the writer. A learned historian declared to me of a contemporary, that the latter had appropriated his researches; he might, indeed, and he had a right to refer to the same originals; but if his predecessor had opened the sources for him, gratitude is not a silent virtue. Gilbert Stuart thus lived on Robertson: and as Professor Dugald Stewart observes, "his curiosity has seldom led him into any path where the genius and industry of his predecessor had not previously cleared the way." It is for this reason some authors, who do not care to trust to the equity and gratitude of their successors, will not furnish the means of supplanting themselves; for, by not yielding up their authorities, they themselves become one. Some authors, who are pleased in seeing their names occur in the margins of other books than their own, have practised this political management; such as Alexander ab Alexandro, and other compilers of that stamp, to whose labours of small value, we are often obliged to refer, from the circumstance that they themselves have not pointed out their authorities.

One word more on this long chapter of QUOTATION. To make a happy one is a thing not easily to be done. Cardinal du Perron used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in their favour, has insinuated, that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract. Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with undisputed authority. Or whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an

opening quotation is a symphony prelude on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonise. Perhaps no writers of our times have discovered more of this delicacy of quotation than the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" once did, and Mr. Southey, in some of his beautiful periodical investigations, where we have often acknowledged the solemn and striking effect of A QUOTATION FROM OUR ELDER WRITERS.

THE ORIGIN OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

NEARLY six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of DANTE, and the literary historians of Italy are even now disputing respecting the origin of this singular poem, in its nature as its excellence. In ascertaining a point so long inquired after, and so keenly disputed, it will rather increase our admiration than detract from the genius of this great poet; and it will illustrate the useful principle, that every great genius is influenced by the objects and the feelings which occupy his own times, only differing from the race of his brothers by the magical force of his developments; the light he sends forth over the world he often catches from the faint and unobserved spark which would die away, and turn to nothing, in another hand.

The *Divina Commedia* of DANTE is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence; and though in the classical ardour of our poetical pilgrim, he allows his conductor to be a Pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a vision was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age; it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith, of the populace, whose minds were then awakened to these awful themes.

This mode of writing visions has been imperfectly detected by several modern inquirers. It got into the Fabliaux of the Jongleurs, or Provençal bards, before the days of DANTE; but as these visions or pilgrimages to Hell contained generally rather comic than solemn adventures, it seemed absurd to attribute the origin of a sublime poem to such ludicrous inventions. Every one, therefore, found out some other origin of DANTE'S Inferno—since they were resolved to have one—in other works more congenial to its nature; the description of a second life, the melancholy or the glorified scenes of punishment or bliss, with the animated shades of men who were no more, had been opened to the Italian bard by his favourite Virgil, and might have been suggested, according to Warton, by the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.

But the entire work of DANTE is Gothic; it is a picture of his times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it; and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for DANTE'S Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet could never have done. It is one of the absurdities of DANTE, who, like our Shakespeare, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which "lead to nothing" amidst their massive greatness.

Had the Italian commentators, and the French men, who have troubled themselves on this incan-
 tion, known the art which we have happily prac-
 tised in this country, of illustrating a great national
 bard, by endeavouring to recover the contem-
 porary writings and circumstances which were
 connected with his studies and his times, they had
 long ere this discovered the real framework of the
 Inferno.

Within the last twenty years it had been re-
 membered that DANTE had borrowed, or stolen his
Inferno from "The Vision of Alberico," which
 was written two centuries before his time. The
 literary antiquary Böttger had discovered a manu-
 script of this Vision of Alberico, and, in haste,
 made extracts of a marvellous nature. They were
 well adapted to inflame the curiosity of those who
 are eager after anything new, or of something old
 if there is an air of credulity over the small father,
 who otherwise would care little about the original.
 This was not the first time that the whole cul-
 ture of genius had been threatened by the motion of a
 remote earthquake, but in these cases it usually
 happens that those early discoveries who can judge
 of a little part, see in total blindness when they
 would decide on a whole. A poisonous miasma
 seemed to have settled on the Lure of DANTE,
 nor were we relieved from our constant inquiries,
 till H. S. Cancellieri, at Rome, published, in
 1864, this much-talked-of manuscript, and has
 now enabled us to see and to decide, and even to
 add the present little article as an useful supple-
 ment.

True it is, that DANTE must have read with
 equal attention and delight this authentic vision
 of Alberico, for it is given, so we are assured by
 the whole monastic, as it happened to their an-
 cient brother, when a boy, many a striking, and
 many a positive resemblance in the "Divina Com-
 media" has been pointed out, and Mr. Cary, in
 his English version of DANTE, in English, that he
 makes DANTE, speak in blank verse very much
 like DANTE in stanza, has observed, that "The
 reader will, in these marked resemblances, see
 enough to convince him that Dante had read this
 singular work." The truth is, that the "Vision of
 Alberico" must not be considered as a singular
 work - but, on the contrary, as the prevalent
 mode of composition in the monastic ages. It
 has been ascertained that Alberico was written in
 the twelfth century. The age of a manuscript is
 judged by the writing. I shall now preserve a
 vision which a French antiquary had long ago
 given with the design to show how they abused
 the simplicity of our Gothic ancestors, but with
 an utter want of taste for such imitations, which
 he deems to be "monstrous." He has not told
 us the age in which it was written. This vision,
 however, exhibits such complete scenes of the
Inferno of the great poet, that the writer must
 have read DANTE, or DANTE must have read this
 writer. The manuscript, with another of the same
 kind, is in the King's Library at Paris, and some
 future researcher may ascertain the age of these
 Gothic compositions, doubtless they will be found
 to belong to the age of Alberico, for they are alike
 stamped by the same dark and awful imagination,
 the same depth of feeling, the solitary genius of
 the monastery!

It may be necessary to observe, that these "Vi-
 sions" were merely a choice but popular instruc-
 tion, nor must we depend on the age of their
 composition by the names of the supposed vision-
 aries attached to them: they were the visions of
 the times. The following elaborate vision of some
 vision in the *Inferno* were composed by some
 honest monk who was banished with the bishops,
 and who took this covert means of pointing out
 how the neglect of their episcopal duties was pun-
 ished in the after-life; with the feudal nobility for
 their oppressions and he even boldly ascended to
 the throne.

"The Vision of Charles the Bald, of the
 places of punishment, and the happiness of the
 just."

"I, Charles, by the gracious gift of God, King
 of the Germans, Roman patrician, and likewise
 emperor of the Franks,

"On the holy night of Sunday, having per-
 formed the divine offices of matins, returning to
 my bed to sleep, a voice most terrible came to my
 ear, 'Charles! thy spirit shall now rise from thy
 body; thou shalt go and behold the judgments of
 God; they shall arise there only as penance, and
 thy spirit shall again return shortly afterwards.'
 Instantly was my spirit rapt, and he who bore me
 away was a being of the most splendid whiteness.
 He put into my hand a ball of thread, which shone
 about a blaze of light, such as the comet darts
 when it is apparent. He divided it, and said to
 me, 'Take thou this thread, and bind it strongly
 on the thumb of thy right hand, and be this I
 will lead thee through the universal labyrinth of
 punishments.'

"Then going before me with velocity, but always
 unrolling this luminous thread, he conducted
 me into deep valleys filled with fire, and with in-
 flames, blazing with all sorts of unclean matter.
 There I observed the prelates who had served my
 father and my ancestors. Although I trembled, I
 still, however, inquired of them to learn the cause
 of their torments. They answered, 'We are the
 bishops of your father and your ancestors, instead
 of saving them and their people in peace and
 concord, we sowed among them discord, and were
 the inciters of evil for this are we burning in
 these Tartarean punishments, we and other mon-
 archs and counts of rapine. Here also shall
 come your bishops, and that crowd of idle men
 who surround you, and who imitate the evil we
 have done.'

"And while I listened to them tremblingly, I
 beheld the blackest demons flying with hoofs of
 burning iron, who would have caught that ball of
 thread which I held in my hand, and have drawn
 it towards them, but it darted such a reverberat-
 ing light that they could not lay hold of the
 thread. These demons, when at my back, hurried
 to precipitate me into those sulphurous pits, but
 my conductor, who carried the ball, would
 about my shoulder a doubled thread, drawing
 me to him with such force, that we ascended
 high mountains of flame, from whence issued
 lakes and burning streams, melting all kinds of
 metals. There I found the souls of lords who
 had served my father and my brothers; some

* In 1860. Bib. Reg. inter lat. No. 2467, p. 144.



The first of these is the fact that the
 water is not pure. It contains a large
 amount of impurities, which are
 of various kinds. Some of them are
 of a mineral nature, and some are
 of a vegetable nature. The mineral
 impurities are of various kinds, and
 some of them are of a very dangerous
 nature. The vegetable impurities are
 of various kinds, and some of them
 are of a very dangerous nature. The
 water is not pure, and it contains a
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 impurities are of various kinds, and
 some of them are of a very dangerous
 nature. The vegetable impurities are
 of various kinds, and some of them
 are of a very dangerous nature.

from a sort of Italian mystery. In the words of Dante himself,

"Pura lavilla gran fiamma seconda."

H. Paradise, Can. I.

"— From a small spark
Great flames hath risen."—*CAVE*

After all, DANTE has said in a letter, "I found the ORIGINAL of MY HELL in the world which we inhabit," and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend!

OF A HISTORY OF EVENTS WHICH HAVE NOT HAPPENED.

SUCH a title might serve for a work of not invidious nor unphilosophical speculation, which might enlarge our general views of human affairs, and point out our comprehension of those events which are enrolled on the registers of history. The scheme of Providence in carrying on voluntary events, he means inscrutable to us,

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan!"

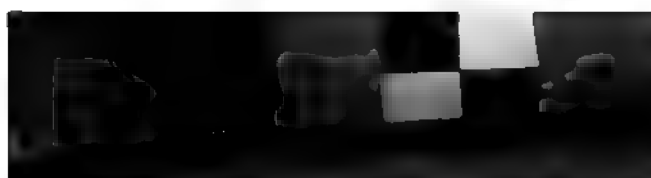
Some mortals have recently written history, and "Lectures on History," who presume to explain the great scene of human affairs, affecting the same familiarity with the designs of Providence, as with the events they compile from human authorities. Every party discovers in the event, which at first were adverse to their own cause, but finally terminate in their favour, that Providence had used a peculiar and particular interference: this is a source of human error, and intolerant prejudice. The Jesuit Mariana, exulting over the destruction of the kingdom and nation of the Goths in Spain, observes, that "It was by a particular providence, that out of their ashes might rise a new and holy Spain, to be the fatherland of the Catholic religion," and unquestionably he would have adduced as proofs of this "holy Spain," the establishment of the Inquisition, and the dark odiousness of that blood-stained people. But a Protestant will not sympathize with the writings of the Jesuit, yet the Protestant too will denote of particular providences, and magnify human events into supernatural ones. The custom has long prevailed among fanatics, we have had books published by individuals of "particular providences," which, as they imagined, had fallen to their lot, they are called "passages of providence," and one I recollect by a cracked-brained pontiff, whose experience never went beyond his own neighbourhood, but having a very bad temper, and many whom he considered his enemies, he wrote down all the misfortunes which happened to them as acts of "particular providence," and I valued his blindness to the efficacy of his curses!

Without venturing to penetrate into the mysteries of the present order of human affairs, and the great scheme of fatality or of accident, it may be satisfactorily evident to us, that often on a single event revolves the fortune of men and that of nations.

An eminent writer has speculated on the defeat of Charles I. at Worcester, as "one of those events which most strikingly exemplify how much better

events are disposed of by Providence, than they would be if the directions were left to the choice even of the best and the wisest men." He proceeds to show, that a royal victory must have been succeeded by other severe struggles, and by different parties. A civil war would have continued within itself another civil war. One of the blessings of this defeat at Worcester was, that it left the commonwealth's men masters of the three kingdoms, and afforded them "full leisure to complete and perfect their own structure of government. The experiment was fairly tried, there was nothing from without to disturb the process; it went on duly from change to change." The close of this history is well known. Had the royalists obtained the victory at Worcester, the commonwealth party might have obstinately persisted, that had their republic not been overthrown, "their free and liberal government" would have diffused its universal happiness through the three kingdoms. This idea is ingenious, and might have been pursued into its proposed "History of Events which have not happened," under the title of "The Battle of Worcester won by Charles II." The chapter, however, would have had a brighter close, if the sovereign and the royalists had proved themselves better men than the barons and fanatics of the commonwealth. It is not for us to scrutinize into "the ways" of Providence; but if Providence conducted Charles II. to the throne, it appears to have deserted him when there.

Historians, for a particular purpose, have sometimes amused the reader with a detail of an event which did not happen. A history of this kind we find in the ninth book of Livy, and it forms a digression, where, with his delightful copiousness, he reasons on the probable consequences which would have ensued had Alexander the Great invaded Italy. Some Greek writers, to raise the Parthians to an equality with the Romans, had suggested that the great name of this military monarch, who is said never to have lost a battle, would have intimidated the Romans, and would have checked their passion for universal dominion. The patriotic Livy, disclaiming that the glory of his nation, which had never ceased from war for nearly eight hundred years, should be put in competition with the career of a young conqueror, which had scarcely lasted ten, enters into a parallel of "man with man, general with general, and victory with victory." In the full charm of his imagination he brings Alexander down into Italy, he invests him with all his virtues, and "dresses their lustre" with all his defects. He arranges the Macedonian army, while he exultingly shows five Roman armies at that moment pursuing their conquests; and he cautiously counts the numerous slices who would have combined their forces; he even descends to compare the weapons and the modes of warfare of the Macedonians with those of the Romans. Livy, so if he had caught a momentary panic at the bold career which had probably attended Alexander in his descent into Italy, brings forward the great commander he would have had to encounter; he compares Alexander with each, and at length terminates his fears, and claims his triumph, by discovering that the Macedonians had but one Alexander, while



the Saracens had arrived. The beautiful description in Livy is a model for the narrative of an event which never happened.

The Saracens from Asia had spread into Africa, and at length possessed themselves of Spain. Rude, a disinterested Duke of Guisnois, in France, had been vanquished by Charles Martel, who derived that humble but glorious surname from the event we are now to record. Charles had left Rude the enjoyment of his dukedom, provided that he held it as a fief of the crown, but blind with ambition and avarice, Rude adopted a scheme which threw Christianity itself, as well as Europe, into a crisis of peril which has never more occurred. By marrying a daughter with a Mahometan chief, he rashly began an intercourse with the Ishmaelites, one of whose favourite projects was, to plant a formidable colony of their faith in France. An army of four hundred thousand combatants, at the conclusion of the time given, were seen descending into Guisnois, passing themselves in one day of his domains, and Rude soon discovered what sort of workmen he had called, to do that of which he himself was an incapable. Charles, with equal courage and prudence, beheld this heavy tempest bursting over the whole country, and to remove the first cause of this national evil, he reconciled the discontented Rude, and detached the duke from his fatal alliance. But the Saracens were fast advancing through Touraine and had reached Tours by the river Loire. Abdram the chief of the Saracens, anticipated a triumph in the multitude of his soldiers, his cavalry, and his camels, exhibiting a military warfare unknown in France; he spread out his mighty army to surround the French, and to take them, as it were, in a net. The appearance terrified and the magnificence astounded. Charles, collecting his few veteran forces, assured them that they had no other France than the spot they covered. He had ordered that the city of Tours should be closed on every Frenchman, unless he entered it victorious, and he took care that every fugitive should be treated as an enemy by bands of *gens d'armes*, whom he placed to watch at the wings of his army. The combat was furious. The astonished Mahometan beheld his harratians detached as he urged them on only to the French, who on that day had resolved to offer their lives as an immolation to their mother-country. Rude on that day, ardent to clear himself from the odium he had incurred, with desperate valour, taking a wide compass, attacked his new allies in the rear. The camp of the Mahometan was forced, the shrieks of his women and children reached him from amidst the massacre. Irrigated, he saw his multitude shaken. Charles, who beheld the fight breaking through this dark cloud of men, exclaimed to his countrymen, "My friends, God has raised his banner, and the unbelievers perish!" The mass of the Saracens, though broken, could not fly, their own multitude pressed themselves together and the Christian sword mowed down a the Mahometans. Abdram was found dead in a vast heap, unwounded, strided by his own multitude. History records that three hundred and sixty thousand Saracens perished on the *parade de Tours*; but their fate and their joy probably magnified their number. Thus Charles saved

his own country, and, at that moment, all the rest of Europe, from this deluge of people which had poured down from Asia and Africa. Every Christian people returned a solemn thanksgiving, and exalted their deliverer as "the Hammer" of France. But the Saracens were not conquered; Charles did not even venture their pursuit, and a second incursion proved almost as terrifying, an army still poured down on him, and it was long, and after many dubious results, that the Saracens were routed out of France. Such is the history of one of the most important events which has passed, but that of an event which did not happen, would be the result of this famous conflict, had the Mahometan power triumphed. The Mahometan dominions had predominated through Europe. The imagination started when it descends how much degraded on this religion, at a time when there existed no political state in Europe, no balance of power in any common lot of confederation. A single battle, and a single treason, had before made the Mahometan conquerors of Spain. We see that the same events had nearly been repeated in France, and had the recent towered above the crisis, as every appearance promised to the Saracenic host, the least of our evils had now been, that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, have beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Greeks, while the public mind had been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university of Cordova.

One of the great revolutions of modern Europe, perhaps, had not occurred, had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal exertions been consulted. Guericke, whose veracity we cannot suspect, has preserved a fact which proves how very nearly some important events which have taken place, might not have happened! I transcribe the passage with his characteristic hand: "Caesar the Emperor Charles V. after he had given an hearing in the Diet of Worms to Martin Luther, and caused his opinions to be examined by a number of doctors, who reported that his doctrine was erroneous and pernicious to the Christian religion, had, to gratify the people put him under the ban of the empire, which as I have said, Martin, that, if the squarous and threatening words which were given him by Cardinal *San Giovanni*, the apostolical legate, had not thrown him into the utmost despair, it is believed it would have been easy, by giving him some preferment, or providing for him some honourable way of living, to make him renounce his errors." By this we may infer, that one of the true authors of the Reformation was this very apostolical legate, they had succeeded in terrifying Luther, but they were not satisfied till they had insulted him; and with such a temper as Luther's, the sting of personal insult would remove even that of terror, it would unquestionably survive it. A similar proceeding with Franklin, from our ministers, is said to have produced the same effect with that political sage. What Guericke has told of Luther preserves the sentiment of the poem. Charles V. was so fully persuaded that he could have put down the Reformation, had he not himself at once of the chief, that having granted Luther a safe-guard to appear at the Council of Worms, in his last moments he repeated, as of a

als, that having had Luther in his hands, he suffered him to escape, for to have retained his faith with a heretic he held to be no crime.

In the history of religion, human intervention has been permitted to be the great motor of its chief revolutions, and the most important events concerning national religious affairs to have depended on the passions of individuals, and the circumstances of the time. Impulse streams have often produced the most glorious results, and this, perhaps, may be among the dispensations of Providence.

A similar transaction occurred in Europe and in Asia. The motion and conduct of Constantine the Great, in the alliance of the Christian faith with his government, are far more obvious than any one of those qualities with which the poetry of Boetius so easily cloaks over the crimes and unchristian lot of this polytheistical Christian, in adopting the new faith as a *soup d'état*, and by investing the church with temporal power, at which Dante so indignantly exclaims, he founded the religion of Jesus, but corrupted the guardians. The union in conference took place in France under Clovis. The fabulous religion of Paganism was fast on its decline, Clovis, who had resolved to unite the four different principalities which divided Gaul into one empire, in the midst of an important battle, as fortune being doubtful between the parties, the Pagan monarch invoked the god of his fair queen, who was a Christian, and obtained the victory. He then found no difficulty in persuading Clovis, after the fortunate event to adopt the Christian creed. Political reasons for some time impeded the king's open conversion, till the Franks followed their sovereign to the baptismal fonts. According to Pasquet, Naude, and other political writers, the miracles which are recorded, like those of Constantine, were inventions to authorize the change of religion, which was used by Clovis as a lever where his forces crushed the petty principles of paganism, and, like Constantine, Clovis, seized by crimes of as dark a dye, obtained the title of "the Great." Had not the most capacious "Defender of the Faith" been induced by the most violent of passions, the Reformation, so lately and so imperfectly begun and continued, had possibly never freed England from the papal thraldom.

"For gospel-light first beam'd from Bullen's eye."

The Catholic Ward, in his singular Hudibrastic poem of "England's Reformation," in more old rhyme, has characterized it in a motto, which we are much too drab to repeat. The Catholic

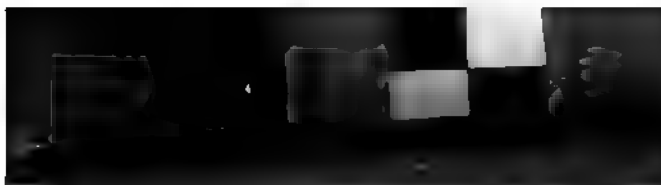
"The miracles of Clovis consisted of a shield, which was pushed up after having fallen from the sky, the burning oil conveyed from Heaven by a dove, &c. in a phial, which, till the reign of Louis XII., sanctified the kings of France, and the archbishops, or standard with golden flames, long suspended over the tomb of St. Denis, which the French kings only raised over the tomb when the king's crown was so common prey. No future king of France can be associated with the name *impious*, or not brought down to earth by a white dove, in 1793 it was broken by some pious hand, and antiquaries have since agreed that it was only an ancient (achrony) history."

writer censures Philip for recalling the Duke of Alva from the Netherlands. According to those humane politicians, the unquenching sword, and the penal laws of the moderate republic, had been certain of accomplishing the fall of the heretics; but even the numerical force of angry bees would diminish by goblets and poisons. According to them, a great event in Catholic history did not occur—the spirit of Catholicism predominant in a land of Protestants from the Spanish monarch failing to support Alva in anything what he had begun. Had the armada of Spain which landed, with the bands, arms of Rome, in England—at a moment when our own fleet was short of gunpowder, and the English Catholics formed a considerable portion of the nation—or might not be going to man?

After his numerous conquests, had Gustavus Adolphus not perished in the battle of Lützen, where his genius obtained a glorious victory, unquestionably a wonderful change had operated on the affairs of Europe, the Protestant cause had balanced, if not preponderated, over the Catholic interest, and Austria, which appeared a sort of universal monarch, had seen her eagle's wings clipped. But "the Anti-Chris," as Gustavus was called by the priests of Spain and Italy, the saviour of Protestantism by England and Sweden, whose death occasioned so many murders among the Catholics, that the Spanish court murmured but felt should become too scarce at the approaching winter. Gustavus fell—the fit hero for one of those grand events which have never happened.

In the first publication of the "Iron Boudoir" of Charles the First, the instantaneous effect produced on the nation was such, when fifty editions, it is said, appeared in one year, that Mr. Malcolm Laing observes, that "had this book," a novel volume to those who considered that sovereign as a martyr, "appeared a week sooner, it might have preserved the king," and, possibly, have produced a reaction of popular feeling. The extraordinary Dundee made an offer to James II., which, had it been acted on, Mr. Laing acknowledges might have produced another change. "What then had become of our 'glorious Revolution,' which from its earliest step, throughout the reign of William, was still circulating amidst the unstable opinions and contending interests of so many of its first movers?"

The great political error of Cromwell is acknowledged by all parties to have been the adoption of the French interest in preference to the Spanish; a strict alliance with Spain had preserved the balance of Europe, enriched the commercial industry of England, and, above all, had checked the ever-growing power of the French government. Before Cromwell had acted in the preponderance of the French power, the French Huguenots were of consequence enough to secure an equal seat at the treaty. The parliament, as Elizabeth's parliament had formerly done, considered as powerful a party in France as useful allies, and desirous to extend the principles of the Reformation, and the suppression of popery, the parliament had once taken it to be, and had even begun a treaty with the pope's French Huguenots, on assuming the French Huguenots in their scheme of forming themselves into a republic, or independent state, but Cromwell, on his usurpation, not only overruled the design, but it believed



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to have betrayed it to Mazzini! What a change in the affairs of Europe had Cromwell adopted the Spanish interests, and named the French Huguenots in becoming an independent state! The revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the increase of the French dominion, which so long afterwards disturbed the peace of Europe, were the consequence of this fatal error of Cromwell's. The independent state of the French Huguenots, and the reduction of ambitious France, perhaps, to a secondary European power, had saved Europe from the wrong of the French revolution!

The elegant pen of Mr. Rancor has lately afforded me another curious sketch of a history of events which have not happened.

Mr. De Rosmond's misapprehension, against the opinion of every historian, that the death of Lorenzo de' Medici was a matter of indifference to the prosperity of Italy, is "he could not have prevented the different projects which had been matured in the French cabinet, for the invasion and conquest of Italy," and therefore he concludes that all historians are mistaken who borrow on Lorenzo the honour of having preserved the peace of Italy, because the great invasion that overtook it did not take place till two years after his death. Mr. Rancor has philosophically vindicated the honour which has been justly received, by employing the principle which in this article has been developed. "Though Lorenzo de' Medici could not perhaps have prevented the important events that took place in other nations of Europe, &c. by no means follows that the life or death of Lorenzo were equally indifferent to the affairs of Italy, or that circumstances would have been the same in case he had lived, as in the event of his death." Mr. Rancor then proceeds to show how Lorenzo's "prudent measures, and proper representations, might probably have prevented the French expedition, which Charles VIII. was frequently on the point of abandoning. Lorenzo would not certainly have taken the precipitate measures of his son Piero, in surrendering the Florentine fortresses. His family would not in consequence have been expelled the city; a powerful mind might have influenced the discordant politics of the Italian princes in our common defence; a slight opposition to the fugitive army of France, at the pass of Forlì, might have given the French sovereign a wholesome lesson, and prevented those bloody contents that were soon afterwards renewed in Italy. As a single remark as *cheri* varies the whole game, so the death of an individual of such importance in the affairs of Europe as Lorenzo de' Medici, could not fail of producing such a change in its political relations, as must have varied them in an incalculable degree." Pignotti also describes the state of Italy. He says Lorenzo lived to have seen his son elevated to the papacy, this historian, adopting our present principle, exclaims, "A happy era for Italy and Turkey has thus occurred! On this head we can, indeed, be only allowed to conjecture; but they, guided by reason, may expatiate at will in this imaginary state, and contemplate Italy regaled by a stronger bond, flourishing under its own institutions and laws, and delivered from all those lamented struggles which occurred within so short a period of time." Such are the histories of events which have not happened!

In Whittaker's "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots," that curious writer thus speculates in the true spirit of the article. When such dependence was made upon Elizabeth's dying without issue, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two good and able horses continually ready to give the earliest intelligence of the such Elizabeth's death to the imprisoned Mary. "In this the historian errs," and had this not improbable event actually taken place what a different complexion would our history have assumed from what it now is! Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all. From Tutbury, from Sheffield, and from Chatsworth, she would have been said to have touched with a gentle and motherly hand the springs that actuated all the nation, against the death of her tyrannical cousin, &c. So ductile is history in the hands of men! and so peculiarly does it bend to the force of success, and warp with the warpath of pompous!

Thus important events have been nearly occurring, which, however, did not take place; and others have happened which may be traced to accident, and to the character of an individual. We shall enlarge our conception of the nature of human events, and gather some useful instruction in our historical reading, by pausing at intervals, contemplating, for a moment, on certain events which have not happened!

OF FALSE POLITICAL REPORTS.

"A false report, if believed during three days, may be of great service to a government." This political maxim has been ascribed to Catherine of Medici, an adept in *compromise*, the *art of compromise*. Between solid living and disguised truth there is a difference known to writers skilled in "the art of governing mankind by deceiving them," as politics, ill understood, have been defined, and as all party-politics. These foggers prefer to use the truth disguised, to the gross fiction. When the real truth can no longer be concealed, then they can confidently turn to it, for they can still explain and obscure, while they secure on their side the party whose cause they have advocated. A curious reader of history may discover the temporary and sometimes the lasting advantages of spreading rumours designed to disguise, or to counteract the real state of things. Such reports, set a going, serve to break down the sharp and fatal point of a panic, which might instantly occur, in this way the public is saved from the horrors of consternation, and the stupefaction of despair. These rumours give a breathing time to prepare for the disaster, so that is doled out cautiously, and, as might be shown, in some cases these first reports have left an event in no ambiguous state, that a doubt may still arise whether these reports were really no denials of truth! Such reports, once printed, enter into history, and sadly perplex the honest historian. Of a battle fought in a remote situation, both parties for a long time, at home, may dispute the victory after the event, and the pro-

may guessing what the crowd had long decided. This has been no unusual circumstance of reversal of the most important battles on which the fate of Europe has hung, were we to rely on mere reports of the time, we might still doubt of the manner of the transaction. A skirmish has been often raised into an arranged battle, and a defeat concealed in an account of the killed and wounded, while victory has been claimed by both parties. Valerius, in all his encounters with Marston, always sent home despatches in which no one could suspect that he was decimated Pompey, after his fatal battle with Cæsar, sent letters to all the provinces and cities of the Romans, describing with greater courage than he had fought, so that a report generally prevailed that Cæsar had lost the battle. Florus informs us, that three hundred writers had described the battle of Marston. Many doubtless had copied these predecessors, but it would perhaps have surprised us to have observed how materially they differed in their narratives.

In looking over a collection of manuscript letters of the house of James the First, I was struck by the contradictory reports of the result of the famous battle of Lutetia, so glorious and so fatal to Gustavus Adolphus; the victory was sometimes reported to have been obtained by the Swedes, but a general uncertainty, a sort of misapprehension, agitated the majority of the nation, who were much in the Protestant cause. This state of anxious suspense lasted a considerable time. The fatal truth gradually came out in reports changing in their progress, if the victory was allowed, the death of the Protestant Hero closed all hope. The historian of Gustavus Adolphus observes on this occasion, that "few countries were better served than those who conveyed the accounts of the king's death to declared enemies or concealed all wonders, and did the report greatly displease the court of Whitehall, where the ministers, as it usually happens in cases of tumults, had its degree of apprehensions for fear the event should not be true, and, as I have learnt from good authority, inspired silence on the news-writers, and intimated the same to the pulpit in case any funeral encomium might proceed from that quarter." Although the motive assigned by the writer, that of the secret indisposition of the cabinet of James the First towards the fortunes of Gustavus, is to me by no means certain, unquestionably the knowledge of this disastrous event was long kept back by "a timid manner," and the fluctuating reports probably regulated by these designs.

The same circumstance occurred on another important event in modern history, where we may observe the artifice of party writers in disguising or suppressing the real fact. This was the famous battle of the Boine. The French Catholic party long reported that Count Lauzun had won the battle, and that William III. was killed. Bussy Rabutin in some memoirs, in which he appears to have registered public events without scrutinizing their truth, says, "I chronicled this account according as the first reports gave out when at length the real fact reached them, the party did not like to lose their pretended victory." Pere Lottin, who published a register of the

times, which is frequently noticed in the "*Moniteur de la République des Lettres*," for example, has recorded the event in this deceptive manner: "The battle of the Boine in Ireland, Schomberg is killed there at the head of the English." This is "an equivocation." The writer resolved to conceal the defeat of James's party, and consciously suppress any mention of a victory, but very carefully gives a real fact, by which his readers would hardly doubt of the defeat of the English. We are so accustomed to the traffic of false reports, that we are scarcely aware that many important events recorded in history were at their day strangely disguised by such mystifying accounts. Thus we can only discover by reading private letters written at the moment. Bayle has collected several remarkable absurdities of this kind, which were spread abroad to answer a temporary purpose, but which had never been known to us had these contemporary letters not been published. A report was prevalent in Holland in 1580, that the kings of France and Spain and the Duke of Alva were dead, a seizure which for a time contained the exhausted spirits of the revolutionists. At the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Burlingame spread reports of the death of the fleet, and other instruments of torture, which the Spaniards had brought with them, which inflamed the hatred of the nation. The hurried story of the bloody Colonel Burke is considered as one of those political forgeries to serve the purpose of his bearing a zealous partisan.

False reports are sometimes stratagems of war. When the chiefs of the league had lost the battle at Ivry with an army broken and discomfited, they still kept possession of Paris thereby by convincing the inhabitants all sorts of false reports, such as the death of the king of Navarre, at the fortunate moment when victory, undetermined on which side to incline, turned for the league, and they gave out false reports of a number of victories they had elsewhere obtained. Such tales, distributed in pamphlets and ballads among a people agitated by doubts and fears, are gladly believed, flattering their wishes, or smothering their alarm, then contribute to their ease, and are too agreeable to allow of time for reflection.

The history of a report creating a panic may be traced in the Irish insurrection, on the curious memoirs of James II. A forged proclamation of the Prince of Orange was set forth by one Speke, and a rumour spread that the Irish troops were killing and burning in all parts of the kingdom. A panic like magic instantly ran through the people, so that in one quarter of the town they imagined that the other was filled with blood and ruin. During this panic pregnant women miscarried, aged persons died with terror, while the truth was, that the Irish themselves were disarmed and dispersed, in utter want of a meal or a lodging.

In the unhappy times of our civil wars under Charles the First the newspapers and the private letters afford specimens of this political contrivance of False Reports of every species. No extravagance of invention to spread a terror against a party was too gross, and the city of London was one day alarmed that the royalists were occupied by a

plan of blowing up the river Thames, by an immense quantity of powder warehoused at the river side; and that there existed an organised though invisible brotherhood of many thousands with consecrated knives; and those who hesitated to give credit to such rumours were branded as malignants, who took not the danger of the parliament to heart. Forged conspiracies and reports of great but distant victories were inventions to keep up the spirit of a party, but oftener prognosticated some intended change in the government. When they were desirous of augmenting the army, or introducing new garrisons, or using an extreme measure with the city, or the royalists, there was always a new conspiracy set afloat; or when any great affair was to be carried in parliament, letters of great victories were published to dishearten the opposition, and infuse additional boldness in their own party. If the report lasted only a few days, it obtained its purpose, and verified the observation of Catharine of Medicis. Those politicians who raise such false reports obtain their end: like the architect, who, in building an arch, supports it with circular props and pieces of timber, or any temporary rubbish, till he closes the arch, and makes it support itself, and then he throws away the props! There is no class of political lying which can want for illustration if we consult these records of our civil wars; there we may trace the whole art in all the nice management of its shades, its qualities, and its more complicate parts, from invective to puff, and inuendo to prevarication! we may admire that scrupulous correction of a lie which they had told, by another which they are telling! and single to triple lying to overreach their opponents. Royalists and Parliamentarians were alike; for, to tell one great truth, "the father of lies" is of no party!

As "nothing is new under the sun," so this art of deceiving the public was unquestionably practised among the ancients. Syphax sent Scipio word that he could not unite with the Romans, but, on the contrary, had declared for the Carthaginians. The Roman army were then anxiously waiting for his expected succours: Scipio was careful to show the utmost civility to these ambassadors, and ostentatiously treated them with presents, that his soldiers might believe they were only returning to hasten the army of Syphax to join the Romans. Livy censures the Roman consul, who, after the defeat at Cannæ, told the deputies of the allies the whole loss they had sustained: "This consul," says Livy, "by giving too faithful and open an account of his defeat, made both himself and his army appear still more contemptible." The result of the simplicity of the consul for telling the truth was, that the allies, despairing that the Romans would ever recover their losses, deemed it proper to make terms with Hannibal. Plutarch tells an amusing story, in his way, of the natural progress of a report, which was contrary to the wishes of the government; the unhappy reporter suffered punishment as long as the rumour lasted, though at last it proved true. A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians; of which, however, the people were yet uninformed. The barber leaves untrimmed the re-

porter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown into a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine that they were not invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story, observes, that had the barber reported a victory, though it had proved to be false, he would not have been punished; a shrewd observation, which occurred to him by the different fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor; but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. "Have I done you any injury?" said he. "Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?" I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens. The "Chronicle" and the "Post" must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whom Patin characterizes as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation. But what Patin says in his letter 356 may be applied: "These writers insert in their papers things they do not know, and ought not to write. It is the same trick that is playing which was formerly played; it is the very same farce, only it is exhibited by new actors. The worst circumstance, I think, in this, is, that this trick will continue playing a long course of years, and that the public suffer a great deal too much by it."

OF SUPPRESSORS AND DILAPIDATORS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

MANUSCRIPTS are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. Plagiarists, at least, have the merit of preservation: they may blush at their artifices, and deserve the pillory, but their practices do not incur the capital crime of felony. SERASSI, the writer of the curious life of Tasso, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for the poet's memory. The story remains to be told, for it is little known.

Galileo, in early life, was a lecturer at the university of Pisa: delighting in poetical studies, and then more of a critic than a philosopher, he had Ariosto by heart. This great man caught the literary mania which broke out about his time,

when the Cruscan so absurdly began their "Controversie Tassessche," and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and utweighed against each other; Galileo wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reserve, treating the majestic bard with a severity which must have thrown the Tassoists into an agony. Our critic lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who probably being a disguised Tassoist, by some unaccountable means contrived that the manuscript should be absolutely lost!—to the deep regret of the author and all the Ariostoists. The philosopher descended to his grave—not without occasional groans—nor without exulting reminiscences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto—and the rumour of such a work long floated on tradition! Two centuries had nearly elapsed, when Serassi, employed on his elaborate life of Tasso, among his uninterrupted researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which, on a cursory examination, he found deposited the lost manuscript of Galileo! It was a shock from which, perhaps, the zealous biographer of Tasso never fairly recovered; the awful name of Galileo sanctioned that asperity of critical decision, and more particularly on the language; a subject on which the Italians are so morbidly delicate, and so trivially grave. Serassi's conduct on this occasion was at once political, timorous, and cunning. Gladly would he have annihilated the original, but this was impossible! It was some consolation that the manuscript was totally unknown—for having got mixed with others, it had accidentally been passed over, and not entered into the catalogue; his own diligent eye only had detected its existence. "*Nessuno fin ora sa, fuori di me, se vi sia nè dove sia, e così non potrà darsi alla luce.*" &c. But in the true spirit of a collector, avaricious of all things connected with his pursuits, Serassi cautiously, but completely, transcribed the precious manuscript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its sophistry. However, although the Abbate never wanted leisure, he persevered in his silence; yet he often trembled lest some future explorer of manuscripts might be found as sharp-sighted as himself. He was so cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuscript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume! On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Ceri, a lover of literature; the transcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed! and this secret history of the manuscript was drawn from a note on the title-page written by Serassi himself! To satisfy the urgent curiosity of the literati, these annotations on Tasso by Galileo were published in 1793. Here is a work, which, from its earliest stage, much pains had been taken to suppress; but Serassi's collecting passion inducing him to preserve what he himself so much wished should never appear, finally occasioned its publication! It adds one evidence to the many, which prove that such sinister practices have been frequently used by the historians of a party, poetic or politic.

Unquestionably this entire suppression of manu-

scripts has been too frequently practised. It is suspected that our historical antiquary Speed owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he possessed a vast number of his mss. which he burnt. Why did he burn? If persons place themselves in suspicious situations, they must not complain if they be suspected. We have had historians who, whenever they met with information which has not suited their historical system, or their inveterate prejudices, have employed interpolations, castrations, and forgeries, and in some cases have annihilated the entire document. Leland's invaluable manuscripts were left at his death in the confused state in which the mind of the writer had sunk, overcome by his incessant labours, when this royal antiquary was employed by Henry VIII. to write our national antiquities. His scattered manuscripts were long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain-head; among these suppressors and dilapidators pre-eminently stands the crafty Italian Polydore Vergil, who not only drew largely from this source, but, to cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is said to have collected and burnt a greater number of historical mss. than would have loaded a waggon, to prevent the detection of his numerous fabrications in his history of England, composed to gratify Mary and the Catholic cause.

The Harleian manuscript, 7379, is a collection of state-letters. This ms. has four leaves entirely torn out, and is accompanied by this extraordinary memorandum, signed by the principal librarian.

"Upon examination of this book, Nov. 12, 1764, these four last leaves were torn out.

"C MORTON.

"Mem. Nov. 12, sent down to Mrs. Macaulay."

As no memorandum of the name of any student to whom a manuscript is delivered for his researches was ever made before or since, or in the nature of things will ever be, this memorandum must involve our female historian in the obloquy of this dilapidation.* Such dishonest practices of party feeling, indeed, are not peculiar to any party. In Mr. Roscoe's interesting "Illustrations" of his life of Lorenzo de' Medici, we discover that Fabroni, whose character scarcely admits of suspicion, appears to have known of the existence of an unpublished letter of Sixtus IV., which in-

* It is now about twenty-seven years ago (1824) that I first published this anecdote, at the same time that I had received information that our female historian and dilapidator had acted in this manner more than once. Such a rumour, however, it was impossible to authenticate at that distance of time, but it was at least notorious at the British Museum. The Rev. William Graham, the surviving husband of Mrs. Macaulay, intemperately called on Dr. Morton, in a very advanced period of life, to declare, that "it appeared to him that the note does not contain any evidence that the leaves were torn out by Mrs. Macaulay." It was more apparent to the unprejudiced, that the doctor must have singularly lost the use of his memory, when he could not explain his own official note, which, perhaps, at the time he was compelled to insert.

values that poured deeply in the anonymous projected by the Paris; but he carefully suppressed its name: yet, in his retirement, he could not avoid alluding to such suppressions, which he considered by his silence. Mr. Rancas has only described Fabronius, who may have overlooked the device or device of the guide of the hypocritical genius in the mass of manuscripts, a circumstance not likely to have occurred, however, to the interested history of bigotry. All party feeling is the same in the spirit with an opposite direction. We have a remarkable case, where a most interesting historical production has been directly annihilated by the removal of book-purses. There once existed an important diary of a very extraordinary character, Sir George Savile afterwards Marquis of Halifax. This master-piece, for such I am inclined to consider the author of the little book he left of "Maxims and Reflections," with a philosophical indifference, appears to have held in equal contempt all the factions of his times, and, consequently, has often survived their more contentious. Among other things, the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the conversations he had had with Charles the Second, and the great and busy character of the age. Of this curious secret history there existed two copies, and the noble writer imagined that by this means he had carefully secured these treasures; yet both copies were destroyed from opposite motives, the one at the instigation of Pope, who was alarmed at finding some of the Catholic intrigues of the court developed, and the other at the suggestion of a noble friend, who was equally shocked at discovering that his party, the Revolutionists, had insouciantly practiced mean and dishonourable deception. It is in these intrigues of honourable men, of whatever party they may be, that we expect to find truth and sincerity; but thus it happens that the last hope of posterity is frustrated by the artifice, or the malignity of their party-passions. Pullenbury, afterwards the Earl of Bath, had also prepared numerous of his notes, which he proposed to transmit to Dr. Douglan, bishop of Exeter, to be compared by the bishop; but his lordship's heir, the general, insisted on destroying these authentic documents, of the value of which we have a notion by one of those conversations which the earl was in the habit of indulging with Hume, whom he at that time appears to have intended for his historian.

The same hostility to manuscripts, as may be easily imagined, has occurred, perhaps, more frequently on the continent. I shall furnish one considerable fact. A French canon, Claude Joly, a bold and learned writer, had composed an ample tale of France, which included a history of the corruption of literature at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Courmes tells us, that the author had read over the works of Erasmus even times: we have positive evidence that the work was finished by the prior the Cardinal De Noailles would examine the work itself, this important history was not only suppressed, but the hope entertained of finding it among the cardinal's papers was never realized.

There are instances of the annihilating of history; but there is a partial suppression, or cancellation of passages, equally fatal to the cause of

truth, a practice too prevalent among the best editors of memoirs. By such deprivation of the text we have lost important truths, while in some cases, by interpolation, we have been misled with the fiction of a party. Original memoirs, when published, should never be deposited at that great institution consecrated to our national history—the British Museum to be verified of all hands. In Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth, I find, by a manuscript note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original was supposed to be in Mr. Sheldon's custody, in 1667. Camden told Sir Robert Palmer that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Sheshere, but he got secretly and then expurgated passages to Dr. Thom who printed them faithfully. Milton, in composing his history of England, introduced, in the third book, a very remarkable digression, on the character of the Long Parliament: a most animated description of a class of political adventurers, with whom modern history has furnished many parallels. From unwilling to a party then imagined to be solidified, it was struck out by command, and do I find it restored to Kennet's Collection of English History. This admirable and exquisite description has been preserved by a pamphlet in 1684, which has fortunately exhibited one of the warmest pictures in design and colouring by a master's hand. One of our most important volumes of secret history, "Whitecliffe's Memoirs," was published by Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, in 1688, who had considerable shares with the manuscript, another edition appeared in 1718, which restored the many important passages through which the earl appears to have struck his satirical pen. The restoration of the cancelled passages has not much increased the magnitude of this volume for the omission usually consisted of a characteristic stroke, or a short critical remark, which did not harmonize with the private feelings of the Earl of Anglesey. In consequence of the volume not being much enlarged to the eye and being when compared by a single use of peruse to inform us of the value of this more complete edition, the bookshelves imagine that there can be no material difference between the two editions, and wonder at the bibliographical mystery that they can afford to tell the editors of 1688 at ten shillings, and have five guineas for the edition of 1718! Hume, who, I have been told, wrote his history usually on a sofa, with the epicurean indifference of his low genius, always refers to the old truncated and faithless edition of Whitecliffe—so little in his day did the critical history of books enter into their studies, or such was the carelessness of the historian! There is more philosophy in allowing than some philosophers are aware of. Perhaps most "Memoirs" have been unauthoritatively prohibited—canceled of their last progenitors, and not a few might be restored which subsequent editors have restored to their original state, by using their dedicated hands. I unquestionably, passion has sometimes annihilated manuscripts, and tamely arranged them on the pages of hated writers! Louis XIV. with his own hands, after the death of Pomerey, burnt all the manuscripts which the Duke of Burgundy had preserved of his preceptor.

As an example of the suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts, I shall give an extraordinary fact concerning Louis XIV. more in his favour. His character appears, like some other historical personages, equally disguised by adulation and calumny. That monarch was not the Nero which his revocation of the edict of Nantes made him seem to the French Protestants. He was far from approving of the violent measures of his Catholic clergy. This opinion of that sovereign was, however, carefully suppressed when his "Instructions to the Dauphin" were first published. It is now ascertained that Louis XIV. was for many years equally zealous and industrious; and, among other useful attempts, composed an elaborate "Discours" for the dauphin for his future conduct. The king gave his manuscript to Pelisson to revise; but after the revision, our royal writer frequently inserted additional paragraphs. The work first appeared in an anonymous "Recueil d'Opuscules Littéraires, Amsterdam, 1767," which Barbier, in his "Anonymes," tells us, was "rédigé par Pelisson; le tout publié par l'Abbé Olivet." When at length the printed work was collated with the manuscript original, several suppressions of the royal sentiments appeared, and the editors, too Catholic, had, with more particular caution, thrown aside what clearly showed Louis XIV. was far from approving of the violences used against the Protestants. The following passage was entirely omitted. "It seems to me, my son, that those who employ extreme and violent remedies do not know the nature of the evil, occasioned in part, by heated minds, which, left to themselves, would insensibly be extinguished, rather than rekindle them afresh by the force of contradiction; above all, when the corruption is not confined to a small number, but diffused through all parts of the state; besides, the Reformers said many true things! The best method to have reduced little by little the Huguenots of my kingdom, was not to have pursued them by any direct severity pointed at them."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is a remarkable instance of an author nearly lost to the nation; she is only known to posterity by a chance publication, for such were her famous Turkish letters; the manuscript of which her family once purchased with an intention to suppress, but they were frustrated by a transcript. The more recent letters were reluctantly extracted out of the family trunks, and surrendered in exchange for certain family documents which had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relatives, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope. The greater part of her epistolary correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and Gothic lady spared, was suppressed by that hereditary austerity of rank, of which her family was too susceptible. The entire correspondence of this admirable writer, and studious woman—for once, in perusing some unpublished letters of Lady Mary, I discovered that "she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years"—would undoubtedly have exhibited a fine statue, instead of the torso we now possess; and we might have lived with her ladyship, as we do with Madame de Sévigné. This I have mentioned elsewhere; but I have since dis-

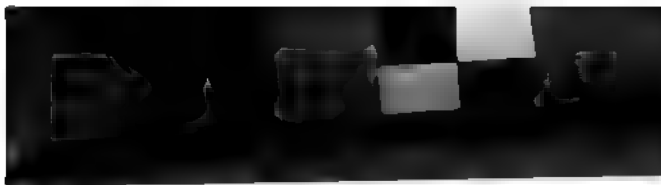
covered that a considerable correspondence of Lady Mary's, for more than twenty years, with the widow of Col. Forrester, who had retired to Rome, has been stifled in the birth. These letters, with other mss. of Lady Mary's, were given by Mrs. Forrester to Philip Thicknesse, with a discretionary power to publish. They were held as a great acquisition by Thicknesse and his bookseller; but when they had printed off the first thousand sheets, there were parts which they considered might give pain to some of the family. Thicknesse says, "Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all her letters were loaded with a scrap or two of poetry at him."* A negotiation took place with an agent of Lord Bute's—after some time Miss Forrester put in her claims for the mss.—and the whole terminated, as Thicknesse tells us, in her obtaining a pension, and Lord Bute all the mss.

The late Duke of Bridgewater, I am informed, burnt many of the numerous family papers, and bricked up a quantity, which, when opened after his death, were found to have perished. It is said he declared that he did not choose that his ancestors should be traced back to a person of a mean trade, which it seems might possibly have been. The loss now cannot be appreciated; but unquestionably, stores of history, and, perhaps, of literature, were sacrificed. Milton's manuscript of *Comus* was published from the Bridgewater collection, for it had escaped the bricking up!

Manuscripts of great interest are frequently suppressed from the shameful indifference of the possessors.

Mr. Mathias, in his Essay on Gray, tells us, that "in addition to the valuable manuscripts of Mr. Gray, there is reason to think that there were some other papers, *folia Sibyllæ*, in the possession of Mr. Mason; but though a very diligent and anxious inquiry has been made after them, they cannot be discovered since his death. There was, however, one fragment, by Mr. Mason's own description of it, of very great value, namely, "The plan of an intended speech in Latin on his appointment as Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge." Mr. Mason says, "Immediately on his appointment, Mr. Gray sketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration speech; in which, after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary studies requisite, such as ancient history, geography, chronology, &c., he descended to the authentic sources of the science, such as public treaties, state-records, private correspondence of ambassadors, &c. He also wrote the exordium of this thesis, not, indeed, so correct as to be given by way of fragment, but so spirited in point of sentiment, as leaves it much to be regretted that he did not proceed to its conclusion." This fragment cannot now be found; and after so very interesting a description of its value, and of its importance, it is difficult to conceive how Mr. Mason could prevail upon himself to withhold it. If there be a subject on which more, perhaps, than on any other, it would have been peculiarly desirable to know, and to follow the train of the ideas of Gray,

* There was one passage he recollected—"Just left my bed a lifeless trunk, and scarce a dreaming head!"



it is that of modern history, in which no man was more intimately, more accurately, or more enthusiastically conversant than our poet. A sketch or plan from his hand, on the subjects of history, and on those which belonged to it, might have taught succeeding ages how to conduct their important researches with national advantage, and, like some wand of divination, it might have

"Pointed to beds where sovereign gold-dust grew—
Devils."

I suspect that I could point out the place in which these precious "lines sublime" of Gray's lie interred; it would no doubt be found among other sublime treasures of Bacon, of which there are two large boxes, which he left to the care of his executors. These gentlemen, as I am informed, are so extremely careful of them, as to have repeatedly counted the importance of some boxes of literature, whose curiosity has been aroused by the secreted treasures. It is a misfortune which has frequently attended this sort of bequests of literary men, that they have left their manuscripts, like their household furniture, and in several cases we find that many legacies conceive that all manuscripts are either to be burnt, like obsolete receipts, or to be nailed down in a box, that they may not stir a hair.

In a manuscript copy of the same, I find that Sir Richard Baker, the author of a chronicle, for which he was made popular one, died in the Fleet, and that his son-in-law, who had all his papers, burnt them for waste-paper; and he said, that "he thought for Richard's life was among them." An autobiography of those days which we should now highly prize.

Among these mutilations of manuscripts we cannot too strongly reiterate with them who have the care of the works of others, and convert them into a vehicle for their own particular purposes, even when they run directly counter to the knowledge and opinions of the original writer. Ward was the late of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr Fell undertook to have his history of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a pious dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr Fell, delighted to alter it the more, while the greater executioner superintending the printed sheets, by "correcting, altering, or destroying out what he pleased," compelled the writer publicly to disown his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mango Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolition of the slave-trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed.

PARODIES.

A lady of her own celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our opponents) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant

poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagem lasted, till at length she apologized to the nervous bard for inviting him when his much-undervalued was to his present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that parodists must necessarily be malicious, and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears. Man may well be deemed a mimetic animal. The African boy who mimicked the whole tribe he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the surfer who had sold him at the slave-market a few days before, could have had no sense of irony, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonations which had forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that intricate monologue, no more than the translation of Virgil by Beattie and Cotton, their authors were never so guilty as to say that. We have parodies on the Psalms by Luther, Dodder parodied the book of Chronicles, and Franklin's most beautiful story of Abraham is a parody on the Scripture-style; not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals, some malignity in the application was all that they intended. The lady-critic alluded to had suffered by a panic, in imagining that a parody was necessarily a corrosive satire. Had she indeed proceeded one step further, and asserted that parodies might be caused among the most malicious intentions in literature in such parodies as Colman and Lloyd made on Gray's ode, in their ode to "Obituary and (Hiccupity," her readings possibly might have supplied the materials of the present research.

Parodies were frequently practised by the ancients, and with them, like ourselves, consisted of a work grafted on another work, but which turned on a different subject by a slight change of the expressions. It might be a sport of fancy, the innocent child of mirth, or a satirical arrow drawn from the quiver of caustic criticism, or it was that malignant art which only studies to make the original of the parody, however beautiful, contemptible and ridiculous. Human nature thus enters into the composition of parodies, and these variable character originates in the purpose of their application.

There is in "the medium" a natural taste for farce after tragedy, and they gladly relieve themselves by mitigating the solemn seriousness of the tragic drama, for they said, as one of them told us, that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and if this taste be condemned by the higher order of intellectual persons, and a critic said he would prefer to have his farce played before the tragedy, the taste for parody would be still among them, for whatever tends to level a

work of genius is usually very agreeable to a great number of contemporaries. In the history of parodies, some of the learned have noticed a supposititious circumstance, which it is not improbable happened, for it is a very natural one. When the rhapsodist, who strolled from town to town to chant different fragments of the poems of Homer, and had recited some, they were immediately followed by another set of strollers—buffoons, who made the same audience merry by the burlesque turn which they gave to the solemn strains which had just so deeply engaged their attention. It is supposed that we have one of these travesties of the Iliad in one Stesichorus, who succeeded in only changing the measure of the verses without altering the words, which entirely disgusted the Homeric character, fragments of which are scattered in Dionysius Halicarnassensis, which I leave to the curiosity of the learned Grecian.⁴ Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, a learned critic, the elder Hermias, asserts, was not written by the poet, but is a parody on the poem. It is evidently as good-humoured an one as any in the "Rejected Addresses." And it was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was more susceptible of the playful humour of the parody, unless the prototype is familiar to us, is parody is nothing.⁵ Of these parodies of Homer we may regret the loss of one, *Timon of Phlius*, whose parodies were termed *Silli*, from *Silurus* being their chief personage, he levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age; his invective is grafted on the opening of the Iliad, to recount the evil-doings of those huffers, whom he compares to those bugs in which *Aleius* deposited all his wealth, balloons inflated with empty ideas. We should like to have appropriated some of these *silli*, or parodies of *Timon of the Sillograph*, which, however, seem to have been at times calamitous.⁶ *Shenstone's* "School Mistress," and some few other ludicrous poems, derive much of their merit from parody.

This taste for parodies was very prevalent with the Greeks, and is a species of humour which perhaps has been too rarely practised by the moderns. Certainly has some passages of this nature in his parodies of the old chivalric romances, Fielding in some parts of his *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*, in his burlesque poetical descriptions, and Swift in his "Ballad of Books," and "Tale of a Tub;" but few writers have equalled the delicacy and felicity of Pope's parodies in the "Rape of the Lock." Such parodies give refinement to burlesque.

The ancients made a liberal use of it in their satirical comedy, and sometimes carried it on through an entire work, as in the *Menippean satire*, Seneca's mock *Stages* of *Claudius*, and

⁴ Henry Stephens appears next to have started this subject of parody, whose researches have been borrowed by the Abbe Salter, as I am in my turn occasionally indebted to Salter. His little dissertation is in the French Academy's *Memoirs*, tome vi. 368.

⁵ See a specimen in *Aulus Gellius*, where this parodist reproaches Plato for having given a high price for a book, whence he drew his noble dialogue of the *Timæus*. Lib. iii. c. 17.

Lucian in his Dialogues. There are parodies even in Plato; and an anecdotal one recorded of this philosopher shows them in their most simple state. Dismantled with his own poetical essays, he threw them into the flames, that is, the sage renounced to sacrifice his verses to the god of fire; and in repeating that line in Homer where *Thetis* addresses *Vulcan* to improve his aid, the application became a parody, although it required no other change than the insertion of the philosopher's name instead of the goddess's.⁷

"Vulcan, arme!" "as Plato claims thy aid!"

Boileau affords a happy instance of this simple parody. Corneille, in his *Cid*, makes one of his personages remark,

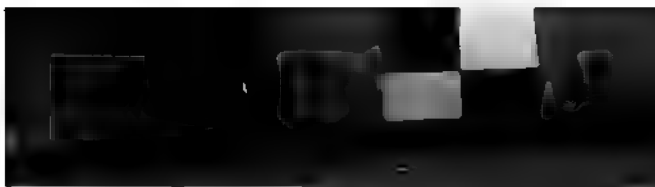
"Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes."

A slight alteration became a fine parody in Boileau's "Chaplain Dacul,"

"Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils se trompent en vers comme les autres hommes."

We find in Athenians the name of the inventor of a species of parody which more intimately engages our notice DRAMATIC PARODIES. It appears this invention was a natural, so that the lady-critic, whose opinion we had the honour of noticing, would be warranted in appealing to its origin to determine the nature of the thing. A dramatic parody, which produced the greatest effect, was "the *Gigantomachia*," as appears by the only circumstance known of it. Never laughed the Athenians so heartily as at its representation, for the fatal news of the deplorable state to which the affairs of the republic were reduced in Sicily arrived at its first representation—and the Athenians continued laughing to the end! as the modern Athenians, the volatile *Parriani*, might in their national concern of an *opéra comique*. It was the humour of the dramatic parody to turn the solemn tragedy, which the audience had just seen exhibited, into a farcical comedy; the same actors who had appeared in magnificent dresses, now returned on the stage in grotesque habitments, with odd postures and gestures, while the story, though the same, was incongruous and ludicrous. The *Cyriops* of Euripides is probably the only remaining specimen, for this may be considered as a parody of the ninth book of the *Odyssey* the adventures of *Ulysses* in the cave of *Polyphemus*, where *Silenus* and a chorus of satyrs are farcically introduced, to contrast with the grave narrative of Homer, of the shifts and escape of the cunning man "from the one-eyed ogre." The jokes are too coarse for the French taste of *Brumey*, who, in his translation, goes on with a critical growl and

⁷ See Sponheim, *Les Cœurs de l'Empereur Julien* in his "Preuves," Remarque B. Salter judiciously observes, "Il peut nous donner une juste idée de cette sorte d'ouvrage, mais nous ne serons pas précisément en quel terme il a été composé;" no more truly than the Iliad itself!



fondish apology for Euripides having written a farce. Brumor, like Plato, is forced to eat his onion, but with a worse grace, wallowing and execrating to the end.

In dramatic composition, Aristophanes is perpetually hankering in parodies of Euripides, whom of all poets he hated, as well as of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and other tragic bards. Since that Grecian wit, at length, has found a translator saturated with his genius, and an interpreter as philosophical, the subject of Grecian parody will probably be reflected in a clearer light from his researches.

Dramatic parodies in modern literature were introduced by our various neighbours, and may be said to constitute a class of literary satires peculiar to the French nation. What had occurred in Greece a similar galaxy of national genius unconsciously reproduced. The dramatic parodies in our own literature, as in "The Rehearsal," "Tom Thumb," and "The Critic," however exquisite, are confined to particular passages, and are not grafted on a whole original; we have neither assimilated the dramatic parody into a species, nor dedicated to it the honors of a separate theatre.

This peculiar dramatic satire, a burlesque of an entire tragedy, the volatile genius of the Parisians accomplished. Whenever a new tragedy, which still continues the favorite species of drama with the French, attracted the notice of the town, shortly after appeared its parody at the Italian theatre. A French tragedy is most susceptible of this sort of ridicule, by applying its declamatory style, its exaggerated sentiments, and its romantic out-of-the-way nature to the commonplace incidents and persons of domestic life; out of the stuff of which they made their emperors, their heroes, and their princes, they cut out a pompous country justice, a doctering tailor, or an impudent manna-maker; but it was not merely this travesty of great personages, nor the lofty effusions of one in a lonely station, which terminated the object of parody; it intended a better object, that of more obviously exposing the original for any absurdity in its scenes, or in its catastrophe, and directing faulty characters, in a word, critically weighing the nonsense of the poet. It sometimes became a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice. It was, too, a severe touchstone for genius. Racine, some say, smiled, others say he did not, when he witnessed Marivaux, in the language of Titus to Berenice, declaiming on some ludicrous affair to Columbine; La Motte was very sore, and Voltaire and others shrunk away with a cry—from a parody! Voltaire was angry when he witnessed his *Mariamne* parodied by *La mortelle Ménage*, or "Bad Housekeeping." The aged, jealous Herod was turned into an old cron country justice, Varus, beset by Mariamne, straited a dragon, and the whole establishment showed it was under very bad management. Fuzetier condemned some of these parodies,⁹ and not unreasonably defends their nature and their

object against the protest of La Motte, whose tragedies had severely suffered from these burlesques. His celebrated domestic tragedy of *Ines de Castro*, the fabric of which turns on a concealed and clandestine marriage, produced one of the happiest parodies in *Agnes de Chastel*. In the parody the cause of the mysterious obstinacy of Perrot the son, in persisting to refuse the hand of the daughter of his mother-in-law Madame le Sauteur, is thus discovered by her to Monsieur le Bailly—

"Mon mari, pour le coup j'ai découvert l'affaire,
Ne vous étiez plus qu'à son désir contraindre,
Pour ma fille, Perrot, ne montre que mépris
Voilà l'unique objet dont son cœur est épris."
(Parodying *Ines de Castro*.)

The Bailly exclaims,

"Ma servante!"

This single word was the most lively and fatal criticism of the tragic action of *Ines de Castro*, which, according to the conventional decorum and ignominious code of French criticism, greatly violated the subject of Metempsychosis, by giving a motive and an object so totally unwelcome to the tragic tale. In the parody there was something ludicrous when the secret came out which explained poor Perrot's long-continued perplexities, in the most-remote bringing forward a whole legitimate family of her own! La Motte was also galled by a projected parody of his "*Machabée*"—where the holy marriage of the young Machabée, and the sudden conversion of the amorous Antigone, who, for her first parental act, persuaded a youth to marry her, without her deigning to consult her respectable mother, would have produced an excellent scene for the parody. But La Motte pressed an angry preface to his *Ines de Castro*; he inveighed against all parodies, which he meant to be merely a French fashion (we have seen, however, that it was once Grecian), the offspring of a dangerous spirit of ridicule, and the malicious ornament of superficial minds.

"Were this true," retorts Fuzetier, "we ought to detest parodies; but we maintain, that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, parody will only strike at what is chimerical and false, it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common sense, and truth? After all," he ingeniously adds, "it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these rhapsodies, for they are usually but the echoes of the pit, and we parodists have only to give a dramatic form to the opinions and observations we hear. Many tragedies," Fuzetier, with admirable truth observes, "disguise vice into virtue, and virtues imitate them." We have had tragedies recently which very much required parodies to expose them, and to shame our inconsiderate audiences, who patronized these monuments of false pomposity. The faults and humors of some of these might have produced, with little or no alteration of the inflated originals, "A Modern Rehearsal," or a new "Tragedy for Warm Weather."

Of parodies, we may safely suppose of their

⁹ Les Parodies du Nouveau Théâtre Italien, 4 vol. 1738. Observations sur la Comédie et sur le Genre de Mélière, par Louis Riccoboni. Liv. 10.

[illegible]

ANECDOTES OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

Parents are interested in the metaphysical discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts an aptitude to the individual for the pursuit more than for another. What Lord Shaftesbury calls not innate, but connatural qualities of the human character, was, during the latter part of the last century, entirely rejected; but of late there appears a tendency to return to the notion consecrated by antiquity. Experience will often correct modern hypothesis. The term "predisposition" may be objectionable, as are all terms which pretend to describe the secret operations of Nature—and at present we have no other!

* Beattie on Poetry and Music, p. 111.

"A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see," the orator pathetically concluded,—"how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!"

In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Mathews, archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness: "My lord," said the archbishop, "I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons: one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit." "Your case," replied Lord Fairfax, "is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the Inns of Court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law." The relator of this anecdote adds, "This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related." The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax—and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax the son of this Lord Ferdinando, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, "Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but a mere coward! All the good I expect is from thee!" It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconcerted to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family: having missed of one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements, on his grandson, Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of anything better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told, in the life of John Angier the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. "Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards." This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determinate regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the con-natural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shared alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits: either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the "predisposition" of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating, and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful: the one persevering in examination; the other rapid in results: the one unexhausted by labour; the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuit: the one logical, historical, and critical; the other having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and

it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories.*

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A STROKE of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden, when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! "When I have a grand design," says he, "I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly!" Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as "an excellent recipe for writing." Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body!

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man; the laws which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in "dust to dust;" the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr. Gregory, in his lectures "on the duties and qualifications of a physician," that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as an union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult, while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspond-

*I have arranged many facts, connected with the present subject, in the fifth chapter of what I have written on "The Literary Character" in the enlarged edition of 1828.

ence of parts seemingly unconnected, as a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers, the one having the care of our external organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the inorganic substance as forming a part of our own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal disarrangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. The state of the body, called the *Agens*, is a disorder in which the *Indus* are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a bath to her unknown complaints, then he found no difficulty to do, as he is a sturdy devotee of the materiality of our nature, he declared that her disorder was *artificial*. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was starting on her mind, and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to remove her to her half-lost reason. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overladen, as spring than in winter, in solitude than amidst company, and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on, and reacts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams pour us with images of our reason, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes, and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be realized with "the blue pill," or any other in vogue. Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our livers and digestive organs, and the best disturbance of civilized life may be more easily cured by the physician than by the mother, for a woman supplied with more art in directing a sharp medicine. The learned Gooden, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself "professor of the puerum," gives the case of a lady of an indomitable constitution, whom her husband, unknown to himself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum, he phobosom. Her complexion, cooled, lost the ruddy, which some, perhaps, had too sincerely admired for the repair of her corporeal physician.

The art of curing mental disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some great name of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse "on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application to the body." Descartes anticipated, that as the mind within is dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if our frame can be found to render men worse and more savage than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the same source of disorder. The sciences of physics and metaphysics will therefore be found to have a more intimate connexion than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man could have retained dis-

position towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the body, as well as to a bad education.

There are, unquestionably, constitutional mental disorders, more gross-tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged, that they cannot avoid their fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered "from a child." If they were then so great a failure of the blood, it is not cruel to suppose rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and then giving the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being subjected to a sedation being, might have opiate prescribed; for in having him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their reason, and lost their bewitching passion. Bulimonia was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices, "was happily performed in England." With the circumstance this cure of rheumatism affords to I am unacquainted, but the extraordinary practice of certain known to the Kahun, in one of the tales of Pagan. We had a mad doctor of Madon, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demons in a certain manner. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high walled court yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a post in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed they needed required. If their bodies pain they appear to have forgot their mischiefs, thus by the severity of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses. A physician has informed me of a remarkable case, a lady with a disordered mind retired on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum, she closed her curtains on the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and suffered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding the incredible dose she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and she was recovered her life, but, what is more extraordinary, her perfect reason. The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and rebukes in such cases, if there seem to produce a permanent cure have only moved the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate their evils. The vices are the garden for the physician to enter into the mind,

to keep it in shape. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organization. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupified when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the *ventricles*; he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous system is too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a difficulty in naming them; if you heighten his sensations, you smother new ideas in the stopped being, and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be possessed to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in our harmonious accord. Prescribe the bath, frictions, and stimulations, and though it seems a roundabout way, you get at the brain by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician directed his dose quantity of wine, and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a dream of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited tears for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. "What is this brain, of which men appear so vain?" exclaims Pythagoras. "If considered according to its nature, it is a few inches in length and an accident must be able to put out, it is a delicate temperament which soon grows disordered, a happy combination of organs, which wear out, a combination and a certain reason of the spirit, which exhaust themselves in the mind, body and the most subtle part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the body."

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such powers to their system of diet, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cato perhaps imagined more than he experienced, but Apollonius Tereus, when he had the credit of building an intercourse with the dead, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation by attributing his clear and present vision of things to the light ailments he had on, never indulging in a variety of food. "The mode of life has produced such a propensity in my ideas, that I see so in a glass things past and future." We may, therefore, agree with Socrates that "for a woman to Amanda, and the like, stowed prison only" might be sufficient but for "a grand design," nothing less than a more formal and formidable diet.

Camus, a French physician, who combined literature with a science, the author of "Abolition, or the Art of Commuting," which he discovered in colour and temperature produced another literary work, written in 1855, "La Médecine de l'Esprit." His conjecture of cause are at least as numerous as his more positive facts, for he is not content to enquire how the mind is that having reflected on the physical causes, which, by difference modifying the body, saved also the dependence of the mind, he was convinced that by employing these different causes, or by uniting

these powers by art, we might be means purely mechanical affect the human mind, and convert the information of the understanding and the will be considered this principle only as the source of a brighter day. The great difficulty to overcome was to find out a method to treat the defects, or the diseases of the soul, in the same manner as physicians cure a fluxion from the lungs, a dysentery, a dropsy, and all other infirmities, which were only in attack the body. This indeed, he says, is enlarging the domain of medicine, by showing how the functions of the intellect and the springs of volition are mechanical. The movements and passions of the soul, formerly restricted to abstract reasonings, are by this system reduced to simple ideas. Assuming that material causes move the soul and body to act together, the defects of the intellectual operations depend on those of the organization, which may be altered or destroyed by physical causes, and he properly adds, that we are to consider that the soul is material, because while existing in matter, it is operated on by matter. Such is the theory of "La Médecine de l'Esprit," which, though physicians will never quote, may perhaps contain some facts worth their attention.

Camus's two first volumes were to have been preceded by a medical discourse delivered in the Academy of Dijon in 1798, where the orator compared the information and action of the mind to parallel diseases of the body. We may wish to consider some infirmities and passions of the mind as diseases, and could they be treated as we do the bodily ones, to which they bear an affinity, that would be the great triumph of "minds and medicine." The passions of a wife resemble the third of dropsical patients; that of envy is a swelling fever; love is often frenzy; and vapours and sudden raptures, epileptic fits. There are mental disorders which at times equal the epidermal maladies through tumours, and growths, and even cancers. There are hereditary vices and infirmities transmitted from the parent's mind as there are unquestionably such diseases of the body. The son of a father of a hot and irritable temperament inherits the same quickness and warmth; a daughter is often a counterpart of her mother. Morality, could it be treated medically, would require its prescriptions, as all diseases have their specific remedies; the great secret is perhaps discovered by Camus—that of operating on the mind by means of the body.

A recent writer seems to have been struck by these curious analogies. Dr. Martini, in his work on "Sound Mind, over p. 90," there seems to be a considerable similarity between the medical state of the instrument of voluntary motion (that is, the body), and certain affections of the mental powers (that is, the mind). Thus, paralysis has its counterpart in the defect of recollection where the utmost endeavour to remember is ineffectually exerted. Ferocity may be compared with incapacity of feeling the difference, and the involuntary state of muscles ordinarily subjected to the will, also finds a parallel where the mind knows no influence in the brain of thought, and becomes subject to spontaneous intrusions, as may be exemplified in reveries, dreaming, and other species of madness.

Thus one philosopher discovers the analogue of the mind with the body, and another of the body with the mind. Can we now hesitate to believe that such analogies exist—and advancing one step further, trace in this reciprocal influence that a part of the soul is the body, as the body becomes a part of the soul? The most important truth remains undiscovered, and ever will in this mental pharmacy, but none is more clear than that which led to the view of this subject, that in this mutual intercourse of body and mind the superior is often governed by the inferior, others think the mind is more widely outrageous than the body. Plotarch, in his essays, has a familiar illustration, which he borrows from some philosopher more ancient than himself: "Should the body see the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a common drunkard to its landlord." The age of Cherebourg did not foresee the hint of Descartes and the discovery of Camus, that by medicine we may alterate or remove the disorder of the mind, a practice which indeed has not yet been pursued by physicians, though the moralists have been often struck by the close analogue of the Mind with the Body.

PSALM-SINGING.

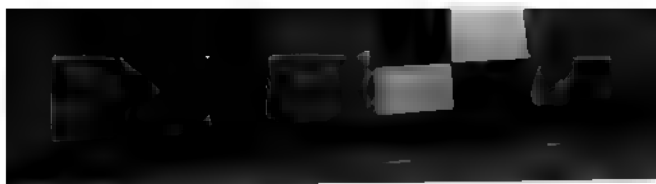
THE history of Psalm-singing is a portion of the history of the Reformation; of that great religious revolution which separated the east, into two unequal divisions, the great establishment of Christians. It has not perhaps been remarked, that Psalm-singing, or metrical Psalms, degenerated into three wretched compositions which, under the abused title of hymns, are now used by some men. There are evidently the last disorders of that system of Psalm-singing which made some religious persons early appear in practice. Even Sternhold and Hopkins, our first Psalm-singers, says Samuel Fuller, "found their work afterwards met with some favour in the faces of great church men." To this day these opinions are not abandoned. Archbishop Leake observes, that though the new Christians from this passage in James i. 15, "Is any man?" let him sing Psalms," made singing a constant part of their worship, and the whole congregation joined in it, yet afterwards the singers by profession, who had been previously appointed to lead and direct them, in degrees lost even the whole performance. But in the Reformation the people were restored to their rights." This revolutionary style is singular one might infer by the expression of the people being restored to their rights, that a mixed assembly pouring out confused tones, nasal, guttural, and stilted, was a more orderly government of Psalms than when the executive power was consigned to the voices of those whom the archbishop had justly derided in having been not previously appointed to lead and direct them, and who, by

their subsequent proceedings, evidently discovered, what they might have easily conjectured, that such an universal suffrage, where every man was to have a voice, must necessarily end in chaos and clamour.

Thomas Warton, who regards the metrical Psalms of Sternhold as a puritanic invention, asserts, that notwithstanding it is used in three liturgies that they are "not forth and allowed to be sung in all churches," they were never admitted by lawful authority. They were first introduced by the Puritans, and afterwards censured by condescension. As a good poetical antiquary, Thomas Warton condemns any modernisation of the venerable text of old Sternhold and Hopkins, which, by changing children for familiar words, destroys the texture of the original style, and many stanzas, already too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that soft and almost only strength and support which they derived from ancient phrases. "Such alterations, even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to improve, and exhibit a motley performance, bringing to no character of writing, and which contains more impropriety than those which it pretends to remove." This forcible criticism is worthy of our poetical antiquary, the same feeling was experienced by Piquet, when blown in his *Reformation* of the Roman de la Rose, left some of the obsolete phrase, while he got rid of others, *cette Reformation de langage* was *et moderne*, even with him wrong no language at all. The same circumstance occurred abroad when they resorted to research and modernise the old French metrical version of the Psalms, which we are about to notice. It produced the same confusion, and the same dissatisfaction. The church of Geneva adopted an improved version, but the charm of the old one was wanting.

To trace the history of metrical Psalms, it is odd, that we must have recourse to Boile, who, as a more better historian, has accidentally preserved it. The invention was a celebrated French poet; and the invention, though perhaps in its very origin including two words the above to which it was afterwards carried, was unexpectedly adopted by the austere Calvin, and introduced into the Geneva discipline. It is indeed strange, that while he was stripping religion not merely of its pageantry, but even of its decent ceremonies, that this brilliant reformer should have introduced this taste for singing Psalms in opposition to reading Psalms. "On a parallel principle," says Thomas Warton, "and if any artificial aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at least have retained the use of pictures in the church." But it was decreed that statues should be mutilated of "their fair proportion," and painted glass be dashed into pieces, while the congregation were to sing! Calvin sought for purification among "the rabble of a republic, who can have no relief by the more elegant external." But to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and merry or sad, on all occasions to lull the ear with rhymes and touch the heart with emotion, was betraying an ignorant knowledge of human nature.

* It would be polluting these pages with ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, were I to give specimens of some hymns of the Methodists and the Baptists, and some of the still lower sects.



It seems, however, that this project was adopted accidentally, and was certainly promoted by the fine natural genius of Clement Marot, the favoured hand of Francis the First, that "Prince of Poets, and that Poet of Princes," as he was quaintly but expressively dignified by his contemporaries. Marot is still an imitable and true poet, for he has written in a manner of his own with such marked felicity, that he has left his name to a style of poetry called *Marotique*. The original La Fontaine is his imitator. Marot delighted in the very forms of poetry, as well as its subjects and its manner. His life, indeed, took more shapes, and indulged in more poetical licences, than even his poetry licentious in morals, often in prison, or at court, or in the army, or a fugitive, he has left in his numerous little poems many a curious record of his variegated existence. He was indeed very far from being devout, when his friend, the learned Vatable the Hebrew professor, probably to reclaim a perpetual sinner from profane rhymes, for Marot was suspected of heresy, (conclusion and meagre days being his abhorrence,) suggested the new project of translating the Psalms into French verse, and no doubt assisted the hand; for they are said to be "traduits en rythme Français selon la vérité Hébraïque." The famous Theodore Beza was also his friend and prompter, and afterwards his continuator. Marot published fifty-two Psalms, written in a variety of measures, with the same style he had done his *biens* and *rondeaux*. He dedicated to the king of France, comparing him with the royal Hebrew, and with a French compliment!

Dieu le donne aux peuples Hébraïques
Dieu te donne, ce poëme, aux Galloques.

He insinuates that in his version he had received assistance

"— par les divins esprits
Qui ont sous toi Hébreu langage appris,
Nous sont jettés les Pseaumes en lumière
Clairs, et au sein de la forme première."

This royal dedication is more solemn than usual; yet Marot, who was never grave but in prison, soon recovered from this dedication to the king, for on turning the leaf we find another, "Aux Dames de France." Warton says of Marot, that "He seems anxious to deprecate the railery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed to find an apology for turning saint." His embarrassments, however, terminate in a highly poetical fancy. When will the golden age be restored? exclaims this lady's Psalmist,

"Quand n'aurons plus de cours de lieu
Les chansons de ce petit Dieu
A qui les peintres font des ailes?
O vous dames et demoiselles
Que Dieu fait pour être son temple
Et faites, sous mauvais exemple
Retentir et chambres et sales,
De chansons mondaines ou sales," &c.

Knowing, continues the poet, that songs that are silent about love can never please you, here are some composed by love itself; all here is love, but more than mortal! Sing these at all times,

"Et les concertin et muer
Faisant vos levres remuer,
Et vos doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire saintes chançonnettes."

Marot then breaks forth with that enthusiasm, which perhaps at first conveyed to the sullen fancy of the austere Calvin the project he so successfully adopted, and whose influence we are still witnessing:

"O bien heureux qui voir pourra
Pleurir le temps, que l'onorra
Le labourcur à sa charue
Le charretier parmi la rue,
Et l'artisan en sa boutique
Avecques un Pseaume ou cantique,
En son labeur se soulager;
Heureux quiorra le berger
Et la bergère en bois estans
Faire que rochers et estangs
Après eux chantent la hauteur
Du saint nom de leur Createur.
Commencez, dames, commencez
Le siècle doré! avancez!
En chantant d'un cœur debonnaire
Dedans ce saint cancionnaire."

Thrice happy they, who may behold,
And listen, in that age of gold!
As by the plough the labourer strays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesman in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil; again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain!
Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
In many a tender Psalmody,
And the Creator's name prolong
As rock and stream return their song!
Begin then, ladies fair! begin
The age renew'd that knows no sin!
And with light heart, that wants no wing,
Sing! from this holy song-book, sing!

This "holy song-book" for the harpsichord or the voice was a gay novelty, and no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's "Psalms." In the fervour of that day, they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses, but as they were understood to be songs, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favourite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads. Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song, which expressed his own personal feelings, adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry II., a great hunter, when he went to the chase was singing *Ainsi qu'on voit le cerf bruyre*. "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks." There is a curious portrait of the mistress of Henry, the famous Diane de Poitiers, recently published, on which is inscribed this *verse* of the psalm. On a portrait which exhibits Diane in an attitude rather unsuitable to so solemn an application, no reason could be found to account for this discordance; perhaps the painter, or the lady herself, chose to adopt the favourite psalm of her royal lover, proudly to designate the object of her love, besides its double allusion to her name. Diane, however, in the first stage of their mutual

attachment, took *Du fond de ma pensée*, or, "From the depth of my heart." The Queen's favourite was,

*Ne vueilles pas, o sire,
Me reprendre en ton ire;*

that is, "Rebuke me not in thy indignation," which she sung to a fashionable jig. Antony, king of Navarre, sung, *Revenge moy prens la querelle*, or, "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel," to the air of a dance of Poitou.* We may conceive the ardour with which this novelty was received, for Francis sent to Charles the Fifth Marot's collection, who both by promises and presents encouraged the French hard to proceed with his version, and entreated Marot to send him as soon as possible *Confitemini Domino, quoniam bonus*, because it was his favourite Psalm. And the Spanish as well as French composers hastened to set the psalms of Marot to music. The fashion lasted; for Henry the Second set one to an air of his own composing. Catharine de Medicis had her psalm, and it seems that every one at court adopted some particular psalm for themselves, which they often played on lutes and guitars, &c. Singing psalms in verse was then one of the chief ingredients in the happiness of social life.

The universal reception of Marot's Psalms induced Theodore Beza to conclude the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. But these had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told, they were "admirably fitted to the violin and other musical instruments." And who was the man who had thus adroitly taken hold of the public feeling to give it this strong direction? It was the solitary Thaumaturgus, the ascetic Calvin, who, from the depth of his closet at Geneva, had engaged the finest musical composers, who were, no doubt, warmed by the zeal of propagating his faith, to form these simple and beautiful airs to assist the Psalm-singers. At first this was not discovered, and Catholics, as well as Huguenots, were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these psalms, as set to music, to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all psalm-singing for the poor Catholics! Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and psalm-singing became an open declaration of what the French call "Lutheranism," when it became with the reformed a regular part of their religious discipline. The Cardinal of Lorraine succeeded in persuading the lovely patroness of the "holy Song-book," Diane de Poitiers, who at first was a psalm-singer and an heretical reader of the Bible, to discountenance this new fashion. He began by finding fault with the Psalms of David, and revived the amatory elegancies of Horace: at that moment even the reading of the Bible was symptomatic of Lutheranism; Diane, who had given way to these

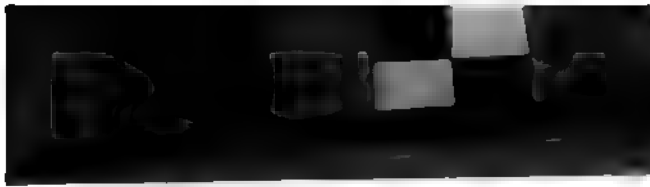
* As Warton has partly drawn from the same source, I have adopted his own words whenever I could. It is not easy to write after Thomas Warton whenever he is pleased with his subject.

novelties, would have a French Bible, because the Queen, Catharine de Medicis, had one, and the Cardinal finding a Bible on her table, immediately crossed himself, beat his breast, and otherwise so well acted his part, that "having thrown the Bible down and condemned it, he remonstrated with the fair penitent, that it was a kind of reading not adapted for her sex, containing dangerous matters; if she was uneasy in her mind she should hear two masses instead of one, and rest content with her Pater-nosters and her Primer, which were not only devotional, but ornamented with a variety of elegant forms from the most exquisite pencils of France." Such is the story drawn from a curious letter, written by a Huguenot, and a former friend of Catharine de Medicis, and by which we may infer that the reformed religion was making considerable progress in the French court,—had the Cardinal of Lorraine not interfered by persuading the mistress, and she the king, and the king his queen at once to give up psalm-singing and reading the Bible!

"This infectious frenzy of psalm-singing," as Warton describes it, under the Calvinistic preachers had rapidly propagated itself through Germany as well as France. It was admirably calculated to kindle the flame of fanaticism, and frequently served as the trumpet to rebellion. These energetic hymns of Geneva excited and supported a variety of popular insurrections in the most flourishing cities of the Low Countries, and what our poetical antiquary could never forgive, "fomented the fury which delaced many of the most beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders."

At length it reached our island at that critical moment when it had first embraced the Reformation; and here its domestic history was parallel with its foreign, except, perhaps, in the splendour of its success. Sternhold, an enthusiast for the reformation, was much offended, says Warton, at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable design to check these indecencies, he undertook to be our Marot—without his genius; "thinking thereby," says our cynical literary historian, Antony Wood, "that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, but did not, only some few excepted." They were practised by the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth; for Shakespeare notices the Puritan of his day "singing psalms to horn-pipes,"* and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said "were too good for the devil." Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayors'

* Mr. Douce imagines that this alludes to a common practice at that time among the Puritans of *burlesquing the plain chant* of the Papists, by adapting vulgar and ludicrous music to psalms and pious compositions. *Illustr. of Shakespeare*, I. 355. My idea differs; the intention was, that which induced Sternhold to versify the Psalms, to be sung instead of lascivious ballads; and the most popular tunes were afterwards adopted, that the singer might practise his favourite tune.



RIDICULOUS TITLES ASSUMED BY THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES. 355

dimers and city beams, seldom using them on their march and at parade, and few houses, which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening parlors; for a story has come down to us, to record that the historical bourgeoisie did not always care to wear when they were heard!

OF THE RIDICULOUS TITLES ASSUMED BY THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

The Italians are a fanciful people, who have often mixed a grain or two of phantasy and even of folly with their wisdom. This fanciful character betrays itself in their architecture, in their poetry, in their contemporary comedy, and their *l'opéra-comique*, but an instance not yet accounted for of this national art, appears in those denominations of esquisite absurdities given by themselves to their Academies! I have in vain inquired for any assignable reason why the most ingenious men, and grave and illustrious personages, cardinals and princes, as well as poets, scholars, and artists, in every literary city, should voluntarily choose to burlesque themselves and their serious occupations, by adopting ridiculous or ludicrous titles, as if it were *carum et bonum*, and they had to support manerado characters, and accepting such titles as we find in the comical of our own vulgar clubs, the Society of "Odd Fellows," and of "Benevolents." A principle so whimsical but inconsistent, must surely have originated in some circumstance not hitherto detected.

A literary board, recently in an Italian city, renowned by the *crackers*, entered a house whose open door and circular seats appeared to offer to passers a refreshing *aperitif*, he discovered, however, that he had got into "the Academy of the Camerata," where they met in delight their brothers, and say "spurio genio" they could not be a revelation. An invitation to join the academy was warmly given, but with some impudent prejudice against these little creatures, social with *crack* and *crack*, and usually with *crack* and *crack* *crack* but, or perhaps for the occasion, he waived all further civility and courtesy, and has returned home without any information how these "Camerata" looked when changing their colours in an "academia."

Such literary institutions, prevalent in Italy, are the spurious remains of those numerous academies which simultaneously started up in that country about the sixteenth century. They assumed the most ridiculous denominations, and a great number is registered by Quadrio and Tirabouchi. Whatever was their design, one cannot fairly reproach them, as Macræus, in his "Charlatanaria Studiorum," seems to have thought, for pompous quackery; neither can we attribute to their madmen their choice of unmeaning titles, for to have degraded their own exalted pursuits was but folly. Literary history affords no parallel in this national absurdity of the reformed Italians. Who could have suspected that the most eminent scholars, and men of genius, were members of the *Chama*, the *Pontifex*, the *Journalist*? Why should Grasse boast of her "sheep," Viorio of her "Omniscient," Berona of her "Temple," her "Blackheads," and her

"Thunderbolt," and Napier of her "Fortress," while Macræus exalts in her "Madmen chained?" Both Quadrio and Tirabouchi cannot deny that these ludicrous titles have accompanied these Italian academies in almost every roll of time in the *atmosphere*, but these sensible humorists are no philosophical thinkers. They apologise for this bad taste, by describing the ardor which was kindled throughout Italy at the restoration of letters and the fine arts, so that every one, and even every man of genius, were eager to enroll their names in these academies, and prided themselves in bearing their emblems, that is, the distinctive arms each academy had chosen. But why did they mystify themselves?

Pelle, once become national, is a virtuous plant, which shoots abundant seed. The consequence of having adopted ridiculous titles for these academies, suggested to them many other characteristic hyperisms. At Florence every brother of the "Umbil" assumed the name of something aquatic, or any quality pertaining to humidity. One was called "the Frog," another "the Damp," one was "the Pike," another "the Swan," and Grassano, the celebrated novelist, is known better by the cognomen of *La Lora*, "the Roach," by which he whimsically designates himself among the "Humids." I find among the *Journalists*, one man of learning taking the name of *Broomus* (*farfante*, another *Taxus* (*farfante*). The famous Florentine academy of *La Crusca*, amidst their grave labours to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into the vortex of folly. Their title, the academy of "Bran" was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting, but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque ceremony of a pantomimical academy, for their furniture consisted of a stool and a basketwork, a pulpit for the reader or a hopper, while the learned director sat on a stool-stone, the other seats have the form of a miller's dormer, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading-trough, and the academician who reads has half his body thrust out of a great hollow sack, with I know not what ring for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of these academies is that "degl' Arcadia" at Rome, who are still carrying on their pretensions much higher. Whoever aspires to be aggregated to these Arcadian shepherds receives a pastoral name and a title, but not the deeds of a farm, picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia or its environs, for Arcadia itself soon became too small a possession for their partitioners of moonshine. Their laws, mediated by the twelve tables of the ancient Romans, their language is the venerable majesty of their renowned *antiquaries*, and this erudite democracy, dating by the Ciceronian Olympiads, which Ciceronian, their best counsellor, or guardian, most painfully adjusted to the vulgar era, were designed that the sacred tradition of antiquity might for ever be preserved among these shepherds. Giddens, in his *Memoria*, has given an amusing account of these humors. He says

* Ciceronian, at the close of "La bellezza della Volgare Poesia," Roma, 1790.

"he was presented with two diplomas; the one was my charter of aggregation to the *Arcadi* of Rome, under the name of *Polisseno*, the other gave me the investiture of the *Phlegean* fields. I was on this saluted by the whole assembly in chorus, under the name of *Polisseno Phlegeio*, and embraced by them as a fellow shepherd and brother. The *Arcadians* are very rich, as you may perceive, my dear reader: we possess estates in Greece; we water them with our labours for the sake of reaping laurels, and the Turks sow them with grain, and plant them with vines, and laugh at both our titles and our songs." When Fontenelle became an Arcadian, they baptized him *Il Pastor Pigrasto*, that is, "amiable Fountain!" allusive to his name and his delightful style; and magnificently presented him with the entire Isle of Delos! The late Joseph Walker, an enthusiast for Italian literature, dedicated his "Memoir on Italian Tragedy" to the Countess Spencer; not inscribing it with his Christian but his heathen name, and the title of his Arcadian estate, *Eubante Tirinzio*! Plain Joseph Walker, in his masquerade dress, with his Arcadian signet of Pan's reeds dangling in his title-page, was performing a character to which however well adapted, not being understood, he got stared at for his affectation! We have lately heard of some licentious revellings of these Arcadians, in receiving a man of genius from our own country, who, himself composing Italian *Rime*, had "conceit" enough to become a shepherd!* Yet let us inquire before we criticise.

Even this ridiculous society of the Arcadians became a memorable literary institution; and Tiraboschi has shown how it successfully arrested the bad taste which was then prevailing throughout Italy, recalling its muses to purer sources; while the lives of many of its shepherds have furnished an interesting volume of literary history under the title of "The illustrious Arcadians." Crescimbeni, and its founders, had formed the most elevated conceptions of the society at its origin; but poetical vaticinators are prophets only while we read their verses—we must not look for that dry matter of fact—the event predicted!

"Il vostro seme eterno
Occuperà la terra, ed i confini
D'Arcadia oltrapassando,
Di non più visti gloriosi germi
L'aureo seconderà lito del Gange
E de' Cimmeri l'infecunde arene."

Mr. Mathias has recently with warmth defended the original *Arcadia*; and the assumed character of its members, which has been condemned as betraying their affectation, he attributes to their modesty. "Before the critics of the *Arcadia* (the *pastori*, as they modestly styled themselves), with Crescimbeni for their conductor, and with the *Adorato Albano* for their patron (Clement XI.), all that was depraved in language, and in sentiment, fled and disappeared."

* History of the Middle Ages, ii. 584. See, also, Mr. Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, vol. i. 204. Mr. Hallam has observed, that "such an institution as the society *degli Arcadi* could at no time have endured public ridicule in England for a fortnight."

The strange taste for giving fantastical denominations to literary institutions grew into a custom, though, probably, no one knew how. The founders were always persons of rank or learning, yet still accident or caprice created the mystifying title, and invented those appropriate emblems, which still added to the folly. The Arcadian society derived its title from a spontaneous conceit. This assembly first held its meetings, on summer evenings, in a meadow on the banks of the Tiber; for the fine climate of Italy promotes such assemblies in the open air. In the recital of an eclogue, an enthusiast, amidst all he was hearing and all he was seeing, exclaimed, "I seem at this moment to be in the Arcadia of ancient Greece, listening to the pure and simple strains of its shepherds." Enthusiasm is contagious amidst susceptible Italians, and this name, by inspiration and by acclamation, was conferred on the society! Even more recently at Florence the *accademia* called the *Colombaria*, or the "Pigeon-house," proves with what levity the Italians name a literary society. The founder was the Cavallero Pazzi, a gentleman, who, like Morose, abhorring noise, chose for his study a garret in his palazzo; it was, indeed, one of the old turrets which had not yet fallen in: there he fixed his library, and there he assembled the most ingenious Florentines to discuss obscure points, and to reveal their own contributions in this secret retreat of silence and philosophy. To get to this cabinet it was necessary to climb a very steep and very narrow staircase, which occasioned some facetious wit to observe, that these literati were so many pigeons who flew every evening to their dove-cote. The Cavallero Pazzi, to indulge this humour, invited them to a dinner entirely composed of their little brothers, in all the varieties of cookery; the members, after a hearty laugh, assumed the title of the *Colombaria*, invented a device consisting of the top of a turret, with several pigeons flying about it, bearing an epigraph from Dante, *Quanto veder si può*, by which they expressed their design not to apply themselves to any single object. Such facts sufficiently prove that some of the absurd or facetious denominations of these literary societies originated in accidental circumstances, or in mere pleasantry; but this will not account for the origin of those mystifying titles we have noticed; for when grave men call themselves dolts or lunatics, unless they are really so, they must have some reason for laughing at themselves.

To attempt to develop this curious but obscure singularity in literary history, we must go farther back among the first beginnings of these institutions. How were they looked on by the governments in which they first appeared? These academies might, perhaps, form a chapter in the history of secret societies, one not yet written, but of which many curious materials lie scattered in history. It is certain that such literary societies, in their first origins, have always excited the jealousy of governments, but more particularly in ecclesiastical Rome, and the rival principalities of Italy. If two great nations, like those of England and France, had their suspicions and fears roused by a select assembly of philosophical men, and either put them down by force, or closely watched them, this will not seem extraordinary in little

despotic states. We have accounts of some philosophical associations at home, which were joined by Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Rawleigh, but which soon got the odium of atheism attached to them; and the establishment of the French Academy occasioned some umbrage, for a year elapsed before the parliament of Paris would register their patent, which was at length accorded by the political Richelieu observing to the president, that "he should like the members according as the members liked him." Thus we have ascertained one principle, that governments in those times looked on a new society with a political glance; nor is it improbable that some of them combined an ostensible with a latent motive.

There is no want of evidence to prove that the modern Romans, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, were too feelingly alive to their obscured glory, and that they too frequently made invidious comparisons of their ancient republic with the pontifical government; to revive Rome, with every thing Roman, inspired such enthusiasts as Rienzi, and charmed the visions of Petrarch. At a period when ancient literature, as if by a miracle, was raising itself from its grave, the learned were agitated by a correspondent energy: not only was an estate sold to purchase a manuscript, but the relic of genius was touched with a religious emotion. The classical purity of Cicero was contrasted with the barbarous idiom of the *Missa*; the glories of ancient Rome with the miserable subjugation of its modern pontiffs; and the metaphysical reveries of Plato, and what they termed the "*Enthusiasmus Alexandrinus*"—the dreams of the Platonists—seemed to the fanciful Italians more elevated than the humble and pure ethics of the Gospels. The vain and amorous Eloisa could even censure the gross manners, as it seemed to her, of the apostles, for picking the ears of corn in their walks, and at their meals eating with unwashed hands. Touched by this mania of antiquity, the learned affected to change their vulgar Christian name, by assuming the more classical ones of a Junius Brutus, a Pomponius, or a Julius, or any other rusty name unwashed by baptism. This frenzy for the ancient republic not only menaced the pontificate; but their Platonic, or their pagan ardours, seemed to be striking at the foundation of Christianity itself. Such were Marcillus Ficinus, and that learned society who assembled under the Medici. Pomponius Lætus, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century, not only celebrated by an annual festival the foundation of Rome, and raised altars to Romulus, but openly expressed his contempt for the Christian religion, which this visionary declared was only fit for barbarians; but this extravagance and irreligion, observes Nicéron, were common with many of the learned of those times, and this very Pomponius was at length formally accused of the crime of changing the baptismal names of the young persons whom he taught, for pagan ones! "This was the taste of the times," says the author we have just quoted; but it was imagined that there was a mystery concealed in these changes of names.

At this period these literary societies first appear: one at Rome had the title of "*Academy*," and for its chief this very Pomponius; for he is distin-

guished as "*Romane Princeps Academicæ*," by his friend Pontian, in the "*Miscellanea*" of that elegant scholar. This was under the pontificate of Paul II. The regular meetings of "*the Academy*" soon excited the jealousy and suspicions of Paul, and gave rise to one of the most horrid persecutions and scenes of torture, even to death, in which these academicians were involved. This closed with a decree of Paul's, that for the future no one should pronounce, either seriously or in jest, the very name of *academy*, under the penalty of heresy! The story is told by Platina, one of the sufferers, in his *Life of Paul II.*; and although this history may be said to bear the bruises of the wounded and dislocated body of the unhappy historian, the facts are unquestionable, and connected with our subject. Platina, Pomponius, and many of their friends, were suddenly dragged to prison; on the first and second day torture was applied, and many expired under the hands of their executioners. "You would have imagined," says Platina, "that the castle of St. Angelo was turned into the bull of Phalaris, so loud the hollow vault resounded with the cries of those miserable young men, who were an honour to their age for genius and learning. The torturers, not satisfied, though weary, having racked twenty men in those two days, of whom some died, at length sent for me to take my turn. The instruments of torture were ready; I was stripped, and the executioners put themselves to their work. Vianesius sat like another Minos on a seat of tapestry-work, gay as at a wedding; and while I hung on the rack in torment, he played with a jewel which Sanga had, asking him who was the mistress which had given him this love-token? Turning to me, he asked 'why Pomponio in a letter should call me Holy Father? Did the conspirators agree to make you Pope?' 'Pomponio,' I replied, 'can best tell why he gave me this title, for I know not.' At length, having pleased, but not satisfied himself with my tortures, he ordered me to be let down, that I might undergo tortures much greater in the evening. I was carried, half dead, into my chamber; but not long after, the inquisitor having dined, and being fresh in drink, I was fetched again, and the archbishop of Spalatro was there. They inquired of my conversations with Malatesta. I said, it only concerned ancient and modern learning, the military arts, and the characters of illustrious men, the ordinary subjects of conversation. I was bitterly threatened by Vianesius, unless I confessed the truth on the following day, and was carried back to my chamber, where I was seized with such extreme pain, that I had rather have died than endured the agony of my battered and dislocated limbs. But now those who were accused of heresy were charged with plotting treason. Pomponius being examined why he changed the names of his friends, he answered boldly, that this was no concern of his judges or the pope; it was perhaps out of respect for antiquity, to stimulate to a virtuous emulation. After we had now lain ten months in prison, Paul comes himself to the castle, where he charged us, among other things, that we had disputed concerning the immortality of the soul, and that we held the opinion of Plato; by disputing you call the being of a God in question. This, I said, might be

objected to academics and philosophers, who, to make the truth appear, frequently question the existence of souls and of God, and of all separate intelligences. St. Austin says, the opinion of Plato is like the faith of Christians. I followed none of the numerous heretical factions. Paul then accused us of being too great admirers of pagan antiquities; yet none were more fond of them than himself, for he collected all the statues and sarcophagi of the ancients to place in his palace, and even affected to imitate, on more than one occasion, the pomp and charm of their public ceremonies. While they were arguing, mention happened to be made of 'the Academy,' when the Cardinal of San Marco cried out that we were not 'Academics,' but a scandal to the name; and Paul now declared that he would not have that term evermore mentioned under pain of heresy. He left us in a passion, and kept us two months longer in prison to complete the year, as it seems he had sworn."

Such is the interesting narrative of Platina, from which we may surely infer, that if these learned men assembled for the communication of their studies— inquiries suggested by the monuments of antiquity, the two learned languages, ancient authors, and speculative points of philosophy— these objects were associated with others, which terrified the jealousy of modern Rome.

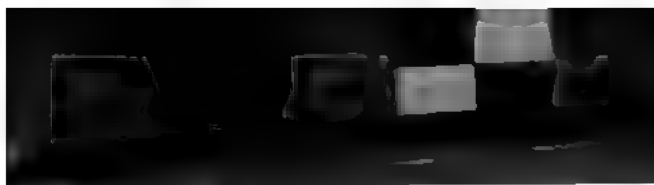
Sometime after, at Naples, appeared the two brothers, John Baptiste and John Vincent Porta, those twin-spirits, the Castor and Pollux of the natural philosophy of that age, and whose scenical museum delighted and awed, by its optical illusions, its treasure of curiosities, and its natural magic, all learned natives and foreigners. Their name is still famous, and their treatises *De humana physionomia* and *Magia Naturalis*, are still opened by the curious, who discover these children of philosophy, wandering in the arcana of nature, to them a world of perpetual beginnings! These learned brothers united with the Marquis of Manso, the friend of Tasso, in establishing an academy under the whimsical name *degli Oziosi* (the Lazy), which so ill described their intentions. This academy did not sufficiently embrace the views of the learned brothers, and then they formed another under their own roof, which they appropriately named *di Secreti*; the ostensible motive was, that no one should be admitted into this interior society who had not signalised himself by some experiment or discovery. It is clear, that, whatever they intended by the project, the election of the members was to pass through the most rigid scrutiny—and what was the consequence? The court of Rome again started up with all its fears, and secretly obtaining information of some discussions which had passed in this academy *degli Secreti*, prohibited the Portas from holding such assemblies, or applying themselves to those illicit sciences, whose amusements are criminal, and turn us aside from the study of the Holy Scriptures.* It seems that one of the Portas had delivered himself in the style of an ancient oracle; but what was more alarming in this prophetic spirit, several of his predictions had been actually verified! The infallible court was in no want of a

new school of prophecy. Baptista Porta, when at Rome to justify himself, and, content to wear his head, placed his tongue in the custody of his Holiness, and no doubt preferred being a member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi*, to that of *gli Secreti*. To confirm this notion that these academies excited the jealousy of those despotic states of Italy, I find that several of them at Florence, as well as at Sienna, were considered as dangerous meetings, and in 1568, the Medici suddenly suppressed those of the "Insipids," the "Shr," the "Disheartened," and others, but more particularly the "Stunned," *gli Intronati*, which excited loud laments. We have also an account of an academy which called itself the *Lanternists*, from the circumstance that their first meetings were held at night, the academicians, not carrying torches, but only *Lanterns*. This academy, indeed, was at Toulouse, but evidently formed on the model of its neighbours. In fine, it cannot be denied, that these literary societies or academies were frequently objects of alarm to the little governments of Italy, and were often interrupted by political persecution.

From all these facts I am inclined to draw an inference. It is remarkable that the first Italian academies were only distinguished by the simple name of their founders; one was called the Academy of Pomponius Lætus, another of Panormita, &c. It was after the melancholy fate of the Roman academy of Lætus, which could not, however, extinguish that growing desire of creating literary societies in the Italian cities, from which the members derived both honour and pleasure, that suddenly we discover these academies bearing the most fantastical titles. I have not found any writer who has attempted to solve this extraordinary appearance in literary history, and the difficulty seems great, because, however frivolous or fantastical the titles they assumed, their members were illustrious for rank and genius. Tiraboschi, aware of this difficulty, can only express his astonishment at the absurdity, and his vexation at the ridicule to which the Italians have been exposed by the coarse jokes of Menkenius in his *Charlatanaria Kruditorum*.* I conjecture, that the invention of these ridiculous titles, for literary societies, was an attempt to throw a sportive veil over meetings which had alarmed the papal and the other petty courts of Italy; and to quiet their fears, and turn aside their political wrath, they implied the innocence of their pursuits by the jocularly with which the members treated themselves, and were willing that others should treat them. This otherwise inexplicable national levity of so refined a people has not occurred in any other country, because the necessity did not exist anywhere but in Italy. In France, in Spain, and in England, the title of the ancient ACADEMUS was never profaned by an adjunct, which systematically degraded and ridiculed its venerable character, and its illustrious members.

* See Tiraboschi, vol. vii. cap. iv. *Accademie*, and Quadrio's *Della Storia e della Ragione d'ogni Poesia*. In the immense receptacle of these seven quarto volumes, printed with a small type, the curious may consult the voluminous Index, art. *Accademia*.

* Nicéron, vol. xliii. Art. Porta.



ON THE HERO OF HUDIBRAS; BUTLER VINDICATED.

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Long after this article was written, I had an opportunity of consulting an eminent Italian, whose name is already celebrated in our country. If Sign U'oo Furciosa, his decision ought necessarily to outweigh mine, but although it is incumbent on me to put the reader in possession of the opinion of a native of his high acquirements, it is not an easy for me, on this obscure and curious subject, to relinquish my own conjecture.

If Sign Furciosa is of opinion, that the origin of the fantastical titles assumed by the Italian Academies entirely arose from a desire of getting rid of the air of pedantry, and to insinuate that their meetings and their works were to be considered merely as sportive relaxations, and an idle business.

This opinion may satisfy an Italian, and this he may deem a sufficient apology for such absurdity, but when scarlet robes and cooled heads, laureated heads and *Moussoures*, and *Cavalleros*, baptize themselves in a public assembly "Blackheads" or "Madmen," we *ultramontanes*, out of mere compliment to such great and learned men, would suppose that they had their good reasons, and that in this there must have been "something more than meets the ear." After all, I would almost flatter myself that our two opinions are not so wide of each other as they at first seem to be.

ON THE HERO OF HUDIBRAS; BUTLER VINDICATED.

THEY great Original, the author of *HUMPHRIES*, has been recently censured for exposing to ridicule the Sir Samuel Luke under whose roof he dwelt, in the grotesque character of his hero. The knowledge of the critic in our literary history is not curious; he appears to have advanced no further, than to have taken up the first opinion he found, but this served for an attempt to blacken the moral character of BUTLER. "Having lived," says our critic, "in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's Captains, at the very time he planned the *Hudibras*, of which he was pleased to make his *kind and hospitable patron* the hero. We defy the history of Whiggism to match this anecdote,"—as if it could not be matched! Whigs and Tories are as like as two eggs when they are wits and satirists, their friends too often become their first victims! If Sir Samuel resembled that renowned personification, the "disciple was legitimate and unavoidable when the poet had imposed his cause, and espoused it too from the purest motive—a detestation of political and (satirical) hypocrisy. Comic satirists, whatever they may allege to the contrary, will always draw loyalty and most truly from their own circle. After all, it does not appear that Sir Samuel sat for Sir Hudibras, although from the hiatus still in the poem, at the end of Part I, Canto I, his name would accommodate both the metre and the rhyme. But who, said Warburton, ever compared a person to himself? Butler might aim a dry stroke at Sir Samuel by hinting to him how well

he resembled Hudibras, but with a remarkable forbearance he has left posterity to settle the affair, which is certainly not worth their while. But Warburton tells, that a friend of Butler's had declared the person was a Devonshire man, one Sir Henry Monwell, of Ford Abbey, in that county. There is a curious life of our learned wit, in the great General Dictionary, the writer, probably Dr. Birch, made the most authentic researches, from the contemporaries of Butler, or their descendants, and from Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's great friend, he obtained much of the little we possess. The writer of this life believes that Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler, and rests his evidence on the hiatus we have noticed, but with the candour which becomes the literary historian, he has added the following marginal note: "Whilst this sheet was at press, I was assured by Mr. Longueville, that Sir Samuel Luke is not the person ridiculed under the name of HUDIBRAS."

It would be curious, after all, should the prototype of Hudibras turn out to be one of the heroes of "The Rollad," a circumstance, which, had it been known to the companionship of that comic epic, would have furnished a fine episode and a memorable hero in their line of descent. "When BUTLER wrote his *Hudibras*, says *Coli Rolle*, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the Knight, whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke, whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*." I do not think slightly of this authority, which is the *Grub-street Journal*, January, 1751, a periodical paper of merit, conducted by two eminent literary physicians, under the appropriate names of *BALUS* and *MARTIN*,* and which for some time enriched the town with the excellent drench of ridiculing wits, authors and stupid critics.

It is unquestionably proved, by the confession of several friends of BUTLER, that the prototype of Sir Hudibras was a Devonshire man, and if Sir *Hugh de Bras* be the old tutelar saint of Devonshire, this discovers the suggestion which led BUTLER to the name of his hero, burlesquing the *new Saint* by pairing him with the chivalrous Saint of the county, hence, like the Knights of old, and

"So Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling."

This origin of the name is more appropriate to the character of the work than deriving it from the Sir Hudibras of Spenser, with whom there exists no similitude.

It is as honourable as it is extraordinary, that such was the celebrity of Hudibras, that the workman's name was often confounded with the work.

* *BALUS* and *MARTIN* were Dr. Martin, the well-known author of the *Dissertation on the Fard of Vinol*, and Dr. Samuel, another learned physician, as his publications attest. It does great credit to their taste, that they were the behemondal defenders of Pope from the attacks of the heroes of the *Dunciad*.

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 67—159, on *Jacobite Reicks*.

himself; the poet was once better known under the name of MEMPHIS than of BUTLER. Old Southern calls him "Mudbrass Butler," and if any one would read the most copious life we have of this great poet in the great General Dictionary, he must look for a name he is not accustomed to find among English authors—that of *Mudbrass*. One fact is remarkable, that, like Cervantes, and unlike Rabelais and Sterne, never has BUTLER written a single passage of indecent ribaldry, amidst a court which would have got much by heart, and in an age in which such trash was certain of popularity.

We know little more of BUTLER than we do of Shakespeare and of Spenser. Longuetville, the devoted friend of our poet, has unfortunately left no recollections of the departed genius whom he so intimately knew, and who bequeathed to Longuetville the only legacy a neglected poet could leave—all his manuscripts, and to his care, though not to his spirit, we are indebted for BUTLER's "Remains." His friend attempted to bury him with the public honours he deserved, among the tombs of his brother-bards in Westminster Abbey, but he was compelled to consign the bard to an obscure burial-place in Paul's, Covent Garden. Many years after, when Alderman Barber raised an inscription to the memory of BUTLER in Westminster Abbey, others were desirous of placing one over the poet's humble grave-stone. This probably excited some competition, and the following has been attributed to Denham, but perhaps never been published. If it be DENHAM's, it must have been composed at one of his most lucid moments.

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of Poets in one;
Admirable in a Manner
In which no one else has been tolerable;
A Manner which began and ended in Him;
In which he knew no Guide,
And has found no Followers.

To this too brief article I add a proof that that fanaticism, which is branded by our immortal Butler, can survive the contagion. Folly is sometimes immortal, as nonsense is irrefutable. Ancient fables revive, and men repeat the same unphilosophic jargon, just as contagion keeps up the plague in Turkey by being led in some obscure corner, till it breaks out afresh. Recently we have seen a notable instance where a critic of the school to which we are alluding, declares of Shakespeare, that "it would have been happy if he had never been born, for that thousands will look back with incessant anguish on the guilty delight which the plays of Shakespeare ministered to them." Such is the anathema of Shakespeare! And we have another of BUTLER, in "An historic defence of experimental religion," in which the author contends, that the best men have experienced the agency of the Holy Spirit in an immediate illumination from heaven. He furnishes his historic proofs by a list from Abel to Lady Huntingdon. The author of *Hudibras* is

denounced, "Our Samuel Butler, a celebrated buffoon in the abandoned reign of Charles the Second, wrote a mock-heroic poem, in which he undertook to burlesque the pious Puritan. He ridicules all the gracious promises by comparing the divine illumination to an *ignis fatuus*, and dark-lantern of the spirit."⁶ Such are the writers, whose satiric spirit is still descending among us from the monastery of the desert, adding poignancy to the very ridicule they would annihilate. The satire which we deemed obsolete, we find still applicable to contemporaries!

The first part of *Hudibras* is the most perfect; that was the rich fruit of matured meditation, of wit, of learning, and of leisure. A mind of the most original powers had been perpetually acted on by some of the most extraordinary events and persons of political and religious history. BUTLER had lived amidst scenes which might have excited indignation and grief, but his strong contempt of the actors could only supply ludicrous images and comic rivalry. Yet once, when villainy was at its zenith, his solemn tones were raised to reach it?

The second part was precipitated in the following year. An interval of fourteen years was allowed to elapse before the third and last part was given to the world, but then everything had changed: the poet, the subject, and the patron! The old theme of the sectaries had lost its freshness, and the cavaliers, with their royal liberties, had become as odious to public decency as the Tartars. BUTLER appears to have turned aside, and to have given an adverse direction to his satirical arrows. The slavery and dotage of *Hudibras* to the widow revealed the voluptuous epicurean, who slept on his throne, drenched in the arms of his mistresses. "The enchanted tower," and "the amorous suit," of *Hudibras* reflected the new manners of this wretched court, and that BUTLER had become the satirist of the party whom cancer he had formerly so honestly exposed, is confirmed by his "Remains," where, among other nervous satires, is one, "On the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it." This then is the greater glory of BUTLER, that his high and indignant spirit equally satirized the hypocrisy of Cromwell, and the liberties of Charles.

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOLMISTRESS.

THE immortal "Schoolmistress" of SHENSTONE is one of the felicities of genius, but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconceived. Johnson, acknowledging this charming effusion to be "the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions," observes, "I know not what claim it has to stand among the moral works." The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the author, and Doubleday, the editor of his works, must

⁶ This work, published in 1795, is curious for the materials the writer's reading has collected.

[†] The case of King Charles the First truly stood against John Cook, master of Gray's Inn, in Butler's "Remains."

^{*} See Quarterly Review, vol. viii. p. 111.



have strangely blundered in designating it "a moral poem." It may be claimed with a species of poetry till recently rare in our language, and which was sometimes had among the Bahama, in their *rona poutch*, or *goue barbate*, which do not always consist of low humour in a facetious style with jingling rhythm, to which we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludicrous poetry, which is comic yet tender, buoyant yet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious, that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity, so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at. Our admirable Whittcraft met this fate! "The Schoolmistress" of SHENSTONE has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely ludicrous turn.

This discovery I owe to the great fortune of possessing the original edition of "The Schoolmistress," which the author printed under his own direction, and to his own fancy. To this piece of LINDSEY'S poetry, as he calls it, "but it should be mistaken," he added a ludicrous verses, "purely to show fools that I am in jest." But the fool, his subsequent editor, thought proper to suppress this amusing "ludicrous index," and the consequence is, as the poet himself, that his aim has been "mistaken."

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of SHENSTONE. Our poet had pleased himself by insinuating "A suppers pamphlet" with certain "sermily" designs of his, and for which he came to town to direct the engraver, he appears also to have intended accompanying it with "The deformed portrait of my old school-mistress, Sarah Lloyd." The preface to this first edition represents the "thatched house" of his old school-mistress, and before it is the "beech tree," with "the sun setting and gilding the scene." He writes on this, "I have the best sheet to correct upon the table." I have laid the thoughts of late a good deal in this unassuming scheme, and as then upon the landscape which is engraving, the red letter which I propose, and the front piece which you see, being the most tasteful ornaments of the first suppers pamphlet that was ever so highly honoured. I shall now the same reflection with Ogilby of having nothing grand but my decorations (I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should be twenty of my poems said I print it myself I am pleased with Mynde's engraving."

On the publication SHENSTONE has opened his eyes on its poetical characteristics. "I dare say it must be very incorrect, for I have added eight or ten stanzas within the fortnight. But (accursed) is many excusable in *isidorous* poetry than in any other. If it strikes any, it must be merely people of taste, for people of wit without taste, which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unceasingly despise it. I have been at more pains to recover myself from A. Phillips' misfortune of mere childishness, 'Little charm of placid moon,' &c. I have added a *doctus* index purely to show (fools) that I am in jest, and my motto, 'O, quid est balutibula dicitur esse, maxime

principium" is calculated for the same purpose. You cannot conceive how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolishness of exposure, which observation I made once at the rehearsal, at Tom Thomb, at Chrononhotonthologos, all which are pieces of elegant humour. I have some mood to pursue this caution further, and advertise it 'The Schoolmistress,' &c., a very childish performance even birds know (not even more). But if a person seriously calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, silly, and weakness, in comparison of what is written with a more manly spirit in ridicule of it."

This first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid "red letter," its "sermily" designs, and, what is more precious, its "Index" SHENSTONE, who had greatly pleased himself with his graphical ornaments, at length found that his engraver, Mynde, had sadly bungled with the poet's ideal. Vexed and disappointed, he writes, "I have been plagued to death about the execution of my designs. Nothing is certain in London but expense, which I can ill bear." The truth is, that what is placed in the landscape over the thatched house, and the birch-tree, is like a falling mountain rather than a setting sun, but the front-piece at the end, the grapes, the plums, the incision, and the Catherine pear, Mr. Mynde has made sufficiently sweeping. This edition contains only twenty-eight stanzas, which were afterwards enlarged to thirty-five. Several stanzas have been omitted, and they have also passed through many corrections, and some improvements, which show that SHENSTONE had more judgment and felicity in severe correction, than perhaps is suspected. Some of these I will point out.

In the second stanza, the *first* edition has, In every mart that stands on Britain's side, In every village less reveal'd to fame, Dwells there in cottage known, almost a mile, A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name.

Improved thus
In every village marked with little spire,
Emboss'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, as truly shed and mean as ever,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name.

The eighth stanza, in the first edition, runs,
The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had,

Was rusted stuff (who knows not rusted stuff)
Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
In texture of her own, all strong and tough,
Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough, &c.

More elegantly descriptive in the dress as now delineated

A rusted cloak was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A rusted kirtle fenced the supping arm,
'Twas simple rusted, but it was her own
'Twas her own country herd the flock as far,
'Twas her own labour did the fence prepare, &c.

* I have usually found the Schoolmistress printed without numbering the stanzas, so that the printer's error it will be necessary for the reader to do this himself with a pencil-mark.



The additions made to the first edition consist of the 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15th stanzas, in which are so beautifully introduced the herbs and garden stores, and the psalmody of the schoolmistress; the 19th and 20th stanzas were also subsequent insertions. But those lines which give so original a view of genius in its infancy,

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo, &c.,

were printed in 1743; and I cannot but think that the far-famed stanzas in Gray's *Elegy*, where he discovers men of genius in peasants, as *Shakspeare* has in children, was suggested by this original conception:

Some male, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,
As, to me, a congenial thought, with an echoed
turn of expression of the lines from the *School-
mistress*.

I shall now restore the ludicrous *INDEX*, and adapt it to the stanzas of the later edition.

Stanza

- Introduction 1
The subject proposed 2
A circumstance in the situation of the *MAR-
TION OF EARLY DISCIPLINE*, discovering the
surprising influence of the connexion of
ideas 3
A simile; introducing a depreciation of the
joyless effects of *ALGOURY* and *APPROPRI-
ATION* 4
Some peculiarities indicative of a COUNTRY
SCHOOL, with a short sketch of the *SOVER-
EIGN* presiding over it 5
Some account of her *NIGHT-CAP, APRON*, and a
tremendous description of her *BUSKIN*
KEPTRE 6
A parallel instance of the advantages of *LEGAL*
GOVERNMENT with regard to children and
the wind 7
Her gown 8
Her *TITLES*, and punctilious nicety in the
ceremonious assertion of them 9
A digression concerning her *MEN*'s presump-
tuous behaviour, with a circumstance
tending to give the cautious reader a more
accurate idea of the officious diligence and
economy of an old woman 10
A view of this *RURAL POTENTATE* as seated in
her chair of state, conferring *MUNICI-
PAL*, distributing *SOVEREIGNTY*, and dispensing *PRO-
CLAMATIONS* 16
Her *POLICIES* 17
The action of the poem commences with a
general summons; follows a particular de-
scription of the artful structure, decoration,
and fortifications of an *UOHN-BIBLE* 18
A surprising picture of sisterly affection by
way of episode 20, 21
A short list of the methods now in use to
avoid a whipping—which nevertheless fol-
lows 22
The force of example 23
A sketch of the particular symptoms of obsti-
nacy as they discover themselves in a child,
with a simile illustrating a blubbered
face 24, 25, 26

Stanza

- A hint of great importance 27
The pith of the poet, in relation to that
school-dame's memory, who had the first
formation of a CERTAIN patriot
[This stanza has been left out in the later
editions; it refers to the Duke of Angles.]
The secret connexion between *WHIPPING* and
RISING IN THE MORNING, with a view, as it
were, through a perspective, of the SAME
LITTLE FOLLS in the highest poets and repu-
tation 28
An account of the nature of an *EMERVO* *FOU-
HUNTER*.—[Another stanza omitted.]
A deviation to an huckster's shop 32
Which being continued for the space of three
stanzas, gives the author an opportunity of
paying his compliments to a particular
county, which he gladly seizes; conclud-
ing his piece with respectful mention of
the ancient and loyal city of *SHREWSBURY*.

BEN JONSON ON TRANSLATION.

- I HAVE discovered a poem by this great poet
which has even escaped the researches of his last
unrivalled editor, Mr. Gifford. Pretended to a trans-
lation, translation is the theme, with us an un-
valued art, because our translators have usually
been the jobbers of booksellers: but no inglorious
one among our French and Italian rivals. In this
poem, if the reader's ear be guided by the com-
pressed sense of the measure lines, he may feel a
rhythm which, should they be read like our mo-
dern metre, he will find wanting; here the fulness
of the thoughts form their own cadences. The
mind is musical as well as the ear. One verse
running into another, and the sense often closing
in the middle of a line, is the Club of *Hercules*,
Dryden sometimes succeeded in it, Churchill
abused it, and Cowper attempted to revive it.
Great force of thought only can wield this
verse 9
*On the AUTHOR, WORKS, and TRANSLATOR, prefixed
to the translation of Mateo Aleman's Spanish
Regue, 1623.*
Who tracks this author's or translator's pen
Shall find, that either, hath read books, and
men 10
To say but one, were single. Then it chimes,
When the old words do strike on the new times,
As in this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
But in one tongue, was form'd with the world's
wit 17
And hath the noblest mark of a good book,
That an ill man dares not securely looke
Upon it, but will loath, or let it pame,
As a deformed face doth a true glass 18
Such books, deserve translators of like caste
As was the genius wherewith they were wrote;
And this hath met that one, that may be stil'd
More than the foster-father of this child;
For though Spain gave him his first syre and
rogue 23
He would be call'd, henceforth, the English regue,
But that he's too well suited, in a cloth,
Finer than was his Spanish, if my oath



THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA."

163

Will be receiv'd in court; if not, would I
Had cloath'd him so! Here's all I can supply
To your desert who have done it, friend! And this
Faith amulation, and no envy is;
When you behold me wish my selfe, the man
That would have done, that, which you only can!
Ben Jonson.

THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA."

Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faith ARABELLA, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sigh'd,
And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the like winds moane,
As fast did heave her heart-felt sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poine.
Arabella Stuart, in Stans's Old Ballads
(Probably written by Mickle.)

THE name of ARABELLA STUART, Mr. Lodge observes, "is scarcely mentioned in history." The whole life of this lady seems to consist of secret history, which, probably, we cannot now recover. The writers who have ventured to weave together her loose and scattered story are ambiguous and contradictory. How such slight domestic incidents as her life consisted of could produce results so greatly disproportioned to their apparent cause, may always excite our curiosity. Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries.

The historians of the Lady ARABELLA have all fallen into the grossest errors. Her chief historian has committed a violent injury on her very person, which, in the history of a female, is not the least important. In hastily consulting two passages relative to her, he applied to the Lady ARABELLA the defective understanding and headstrong dispositions of her aunt, the Countess of Warwick; and by another misconception of a term, as I think, asserts that the Lady ARABELLA was distinguished neither for beauty, nor intellectual qualities.† This authoritative decision perplexed

the modern editor, Kippis, whose researches were always limited; Kippis had glanced through Oldys's precious manuscripts a single not, which, chink to its foundations the whole structure before him, and he had also found, in Bolland, to his utter confusion, some hints that the Lady ARABELLA was a learned woman, and of a poetical genius, though even the writer himself, who had recorded this discovery, was at a loss to ascertain the fact. It is amusing to observe how honest George Ballard in the same dilemma as honest Andrew Kippis. "This lady," he says, "was not more distinguished for the dignity of her birth, than celebrated for her fine parts and learning, and yet," he adds, in all the simplicity of his ingeniousness, "I know so little in relation to the two last accomplishments, that I should not have given her a place in these memoirs had not Mr. Evelyn put her in his list of learned women, and Mr. Philips, Milton's nephew, introduced her among his modern poetesses."

"The Lady ARABELLA," for by this name she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of STUART, is the first married one of the Stuart, as she latterly called herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and/or Elizabeth, placed near the throne, too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet. In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an Englishwoman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. "Her double relation to royalty," says Mr. Lodge, "was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring." Yet James I., then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the Lady ARABELLA one of her cousins, Lord Fane Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lennox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of "the Lady ARABELLA" concerns a marriage, marriage, are the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret opening in which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties, but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the union. Elizabeth interposed, she imprisoned the Lady ARABELLA, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt. The greatest

* Long after this article was composed, Miss Aiken published her "Court of James the First." That agreeable writer has written her popular volumes, without wasting the bloom of life in the dust of libraries, and our female historian has not occasioned me to alter a single sentence in these researches.

† Morant, in the Biographia Britannica. This gross blunder has been detected by Mr. Lodge. The other I submit to the reader's judgment. A contemporary letter-writer, alluding to the flight of ARABELLA and REYNOLDS, which alarmed the Scottish so much more than the English party, tells us, among other reasons of the little danger of the political influence of the parties themselves over the people, that not only their pretensions were far removed, but he adds, "They were unobnoxious both in their persons and their houses."

Morant takes the term *unobnoxious* in its modern acceptation, but in the style of that day, I think, *unobnoxious* is opposed to *noxious* in the eyes of the people, meaning that their persons and their houses were not considerable to the multitude. Would it not be absurd to apply *unobnoxious* in its modern sense to a family or house? And had any political danger been expected, surely it would not have been diminished by the want of personal grace in these lovers. I do not recollect any authority for the sense of *unobnoxious* in opposition to *gracious*, but a critical and literary antiquary has witnessed my opinion.

* A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial, when our James I. was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complained

infamy of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne, her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her avowed to one a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one, in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed, that "most men neglected the writing sub," and this mischievous preoccupation of personal neglect this political conquest not only bred to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled morbidly disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless, a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto evaded the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take an opportunity of disclosing in this volume.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded, it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humiliated itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busy than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who, intending to put aside James I on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting ARABELLA with a prince of the house of Savoy, the pretent, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward IV, the Duke of Parma was, however, married, but the Pope, in his infatigability, turned his brother the Cardinal into the Duke's substitute by secularising the churchman. In that case the Cardinal would then become King of England in right of this lady!—provided he obtained the crown.*

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Arabella was a Catholic, and so Mr Butler has recently told us, but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inserted her name among his party. Parsons, the Irish Jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed towards Catholicism, that he describes "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as in her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter and settled according to future events and times." Yet in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well informed of court affairs writes, "that the Lady Arabella hath not been found inclinable to popery."†

Even Henry IV of France was not unfriendly to

of Elizabeth's treatment of him, that the queen refused to give him his father's estate in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lennox, at which time the queen *non palatibus* may as well as *de marte* *superbia* *contra* *et* *duo* *Regis* *de* *Lennox*. she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king. Woodcock's Memoirs, p. 1.

* See a very curious letter, the ecclesie of Cardinal D'Ossat, Vol. v. The Catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their arms with those of "Arbelle," and the commentator writes that this English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges, or the crowned enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

† Woodcock's Memoirs, in. 161.

this papistical project of placing an Italian cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state-interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realm of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles IX with his ambassador at the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered two chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians, and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland, but to the jealous terror of Elizabeth an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the third shadowy husband!

When James I succeeded the English throne, there existed an Anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the "Land of Promise," when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls "a state riddle," it involved Rowleigh, and unexpectedly the Lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of these silly conspirators having written to her, requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a second time was Arabella to have been Queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that, for the third time, the lady was offered a crown! "A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whom (chief errand is to demand) Lady Arabella in marriage for his sonnet. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from the danger of manservicing letters."‡ This last passage seems to allude to something. What it meant of "the danger of manservicing letters"?

If this royal offer was ever made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who, we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the last flowers of a court, writes, that "My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture, reading, &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indubitably there were speeches used to the recommendation of Count Montecuc, who pretendeth to be Duke of Gueldren. I dare not attempt her."§ Here we had another prospect

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton Court, Oct. 3. 1604. Sloane's MSS. 4101.

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, in. 160. It is curious to observe, that this letter by W. Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and it is devoted to



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match proposed. Then, far, to the Lady Arabella, courtiers and husbands were like a fairy banquet soon at midnight, opening on her night, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was a dependent on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally; often reduced to great personal distress, we read by her letters, that "she prayed for pecuniary money, though it should not be annually." I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favour, however, were probably limited to her good behaviour.

From 1616 to 1626, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions, "the Lady Arabella's business, whatever it was, is ended, and she removed to her former place and grace. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than most for a new year's gift, and some marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collared." Another mysterious expression, which would seem to allude either to politics or religion, but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. The person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of rivalry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction, the catastrophe, run, as formed by the Aristotelian canon, for its mystery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded.

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life, but such was purpose frequently met with cruel ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more selected in the courtly state, or seems to have been so little aware of it. Every noble youth, who sighed for distinction, anticipated the notice of the Lady Arabella, and she was as frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a counter of that day writing to another, observes, "these affections

the same Earl of Shrewsbury, so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece. This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of courtiers and nation. Will Fowler was a rhyming and satirical secretary to the queen of James the First.

* Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir John Carew's manuscripts; where one is mentioned of 1000*l.* to the Lady Arabella. *Shewell's m. 410.*

Mr. Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on salt.

† Winwood's Memorials, vol. 119-120.

of marriage in her, do give some advantage to the world of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition."

The revival of Christmas had hardly closed, when the Lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old inactivity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Lord Bouchamp and grandson of the Earl of Hertford. His character has been nicely described by Clarendon. He loved his studies and his repose, but when the civil war broke out, he changed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilled general. Charles I. created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince, he lived in the Restoration, and Charles II. restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was despatched in February, 1626, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble, the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but "a young brother, and scum of mine on a good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything by my birthright, and therefore my fortune to be raised by mine own endeavour, and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage. There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a 'brother-hunter' which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom, which conceit was forgotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's last being called before your lordships, that it might be." He tells the story of this ancient wooing. "I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemas day last, at what time I imported my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us touched not to proceed to any final conclusion without her majesty's most gracious favour and obtained. And this was our first meeting." After that we had a second meeting at Bridge's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr. Bastion's, at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before. He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.

But Love laughs at privy councils, and the grave protest made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was de-

* Winwood's Memorials, Vol. 119.

† This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears next, which concerned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas, the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolutely bent on marrying herself!

‡ Harl. ms. 2003.

covered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous, the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was a prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the *Biographia Britannica* observes, that "some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time, was discovered." In this history of love there might be precious documents, and in the library at Longleat, these love epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet be unread in a corner. Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar. Dr. Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. "This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay, it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." One of these amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr. Seymour having taken cold, but, as every love letter ought, it is not without a pathetic crescendo, the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, the secret thought that he lived and was her own rilled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James the First's age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

"LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

"SIR,

"I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it, but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it may bring me to, and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself. For, *si non vis non fuge*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourselves with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live so, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune in enjoying a great blessing as you, so little while. No comparison but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For wheresoever you be, in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine. *Rachel* except and should not be comforted, because her children were no more. And that, indeed, is the medium sorrow, and none else. And therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But

* It is on record that at Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress that have done well after, even in this world. I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth, and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you too with tedious kindness, for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

"Your faithfull loving wife,

"ARABELLA."

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following "petition," as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her, and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried.

"TO THE KING

"May it please your most excellent Majesty,

"I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your majesty the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign. And though your majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it could be offensive to your majesty, having few days before given me your royal consent to be so married on any subject of your majesty's tabish likewise your majesty had done long since. Besides, never having been either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this kind, by your majesty these seven years that I have used in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all, whereas if your majesty had consulted to tell me your mind, and accept the free will offering of my obedience, I could not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that if it were now at convenient in a worldly respect, as marriage may make it seem to separate us, whom God hath joined, your majesty would not do even that good might come thereof, nor make me that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, through our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I live."

It is informed, "A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty." In another, she employs that "the necessity of my wife and fortune, together

* Harl. MSS. 7003

with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your majesty, let it be all covered with the shadow of your royal benignity." Again, in another petition, she writes,

"Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched with any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your majesty would have abhorred in any, especially in one who hath the honour (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your majesty's blood in them."

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true!

"LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,
Answering her prayer to know the cause of her confinement.

"This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her majesty says, that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree*. This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*"

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with "this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case," she adds, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other." Arabella, like the queen of Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the queen, she thanks him for "vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the stricter care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation,

that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they would proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, "It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her *whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.*" His resolution, however, was, that "she should proceed to Durham, if he were king!" "We answered," replied the doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience."—"Obedience is that required," replied the king, "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected." *

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares, or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the king, and applauded by prince Henry and the council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy so long a journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could not but sympathise with a princess, whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguisings. "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a

* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Harl. mss. 7003.

rapport by her side." Thus escorted, the Lady Arabella rode out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only procured a male and a half, when they stopped at a pavilion, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and lame, that the gentleman, who held her stirrup, observed, that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mounted in her face, and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The women were at first ordered to Woodcock, there they were desired to push on to Greenwich, then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh, but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of dawn they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady, but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to be at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed, but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and limited sail, which occasioned a fatal termination to the romantic adventure. Seymour indeed had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at his door to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill with a raging headache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders, he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and he arrived at Lee. The time passed, the warm were rising. Arabella was not there, but in the distance he perceived a vessel. Miring a tubeman to take him on board, to his grief, on hoisting it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella in disguise and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the meanwhile the escape of Arabella was not known to government, and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union and the flight of these two damsels from these coasts, shook with continuation the very basis of the cabinet, more particularly the French party, who, so their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason, and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry's portrait of the cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court, committees were despatched whither than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry on the transports. They went to the Tower to warn the traitor to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the admiral's denial of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet, for the coast was urged, and the postmasters are teased by a superabundance, which warned them of the eventual dispatch. "Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for

your life, your life!" The family of the Seymour were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, sending them at his most far remove from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the reputations and constancy of the old earl. It arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and taking more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the paper he must have burnt what he probably had not read; the letter is scathed, and the flame has produced it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Now was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that "all his treasons," as Frankland strangely expressed it, "had helped him too farwards to keep headless." Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needed, as indeed in all emergencies, that they who were near the crown "should be narrowly looked into for marriage."

But we have left the lady Arabella alone and despondent on the sea, not praying for favourable gales to convey her on as, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour, still stronging her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat, freighted with all her love. Alas! Never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overruled by a post in the king's service, in Calais roads, and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearer to her.

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment which lasted only four years, for her constitutional debility, her excited nervous, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the bitterness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to return the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the latter if she could, the terrible remains of life. But who shall point the ravens of a mind which so much grieved and so much loved, and destruction earth equally possessed?

What pains in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known, that her mind grew composed, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some home effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Vincent Penon, to enquire for her his majesty's favour again, she says, "Good, my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted, neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a proposal of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no more about her when she might trust



DOMESTIC HISTORY OF SIR EDWARD COKE.

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"Help will come too late, and be assured that neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I dare not to live. And if you remember of old, I dare die, so I be not guilty of my own death and oppress others with my ruin too, if there be no other way, as God forbid, to whom I commit you, and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you be the same to me,

"Your lordship's faithful friend,
"A. S."

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently inferred to do it."

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her latter wretchedness.

"In a humanity, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for anything than for the love of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the love of for any other worldly comfort, mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake.

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who, from some circumstances not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen, but the consciousness of reality was only felt in her veins while she used in the poetry of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand but when her heart secretly selected one heaven, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness. She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful, and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither the one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the title. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delicious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character for us the Lady Arabella has no palpable historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself. A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their reality, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison—gate a sad example of a female victim to the state.

"Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!"

SEYMOUR, who was afterwards permitted to

return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections, for he called the daughter he had by his second lady by the ever-beloved name of ARABELLA STUART.

DOMESTIC HISTORY OF SIR EDWARD COKE.

COKE

SIR EDWARD COKE, or COOK, as now pronounced, and occasionally so written in his own times—that lord chief-justice whose name the laws of England will preserve, has shared the fate of his great rival the Lord Chancellor Bacon—for no hand worthy of their genius has pursued their story. BACON, hurried with nature, forgot himself, COKE, who was only the greatest of lawyers, reflected with more compunction on himself, for "among those thirty books which he had written with his own hand, most pleasing to himself, was a manual which he called *Jude Mecum*, from whence, at one view, he took a prospect of his life past." This manuscript, which Lloyd notices, was among the hits which, on his death, were seized on by an order of council, but some years after were returned to his heirs, and this precious memorial may still be discovered.

COKE was "the oracle of law," but, like too many great lawyers, he was so completely one, as to have been nothing else, armed with law, he committed acts of injustice, for in how many cases, passion mixing itself with law, *summum Jus becomes Summa Injuria*. Office a violence brutalised, and political ambition extinguished, every spark of nature in this great lawyer, when he struck at his victims, public or domestic. His solitary knowledge, perhaps, had deadened his judgment in other studies, and yet his narrow spirit could shrink with jealousy at the celebrity obtained by more liberal pursuits than his own. The errors of the great are instructive as their virtues, and the secret history of the outrageous lawyer may have, at least, the merit of novelty, although not of panegyric.

COKE, already enriched by his first marriage, combined power with added wealth, in his union with the relict of Sir William Hutton the master of Thomas, Lord Burleigh. Family advance was the policy of that prudent age of political interests. Bacon and Coke married two sisters;

* This conjecture may not be vain, since this has been written, I have heard that the papers of Sir Edward Coke are still preserved at Hockham, the seat of Mr. Coke, and I have also heard of others in the possession of a noble family. Mr. Rivet, whose elegant genius it were doubtful should be otherwise direct. I has promised a work on the Hockham library, where the Coke manuscripts will doubtless form an interesting article.

A list of these manuscripts may be discovered in the Lambeth MSS. No. 945, Art. 169, described in the catalogue as "A note of such things as were found in a trunk of Sir Edward Coke's by the king's command, 1634," but more particularly in Art. 371, "A Catalogue of Sir Edward Coke's papers then seized and brought to Whitehall."

Walsingham and Mordaunt two others, Radcliffe, Barr, and Lovelace were looked by family alliances. Blacketh, who never designed to marry herself, was anxious to intermarry her cousin dependants, and to deprive of them as to secure their services by family interests. Ambition and avarice, which had impelled Coke to form this alliance, punished these creature by mating him with a spirit haughty and intractable as his own. It is a remarkable fact, connected with the character of Coke, that this great lawyer suffered his arranged marriage to take place in an illegal manner, and condescended to plead ignorance of the law.¹ He had been married in a private house, without banns or licence, at a moment when the archbishop was vigorously pursuing informal and irregular marriages. Coke, with his habitual pride, imagined that the rank of the parties concerned would have got him above such restrictions; the law, who he administered, he appears to have considered had these indulgent exceptions for the great. But Wharff was a primitive Christian, and the circumstance irritated Coke and the whole family, in a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, and nearly in the secret of its penalties. The archbishop appears to have been fully sensible of the exasperating temper of this great lawyer, but when Coke became the attorney-general, we cannot but consider, as an ingenious respondent, the archbishop's gift of a Greek Testament, with this message, that "He had studied the common law long enough, and should henceforward study the law of God."

The atmosphere of a court proved variable with its morning and evening, and in a constitutional lawyer, Coke, it seems, was the stern monitor of the king's power, in its interrupted impugner, but his personal dispositions led to predominance, and he was often usurped authority and power with the result of one who loved them too much. "You make the law too much lean to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant," said Lord Bacon, in his administrative letter to Coke.

In 1616, Coke was out of favour, for many causes than one, and his great rival Bacon was paramount at the council table. Perhaps Coke left more humiliated by appearing before his judges, who were every one inferior to him as lawyers, than by the weak triumph of his enemies, who received him with studied insult. The queen affirmed the king of the treatment the disgraced lord chief justice had experienced, and, in an angry letter, James declared, that "he persecuted Coke at conversion, not at destruction," and afterwards at the council, spoke of Coke "with so many good words, as if he meant to hang him with a silver halberd." Even his rival Bacon made this measurable acknowledgment, in reminding the judges, that "such a man was not every day to be found, and so was made as married." When his successor was chosen, the Lord Chancellor

Bacon, in administering the oath, accused Coke "of many crimes and charges for his ambitious popularity." Coke, however, lost no friends in this disgrace, nor retained his haughtiness, for when the new chief justice went to purchase his Collar of S. S., Coke returned not answer, that "he would not part with it, but leave it to his posterity, that they might one day know they had a chief justice to their shame."²

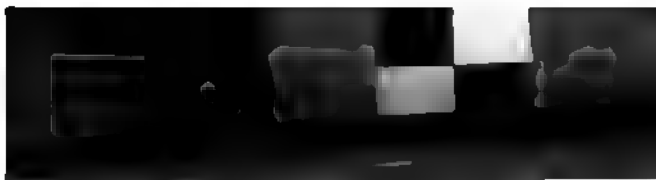
In this temporary alienation of the royal smile Coke attempted their renewal by a project which involved a domestic sacrifice. When the king was on St. Ives, and Lord Bacon, as food keeper, sat at the head of affairs, his friendship was on all terms with Secretary Walsingham, whom Coke easily persuaded to renounce a former proposal for marrying his only daughter to the secretary's eldest brother, Sir John Villiers. Coke had formerly refused this match from the high demands of their portions. Coke, in property, "sticking at ten thousand a year, and wishing to give only ten thousand more, dropped some idle words, that he would not buy the king's favour too dear," but now in his adversity, his ambition proved stronger than his avarice, and by this stroke of deep policy the old lawyer was converting a mere domestic transaction into an effort of state, which it soon became. As such it was evidently perceived by Bacon. He was alarmed at this projected alliance, in which he foresaw that he should lose his hold of the favourite in the inevitable race once more of his rival Coke. Bacon, the illustrious philosopher, whose eye was not blind in observing nature, and whose mind was not great in recording his own meditations, now sat down to compose the most subtle suggestion he could put together to prevent this match, but Lord Bacon not only failed in persuading the king to refuse what his majesty much wished, but finally produced the very marriage he sought to avert—a rupture with Buckingham himself, and a copious holding letter from the king, but a very admirable one, and where the lord-keeper trembled to find himself called "Mr. Bacon."

There were, however, other persons, than his majesty and his favourite, more deeply concerned in this business, and who had not hitherto been once consulted the mother and the daughter! Coke, who in every-day concerns, showed his commonsense as he would his law-views, and at times boldly asserted the rights of the subject, had no other paternal notion of the duties of a wife and a child than their obedience!

¹ These particulars I find in the manuscript letters of J. Chamberlain, Nov. 1599, 4133, 1616. In the quaint style of the times, the common speech was, that Lord Coke had been overthrown in four Points, Prebendaries, Promotions, and Privileges. It is only with his moral qualities, and not with his legal construction that his personal character is here concerned.

² In the Lambeth manuscript, 936, is a letter of Lord Bacon to the king, to prevent the match between Sir John Villiers and Mrs. Coke. Art. 66. Another Art. 66. The spirited and copious letter of James, "to the Lord Keeper," is printed in "Letters, Speeches, Charges, &c. of Francis Bacon," by Dr. Birch, p. 133.

¹ Lord's State Worthies, art. Sir Nicholas Bacon.
² How Ashby's Court of Justice the first appeared two years after this article was written, it has a pointed no alteration. I refer the reader to her clear narrative, ii. p. 36, and p. 61, but must not history is easily discerned in printed books.



DOMESTIC HISTORY OF SIR EDWARD COKE.

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Lady Manton, haughty to temperance, had been often forbidden both the courts of their majesty, where Lady Cumpston, the mother of Buckingham, was the object of her adship's prevailing contempt. She retained her personal influence by the numerous estates which she enjoyed in right of her former husband. When Coes fell into disgrace, his lady abandoned him, and, to avoid her husband, frequently moved her residence in town and country. I trace her with malicious activity defaming his house in Holborn, and at Stoke, sitting on all the place and movable, and, in fact, leaving the false statement and the Lord chief-justice, empty house and no comfort. The wars between Lady Manton and her husband were carried on before the council-board, where her ladyship appeared, accompanied by an imposing train of noble friends. With her accustomed haughty air, and in an imperial style, Lady Manton declaimed against her tyrannical husband, so that the letter-writer adds, "divine said that Burghage could not have acted better." Burghage's famous character was that of Richard the Third. It is extraordinary that Coes, able to detect any cause, have himself so simply. It is supposed that he had had his domestic concerns too open to examination in the neglect of his daughter, or that he was aware that he was standing before no friendly bar, at that moment being out of favour, whatever was the cause, our noble viceroy obtained a signal triumph, and "the oracle of law," with all his gravity, stood before the council table hesitated. In June, 1613, Sir Edward appears to have yielded at discretion to his lady, for in an unpublished letter I find, that "his count heart hath been forced to yield to more than he ever meant, but upon this agreement he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife."

In the following year, 1613, their domestic affairs totally changed. The political marriage of his daughter with Valtres being now renitied on, the business was to clip the wings of an dove's bow as Coes had found in Lady Manton, which led to an extraordinary contest. The mother and daughter hated the upstart Valtres, and Sir John, indeed, promised to be but a silly bridegroom. They had contrived to make up a written contract of marriage with Lord Oxford, which they opposed against the proposal, or rather the order, of Coes.

The violence to which the towering spirits of the conflicting parties proceeded in a place of secret history, of which accident has preserved an able memorial. Coes, armed with law, and, what was at least equally potent, with the king's favour, entered by force the barricaded house of his lady, took possession of his daughter, on whom he appears never to have cast a thought till she became an instrument for his political purposes, confined her from her mother, and at length got the haughty mother herself imprisoned, and brought her to a resort for all her past wrongs. Quick was the change of scene, and the contrast was as wonderful. Coes, who, in the preceding year, so the

world's surprise, proved so simple an advocate in his own cause in the presence of his wife, now, to employ his own words, "got upon his soap again," and went on, as Lady Manton, when safely lodged in prison, describes, with "his high-headed tyrannical countenance," till the famous letter occasioned a bit of silence in the proud, aristocratic lady. "Law! Law! Law!" thundered from the lips of the "oracle," and Lord Bacon, in his apologetical letter to the king for having opposed his "rust or instance," says, "I doubted it the more, because he justified it to be law, which was his old song."

The memorial alluded to appears to have been confidentially composed by the legal friend of Lady Manton, to furnish her ladyship with answers when brought before the council-table. It opens several domestic scenes in the house of that great lord chief-justice, but the flashing simplicity of the style in domestic details will show, what I have often observed, that our language has not advanced in expression since the age of James the First. I have transcribed it from the original, and do think it most pleasant for its length.

"TO LADY MANTON.

"MADAM,

10 July, 1613.

"Seeing these people speak in language but thunder and lightning, recounting their their cheapest and best way to work upon you I could with patience prepare myself to these extremities, and study to defend the breaches by which to their advantage they suppose to come in upon me, and henceforth quit the ways of persecution and composition heretofore, and unanimously endeavored, which, in my opinion, be most open to trouble, scandal, and danger, wherefore I will briefly set down their objections, and such answers to them as I conceive proper.

"The first is, you conveyed away your daughter from her father. Answer. I had cause to provide for her quiet. Secretary Worsland threatening that she should be married from me in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Coke daily tormenting the girl with discourses tending to hinder her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to him; besides, my daughter daily complained, and sought to me for help, whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed her apart at my cousin german's house for a few days, for her health and quiet, till my own business for my estate were ended. Sir Edward Coke was as angry as waters she was no more than at other times, when at my placing she had been a quarter of a year from him, as the year before with my sister Burley.

"Second. That you endeavored to bewitch her, and to lead her to my Lord of Oxford without her knowledge and consent.

"Upon this subject a lawyer, by way of re-rective, may open his mouth wide, and cite up every lawyer's judgment by the right of a fact, "how dangerous is the precedent to others," to which, notwithstanding, this answer may be justly returned.

"Answer. My daughter, as aforesaid, treated with her father's threats and bad usage, and promising me to have come secretly from this secret intended, I did compensate her condition, and

* Stoke-Poges, in Buckinghamshire, the delightful seat of J. Penn, Esq. The chimneys of the ancient house still remain, and mark the locality of "The Long Story" of Gray.

bethought myself of this contract to my Lord of Oxford, if so she liked, and thereupon I gave it her to peruse and consider by herself, which she did, she liked it, cheerfully sent it out with her own hand, subscribed it, and returned it to me, where in I did nothing of my own will, but followed her's, after I saw she was so adverse to Sir Thomas Villiers, that she voluntarily and deliberately protested that if all men living she would never have him, nor could ever fancy him for a husband.

"Secondly by this I put her in no new way, nor into any other than her father had hitherto known and approved, but he was such letters as my Lady of Oxford had writ to me thereabouts, but never forbade it, he never disliked it; only he said they were then too young, and there was little enough for the time.

"Thirdly. He always left his daughter to his disposing and my bringing up, knowing that I purposed her my husband and whole estate, and as upon these reasons he left her to my care, so he stood himself absolutely of her, never meddling with her, neglecting her, and caring nothing for her.

"The third. That you counteracted a treaty from my Lord of Oxford to yourself.

"Answer. I know it not counteracted, but he is so, (to what purpose?) If a my Lord of Oxford's (for in man else is therein interested), it must be either in honour or in freewill. Read the treaty of peace's articles, for it is only a counterpoint, it is no engagement presently nor for ever, besides the law shows what injury it, and to counteract a private man's hand, say a magistrate's, make him the fool but the cause a wicked one.

"Secondly, the real justice, at the last, excuse, the fact, for it was only to bind up my daughter's hand to her own laws and being, but her eyes open and her no others, that she might see some resolution, and therefore with the more courteous civility her improvement, having thus only solicited to resist the power of that place, company, and conversation, myself and all her friends barred from her, and no person nor speech admitted, but such as spoke Sir Thomas Villiers's language.

"The fourth. That you plotted to surprise your daughter to take her away by force, to the breach of the king's peace and particular commandments, and for that purpose had assembled a number of desperate fellows, whereby the consequence might have been dangerous, and the affront to the king was the greater that such a thing was offered, the king being lord of the kingdom, which, by example might have drawn on other assemblies to more dangerous attempts. This held a large for a princely habit.

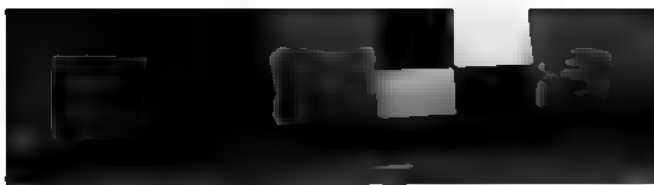
"Answer. I know no such matter, neither at any time was there such assembly, true it is I spoke to Turner to provide me some tall fellows for the taking a parliament for me, in Lincolnshire, of men taken for Thomas Manners had lately dismissed me, but he it they were assembled and employed to such an end, what was done? was any such thing attempted? were they upon the place? kept they the hearth or the highway by ambuscado? or was any place any day appointed for a rendezvous? No, no such matter, but something was intended, and I gave you what was the law of such a single intention, which is not within

the view or notice of the law. Besides, who intended this—the mother? and wherefore? because she was unreasonably and barbarously inclined from her daughter, and her daughter forced against her will, contrary to her laws and liking, to the will of him she disliked, and, the laws of God, of nature, of man, speak her me, and cry out upon them. But there had a warrant from the king's order from the commissioners to keep my daughter in three custody; yet neither this warrant nor the commissioners' did prohibit the mother coming to her, but contrarily allowed her; then by the same authority might she get her daughter, that Sir Edward Coke had used to keep her from her daughter; the husband has no power, no voice, no government from God, the king, or the law, to separate the mother from her own child, the only counterpointing this half good, with the child's liking, and to her preference; and he, his parents and against the child's liking, without care of her preference, which differing respects, as they justify the mother in all, so condemn they the father as a transgressor of the rules of nature, and as a pervertor of his rights, as father and a husband, to the bare dish of child and wife.

"Lastly, if rectification could breach the fault, take this in the worst order, and asked of all the considerable circumstances it hath, what is this, that is not had the execution of this intention been comparatively with Sir Edward Coke's most notorious sin, committed at my Lord of Aragon's house, where without suitable or warrant associated with a secret justice well disposed, without cause being beforehand offered, to have a hat to travel, he took down the doors of the gate house and of the house itself, and took the daughter in that barbarous manner from the mother, and would not suffer the mother to come near her, and when he was before the lords of the council to answer this outrage, he justified it to make it good by law, and that he feared the face of no greatness; a dangerous word for the encouragement of all lawless and rebellious characters, especially from him that had been the chief justice of the law, and of the people reputed the oracle of the law; and a most dangerous broado cast in the teeth and face of the state in the king's absence, and therefore most considerable for the maintenance of authority and the quiet of the land; for if it be lawful for him with a dozen to snatch any man's house thus outrageously for any right to which he pretends, it is lawful for any man with one hundred, nay, with one hundred, and consequently with as many as he can draw together, to do the same, which may endanger the safety of the king's person, and the peace of the kingdom.

"The fifth, that you having received the king you had received an engagement from my Lord of Oxford, and the king commanding you, upon your allegiance, to come and bring it to him, or to send it him, or not having it, to signify his name to who brought it, and where he was, you refused all, by which you dishonoured and misled a high commander to his majesty.

"Answer. I was so sick on the word before, for the worst part I kept my head, and even that instant I was so weak as I was not able to rise from it without help, nor to refuse the act, which indisposition and weakness my two physicians, for



William Paddy and Dr. Atkins, can affirm true; which so being, I hope his majesty will graciously excuse the necessity, and not impose a fault, whereof I am not guilty; and for the sending it, I protest to God I had it not; and for telling the parties, and where he is, I must humbly beseech his sacred majesty, in his great wisdom and honour, to consider how unworthy a part it were in me to bring any man into trouble, from which I am so far from redeeming him as I can no way relieve myself, and therefore humbly crave his majesty in his princely consideration of my distressed condition, to forgive me this recalcitancy, proceeding from that just sense, and the rather, for that the law of the land in civil causes, as I am informed, no way lieth me thereunto."

Among other papers it appears that Coxe accused his lady of having "embellished all his gilt and silver plate and vessels (he having little in any house of mine but that his marriage with me brought him), and instead thereof seated in ostent of the same robe, fashion, and use, with the situation to have charged him of the other." Coke insists on the inventory by the schedule. Her ladyship says, "I made such plate for snuff and tapers for my own use at Perth, that serving well enough in the country, and I was loath to trust such a substance in a place so remote, and in the guard of few, but for the plate and vessels he saith is wanting, they are every one within one of my three houses." She complains that Sir Edward Coke and his son Clement had threatened her servants so grievously, that the poor men ran away to hide themselves from his fury, and dare not appear abroad. "Sir Edward broke into Mattion House, seized upon my coach and coach-horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrust all my servants out of doors without wages; sent down his men to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods, which being refused him by the castle-keeper, he threats to bring your lordship's warrant for the performance thereof. But your lordship established that he should have the use only of the goods during his life, in such houses as the same appertained, without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use, being goods brought at my marriage, or bought with the money I spared from my allowances. Stop, then, his high tyrannical courses, for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortune, with which I have so highly honoured him."

What a sad the reputation of this sick, mortified, and proud woman, or the more tender feelings of the daughter, in this forced marriage to minify the political ambition of the father? When Lord Bacon wrote to the king respecting the strange behaviour of Coke, the king vindicated it, for the purpose of obtaining his daughter, blaming Lord Bacon for some expressions he had used; and Bacon, with the artifice of the courtier, when he found the wind in his teeth, lashed round, and pushed Buckingham to promote the match he so much abhorred. Villiers was married to the daughter of Coxe at Marston Court, on Michaelmas Day, 1617—Coxe was readmitted to the

council-table—Lady Mattion was reconciled to Lady Compton and the queen, and gave a grand entertainment on the occasion, to which, however, "the good man of the house was neither invited nor spoken of: he died that day at the Temple; she still bent to pull down her husband," adds my informant. The moral case remains to be told. Lady Villiers looked on her husband as the hateful object of a forced union, and nearly drove him mad; while she dignified herself by such loose conduct as to be condemned to stand in a white sheet, and I believe at length obtained a divorce. Thus a marriage projected by ambition, and prosecuted by violent means, closed with that utter misery to the parties with which it had commenced; and for our present purpose has served to show, that when a lawyer, like Coxe, holds his "high-handed tyrannical course," the law of nature, as well as the law of which he is "the oracle," will be alike violated under his roof—Wife and daughter were plaintiffs or defendants on whom the lord chief-justice closed his ear—he had blocked up the avenues to his heart with "Law! Law! Law!" his "old song!"

No reconciliation took place between the parties. In June, 1636, I find in the Earl of Strafford's letters, that on a strong report of his death, Lady Coke, accompanied by her brother Lord Warrburton, posted down to Stoke-Pengen, to take possession of his mansion, but beyond Colborne, they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who informed them of Sir Edward's amendment, which made them return at that house. On the following September, the venerable sage was no more. Beyond his eightieth year, in the last parliament of Charles the First, the extraordinary vigour of his intellect flamed close under the snow of age.

OF COKE'S STYLE, AND HIS CONDUCT.

This great lawyer perhaps set the example of that style of railing and invective at our bar, which the cynicism and craven timidity of some of our lawyers include in their practice at the bar. It may be useful to bring to recollection Coxe's repugnant style in the following dialogue, so beautiful in its contrast, with that of the great section before him. The attorney general had not sufficient evidence to bring the obscure conspiracy home to Rawleigh, with which, I believe, however, he had cautiously tampered. But Coxe well knew that James the First had reason to dislike the hero of his age, who was early engaged against the Scottish interdict, and betrayed by the unwholesome policy of Cecil. Coxe struck at Rawleigh as a sacrifice to his own political ambition, as we have seen he afterwards immolated his daughter; but his personal hatred was now sharpened by the fine genius and elegant literature of the man; his actions and acquisitions the lawyer so heartily contemned. Coxe had observed, "I know with whom I deal; for we have to deal to-day with a man or wit."

COXE. Thou art the most vile and execrable scoundrel that ever lived.

* Lambeth MSS. 916. art. 69, and 79.

RAWLSTON. You speak indirectly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

COSS. I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treason.

RAWLSTON. I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

COSS. Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

RAWLSTON. It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

COSS. Well, I will now make it appear to the world, that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Thou art a monster, thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Thou viper! for I show thee, thou traitor! Have I angered you?

RAWLSTON replied, what his dauntless conduct proved—"I am in no case to be angry."

COSS had used the same stile with the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex. It was usual with him, the bitterness was in his own heart, as much as in his words; and Lord Bacon has left among his memorandums one entitled, "Of the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney-General publicly in the Exchequer." A specimen will complete our model of his forensic orator. Coke exclaimed, "Mr. Bacon, if you have any teeth against me, pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good." Bacon replied, "The less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it." Coke replied, "I think you stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little, less than the least." Coke was exhibited on the stage for his ill usage of Rawleigh, as was suggested by *Thersites* in a note on *Twelfth Night*. The style of railing was long the privilege of the lawyers, it was revived by Judge Jeffreys; but the bunch of judges in the reign of William and Anne taught a due respect even to criminals, who were not supposed to be guilty till they were convicted.

When **COSS** once was brought in disgrace, his high spirit sunk without a particle of magnanimity to dignify the fall, his big words, and his "criminal courses," when he could no longer rant that "he was upon his wings again," sunk with him as he plummeted himself on his knees to the council-table. Among other assumptions, he had styled himself "Lord chief justice of England," when it was declared that this title was his own invention, since he was no more than of the King's Bench. His disgrace was a thunderbolt, which overthrew the haughty lawyer to the root. When the rapscall was carried to him by Sir George Coppin, that gentleman was surprised in presenting it, to see that lofty "spirit shrunk into a very narrow room, for **COSS** received it with dejection and tears." The writer from whose letter I have copied these words adds, *O tremor et suspens non cadunt in faciem et conspectum.* The same writer incloses a punning device, the name of our lord chief justice was in his day very expressive of the pun both in Latin and English; Cicero indeed had pronounced the miserable trifles.

*Just condere Cossus patuit, and condere jura
Illa patuit, patuit condere jura Cossus.*

His years after and **COSS** was sent to the Tower, and then they pursued against him in English. An

unpublished letter of the day has this curious anecdote. The room in which he was lodged on the Tower had formerly been a kitchen; on his entrance the lord chief justice read upon the door, "This room wants a Cuck!" They twisted the lion in the tools which held him. *Shakespeare* had some reason in thanking Heaven that his name was not susceptible of a pun. This time, however, **COSS** was "on his wings," for when Lord Arundel was sent by the king to the prisoner to inform him that he would be allowed "Eight of the best learned in the law to advise him for his cause," our great lawyer thanked the king, "but he knew himself to be accounted to have as much skill in the law as any man in England, and therefore needed no such help, nor feared to be judged by the law."

SECRET HISTORY OF AUTHORS WHO HAVE RUINED THEIR BOOKSILLERS.

ALICE GRALIST desired to live no longer than he was able to exercise the faculty of writing; he might have deviously added, — and had readers! This would be a fatal wish for that writer who should spread the infection of weariness, without himself partaking of the epidemic. The mere art and habit of writing, without probably even a remote view of publication, has produced an agreeable dilemma; and perhaps some have escaped from a gentle confinement by having cautiously concealed those voluminous reserves which remained to starve their heirs, while others again have left a whole library of manuscripts, out of the mere ardour of transcription, collating and copying with penman's rapture. I discovered that one of these inscribed this detail in his manuscript collection.

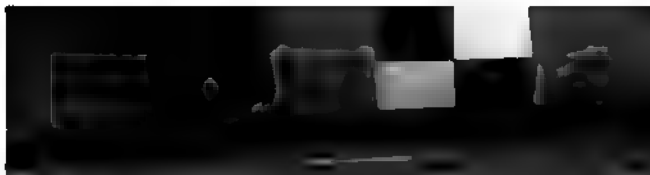
*Pura voluminibus jungenda volumina scriptis,
Nec mihi scribendi terminus ullus erit*

which, not to confuse better verses than our original, may be translated,

More volumes, with our volumes still shall blend;
And to our writing there shall be no end!

But even great authors have sometimes so much indulged in the seduction of the pen, that they appear to have found no substitute for the flow of their ink, and the delight of stamping blank paper with their hints, sketches, ideas, the shadows of their mind! *Petrarch* exhibits no solitary instance of this passion of the pen. "I read and I write night and day, it is my only consolation. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is weary with writing. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing, and when I awake in the dark, I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written." *Petrarch* was not always in his perfect wits.

The copiousness and the multiplicity of the writings of many authors, have shown that too many find a pleasure in the act of composition, which they do not communicate to others. Great erudition and every-day application is the calamity of that voluminous author, who, without good sense, and what is more rare, without that equi-



HAVE RUINED THEIR BOOKSELLERS.

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its judgment which we call good taste, is always prepared to write on any subject, but at the same time on no one remarkable. We are astonished at the fertility and the size of our own writers of the seventeenth century, when the theological war of words raged, issuing so many pages and toasts. They produced ideas after ideas, like almanachs, and Dr Owen and Baxter wrote more than sixty to seventy volumes, most of them of the most formidable size. The truth is, however, that it was then easier to write up to a fado, than in our days to write down to an octavo, for correction, rejection, and rejection, were as yet unpractised. They went on with their work, sharp of mind, like cotton mowers, without stopping to wet their scythes. They were inspired by the scribbling demon of that Rabbin, who, in his oriental style and mania of volume, exclaimed, that were "the heavens formed of paper, and were the trees of the earth pens, and if the entire sea was ink, there only could suffice" for the monstrous genius he was about to discharge on the world. The Spanish Tostatus wrote three times as many leaves as the number of days he had lived, and of Luis de Vega it is said that calculation came rather short. We hear of another, who was unhappy that his lady had produced twins, from the circumstance that hitherto he had contrived to put his labours well bet over, but that now he was a book hand-to-hand.

I lay on our celebrated *Scrittore* to give these secret history, our *Pyrrhus*, Caspar Bartholin, the Abbe de Marbais, and the Jesuit Theophilus Raymond, who will all show that a book might be written on "authors whose works have entirely ruined their bookellers."

Pyrrhus seldom dined every three or four hours he munched a sandwich, and refreshed his exhausted spirit with ale brought to him by his servant, and when "he was put into this mood of writing," as exulted Anthony Trelith, he faced on "a long quilled cap, which came on such over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light," and then, hunger not that did he experience, but that of his voluminous pages. Pyrrhus has written a library, amounting, I think, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author, whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarr'd from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Pyrrhus in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes: "Comfortable Cordials against dangerous fortifiable Fears of Imprisonment, containing some Latin Verses, Sentences, and Tracts of scripture, written by Mr. Wm. Pyrrhus on his Chamber Wall, on the Tower of London, during his imprisonment there, translated by him into English Verse, &c." Pyrrhus literally verified Pope's description:

"Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, grows
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls."

We have also a catalogue of printed books written by Wm. Pyrrhus, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, in three classes,

Barons
Doctors
and
Bishops
An imprisonment.

with this motto, "Jesuisti acti liberos," 1643. The secret history of this voluminous author concludes with a characteristic event a contemporary who saw Pyrrhus in the pillory at Chesham, informs us that while he stood there, they "burnt his huge volumes under his nose, which had almost suffocated him." Yet such was the spirit of party, that a partisan order bequeathed a legacy to purchase all the works of Pyrrhus for Swan College, where many will regret, for by an odd fatality, in the fire which burnt that library these volumes were saved, from the idea that the folios were the most valuable.

The pleasure which authors of this stamp experience is of a nature which, whenever certain unlucky circumstances combine, positively debarring them from publication, will not abate their ardour one jot, and their pen will still illuminate the forbidden page, which even bookworms refuse to publish. Many instances might be recorded, but a very striking one is the case of Caspar Bartholin, whose "Advocatus," is two volumes folio, are in the collection of the curio.

Bartholin was born to literature, for Bartholin has placed him among his "Infam. Cuckers." At nine years of age he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line. The learned admired the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard. He became, unquestionably, a student of every extensive literature modern as well as ancient. Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world. It appears that his early productions were composed in a casual and judicious manner than his later ones, when the passion for composition having broke out which shrouded itself by the usual pretensions of this class, gave rise to an extreme facility of composition, and a pride and exultation in the unhappy results. He studied without using either time or technique, trusting to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one, though it necessarily led him into many errors in that delicate task of summarizing on other authors. Writing a very neat hand, his first copy required no transcript, and he boasts that he rarely made a correction; everything was sent to the press in its first state. He taught at Station, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the epistolary upon Stella, containing two hundred and seventy-eight hexameters. "Thus," says Bartholin, "did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made two hundred verses in an hour, 'Stans pede in uno.' But adds Bartholin, "but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolic, for I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the Iliad, which amount to above two thousand verses." This rapidity and volume were the great accomplishments of this learned man's pen, and now we must look to the fruits.

Bartholin, on the score he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library, a circumstan-

which we discover by the continual references he makes to his printed works to his manuscript productions. In the *Index* attributed to his Station, he inserts his own name, to which is appended a long list of unprinted works, which Bayle thinks by their titles and extracts, convey a very advantageous notion of them. All these, and many such as these, he generously offered the world, would any bookseller be so stupid or conscious enough to make them from his pen, but their ownership or secrecy were invariable. The truth is now to be revealed, and seems not to have been known to Bayle, the bookseller had been formerly so engaged and complimented by our learned author, and had heard so much of the celebrated Bartholin, that they had caught at the bait, and the two false volumes of the mock referred to "Adversaria" of Bartholin had thus been published—how from that day no bookseller ever offered himself to publish again.

The "Adversaria" is a collection of critical notes and quotations from ancient authors, with dissertations of their manners, customs, laws, and ceremonies: all these were to be classed into one hundred and eighty books, sixty of which we printed in two volumes to be, with eleven editions. The plan is vast, as the rapidity with which it was pursued. Bayle's last characteristic is by a single stroke—"its enormousness even the imagination." But the truth is, this mighty labour turned out to be a complete failure: there was neither order nor judgment in their manner of learning, study, observation, and correspondence, such as we might expect from a man who treated in his memory, and would not throw away his time on any correction. His contradictions are frequent, but one of his friends would apologise for these by telling us that "he wrote everything which offered itself to his imagination, to day one thing, to-morrow another, in order that when he should review it again, the contrary of opinion might induce him to examine the subject more accurately." The whims of the French of authors are so extravagant as these of their criticism. Bartholin evidently wrote in mock, that after he forgot what he had written, as happened to another great head-man, one Dryden, of whom Quinault records, that on leaving a certain house, he treated it as utterly unworthy of credit, on which the writer called for one of Dryden's own books, and showed where he might read it at full length: "that the work failed, we have the evidence of Clément in his "Bibliothèque curieuse de Livres difficiles à trouver," under the article Bartholin, where we discover the winding up of the history of this book. Clément mentions more than one edition of the *Adversaria*, but on a more careful inspection he detected that the old title pages had been removed for others of a fresher date; the booksellers are being able to sell the book without deception. It needed little, they imagined with their usual credence of the two first volumes of the *Adversaria*, and the author with three thousand less sheets in manuscript—while both parties complied together, and thus have could acquire nothing from the works of an author of whom Bayle says that "his writings run so much a prodigious ball, that one can scarce conceive a single man could be capable of executing so great

a variety, perhaps as copying clerk, who lived to give old amidst the dust of an office, ever transcribed as much as the author has written." This was the memorable fate of one of that race of writers who imagine that their capacity extends with their volume. These kind names covered with verbiage, he is shaking their wheat so care full.

Another memorable brother of this family of the scribbler is the Abbe De Marmontel, who with great order to a man of letters, and in the enjoyment of that leisure and equanimity necessary to carry on his pursuits, from an entire absence of judgment, closed his life with the bitter regrets of a voluminous author, and yet it cannot be denied that he has contributed one precious volume to the public stock of literature, a compendium which cannot be paid to some who have enjoyed a higher reputation than our author. He has left on his very curious "Memoirs." A poor writer indeed, but the frankness and integrity of his character enable him, while he is painting himself, to paint than. Goldsmid was struck by the honesty of his pen, for he says in his life, "The duties of Richard de Marillac and Anthony Wood's acquire some value from the faithful representation of men and manners."

I have elsewhere shortly noticed the Abbe De Marmontel in the character of "a literary snuff," but the extent of his man never struck me so forcibly till I observed his delinquencies crowded up in chronological order in Marmontel's "Mémorial littéraire." It is extremely amusing to detect the swarming fecundity of his pen, from year to year, with poster after author, was this translator wearying others, but unwearyed himself unwearyed, sometimes two or three classical victims in a month were dragged into his slaughterhouse. Of about seventy works, fifty were reviews of the classical writers of antiquity, accompanied with notes. But more odd circumstances happened to our extraordinary translator in the course of his life. De L. Stang, a critic of that day, in his "Bogues de bon Pédant," drew all his examples of bad translations from our able, who was much angrier than usual, and among his critics the crew of our Marmontel resounded. De L. Stang, who had done this not out of malice but from urgent necessity to illustrate his principles, seemed very sorry, and desisted of attacking the injured translator. One day in Rome, finding the able in church at prayer, the critic fell on his knees by the side of the translator: "it was an extraordinary moment, and a singular occasion to terminate a literary quarrel. 'You are angry with me,' said L. Stang, 'and I think you have reason, but this is a manner of mine, and I now ask your pardon.'—'In the manner,' replied the able, 'which you have chosen, I can no longer defend myself. Go, or I

* I cannot subscribe to the opinion that Anthony Wood was a dull man, although he had no particular liking for works of imagination, and used ordinary poets wretchedly. As author's personal character is often confounded with the nature of his work. Anthony has others at times to which a dull man could not be subject, & about the subject of this history of literature, where would be our literary history?

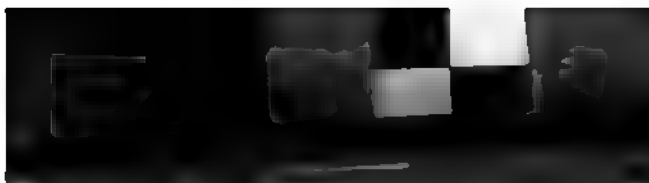
I pardon you." Some days after the abbe again meeting I, being, reproached him with degrading him out of a pardon, which he had no desire to have bestowed on him. The last copy of the critic was counter. "Do not be so difficult when one stands in need of a general pardon, one ought easily to grant a particular one." De Marolles was subject to encounter critics who were never so kind as to know by him on an Easter Sunday. Besides these fifty translations, of which the notes are often curious, and even the notes may be useful to consult, his love of writing produced many old works. His collections were richly bound, and freely distributed, for they found no readers. In a "Discours pour servir de Preface aux les Poemes traduits par Michel de Marolles," he has given an imposing list of illustrious persons and contemporary authors who were his friends, and has preserved many singular facts concerning them. He was, indeed, for so long a time convinced that he had struck off the true spirit of his own language, that I find he at several times printed some critical treatise to back his list, or rather in his own version, giving the world reason why the criticism which had been given of that particular author, "that on paper, not on one and one in person appearance." Among these numerous translations he was the first who translated on the Descriptions of Athens, which still bears an excellent price. He entitles his work, "Les quatre Livres de Descriptions d'Athènes. Ouvrage de l'abbé de Marolles, avec des notes et remarques de l'abbé de Marolles sur les quatre Livres de Marolles et de l'abbé." He has preserved various precious descriptions, yet not satisfied with having performed this great labour, it was followed by a small quarto of forty pages, which might now be considered curious. *Analyse, ou Description succincte des choses curieuses dans les quatre Livres de Descriptions.* He wrote, "Quatre-vingt sur les Personnes de la Cour et les Grands Lettres," which the curious would now be glad to find. After having plundered the classical gardens of antiquity for his barbarous style, when he had nothing more left to do, he committed meretricious translating the Bible, but, in the midst of printing, he was suddenly stopped by authority, his having inserted in his notes the reverse of the pre-eminence Isaac Perrier. He had already revolved on the New Testament, to his version of which he had perched on a wretched introduction, that it was afterwards translated into Latin. Translation was the name of the Abbe de Marolles. I doubt whether he ever fairly shook out of the bees' dream of the fertility of his translations, for late in life I find him observing, "I have employed much time in study, and I have translated many books, considering that rather as an infinite commerce which I have chosen for my private life, than as things very necessary, although they are not entirely useless. Some have valued them, and others have cared little about them, but however it may be, I am nothing so much obliged to the labour that they contain as at least as much good as bad, both for their own matter and the form which I have given to them." The version he entertained of his translations was their character: he was not aware of his own spirit him style, and he imagined that poetry only consisted in the thorough, not in the grace and harmony of verse. He insisted, that by giving the public his

numerous translations, he was not vainly multiplying books, because he neither diminished nor increased their value in his faithful version. He had a curious notion that some were more scrupulous than they ought to be respecting translations of authors who, living so many ages past, are rarely read from the difficulty of understanding them, and why should they imagine that a translation is injurious to them, or would occasion the utter neglect of the original? "We do not think so highly of our own works," says the undisturbed and modest abbe, "but neither do I suppose that they may be useful even to these scrupulous persons. I will not suppress the truth, which I am noticing these scrupulous persons, if they have given me much pain by my industry, they have repaid me by the fine things they have taught me, and by the opinion which I have conceived that posterity, more just than the present times, will award a more favourable judgment." Thus a miserable translator immolates his long labours, by drawing his bell of fame on poverty which his contemporaries will not pay, but in their turn, as the bell is certainly lost before it reaches acceptance, why should we deprive the drawers of placing themselves with the ideal capital?

Let us not, however, imagine that the Abbe de Marolles was nothing but the man he appears in the character of a voluminous translator; though occupied all his life on these miserable labours, he was evidently an ingenious and noble-minded man, whose days were consecrated to literary pursuits, and who was among the primitive collectors in Europe of new and curious prints. One of his works is a "Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes et de Figures en Taille-douce." Paris, 1666, in 8vo. In the preface our author declares, that he had collected one hundred and twenty three thousand four hundred prints, of six thousand matrices, in four hundred large volumes, and one hundred and twenty small ones. This magnificent collection, formed by so much care and skill, he presented to the king; whether gratuitously given, or otherwise, it was an acquisition which a monarch might have thankfully accepted. Such was the historical ardour of our author that afterwards he set about forming another collection, of which he has also given a catalogue, in 4to, in 1660. Both these catalogues of prints are of extreme rarity, and are yet so highly valued by the connoisseurs, that when in France I could never obtain a copy. A king he may be passed without even a sight of the "Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes" of the Abbe de Marolles.

Such are the lessons drawn from the secret history of translation writers. We see one venting his money in acquiring on his prison walls another printing in writing labour, while the book-trade,

* These two catalogues have always been of extreme rarity and price. Dr. Lamy, when at Paris, told, without this circumstance I have never met with them in the most curious collections of the French. Mr. Douce, who has collected, as well as others. The manuscript of our old master is one of these catalogues are more correct than in more later publications, and the whole plan and arrangement of these catalogues of prints are peculiar and interesting.



LOCAL DESCRIPTIONS.

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A treatise directed against the new custom of hiring chairs in churches, and being noted during the lifetime of the man. Another on the Carapace operation, which he stigmatised as an act against nature. Another on cutthroats. Another entitled *Hypocrisis de Religione Negativa*, is an attack on those of his own company, the monks turned merchants, the Jesuits were then accused of commercial traffic with the revenues of their establishments. The rector of a college at Avignon, who thought he was portrayed in this honest work, confined Raynaud in prison for five months.

The most curious work of Raynaud, connected with literature, I possess, it is entitled *Exornatio de Malis ac Bonis Libris, deque jure aut injure eorumdem condicione*. Lugduni, 1663, 4to, with necessary indexes. One of his works having been condemned at Rome, he drew up three inquiries concerning good and bad books, addressed to the grand inquisitor. He divides his treatise into "bad and recent books, bad books, but not recent, books not bad, but recent, books neither bad nor recent." His immense reading appears here to advantage, and his Rhetorical feature is prominent, for he merits that when writing against heretics, all mordacity is innoxious, and an alphabetical list of abusive names, which the fathers have given to the heretics, is entitled *Alphabetum bestialitatis Hereticæ, ex Patrum Symbolis*.

After all, Raynaud was a man of vast acquirement, with a great flow of ideas, tactful, and void of all judgment. An anecdote may be recorded of him, which puts in a clear light the state of these literary men. Raynaud was one day pressing hard a reluctant bookseller to publish one of his works, who replied, "Write a book like Father Barn's, and I shall be glad to print it." It happened that the work of Barn was pilaged from Raynaud, and was much liked, while the original lay on the shelf. However, this only served to provoke a fresh attack from our redoubtable hero, who indicated his rights, and emptied his quiver on him who had been plunging with his bristler.

Such are the writers who, enjoying all the pleasures without the pains of composition, have often apologised for their repeated productions, by declaring that they write only for their own amusement, but such private theatres should not be brought on the public stage. One Catherineot all his life was printing a countless number of *foolish valentines* to history and on antiquities, each containing of about three or four leaves in quarto. L'englet du Prevost calls him "Grand auteur des petits livres." This gentleman liked to live among antiquaries and historians, but with a cranked hemisphere, stuck with whitens, and hard with heavy combinations, all overloaded with prodigious erudition, he could not run it at a less rate than by an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto pages. He appears to have published about two hundred pieces of this sort, much sought after by the curious for their rarity. Brunet complains he could never discover a complete collection. But Catherineot may escape "the pains and penalties" of our voluminous writers, for Dr. Bare thinks he generously printed them to distribute among his friends. Such careless writers, provided they do not print themselves into an alms-house, may be allowed to print themselves out, and we

would accept the apology which Monsieur Catherineot has framed for himself, which I find preserved in *Beyer's Memoires Librorum Rariorum*. "I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court, or a club at the tavern. I never counted among my honours these epigrams of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my pastime, as with St. John the Evangelist, my cat, as with Pope St. Gregory, my little dog, as with St. Dominick, my lamb, as with St. Francis, my great black mantill, as with Cornelius Nepos, and my tame hare, as with Lucius Luperus." I have once discovered in Sicily that this Catherineot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quarters of four or eight pages, his paper was of inferior quality; and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works in despite of his adopted an old expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherineot came to Paris, he used to hunt the quans where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he actually stole one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his immortality, and in this manner had disposed of more than one edition of his unequalled works. Nicéron has given the titles of all his things, which he had looked over.

LOCAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Nothing is more idle, and what is less to be forgiven in a writer, more tedious, than minute and lengthened descriptions of localities, where it is very doubtful whether the writers themselves had formed any tolerable notion of the place they describe, it is certain their readers never can. Their descriptive passages, in which writers of imagination so frequently indulge, are usually a glittering confusion of unconnected things, circumstances recollected from others, or observed by themselves at different times, the fragments of which are thrust together. If a scene from nature, it is possible that all the emotions of the year may be justified together, or if a castle or an apartment, its magnificence or its meanness may equally be noticed. Yet we find, even in works of celebrities whose pages of these general or these particular descriptive sketches, which leave nothing behind, but nouns substantives propped up by random epithets. The old writers were quite delighted to fill up their voluminous pages with what was a great saving of sense and thinking. In the *Alcure* of Scudery many pages, containing nearly five hundred verses, describe a palace, commencing at the *façade*, and at length finishing with the garden, but his descriptions, we may say, was much better described by Boccaccio, whose great care is the abundance of the "abundant words," in unloading a work with curious details.

Un auteur quelquefois trop plein de son objet
Jamaïs sans l'épouse n'abandonne un sujet
N'il rencontre son palais il m'en dépeint la face
Il me promène après de terrasse en terrasse.
Ici s'ouvre un perron, là regne un corridor ;
Là ce balcon s'enferme en son balustrade d'or ;
Il compte les plaques, les fûts, et les vitres—
Je salue vingt fenestres pour en trouver la fin ;
Et je me souviens à peine au travers du jardin !

And then he adds so excellent a canon of criticism, that we must not neglect it :

Tout ce qu'on doit de trop au fade et rebattu ;
L'esprit romain le rejette à l'instant,
Qui ne suit ni l'humor, ne suit jamais l'écrit.

We have a memorable instance of the inefficiency of local descriptions, in a very remarkable one by a writer of his genus, combining with an extreme fondness of his subject, and curiously anxious to send down to posterity the most elaborate display of his own villa—this was the *Lauventium* of PUVY. We cannot read his letter to Galien, which the English reader may in Melmoth's elegant version,² without somewhat participating in the delight of the writer in many of its details, but we cannot with the writer form the slightest conception of his villa, while he is leading us over from apartment to apartment, and pointing to us the opposite wing, with a "beyond this," and a "not far from thence," and "to this apartment another of the same sort," &c. Yet, still, as we were in great want of a correct knowledge of a Roman villa, and as this must be the most so possible, architects have frequently studied, and the learned translated with extraordinary care, PUVY's description of his *Lauventium*. It became so favourite an object, that eminent architects have attempted to raise up this edifice once more, by giving its plan and elevation, and thus extraordinary fact is the result—that not one of them but has given a different representation from the other. Montfaucon, a more faithful antiquary, in his clear translation of the description of this villa, in comparing it with Palladio's plan of the villa itself, observes, "that the architect accommodated his edifice to his translation, but that their notions are not the same, unquestionably," he adds, "if ten skilful translators were to peruse their task separately, there would not be one who agreed with another!"

If, then, on this subject of local descriptions, we find that it is impossible to convey exact notions of a real existing scene, what must we think of those which, in truth, describe scenes which have no other existence than the confused making-up of an author's invention, where the more he details the more he confuses, and where the more particular he wishes to be, the more indistinct the whole appears?

Local descriptions, after a few striking circumstances have been selected, admit of no further detail. It is not their length, but their happiness, which enter into our comprehension, the imagination can only take in and keep together a very few parts of a picture. The pen must not intrude on the province of the pencil, no more than the pencil must attempt to perform what cannot be

any shape be submitted to the eye, though fully to the mind.

The great art, perhaps, of local description, is rather a general than a particular view; the details must be left to the imagination, it is suggestion rather than description. There is an old Italian sonnet of this kind which I have often read with delight, and though I may not communicate the same pleasure to the reader, yet the story of the writer is most interesting, and the lady (for such she was) has the highest claim to be ranked, like the lady of Erehw, among literary wives.

Francesca Tarina Bufalini di Città di Castello, of noble extraction, and devoted to literature, had a collection of her poems published in 1621. She frequently interspersed little domestic incidents of her female friends—her husband—her son—her grandchildren, and in one of these sonnets she has designated her palace of San Cesario, whose locality she appears to have enjoyed with intense delight in the company of "her lord," whom she tenderly associates with the scene. There is a freshness and simplicity in the description, which will perhaps convey a clearer notion of the spot than even PUVY could do in the voluminous description of his villa. He tells us what she found when brought to the house of her husband.

Ample sale, ample lagge, ampio cortile
E statue ornate con gentil picture,
Tronci giugando, e nobili sculture
Di Marmo latte, da scarpel non vire.
Nobis garden con un perpetuo Aprile
Di vari her, di frutti, e di verdure,
Ombre soavi, acque a temperat l'afuore
E strade di betta non domandate,
E non men forte castel, che per fortezza
Ma il nome, e i nobili, e la circonda
intorno
Pomo profonda e di real larghezza.
Qui fer col mio lagore dolce soggiorno
Con tanto amor, con tanta contentezza
Onde ne benedico il nome e il giorno!

Wide halls, wide galleries, and an ample court,
Chambers adorn'd by pictures' soothing charm,
I found together blended, noble sculpture
In marble, polished by no chisel's care,
A noble garden, where a lasting April
All various flowers, and fruits, and verdure
showers,

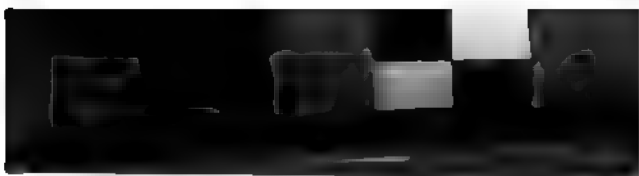
Soft shades, and waters tempering the hot air;
And undulating paths in equal beauty;
Nor less, the castled glory stands in force,
And bridged and flanked. And round its circuit
winds

The deepest moat, showing a regal use.
Here with my lord I cast my sweet emourn,
With holy love, and with superer content;
And hence I bless the month, and bless the day!

MASQUES.

It sometimes happens in the history of national amusements, that a name survives, while the thing itself is forgotten. This has been remarkably the case with our COURT MASQUES, in which our most eminent writers long ventured on so many false opinions, with a perfect ignorance of the nature of

² See vol. iv. lib. 17.



these compositions, which combined all that was exquisite in the imitative arts of poetry, painting, music, song, dancing, and machinery, at a period when our public theatre was in its rude infancy. Conscious of the miserable state of our represented drama, and not then possessing that more curious knowledge of their domestic history, which we delight to explore, they were led into erroneous notions of one of the most gorgeous, the most fascinating, and the most poetical of dramatic amusements. Our present theatrical exhibitions are indeed on a scale to which the two-prony audiences of the horn-pipe houses of Shakespeare could never have strained their sight, and our picturesque and learned costume, with the brilliant changes of our scenery, would have maddened the "property men" and the "swe women" of the Globe or the Red Bull. Shakespeare himself never beheld the true magical illusions of his own drama, with "Enter the Red Coat," and "Exit Wat and Clack," helped out with "painted cloths," or, as a bard of Charles the Second's time chaffed,—

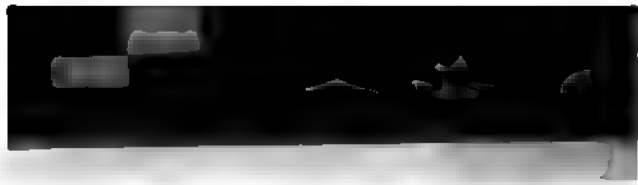
— Look back and see
The strange vicissitudes of poesy:
Your aged fathers came to play for wit,
And not too deep in mist-dreams in the pit."

But while the public theatre continued long in this contracted state, without scenes, without drama, without an orchestra, the court displayed occasional and dramatic exhibitions, with such costly magnificence, such inventive fancy, and such marvellous art, that we may doubt if the combined genius of Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones, and Louis or Perrouze, at an era most favourable to the arts of imagination, has been equalled by the modern spectacle of the Opera.

But this circumstance had entirely escaped the knowledge of our critics. The critic of a Masque must not only have read it, but he must also have heard, and have viewed it. The only witnesses in this case are those letter-writers of the day, who were then accustomed to communicate such domestic intelligence to their absent friends: from such *simple* correspondence I have often drawn some curious and sometimes important information. It is amusing to notice the opinions of some great critics, how from an original misstatement they have drawn an illegitimate opinion, and how one inherits from the other the error he propagates. Warburton and on Masques, that "Shakespeare was an enemy to them *Jacobites*, as appears by his writing none." This opinion was arising from the many which that singular critic threw out as they arose at the moment; for Warburton forgot that Shakespeare characteristically introduced one in the Tempest's most fanciful scene. Granger, who had not much time to study the manners of the age whose personages he was so well acquainted with, in a note on Milton's Masque, said that "These compositions were trifling and peevish allegories, the persons of which are fantastical to the last degree. Ben Jonson, in his 'Masque of Christmas,' but introduced 'Moorish Pye' and 'Babe Cote,' who act their parts in the drama. But the most wretched performances of this kind could please by the help of music, machinery, and dancing." Granger blunders, describing by two

farical characters a species of composition of which there was not the characteristic, such personages as he notices would enter into the Anti-Masque, which was a humorous parody of the more serious Masque, and sometimes relieved it. Malone, whose fancy was not vivid, condemns Masques and the age of Masques, in which he says, echoing Granger's epithet, "the wretched taste of the times found amusements." And lastly comes Mr Todd, whom the splendid fragment of one Masque, and the entire one which we have by heart, could not worth, while his neutralising criticism banish him at the freezing point of the thermometer. "Then dramatic entertainment, performed not without prodigious expense in machinery and decoration, to which business, we certainly owe the entertainment of 'Arcadia,' and the immortal Masque of Comus." Comus, however, is only a fine dramatic poem, retaining scarcely any features of the Masque. The only modern critic who had written with some research on this departed elegance of the English drama was Warton, whose fancy responded to the fascination of the fairy-like magnificence and lyrical spirit of the Masque. Warton had the taste to give a specimen from "The Inner Temple Mask, by William Browne," the pastoral poet, whose address to Sleep, he observed, "reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's Comus, to which it perhaps gave birth." Yet even Warton was deficient in that sort of research, which only can discover the true nature of these singular dramas.

Such was the state in which some years ago I found all our knowledge of this once favourite amusement of our court, our nobility, and our learned bodies of the four ions of court. Some extensive researches, pursued among contemporary manuscripts, cast a new light over this obscure child of fancy and magnificence. I could not think lightly of what Ben Jonson has called "The elegance of masques,"—entertainments on which three to five thousand pounds were expended, and on more public occasions ten and twenty thousand to the aid of the poets, composed by the noted poets, came the most skilful musicians, and the most elaborate mechanists, Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones and Lawson, blended into one piece their respective genius, and Lord Bacon and Whitehall and Brides, who sat in consultation for the last great Masque presented to Charles the First, invented the devices, composed the procession of the Masques and the Anti-Masques, while one took the care of the dancing or the bowing, and Whitehall the music;—the sage Whitehall! who has chronicled his self-complacency on the occasion, by claiming the invention of a Coranto, which for thirty years afterwards was the delight of the nation, and was named by the name of "Whitehall's Coranto," and which was always called for, two or three times over, whenever that great statesman "came to see a play." So much personal honour was considered to be involved in the conduct of a Masque, that even the committee of illustrious men was on the point of being broken up by two serious discussion concerning precedence, and the Masque had nearly not taken place, till they hit on the expedient of throwing dice to decide on their rank in the procession! On this anxiety of



honour in the composition of a masque, I discovered what butherto had crossed the hazy bridge, although not the contents of literary inquiries. The avowal of that memorable enmity between Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, who had butherto acted together with beautiful effect, "a circumstantiality," says Mr. Gilford, to whom I communicated it, "not a little important in the history of our cabalistical poet." The trivial cause, but not so in its consequences, was the poet persisting in his own name before that of the architect, on the title-page of a masque, which butherto had only been assisted, so jealous was that great architect of his part of the masque, and so predominant his power and name at court, that he considered his rights invaded by the inferior claims of the poet. Jonson has passed on the whole bitterness of his soul, in two short master-stroke understatements for the subject of these satires, they provoked Inigo to sharpen his pen in verse, but it is elegant, and the blood composition still has in its manuscript state.

While these researches had engaged my attention, appeared Mr. Gilford's Memoirs of Ben Jonson. The characteristics of Jonson are there, in the best time, elaborately opened with the clear and penetrating spirit of the student of our dramatic critics. I feel it like presumption to add to what has received the working hand of a master, but his pen is locked up in a chest, which I hope is not yet opened, and he will allow me to borrow nothing from its precincts.

"The masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence—admitted of dancing, singing, and dancing, these were not independent of one another, but combined, in the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. When the plan was formed, the end of the water-works was called in, for the entrance of the masque was pomp and glory. The fabric of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the masque, the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances, and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the celebration. Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and he prizes it was placed. Of these masques, the skill with which their ornaments were arranged, and the magnificent grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the mind of Jonson. He grows weaker at one, and all his faculties return to brightness and pleasure. He makes his appearance, like his own *Diogenes*, accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter."

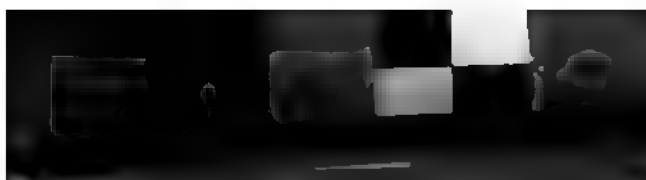
"In curious knot and mass of
The spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo,
Her flow, had her motions too,
And thus did Venus learn to lead
The human train, and so to tread,
As if the wind, not she, did walk.
Her power a flower, not love a stalk."

* The songs and actions of dancers in masques were called motions.

And so what was the taste of the times overruled? continuous Mr. Gilford, in reply to Mr. Gilford, and the rest, who had never cast even an imperfect glance on what one of the accomplished gentlemen of that age has called "The country recreations of gallant gentlemen and ladies of honour, striving to exceed one the other in their measures and changes, and in their organs of wit, which have been beyond the power of envy to disgrace." But in what was "the taste of the times overruled? In poetry, painting, architecture, they have not once been equalled, and it all becomes us to arrange the taste of a period which possessed a cluster of writers of whom the meanest would now be esteemed a prodigy." I have been carried farther in this effort than I intended, by the force of the current, which hurries me down from our sight, who, fortunately for his case, did not live to read the denouncement by his education against masques, as "hanging shivers," "Washington as a disaster," "Orange as a wretched performance," and Mr. Todd as merely "the humour of the times."

Masques were often the private theatricals of the families of our nobility, performed by the ladies and gentlemen at their seats, and were often splendidly got up on certain occasions, such as the celebration of a nuptial, or in compliment of some great person. The masque of *Comus* was composed by Milton to celebrate the creation of Charles the first as Prince of Wales, a scene in this masque presented both the castle and the tower of Ludlow, which proved, that although our small public theatres had not yet displayed any of the scenic allusions which long afterwards became introduced, these scenic effects existed in great perfection in the masque. The minute description introduced by Thomas Campion in his *Memoirs of the Masque* "as it is called, will convince us that the scenery must have been exquisite and fanciful, and that the poet was always a subtle and accurate poet with the machinery, with whom sometimes, however, he had a quarrel."

The subject of this very rare masque was "The Night and the Hours." It would be tedious to describe the best scene with the goodness with which the poet has done on it. It was a dimly valley, one side, with dark clouds hanging before it, on the other, a green vale, with trees, and more golden oaks of others feet high, from which grove lowly, "the stage," or the seat of the king, was a broad descent to the dancing place. The house of Flora was on the right, the house of Night on the left, between them a hill, hanging like a cliff over the grove. The house of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers, and flowery branches, with lights among them, the house of Night ample and dark, with black columns studded with golden stars; within, nothing but clouds and twinkling stars, a hill about it were placed, on wire, artificial hills and oaks, continually turning. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the hauboyes out of the wood on the top of the hill, entertained the time, till Flora and Zephyr were seen busily gathering flowers from the lower, throwing them into baskets which two boys held, aimed to chargeable labour. The song is light as their songs, but the humour is charming.



MASQUES.

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How hath Flora robb'd her bowers
To bedizen this place with flowers;
Straw about! straw about!
Flowers, divers flowers affect
For some private deat respect;
Straw about! straw about!
But he's none of Flora's friend
That will not the rose commend;
Straw about! straw about!

I cannot quit this Masque, of which collectors know the rarity, without preserving one of those Doric delicacies, of which, perhaps, we have outlived the taste! It is a playful dialogue between a SILVAN and an HORN, while MINER appears in her house, with her long black hair spangled with gold, amidst her MUSES; their faces black, and each bearing a lighted black torch.

SILVAN Tell me, gentle Hour of night,
Whence dost thou come with delight?
HORN. Wherein then? Whencein then?
In the frolic view of men!
SILVAN Lo! 'tis thou musc? Oh! 'tis sweet!
HORN. What's dancing? 'Tis the mirth of feet.
SILVAN Joy you in furies and in chins!
HORN. We are of that sort ourselves!
But, SILVAN! say, why do you live
Only to frequent the grove?
SILVAN. Life is fullness of content
A hen's delight is innocent.
HORN. Plowmen in all ways, a t' be long;
Come then, let's close, and end the song!

That the marvellous scenery of these masques formed as perfect a scenical illusion as any that our own age, with all its perfection of decoration, has attained to, will not be denied by those who have read the few masques which have been printed. They usually combined a double division of the scene, one part was for some time concealed from the spectator, which produced surprise and variety. Thus in the *Lord's Masque*, at the marriage of the *Palatine*, the scene was divided into two parts from the roof to the floor; the lower part being first discovered, there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of "re-leave or whol, round," the rest painted. On the left a cave, and on the right a thicket, from which issued Orpheus. At the back part of the scene, at the sudden fall of a curtain, the upper part broke on the spectators, a heaven of clouds of all hues, the stars suddenly vanished, the clouds dispersed; an element of artificial fire played about the house of Prometheus—a bright and transparent cloud, reaching from the heavens to the earth, whence the eight muses descending with the music of a full song, and at the end of their descent the cloud broke in twain, and one part of it, as with a wind, was blown athwart the scene. While this cloud was vanishing, the wood being the under part of the scene, was incessantly changing, a perspective view opened, with porticoes on each side, and female statues of ether, accompanied with ornaments of architecture, filling the end of the house of Prometheus, and seemed all of gold-

smiths' work. The women of Prometheus descended from their niches, till the anger of Jupiter turned them again into statues. It is evident, too, that the use of the proscenium, or stage, accorded with the magnificence of the scene, for I had choruses described, "and changeable conveyances of the song," in manner of an echo, performed by more than forty different voices and instruments in various parts of the scene. The architectural decorations were the pride of Inigo Jones; and such could not be trivial.

"I suppose," says the writer of this masque, "few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones showed in contriving their motion; who as all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention, showed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively expressed in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions, for the adorning of his art." Whether this strong expression should be only adorning does not appear in any errata; but the feeling of admiration was fervent among the spectators of that day, who were at least as much astonished as they were delighted. Ben Jonson's prose descriptions of scenes in his own exquisite masques, as Mr. Gifford observes, "are singularly bold and beautiful." In a letter, which discovered the writer of which had been present at one of these masques, and which Mr. Gifford has preserved,* the reader may see the great poet anxiously united with Inigo Jones in working the machinery. Jonson before "a sacrifice could be performed, turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar." In this globe, "the sea was expressed heightened with silver waves, which stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it), and turning softly, discovered the first masque," &c. This "turning softly" producing a very magical effect, the great poet would trust to no other hand but his own†.

It seems, however, that as no masque-writer equalled Jonson, so no machinist rivalled Inigo Jones. I have sometimes caught a groan from some unfortunate poet, whose beautiful fancies were spoilt by the bungling machinist (the *stage*), "The *order of this scene* was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the *musicians*) by the king's master carpenter," but he adds, "the *painters*, I must needs say (not to belie them), lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencil." Poor Campion, in one of his masques, describing when the trees were gently to sink, &c. by an engine placed under the stage, and so sinking were to open, and the masques appear out at their tops, &c., adds this vindictive marginal note: "Either by the *simplicity, negligence or conspiracy* of the painter, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded, though the same day they had been shown with much admiration, and were left together to the same night," that is, they were worked right at the rehearsal, and failed in the representation, which must have perplexed the nine muses on the tops of their nine trees. But such accidents were

* *Memoirs of Jonson*, p. 80.

† See Gifford's *Jonson*, vol. vii. p. 78.

only vexations crossing the fancies of the poet, they did not essentially injure the magnificence, the pomp, and the fairy world opened to the spectators. So little was the character of these MASQUES known, that all our critics seemed to have fallen into repeated blunders, and used the MASQUE as Campion suspected his painters to have done, "either by simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy." Hurd, a cold systematic critic, thought he might safely prefer the masque in the *Tempest*, as "putting to shame all the masques of Jonson, not only in its construction, but in the splendour of its show;"—"which," adds Mr. Gifford, "was danced and sung by the ordinary performers to a couple of fiddles, perhaps in the balcony of the stage." Such is the fate of criticism without knowledge! And now, to close our MASQUES, let me apply the forcible style of Ben Jonson himself: "The glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out in the beholders' eyes; so short-lived are the bodies of all things in comparison of their souls!"

OF DES MAIZEAUX, AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF ANTHONY COLLINS'S MANUSCRIPTS.

DES MAIZEAUX was an active literary man of his day, whose connections with Bayle, St. Evremond, Locke, and Toland, with his name set off by an F.R.S., have occasioned the dictionary-biographers to place him prominently among their "hommes illustres." Of his private history nothing seems known. Having something important to communicate respecting one of his friends, a far greater character, with whose fate he stands connected, even DES MAIZEAUX becomes an object of our inquiry.

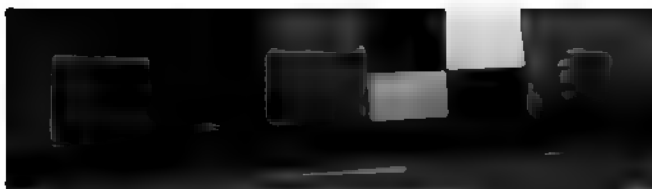
He was one of those French refugees, whom political madness, or despair of intolerance, had driven to our shores. The proscription of Louis XIV., which supplied us with our skilful workers in silk, also produced a race of the unemployed, who proved not to be as exquisite in the handicraft of book-making; such were *Motteux*, *La Caze*, *Desmaisons*, *Durand*, and others. Our author had come over in that tender state of youth, just in time to become half an Englishman; and he was so ambidextrous in the languages of the two great literary nations of Europe, that whenever he took up his pen, it is evident, by his manuscripts, which I have examined, that it was mere accident which determined him to write in French or in English. Composing without genius, or even taste, without vivacity or force, the simplicity and fluency of his style were sufficient for the purposes of a ready dealer in all the minutiae of literary anecdotes, curious quotations, notices of obscure books, and all that *supellex* which must enter into the history of literature, without forming a history. These little things, which did so well of themselves, without any connection with anything else, became trivial when they assumed the form of voluminous minuteness; and DES MAIZEAUX at length imagined that nothing but anecdotes were necessary to compose the lives of men of genius! With this sort of talent he produced a copious life of Bayle, in which he told

everything he possibly could; and, in so doing, he became more tedious, and more curious, than Bayle himself. It be a grievous fault to omit nothing, and make the writer to be deficient in the development of character, and that sympathy which throws inspiration over the vivifying page of biography, yet, to admit everything has this merit—that we are sure to find what we want! Warburton poignantly describes our Des Maizeaux, in one of those letters to Dr. Birch, which he wrote in the fervid age of study, and with the impatient vivacity of his genius. "Almost all the life-writers we have had before Toland and Des Maizeaux are indeed strange, insipid creatures; and yet I had rather read the worst of them, than be obliged to go through with this of Milton's, or the other's life of Boileau; where there is such a dull, heavy succession of long quotations of uninteresting passages, that it makes their method quite nauseous. But the verbose, tasteless Frenchman, seems to lay it down as a principle, that every life must be a book,—and, what is worse, it seems a book without a life; for what do we know of Boileau, after all his tedious stuff?"

DES MAIZEAUX was much in the employ of the Dutch booksellers, then the great monopolizers in the literary mart of Europe. He supplied their "nouvelles littéraires" from England; but the work-sheet price was very mean in those days. I have seen annual accounts of DES MAIZEAUX settled to a line, for four or five pounds; and yet he sent the "Novelties" as fresh as the post could carry them! He held a confidential correspondence with these great Dutch booksellers, who consulted him in their distresses; and he seems rather to have relieved them than himself. But if he got only a few florins at Rotterdam, the same "nouvelles littéraires" sometimes secured him valuable friends at London; for in those days, which perhaps are returning on us, an English author would often appeal to a foreign journal for the commendation he might fail in obtaining at home; and I have discovered, in more cases than one, that, like other smuggled commodities, the foreign article was often of home manufacture!

I give one of these curious bibliopolical distresses. Sauzet, a bookseller at Rotterdam, who judged too critically for the repose of his authors, seems to have been always fond of projecting a new "Journal;" tormented by the ideal excellence which he had conceived of such a work, it vexed him that he could never find the workmen. Once disappointed of the assistance he expected from a writer of talents, he was fain to put up with one he was ashamed of; but warily stipulated on very singular terms. He confided this precious literary secret to Des Maizeaux. I translate from his manuscript letter.

"I send you, my dear Sir, four sheets of the continuation of my journal, and I hope this second part will turn out better than the former. The author thinks himself a very able person; but I must tell you frankly, that he is a man without erudition, and without any critical discrimination; he writes pretty well, and turns passably what he says; but that is all! Monsieur Van Erfen having failed in his promises to realise my



OF DES MAIZEAUX, AND ANTHONY COLLINS'S MANUSCRIPTS. 385

hope on this occasion, necessity compelled me to have recourse to him; but for his merits only, and on condition that he should not, on any account whatever, allow any one to know that he is the author of the journal, for his name alone would be sufficient to make even a possible task discreditable. As you see among my friends, I will confide to you in secrecy the name of this author, it is *Mont De L'Amour*. You see how much my interest is concerned that the author should not be known! This anecdote is gratuitously presented to the editors of certain reviews, as a serviceable hint to enter into the same engagement with some of their own writers; for it is usually the *De L'Amour* who expect their last puff in having their own name about the town.

In England, Des MAIZEAUX, is a literary man, made himself very useful to other men of letters, and particularly to persons of rank; and he found patronage and a pension, like his talents, very moderate! A friend to literary men, he lived amongst them, from "Ossian" Henley, up to Addison, Lord Malpas, and Anthony Collins. I find a curious character of our Des MAIZEAUX in the handwriting of Edward, Earl of Oxford, to whose father (Rupert Earl of Oxford) and himself, the nation owes the Marston treasures. His lordship is a critic with high Tory principles, and high-church notions. "This Des MAIZEAUX is a good man with those who are pleased to be called *Presbyterians*, particularly with Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, collects passages out of books for their writings. His life of Chillingworth is wrote to please that set of men." The secret history I am to unfold relates to ARTHUR COLLINS and Des MAIZEAUX. Some curious book-lovers will be interested in the personal history of an author they are well acquainted with, yet which has hitherto remained unknown. He tells his own story in a sort of epistolary petition he addressed to a noble friend characteristic of an author, who cannot be deemed ungrateful, yet whose name, after all his painful labours, might be inserted in my "Catalogue of Authors."

In this letter he announces his intention of publishing a dictionary like Bayle; having written the life of Bayle, the next step was to become himself a Bayle, so short is the passage of literary delusion! He had published, as a specimen, the

* *Van Effen* was a Dutch writer of some merit, and one of a literary knot of ingenious men, consisting of Sallengre, St. Myciethre, Pompey Marchand, &c., who carried on a smart review for three days, published at the Hague under the title of "Journal Littéraire." They all composed in French, and Van Effen gave the first translations of our *Guardian*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, &c. He did something more, but not better, he attempted to imitate the *Spectator*, in his "*Le Manuscrit*," 1736, which exhibits a picture of the uninteresting manners of a nation, whom he could not make very lively.

De L'Amour has had his name slipped into our biographical dictionaries. An author cannot escape the fatality of the alphabet, his numerous misdeeds are registered. It is said, that if he had not been so hungry, he would have given proofs of promising genius.

lives of Halm and Chillingworth. He complains that his circumstances have not allowed him to forward that work, nor digest the materials he had collected.

"A work of that nature requires a steady application, free from the cares and anxieties incident to all persons obliged to work for their maintenance. I have had the misfortune to be in the case of those persons, and am now reduced to a pension on the Irish establishment, which, deducting the tax of four shillings in the pound, and other charges, brings me in about one year of our English money." This pension was granted to me in 1710, and I owe it chiefly to the friendship of Mr. Addison, who was then secretary to the Earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland. In 1711, 12, and 13, I was appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery by the interest of Lord Malpas.

"And this is all I ever received from the government, though I had some claim to the royal favour; for in 1706, when the enemies to our constitution were contriving its ruin, I wrote a pamphlet entitled '*Lethe*,' which was published in Holland, and afterwards translated into English, and twice printed in London, and being reprinted at Dublin, proved so offensive to the ministry in Ireland, that it was burnt by the hands of the hangman. But as it is, that after having showed on all occasions my zeal for the royal family, and endeavoured to make myself serviceable to the public by several books published, after forty years' stay in England, and in an advanced age, I find myself and family destitute of a sufficient livelihood, and suffering from complaints in the head and impaired sight by constant application to my studies.

"I am confident, my lord," he adds, "that if the queen, to whom I was made known on occasion of Toulmin's French translation, were acquainted with my present distress, she would be pleased to afford me some relief."

Among the confidential literary friends of Des MAIZEAUX he had the honour of ranking ARTHUR COLLINS, a great lover of literature, and a man of fine genius; and who in a continued correspondence with our Des MAIZEAUX treated him as his friend, and employed him as his agent in his literary concerns. These in the formation of an extensive library, were in a state of perpetual activity, and COLLINS was such a true lover of his books, that he drew up the catalogue with his own pen. ARTHUR COLLINS wrote several well-known works without perishing his name, but having pushed too far his curious inquiries on occult obscure and polemical points, he incurred the odium of a *Freethinker*, a term which then began

* I find that the nominal pension was 30 *l.* per diem on the Irish civil list, which amounts to above 63*l.* per annum. If a pension be granted for reward, it seems a mockery that the income should be so grievously reduced, which cruel custom still prevails.

† This letter, or petition, was written in 1732. In 1743 he procured his pension to be placed on his wife's life, and he died in 1745.

He was sworn in as gentleman of his majesty's privy chamber in 1732.—*Obit.* 1745. 48*l.*

Whatever tendency to "liberalise" the mind from dogmas and creeds prevails in these works, the talents and learning of Collins were of the first class. His morals were immaculate, and his personal character independent; but the *calamitas theologorum* of those days contrived every means to stab in the dark, till the taste became hereditary with some. I shall mention a fact of this cruel bigotry which occurred within my own observation on one of the most polished men of the age. The late Mr. CUMBERLAND, in the romance entitled his "Life," gave this extraordinary fact, that Dr. BENTLEY, who so ably replied by his "Remarks," under the name of Philoleutherus Lipsiensis, to COLLINS'S "Discourse on Free-thinking," when many years after he discovered him fallen into great distress, conceiving that by having ruined COLLINS'S character as a writer for ever, he had been the occasion of his personal misery, he liberally contributed to his maintenance. In vain I mentioned to that elegant writer, who was not curious about facts, that this person could never have been Anthony Collins, who had always a plentiful fortune; and when it was suggested to him that this "A. Collins," as he printed it, must have been Arthur Collins, the historical compiler, who was often in pecuniary difficulties, still he persisted in sending the lie down to posterity, *totidem verbis*, without alteration in his second edition, observing to a friend of mine, that "the story, while it told well, might serve as a striking instance of his great relative's generosity; and that it should stand, because it could do no harm to any but to Anthony Collins, whom he considered as little short of an atheist." So much for this pious fraud! but be it recollected that this ANTHONY COLLINS was the confidential friend of LOCKE, of whom Locke said, on his dying bed, that "COLLINS was a man whom he valued in the first rank of those that he left behind him." And the last words of COLLINS on his own death-bed were, that "he was persuaded he was going to that place which God had designed for them that love him." The cause of true religion will never be assisted by using such leaky vessels as Cumberland's wilful calumnies, which in the end must run out, and be found, like the present, mere empty fictions!

An extraordinary circumstance occurred on the death of ANTHONY COLLINS. He left behind him a considerable number of his own manuscripts, and there was one collection formed into eight octavo volumes; but that they might be secured from the common fate of manuscripts, he bequeathed them all, and confided them to the care of our DES MAIZEAUX. The choice of COLLINS reflects honour on the character of DES MAIZEAUX, yet he proved unworthy of it! He ordered himself to betray his trust, practised on by the earnest desire of the widow, and perhaps by the arts of a Mr. Tomlinson, who appears to have been introduced into the family by the recommendation of Dean Sykes, whom at length he supplanted, and whom the widow, to save her reputation, was afterwards obliged to discard.*

* This information is from a note found among

In an awkward moment he betrayed the precious legacy of the manuscripts, and sold for fifty guineas at a private sale. But if DES MAIZEAUX lost his honour in this transaction, he was at heart an honest man, who had swerved for a single moment; his conscience was soon awakened, and he experienced the most violent compunctions. It was in a paroxysm of this nature that he addressed the following letter to a mutual friend of the late Anthony Collins and himself.

Sir,

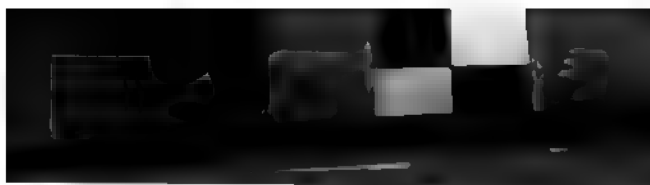
January 6, 1730.

I am very glad to hear you are come to town, and as you are my best friend, now I have lost Mr. Collins, give me leave to open my heart to you, and to beg your assistance in an affair which highly concerns both Mr. Collins's (your friend) and my own honour and reputation. The case, in few words, stands thus: Mr. Collins by his last will and testament left me his manuscripts. Mr. Tomlinson, who first acquainted me with it, told me that Mrs. Collins should be glad to have them, and I made them over to her; whereupon she was pleased to present me with fifty guineas. I desired her at the same time to take care they should be kept safe and unhurt, which she promised to do. This was done the 25 of last month. Mr. Tomlinson, who managed all this affair, was present.

Now, having further considered that matter, I find that I have done a most wicked thing. I am persuaded that I have betrayed the trust of a person who for 26 years has given me continual instances of his friendship and confidence. I am convinced that I have acted contrary to the will and intention of my dear deceased friend; showed a disregard to the particular mark of esteem he gave me on that occasion; in short, that I have forfeited what is dearer to me than my own life—honour and reputation.

These melancholy thoughts have made so great an impression upon me, that I protest to you I can enjoy no rest; they haunt me everywhere, day and night. I earnestly beseech you, Sir, to represent my unhappy case to Mrs. Collins. I acted with all the simplicity and uprightness of my heart; I considered that the MSS. would be as safe in Mrs. Collins's hands as in mine; that she was no less obliged to preserve them than myself; and that, as the library was left to her, they might naturally go along with it. Besides, I thought I could not too much comply with the desire of a lady to whom I have so many obligations. But I see now clearly that this is not fulfilling Mr. Collins's will, and that the duties of our conscience are superior to all other regards. But it is in her power to forgive and mend what I have done imprudently, but with a good intention. Her high sense of virtue and generosity will not, I am sure, let her take any advantage of my weakness; and the tender regard she has for the memory of the best of men, and the tenderest of husbands, will not suffer that his intentions should be frustrated, and that she should be the instrument of violating what is most sacred. If our late friend had designed that his MSS. should remain in her hands,

Des Maizeaux's papers; but its truth I have no means to ascertain.



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he would certainly have left them to her by his last will and testament, his acting otherwise is an evident proof that it was not his intention.

All this I proposed to represent to her in the most respectful manner; but you will do it infinitely better than I can in this present distraction of mind, and I flatter myself that the mutual esteem and friendship which has continued so many years between Mr Collins and you, will make you readily embrace whatever tends to honour his memory.

I send you the fifty guineas I received, which I do now look upon as the wages of iniquity, and I desire you to return them to Mrs. Collins, who, as I hope it of her justice, equity, and regard to Mr. Collins's intentions, will be pleased to cancel my paper.

I am, &c
F DES MAIZEAUX.

The manuscripts were never returned to Des Maizeaux, for seven years afterwards Mrs. Collins, who appears to have been a very spirited lady, addressed to him the following letter on the subject of a report, that she had permitted transcripts of these very manuscripts to get abroad. This occasioned an animated correspondence from both sides.

Sir,

March 10, 1736-7.

I have thus long waited in expectation that you would ere this have called on Dean Sykes, as Sir B. Lucy said you intended, that I might have had some satisfaction in relation to a very unjust reproach, viz that I, or somebody that I had trusted, had betrayed some of the transcripts, or MSS of Mr Collins into the Bishop of London's hands. I cannot, therefore, since you have not been with the dean as was desired, but call on you in this manner to know what authority you had for such a reflection, or on what grounds you went on for saying that these transcripts are in the Bishop of London's hands. I am determined to trace out the grounds of such a report, and you can be no friend of mine, no friend of Mr Collins, no friend to common justice, if you refuse to acquaint me what foundation you had for such a charge. I desire a very speedy answer to this, who am, Sir,

Your servant,
ELIZ. COLLINS.

To Mr. Des Maizeaux, at his lodgings next door to the Quakers' burying-ground, Hanover-street, out of Long Acre.

To Mrs. Collins.

March 14, 1737.

I had the honour of your letter of the 10th inst, and as I find that something has been misapprehended, I beg leave to set this matter right.

Being lately with some honourable persons, I told them it had been reported that some of Mr. C's MSS were fallen into the hands of strangers, and that I should be glad to receive from you such information as might enable me to disprove that report. What occasioned this surmise, or what particular MSS. were meant, I was not able to dis-

cover, so I was left to my own conjectures which, upon a serious consideration, induced me to believe that it might relate to the MSS in eight volumes in Bvo. of which there is a transcript. But as the original and the transcript are in your possession, if you please, ma'am, to compare them together, you may easily see whether they be both entire and perfect, or whether there be anything wanting in either of them. By this means you will assure yourself, and satisfy your friends, that several important pieces are safe in your hands, and that the report is false and groundless. All this I take the liberty to offer out of the singular respect I always professed for you, and for the memory of Mr Collins, to whom I have endeavoured to do justice in all occasions, and particularly in the memoirs that have been made use of in the general dictionary; and I hope my tender concern for his reputation will further appear when I publish his life.

Sir,

April 6, 1737.

My ill state of health has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the receipt of yours, from which I hoped for some satisfaction in relation to your charge, in which I cannot but think myself very deeply concerned. You tell me now, that you was left to your own conjectures what particular MSS. were reported to have fallen into the hands of strangers, and that upon a serious consideration you was induced to believe that it might relate to the MSS. in eight vols. 8vo., of which there was a transcript.

I most beg of you to satisfy me very explicitly who were the persons that reported this to you, and from whom did you receive this information? You know that Mr. Collins left several MSS. behind him, what grounds had you for your conjecture that it related to the MSS. in eight vols. 8vo. rather than to any other MSS. which I etc. was a transcript. I beg that you will be very plain, and tell me what strangers were named (you) and who you said the Bishop of London. I visit informers said stranger to you. I am so much concerned in this, that I must repeat it if you have the singular respect for Mr. Collins which you profess, that you would help me to trace out this reproach, which is so abusive to,

Sir,
Your servant,
ELIZ. COLLINS.

To Mrs. Collins.

I flattered myself that my last letter would have satisfied you, but I have the mortification to see that my hopes were vain. Therefore I beg leave once more to set this matter right. When I told you what had been reported I added, as I thought, the part of a true friend, by acquainting you that some of your MSS. had been pilloined, in order that you might examine a fact which to me appeared of the last consequence; and I verily believe that even now in this case you would have expected thanks for such a friendly information. But instead of that I find myself represented as an enemy, and challenged to produce proofs and witnesses of a thing done in conversation, a hear-say, as if in these cases people kept a register of what they hear, and entered the names of the persons who spoke, the time, place,

And I told with them persons ready to witness the same. I did own I never thought of such thing, and whenever I happened to hear that some of my friends had some loss, I thought it my duty to acquaint them with such report, that they might inquire into the matter, and see whether there was any ground for it. But I never troubled myself with the names of the persons who spoke, as being a thing entirely needless and unprofitable.

Give me leave further to observe, that you are in no ways concerned in the matter, as you seem to be apprehensive you are. Suppose some miss. have been taken out of your library, who will say you ought to bear the guilt of it? What man in his senses, who has the honour to know you, will say you gave your consent to such thing—that you was privy to it? How can you then take upon yourself an action to which you was neither privy nor consenting? Do not such things happen every day, and do the losers think themselves injured or abused when they are taken of? Is it impossible to be betrayed by a person we confided in?

You call what I told you was a report, a surmise; you call it, say, an *information*, and speak of it as if there was a parliament, wherein I received the information: I thought I had the honour to be better known to you. Mr. Collins loved me and esteemed me for my integrity and sincerity, of which he had several proofs; how I have been drawn in to injure him, to forfeit the good opinion he had of me, and which, were he now alive, would deservedly expose me to his utmost contempt, is a grief which I shall carry to the grave. It would be a sort of comfort to me, if those who have consented I should be drawn in were in some measure sensible of the guilt towards so good, kind, and generous man.

Thus we find that seven years after DES MAIZEAUX had inconsiderately betrayed his sacred trust, his remorse was still awake; and the sincerity of his grief is attested by the affecting style which describes it: the spirit of his departed friend seemed to be hovering about him, and, in his imagination, would haunt him to the grave.

The nature of these manuscripts; the cause of the earnest desire of retaining them by the widow; the evident unkindness of her conduct to DES MAIZEAUX; and whether these manuscripts, consisting of eight octavo volumes with their transcripts, were destroyed, or are still existing, are all circumstances which my researches have hitherto not ascertained.

HISTORY OF NEW WORDS.

Neology, or the novelty of words and phrases, is an innovation, which, with the opulence of our present language, the English philologist is most anxious to avoid; but we have puritans or pretensions of English, superstitiously nice! The fantastic conceits of affectation or caprice will cease to exult in their own alloy; but shall we reject the ore of the workmanship and solid weight? There is no government mint of words, and it is no state-sanction to invent a felicitous or daring expression unauthorised by Mr. Todd!

When a man of genius, in the heat of his passion or his feelings, has thrown out a peculiar word, probably conveyed more precision or energy than any other established word, otherwise he is but an ignorant pretender!

Julius Cæsar, who, unlike other great captains, is authority in words as well as about blows, wrote a large treatise on "Analogy," in which that fine genius counselled to "avoid every unusual word as a rock!"* The cautious Quintilian, as might be expected, opposes all innovation in language. "If the new word is well received, small is the glory; if rejected, it raises laughter."† This only marks the penury of his feelings in this species of adventure. The great legislator of words, who lived when his own language was at its acme, seems undecided, yet pleaded for this liberty. "Shall that which the Romans allowed to Cæcilius and to Plautus be refused to Virgil and Varius?" The answer to the question might not be favourable to the inquirer. While a language is forming, writers are applauded for extending its limits; when established, for restricting themselves to them. But this is to imagine that a perfect language can exist! The good sense and observation of Horace perceived that there may be occasions where necessity must become the mother of invented words:

— Si forte necesse est

Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.

If you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be used,
So it be seldom and discreetly done.

ROMANUS.

But Horace's canon for deciding on the legality of the new invention, or the standard by which it is to be tried, will not serve to assist the inventor of words:

— licuit, semperque licebit,

Signatum præsentis nota procurrere nummi.

— an undisputed power

Of coining money from the rugged ore,
Nor less of coining words, is still contest,
If with a legal public stamp imprest.

FRANCIS.

This *præsentis nota*, or public stamp, can never be affixed to any new coinage of words; for many received at a season have perished with it. The privilege of stamping words is reserved for its greatest enemy—Time itself! and the inventor of a new word must never flatter himself that he has secured the public adoption, for he must lie in his grave before he can enter the dictionary.

Unquestionably, NEOLOGY opens a wide door to innovation: scarcely has a century passed since our language was patched up with Gallic idioms, as in the preceding century it was piebald with Spanish, and with Italian, and even with Dutch. The political intercourse of islanders with their neighbours has ever influenced their language. In Elizabeth's reign, Italian phrases and Nether-

* Aulus Gellius, lib. i. c. 10.

† Instit. lib. i. c. 5.

‡ This verse was corrected by Bentley *procurrere nummum*, instead of *producere nomen*, which the critics agree is one of his happy conjectures.

land words were imported, in James and Charles the Spanish framed the style of courtesy, in Charles II the nation and the language were equally Frenchified. Yet such are the sources whence we have often derived some of the wealth of our language.

There are three fatal corruptions of a language—caprice, affectation, and ignorance. Such Latinisms and cant terms as "theatrical," and "musical," invented by the suppliant Trifolium, still survive among his confreres of Privy. A lady eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Mrs Edgeworth, observed to me, that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To *touch*, now so familiar from the *l'opéra* box, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very rare of late among our young ladies, a nice man, whatever it may mean, whether the man resembles a peacock, or something more nice, conveys the defective notion that they are ready to eat him up! *Unusable* for a while succeeded here, but here has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his "Polite Conversation." A dictionary of barbarisms too might be collected from some wretched neologists, whose pen is now at work. Lord Chesterfield, in his exhortations to conduct in Johnson's Dictionary, was desirous, however, that the great lexicographer should add as an appendix "A neological Dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases commonly used, and sometimes understood by the *beau-monde*." This last phrase was doubtless a contribution. Such a dictionary had already appeared in the French language, drawn up by two caustic critics, who in the *Dictionnaire satirique à l'usage des beaux Esprits de Paris*, collected together the numerous unlucky inventions of affectation, with their modern authorities. A collection of the new words and phrases culled from every very modern poet, might show the real amount of the Latinisms bestowed on us.

The attempts of neologists are, however, not necessary to be censured, and we may join with the conservatism of Aulus Gellius, who have limited the loss of a chapter, of which the title only has descended to us. That chapter would have demonstrated what happens to all languages, that some neologisms, which at first are considered forced or insignificant, become sanctioned by use, and in time are quoted as authorities in the very language which, in their early stage, they were imagined to have defiled.

The true history of men's minds is found in their actions, their wants are indicated by their conversations, and certain it is that in highly cultivated ages we discover the most refined intellects attempting innovations. It would be a subject of great curiosity to trace the origin of many happy expressions, when, and by whom created. Cicero invented several; to this philosopher we owe the term of *moral philosophy*, which before his time was called the *philosophy of manna*. But on

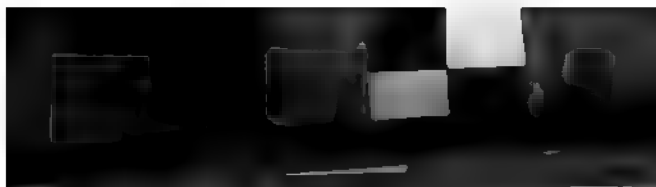
this subject we are more interested by the modern than by the ancient languages. Richardson, the painter of the human heart, has created some expressions for its little secret movements which are admirable—that great genius married a higher education and more literary leisure than the lot of a painter could afford. Blotting out created some bold expressions, many of which have not outlived him, his imagination is opposite to currents, well describes that state of negligence where we will not learn that of which we are ignorant. With us the word *incertain* was described by Meville, in 1696, as an unusual word, it has been appropriately adopted by our best writers, although we still want *incertainty*. Charron invented *étianger* unsuccessfully, but which, says a French critic, would be the true substantive of the word *étranger*. Our Locke is the solitary instance produced but "*l'orgueilleux*" for "*conscience en want of relation to something*." Blotting borrowed from the Latin *insidius*, *insidius*, which have been received, but a bolder word *desolator*, by which he proposed to express *état de vaincu*, has not. A term, however, *esperance* and *propre*. Certainly happens introduced *arrose* in a term in the *Cal*, *Non des mousses, mais non pas arrosable*.

Yet this created word by their great poet has not sanctioned this one distinction among the French, for we are told that it is almost a solitary instance. Balzac was a great inventor of neologisms. *L'étrange* and *féliciter* were struck in his mind. "*Il se sent féliciter non pas Français il se sent l'année qui vient*," so considerably proud was the neologism, and it prospered as well as *arrose*, of which he says, "*Quand l'usage nous met par nous un mot de si mauvais goût, et c'est le cas de la mortelle qui a peut-être, nous nous y accoutumons comme aux autres que nous nous empruntons de la même langue*." Balzac was, however, too sanguine in some other words, for his *délicat*, his *arrose*, his *still better* these "*barbarisms of novelty*."

Ménage invented a term of which an equivalent was wanting in our language: "*Il est l'instinct de l'instinct de l'instinct, pour dire un homme qui écrit en prose*." To distinguish a prose from a verse writer, we once had "*a prose*." Driven into it, but this useful distinction has unluckily degenerated, and the current sense is too daily urgent, that the poet sense is irretrievable.

When D'Ablancourt was translating Lucian he invented in French the words *saturne* and *insolent*, to describe a momentary lethargy rather than that habitual indolence, in which some of us are now accepted, and in translating Tacitus, he created the word *superstition*, but it did not prosper, no more than that of *temperament*. Rognon invented the word *impardonnable*, which, after having been rejected, was revived, and is equivalent to our expression *unpardonable*.

There are two remarkable French words created by the Abbe de Saint Pierre, who passed his marvellous life in the contemplation of political morality and universal benevolence, *bienfaisance* and *glorieux*. He invented *glorieux* as a contemporary diminutive of *glorie*, to describe that sort of some egotism, so proud of the small talents which they may have received from nature or



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novelty and authority! A collection of *pithequeque* words, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *incontinent* is their solemn one of the *deathman*, than our vagabond their *strolling*. More finely Herrick employs the word *pottering* as applied to the grasshopper! It describes its peculiar thrill and short cry. "Bury" *dunking* the lustre of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.

The late Dr. Beucher, of whose projected *The-sons* of our ancient English language we only possess the first letter of the alphabet, while the great and precious portion is suffered to moulder away among his family, in the prospectus of that work, did not the honour, then a young writer, to quote an opinion I had formed early in life of the parent source of etymology—which is in the roots of old words.

"Words, that were BACON or BENE HAWKSON spoke!"

We have lost many exquisite and picturesque expressions through the dulness of our lexicographers, or their deficiency in that profounder study of our writers which their labours require far more than they themselves know. The natural graces of our language have been impoverished! The genius that threw its prophetic eye over the language, and the taste that must come from Heaven, no lexicographer's imagination are required to accompany him amidst a library of old books!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

In antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long dinner had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workman to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of Time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience, which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably wait for the artists of our novelty to retrograde into massive greatness, although I cannot avoid reminding them how often they revise the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect, not merely from their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the comparisons which they still show. Centuries

* The cry of the grasshopper is *pit' pit' pit'* quickly repeated.

have not worn-eaten their solidity, and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patent inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what in the style of our times, may be called the philosophy of *proverbs*—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, indeed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers, but its observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected, and I must beseech indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

Proverbs have long been in vogue. "A man of fashion," observes Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms," and since the time his lordship so judiciously interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those "men of fashion" of another stamp, who in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them, would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesmanlike correspondence. Yet, perhaps, even now suspect, that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the student of the philosopher and the historian, and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-own adages, and the rustic "sayings" which remain in the mouths of the people, are adapted to their capacities and their humours; easily remembered, and readily applied: these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! Whomever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records how the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dura las cosas tras el largo*, "sayings of old wives by their husbands," before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rustic vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the Kadda, "the sublime speech of Odin," abounds with ancient proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts. Like the oral traditions of the Jews, they died down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who announced the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained, consecrated into a *proverb*. Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learnt to think and to speak aptly; they

were proverbs which no man could contradict, at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how "the drunkard and the glutton come to poverty, and drunkenness clotheth a man with rags." At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth.

It might therefore have been decided, *a priori*, that the most homely proverbism would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in Hesiod, a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. It could only have been in the agricultural state that this venerable bard could have indicated a state of repose by this rustic proverb.

ἐργάζου μὴ ὥρην σαρκεν σκαλοῖν.

"Hang your plough-beam o'er the hearth!"

The story of rural workmen is as justly described by a reference to the humble manufacturers of earthenware as by the elevated possumers of the literati, and the actions of a more polished age. The famous proverbial verse in Hesiod's Works and Days,

Καὶ σκαλοῖς σκαλοῖς σαρκεν.

is literally, "The potter is hostile to the potter!"

The admonition of the poet to his brother, to prefer a friendly accommodation to a litigious lawsuit, has need a paradoxical proverb often applied,

ὥσπερ ἡμεῖς σαρκεν.

"The half is better than the whole!"

In the progress of time, the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in "weight and number." Erasmus has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles, the allegorical oracles of Pythagoras, the verses of the poets, allusions to historical incidents, mythology and apologue; and other remote origins, such as domestic matters coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those "words of the wise, and their best sayings," as they are distinguished in that large collection which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages, when the royal paraphraser claims among their studies, that of "*understanding a proverb and the interpretation*?" This elevated notion of "the dark sayings of the wise" accords with the bold conjecture of their origin, which the Stagirite has thrown out, who considered them as the wrecks of an ancient philosophy which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions of all human things, and that those had been saved from the general ruin by their pithy elegance, and their distinctive form; like those marine shells found on the tops of moun-

tains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a later period, the sage of Cherson pronounced them among the most solemn mysteries; and Plutarch has described them in a manner which proverbs may even still merit, "Under the veil of these cautions sentences are hid those germs of morals, which the masters of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes."

At the highest period of Grecian genius, the tragic and the comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. St Paul quotes a line which still remains among the first cautions of our school-boys:

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

It is a verse found in a fragment of Menander, the comic poet.

ἄσχετος ὁ καὶ ἄσχετος ἄλλους αἵμα.

As this verse is a proverb, and the apostle, and indeed the highest authority, that of Jesus himself, commends the use of proverbs by their occasional application, it is uncertain whether St Paul quotes the Grecian poet, or only repeats some popular adage. Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers, and when Bentley was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs by a league of superficial wits, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste, by showing that Cicero constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings; that Scaliger and Erasmus loved them, and had formed collections, drawn from the stores of antiquity.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims, but as proverbs have many faces, from their paradoxical nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quintessence of old Hesiod has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *error, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm, by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied which often produces wit; and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; which gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed "*Jaculis Prudentum*," Darts or Javelins; something buried and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of "*Protagoras*, or the Sophists."

The influence of maxims over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by this philosopher's explanation of the term *so loxotês*, that mode of speech peculiar to the Lacedæmonians. This people affected to appear unlearned, and served only emulous to excel the rest of the Greeks in fortitude and in military skill. According to Plato's notion, this was really a political artifice, with a

view to conceal their pre-eminent wisdom. With the jealousy of a petty state they attempted to confine their renowned sagacity within themselves, and under their military to hide their contemplative character. The philosopher among those who in other cities imagined they learned, merely by imitating the severe exercises, and the other warlike manners of the Lacedæmonians, that they were greatly deceived; and thus cautiously describes the sort of wisdom this singular people practised.

"If any one wishes to converse with the men of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him, for the most part, apparently despicable in conversation; but afterwards, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same man person, like a *shufal faciliator*, will hurl a sentence worthy of attention, short and caustic; so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! That is Læconia, therefore, consists much more in philosophising than in the love of exercise, is understood by some of the present age, and was known to the ancients, this being persuaded that the ability of uttering such sentences as these is the province of a man perfectly learned. The seven sages were emulators, lovers, and disciples of the Lacedæmonian erudition. Their wisdom was a thing of this kind, viz short sentences uttered by such, and worthy to be remembered. These men, assembling together, consecrated to Apollo the best fruits of their wisdom, writing in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, those sentences, which are celebrated by all men, viz *Know thyself* and *Nothing too much*. But on what account do I mention these things?—to show that the mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain *læconia dictio*."⁶

The "læconism" of the Lacedæmonians evidenced partook of the proverbial style; they were, no doubt, often proverbs themselves. The very instances which Plato supplies of this "læconism" are the two venerable proverbs, *Never to speak* and *Never to name*.

All this elevates the science of proverbs, and indicates that these abridgments of knowledge convey great results, with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. They have, therefore, preserved many "a short sentence, not repeated by the people."

It is evident, however, that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely or domestic proverbs, for these were more directly addressed to their wants. Franklin, who may be considered as the founder of a people who were suddenly placed in that stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, discovered the philosophical cast of his genius, when he filled his almanacks with proverbs, by the ingenious contrivance of forming them into a connected discourse, delivered by an old man attending an auction. "These proverbs," he tells us, "which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when they scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression. They were repeated in Britain, in a large sheet

of paper, and stuck up in houses; and were twice translated in France, and distributed among their poor parishioners." The same occurrence had happened with us ere we became a reading people. Much later even than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs placed before them, on everything which had room for a piece of advice on it, they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates, and "concocted them out of goldsmiths' rings." The source, in Robert Greene's "Christ's worth of Wit," comprehended all his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learnt sufficient Latin to understand the proverbial motto of "Tu tibi cura." The husband was reminded of his bodily authority when he only looked into his trencher, one of its learned aphorisms having decreed to us,—

"The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives."

The English proverbs of the populace, most of which are still in circulation, were collected by old John Heywood.⁷ They are arranged by Fossan for "the parlour—the guest's chamber—the hall—table-tennis," &c. Not a small portion of our ancient proverbs were adapted to rural life, when our ancestors lived more than ourselves amidst the works of God, and less among those of men. At this time, one of our old statesmen, in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, suggests the use of proverbs in diplomatic intercourse, convinced of the great benefit which would result to the negotiators themselves, as well as to others. I give a literary curiosity of this kind. A member of the house of commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Known tradersmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak "for very less shoon," and stood silent. This nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famous governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus—"It is now my chance to speak something, and that without hammering or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master, *egrediens non dormitibus juva subterit*. For the reckoning on ev'ning, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the waste, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."⁸

Another instance of the use of proverbs among our statesmen occurs in a manuscript letter of Sir

⁶ Heywood's "Dialogue, containing the Number in Effects of all the Proverbs in the English Tongue, 1581." There are more editions of this little volume than Watson has noticed. There is some humour in his narrative, but his metre and his ribaldry are less taken on our curiosity.

⁷ Townshend's Historical Collections, p. 283.

⁸ Taylor's Translation of Plaut's Works, vol. v. p. 36.



Dudley Carlton, written in 1633 on the impeachment of Lord Mordaunt, who, he says, is "this day to plead his own cause in the exchequer-chamber, about an account of fourscore thousand pounds laid to his charge. How his lordship spent I know not, but do remember well the French proverb, *Qui mange du Pape du Roy chera une plume quarante ans après*. "Who eats of the king's goose, will vend a feather forty years after."

This was the era of proverbs with us; for then they were spoken by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting "a cross humour," published a little volume of "Crossing of Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humours." He pretends to contradict the most popular ones; but he wanted the genius to strike at amusing paradoxes.

Proverbs were long the favourites of our neighbours in the splendid and refined court of Louis XIV. they gave rise to an odd invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastical ballets, from their subjects. In these Curiosities of Literature I cannot pass by such eccentric inventions unnoticed.

A *Comedy of proverbs* is described by the Duke de la Vallière, which was performed in 1634, with prodigious success. He considers that this comedy ought to be ranked among farces, but it is gay, well-written, and curious for containing the best proverbs, which are happily introduced in the dialogue.

A more extraordinary attempt was A *Ballet of proverbs*. Before the opera was established in France, the ancient ballets formed the chief amusement of the court, and Louis XIV. himself joined with the performers. The singular attempt of forming a pantomimical dance out of proverbs is quite French; we have a "ballet des proverbes, dansé par le Roi, in 1664." At every proverb the scene changed, and adapted itself to the subject. I shall give two or three of the *entrées*, that we may form some notion of these *capricios*. The proverb was

Tel menace qui a grand peur

"He threatens who is afraid."

The scene was composed of swaggering scaramouches and some honest cits, who at length beat them off.

* It was published in 1616. the writer only catches at some verbal expressions—*as*, for instance,

The vulgar proverb runs, "The more the merrier." The cross,—"Not so! one hand is enough in a purse."

The proverb, "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea."

The cross,—"Not so! it is but a stone's cast."

The proverb, "The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor."

The cross,—"Not so! the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich."

The proverb, "He runs far who never turns."

The cross,—"Not so! he may break his neck in a short course."

At another *entrée* the proverb was

L'occasion fait le larron.

"Opportunity makes the thief."

Opportunity was acted by le Sieur Beauchamp, but it is difficult to conceive how the real could personify the abstract personage. The thieves were the Duke D'Amville and Monsieur de la Chesnaye.

Another *entrée* was the proverb of

Ce qui vient de la flûte s'en va au tambour.

"What comes by the pipe goes by the tabor."

A more drolapsed officer was performed by le Sieur l'Anglais; the *pape* by St. Aignan, and the *lâcher* by le Sieur le Comte. In this manner every proverb was spoken in action, the whole connected by dialogue more must have depended on the actors than the poet.

The French long retained this fondness for proverbs; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled *proverbes*, on a more refined plan. Their invention is so recent, that the term is not in their great dictionary of *Trevisius*. These *proverbes* are dramas of a single act, invented by Caracul, who possessed a peculiar vein of humour, but who designed them only for private theatricals. Each *proverbe* furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic. It is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the celebrated Catherine of Russia delighted to compose for her own society.

Among the middle classes of society in this day, we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved. The favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons, and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the maxims of our old nobility, which seem to have originated in some balustrade proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greatest exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their hearers, and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that which, in time, by its aptitude, became one. When Nero was reproached for the idleness with which he gave himself up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb, "An artist lives everywhere." The emperor answered in the spirit of Rousseau's system, that every child should be taught some trade. When Cæsar, after anxious deliberation, decided on the passage of the Rubicon (which very event has given rise to a proverb), rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune, with that philosophical expression on his lips, used by gamblers in desperate play. Having passed the Rubicon, he exclaimed "The die is cast!" The answer of Paulus Æmilius to the relations of his wife, who had remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her, against whom no fault could be alleged, has become one of our most familiar proverbs. This hero acknowledged the excellencies of his lady; but, requi-

ing them to look on his shoe, which appeared to be well made, he observed, "None of you know where the shoe pinches!" He either used a proverbial phrase, or by its aptness it has become one of the most popular.

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones, or have originated with themselves: such a collection would form an historical curiosity. To the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat. *Ce que le gantlet gagne le gorgerin le mange.* "What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes." That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life, which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was *Fortuna lenis.* "Hasten slowly!" He wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes; on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amus Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, "Stay a while, to make an end the sooner." Oliver Cromwell's coarse, but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors. "Nits will be lice." The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:—

*Egli è quello che Dio vuole;
E sarà quello che Dio vorrà.*
"He is what God pleases.
He shall be what God will!"

Here this was a proverb, it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy, and aspired to its sovereignty, lived long enough to repent the wild romantic ambition which provoked all Italy to confederate against him. the mysterious motto he assumed entered into the proverbs of his country! The border proverb of the Douglass, "It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," was adopted by every horrid chief, to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks, instead of the fortified places, which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all the languages of Europe: some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem even in more remote times, many of the pointed verses of Boileau and Pope have become proverbial. Many trivial and laconic proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which Swift practised, who was a ready conger of such rhyming and ludicrous

proverbs; delighting to startle a collector by his facetious or sarcastic hummum, in the shape of an "old saying and true." Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant: we have

"Little strokes
Fell great oaks."

The Italian—

*Chi due legni cocca
Uno perde, e l'altro lascia.*

"Who hews two hares, loses one and leaves the other."

The haughty Spaniard—

*El dar es honor,
Y el pedir dolor.*

"To give is honour, to ask is grief."

And the French—

*Est de table
Est variable.*

"The friend of the table
Is very variable."

The composition of these short proverbs were a numerous race of poets, who, probably, among the dreams of their immortality never suspected that they were to descend to posterity, themselves and their works unknown, while their extempore thoughts would be repeated by their own nation.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people, when books were addressed to scholars, but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humours of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, find given birth to every species, and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world, for we discover among those which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the mounds of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from "The Mimes of the East" like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title-deeds. The vulgar proverb, "To carry coals to Newcastle," local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves; it may be found among the Persians: in the "Bustan" of Rudi we have *Infers piper in Hindostan*; "To carry pepper to Hindostan" among the Hebrews, "To carry oil to a city of olives;" a similar proverb occurs in Greek, and in Galland's "Maxims of the East" we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of Joe Miller's jests, are of oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves alike. All nations are parallel of each other! Hence all paræmniographers, or collectors of proverbs, complain of the difficulty of separating their own national

proverbs from those which had crept into the language from others, particularly when nations have held much intercourse together. We have a curious collection of Scottish proverbs by Keble, but this learned man was mistaken at discovering that many which he had long believed to have been genuine Scottish were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek ones; many of his English proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of various antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in Diodorus, Apollonius, and Celsus, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellespontic bays.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved to the permanent form of volumes. Erasmus is usually considered as the first modern collector, but he appears to have been preceded by Paulus Vergil, who history reproaches Erasmus with envy and plagiarism, for passing by his collection without even a post-complement to the inventor. Paulus was a vain, superficial writer, who prided himself in leading the way on those topics than the proud Erasmus, with his usual philosophy, personally exonerated himself by acknowledging that he had forgotten his friend's book. Paulus is disagreeable with the quarrel of authors, and since Erasmus has written a far better book than Paulus Vergil's, the original "Adagia" is left only to be commemorated in literary history as one of its curiosities.

The "Adagia" of Erasmus contains a collection of about five thousand proverbs, gradually gathered from a constant study of the ancient dramatists, but with the genius which could value on a spin, delighted himself and all Europe by the continued additions he made to a volume which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's leisure. The successful example of Erasmus commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs. Some of the most learned men, and some not sufficiently so, were now as engaged in this new study.

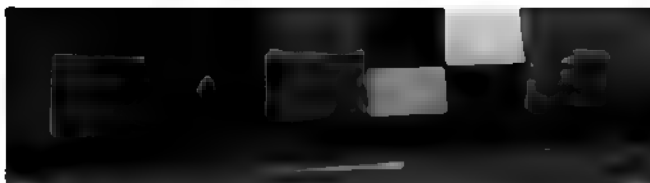
* At the Royal Institution there is a fine copy of Paulus Vergil's "Adagia," with his other work, curious in its day, *De Institutionibus Aeronum*, printed by Frobenius, in 1521. The woodcuts of this edition seem to me executed with remarkable delicacy, resembling a penmanship which Raphael might have excelled.

† In Spain, Fernandez Ximenes, a Greek professor, and the Marquis of Santelana, a grandson, published collections of their *Reflexions*, or Proverbs, a term derived a *sermoneo*, because it is often repeated. The "*Reflexions o Proverbios castellanos*," par Casar Oudin, 1622, translated into French, is a valuable compilation. In Cervantes and Quixote, the best practical illustrations, they are woven with no sparing hand. There is an ample collection of Italian proverbs, by Florio, who was an Englishman, of Italian origin, and who published "Il

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truth, but to their poignant personality; a philosophical mind will discover in proverbs a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners of a people are painted after life in their dramatic proverbs, and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might be often detected in its prevalent ones. The learned friend tells me, that the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews; the reason assigned was, because "by them he knew the minds of several nations, which," said he, "is a brave thing, as we must know men who know the minds and the manners of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them." Lord Bacon condensed a wide circuit of philosophical thought, when he observed that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for this last state on play, *omne odium ex quo, omne odium ex quo*, "the source of every enmity," a proverbial expression, from which the military habit of the people might be

Gardner & Robertson" at London, as early as in 1821, exceeding six thousand proverbs, but they are unexplained, and are often obscure. Another Italian in England, Tassinari, in 1822, published an interesting collection in the dominant form of a proverb book. It was subsequent to their publication in England, that in Italy Angiolo Monanni, in 1822, published his collection, and Julius Varro, in 1823, produced his *Scelta del Proverbo*. In France, Oudin, after others had preceded him, published a collection of French proverbs, under the title of *Corpus Francorum*. Pierre de Bellignan's *Explication des Proverbes Français* on comparing it with *Les Moeurs Proverbiales Françaises*, a subsequent publication, I discovered to be the same work. It is the best attempt to render the study of proverbs more interesting. The plan consists of a dialogue between a philosopher and a learned Ponce, who bursts out his proverbs with more delight than understanding. The philosopher takes that opportunity of explaining them by the events in which they originated, which, however, are not always to be depended on. A work of high merit on French proverbs is the unpublished one of the Abbé Tuet, sensible and learned. A collection of Danish proverbs, accompanied by a French translation, was printed at Copenhagen, in a quarto volume, 1761. England has burst of no inferior patronographers. The grave and judicious Camden, the religious Rastell, the enterprising Norval, the facetious Pulteney, and the laborious Ray, with others, have possessed our national sayings. The Scottish have been largely collected and explained by the learned Keble. An excellent anonymous collection, not uncommon, in various languages, 1707, the collector and translator was Dr J. Napier. It must be acknowledged that although no nation exceeds our own in working sense, we rarely rival the delicacy, the wit, and the fertility of expression of the Spanish and the Italian, and the pugnacity of some of the French proverbs.



infected; the Arabs being their masters. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient countries, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *L'ours agarde sa peau capot*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unrefined existence makes him mountable and unrefined, says, "Younger given is better than honey bought." Every thing of high esteem with him who is often parched in the desert is described as milk. "How large his flow of milk!" is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, "I throw the rein over my back" — an allusion to the harnessing of the cords of the camel, which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manners of our ancient Britons in the Caribbean proverbs, many relate to the hedge. "The cleanly Briton is sure in the hedge: the horse looks not on the hedge but the corn: the bad husband's hedge is full of gaps." The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, "You must not count your swallows till May-day," and these proverbial sentences for old age as, "An old man's ear is to keep sheep." Turn from the vigilant Arab and the agriculturist Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization, the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more majestic air than all other nations, a Chinese proverb with them is, "A grave and majestic outside as, as it were, the palace of the soul." Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, "A sovereign may be compared to a hall, his officers to the steps that lead to it, the people to the ground on which they stand." What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that "He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog?" We should instantly decide on the means and terrible sport of those who could repeat it, and such we had to have been that of the Beogawes, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip. In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppressions exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was discovered in the Hebrew proverbs: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moors come!" The fond adulation of these devoted to their extraneous law, and to everything connected with their military Theocracy, in their magnificent Temple, is nicely expressed by this proverb: "None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes." Pyramus, who long reined among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of wit, sagacity, and elegance, the greatest test of intellectual abilities of any nation. He and this to correct the voracious opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of these famous adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable. "Bachas in the

Indes, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans."

The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchial power stamped itself on the ancient one, *La ley hasta de su poder, y no hasta de su quere*. "The king gave as far as he is able, not as far as he desires." It must have been at a later period, when the national genius became more subdued, and every Spaniard decreed to and under his own royal scepter in submission, that another proverb arose, *Con el rey y la majestad, chiton!* "With the king and the majesty, hush!" The gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed to the effects of this proverb. Their popular but suppressed feelings on taxation, and on a variety of duties exacted by their clergy, were murmured in proverb. *Lo que me lleva Christo, lleva a el fisco*. "What Christ takes not, the rascal priest carries away." They have a number of sarcastic proverbs on the Spanish clergy of the "abad arañendo," the voracious priest, who, "having eaten the seed sown, claims the dish." A striking mixture of christian habits, domestic virtues, and republican conduct, appears in the Spanish proverb, *La mujer y la sala y la mano de la lenceria*. "The wife and the source by the hand of the lance," to remove the same, and to have the source near.

The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and poetic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb, on an Italian collection, is some counsel or some advice relative to a bank of the world for mortals. Their political proverbs, no doubt, arise from the extraordinary state of a people, sometimes destroyed, sometimes republished, and sometimes written in party combats. The Italian says, *i popoli sono come le cipolle*, *si stracciano*. "The people must be cut down, and princes evident are sacrifice." *La politica dei grandi, fallisce a far velo, e i popoli si strappano*. "Who dares after the great is the lot of failure, and the rest is to be cut." *Chi non si adalza non si regna*. "Who knows not to flatter, knows not to reign." *Chi arriva in corte muore nel pagliaro*. "Who arrives at court dies on straw." "My cunning in domestic life is perpetually improved." An Italian proverb, which is incorporated in our language, for it enters into the history of Milton, was that by which the elegant Milton expressed the young poetic traveller to have *l'uso nuovo, ed i pensieri vecchi*. "An open conversation, but close thoughts." In the same spirit, *chi parla romano, chi ha la lingua*. "The Italian with the Latin tongue," as well as, *falli al male, e ti mangiarai la lingua*. "Make yourself all bones, and the flies will devour you." There are many which display a deep knowledge of human nature. *A Lucca ti vedi, a Pisa ti conosci*. "I saw you at Lucca, I know you at Pisa." *Guardate a meo, de con dolce*. "Beware of strange words of sweet wine," provide not the rage of a patient man.

Among a people who had often witnessed their own country devastated by party warfare, their notion of the military character was not without interest. *Il soldato per far male è ben pagato*. "The soldier is well paid for doing mischief." *Soldato, aglio, e fuoco, presto a far fuoco*. "A soldier, fire,

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects, or from allusions to peculiar customs. The influence of manners and customs over the ideas and language of a people would form a subject of extensive and curious research. There is a Japanese proverb, that "A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan!" Had we not known the origin of this proverb, it would be evident that it could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans; and the fact appears that fogs are frequent on the coast of Japan; and that from the age of five years both sexes of the Japanese carry fans. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit which they are about to confer—acting kindly, but speaking roughly; *Mostrar primero la horca que el lugar*, "To show the gallows before they show the town;" a circumstance alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence, so that the gallows breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself.

The Cheshire proverb on marriage, "Better wed over the mixon than over the moor," that is, at home or in its vicinity; mixon alludes to the dung, &c., in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire: this local proverb is a curious instance of provincial pride, perhaps of wisdom, to induce the gentry of that county to form intermarriages; to prolong their own ancient families, and perpetuate ancient friendships between them.

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man "as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides;" an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring-fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock"—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb, against obstinate wrong-heads.

When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the Land of Cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations:

"If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scrutiel wots full well of that."

These are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England; so near, that what happens to the one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other; the mutual sympathies of the two countries were hence deduced in a copious dissertation, by Oswald Dyke, on what was called "The Union-proverb," which local proverbs of our country, Fuller has interspersed in his "Worthies," and Ray and Grose have collected separately.

I was amused lately by a curious financial reve-

lation which I found in an opposition paper, where it appears that "Ministers pretend to make their load of taxes more portable, by shifting the burden, or altering the pressure, without, however, diminishing the weight; according to the Italian proverb, *Accommodare le bisacche nella strada*, 'To fit the load on the journey:'"—it is taken from a custom of the mule-drivers, who, placing their packages at first but awkwardly on the backs of their poor beasts, and seeing them ready to sink, cry out, "Never mind! we must fit them better on the road!" I was gratified to discover, by the present and some other modern instances, that the taste for proverbs was reviving, and that we were returning to those sober times, when the aptitude of a simple proverb would be preferred to the verbosity of politicians, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals!

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives of their province. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. The lively proverbial taste of that vivacious people was transferred to their own authors; and when these allusions were obscured by time, learned Italians, in their zeal for their national literature, and in their national love of story-telling, have written grave commentaries even on ludicrous, but popular tales, in which the proverbs are said to have originated. They resemble the old facetious *contes*, whose simplicity and humour still live in the pages of Boccaccio, and are not forgotten in those of the Queen of Navarre.

The Italians apply a proverb to a person who, while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!

"Luckily they were not peaches!"

And to threaten to give a man—

L'na pesca in un occhio,

"A peach in the eye,"

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb, it is said, originated in the close of a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St. Bernard's day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies in waiting, and the pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people at Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!

"Luckily they were not peaches!"

Fare le scale di Sant' Ambrogio; "To mount the stairs of Saint Ambrose," a proverb allusive to the business of the school of scandal. Varchi explains it by a circumstance so common in provincial cities. On summer evenings, for fresh air and gossip, the loungers met on the steps and landing-places of the church of St. Ambrose: whoever left the party, "they read in his book," as our com-

mentator expresses it; and not a leaf was passed over! All liked to join a party so well informed of one another's concerns, and every one tried to be the very last to quit it,—not “to leave his character behind!” It became a proverbial phrase with those who left a company, and were too tender of their backs, to request they would not “mount the stairs of St. Ambrose.” Jonson has well described such a company:

“You are so truly fear'd, but not beloved
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent.”

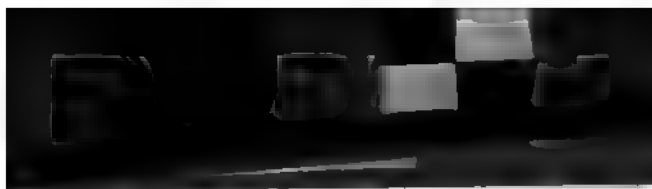
There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. Two Greek proverbs have accidentally been explained by Pausanias: “He is a man of Tenedos!” to describe a person of unquestionable veracity; and “To cut with the Tenedian axe;” to express an absolute and irrevocable refusal. The first originated in a king of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a man holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. The other arose from the same king, whose father having reached his island, to supplicate the son's forgiveness for the injury inflicted on him by the arts of a step-mother, was preparing to land; already the ship was fastened by its cable to a rock; when the son came down, and sternly cutting the cable with an axe, sent the ship adrift to the mercy of the waves: hence, “to cut with the Tenedian axe,” became proverbial to express an absolute refusal. “Business to-morrow!” is another Greek proverb, applied to a person ruined by his own neglect. The fate of an eminent person perpetuated the expression which he casually employed on the occasion. One of the Theban polemarchs, in the midst of a convivial party, received despatches relating to a conspiracy: flushed with wine, although pressed by the courier to open them immediately, he smiled, and in gaiety laying the letter under the pillow of his couch, observed, “Business to-morrow!” Plutarch records that he fell a victim to the twenty-four hours he had lost, and became the author of a proverb which was still circulated among the Greeks.

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Tengar quinientos suellos*; “And revenge five hundred pounds!” An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute, by as many pieces of coin: at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied

to characterise all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country.

Pasquier, in his *Récherches sur la France*, reviewing the periodical changes of ancient families in feudal times, observes, that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries; for those noble houses, which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to the proverb, *Cent ans hannières et cent ans cercières*! “One hundred years a hanner, and one hundred years a barrow!” The Italian proverb, *Con l'Evangilio si diventa heretico*, “With the gospel we become heretics,”—reflects the policy of the court of Rome; and must be dated at the time of the Reformation, when a translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue encountered such an invincible opposition. The Scotch proverb, “*He that invented the maiden first hannelled us*,” that is, got the first of it! The maiden is that well-known beheading engine, revived by the French surgeon Guillotine. This proverb may be applied to one who falls a victim to his own ingenuity; the artificer of his own destruction! The inventor was James, Earl of Morton, who for some years governed Scotland, and afterwards, it is said, very unjustly suffered by his own invention. It is a striking coincidence, that the same fate was shared by the French reviver; both alike sad examples of disturbed times! Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant*! This preserves the manner in which the Scottish covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by “acclamation.” An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brazen-nose*. When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent; that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York: *Lincoln was, London is, York shall be*! Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James the First, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its central situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or from some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of Lord Mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has



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silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *La gallina c'è avà* "The hen is brooding," said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that "There was no brooding out of the nest."

I give an example of peculiar interest; for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton.

When the families of the Anadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Buonadimonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Mosca Lamberti suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, that "Those who considered everything would never conclude on anything," closing with an ancient proverbial saying—*cosa fatta capo ha* "a deed done has an end." This proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans, for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante has thus immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the "Inferno."

Ed un ch'avea l'una e l'altra man mozza
Levando i moncheriti per l'altra losca;
Fu che 'l sangue facea la faccia mozza
Gridò: "Riconferati ancor del Mosca
Che disse, *lasso capo d, cosa fatta*,
Che fu 'l mal seme della gente Tosca."

—"Then one maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gore spots
Sullied his face, and cried—'Remember thee
Of Mosca too—I who, alas! exclaim'd,
'The deed once done, there is an end'—that
proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

CARY'S DANTE

This Italian proverb was adopted by Milton, for when deeply engaged in writing the "Defence of the People," and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, *Cosa fatta capo ha*. Did this proverb also influence his awful decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?

Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of

le frutte di fratre Alberigo.

"The fruit of brother Alberigo."

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

—Io son fratre Alberigo,
Io son quel dalle frutta del mal orto
Che qui represso, &c.

CANTO XXXIII.

"The friar Alberigo," answered he,
"Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd
Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date
More luscious for my fig."

CARY'S DANTE

This was Manfred, the lord of Fuenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent entertainment. At the end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the dessert—but it was the signal of this daminating conspirator—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who rushing in, immolated their victims.

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglais*. "I have paid all my English." This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords, and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*ma le Pape est devenu François, et Jésus Christ Anglais*. "Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English," a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France, and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

*Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra!*

"War with the world,
And peace with England."

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese italianato è un diavolo incarnato*. "The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate." Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts imitated our taste and manners; and more Italians traded into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, homo-

luge, who, to describe the disengagement of Paris, prophesied our nation—"They agree like the clocks of London!" We were once better famed for merry Christmas and their pun, and it must have been Italian who had been domesticated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*la fin de l'ère des diables en l'anglais*—"He has more bonhomie than English even at Christmas." Our pre-living gentry were sceptical, and Shakespeare's hair was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their abroad sons, who descended at once Shakespeare and their party. Some of these volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but exciting even the idealistic pretensions of the Elizabethan age.

I have thus attempted to develop the art of reading proverbs, but have done little more than indicate the theory, and must leave the shrewd student to the details of the practice. I am anxious to rescue from prevailing prejudices those neglected stores of common-sense, and of deep thought into the ways of man, and to point out the bold and commoned truths which are mirrored in these collections. There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which more proverbs may not be applied. All knowledge was long aphoristic and traditional, poetry contracting the discursive which were to be instantly comprehended, and easily retained. Whatever in the revolutionary state of man, similar principles and like occurrences are recurring on us, and antiquity, wherever it is justly applicable to our own times, seems to demonstrate, and become the truth of our own age. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. Johnson, puffed with the redoubtable eloquence of modern composition, once said, "I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative, grow weary of preparation, and concision, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made." Many a volume indeed has often been written to demonstrate what a lover of proverbs could show had long been ascertained by one on his favourite collection.

An insurmountable difficulty which every paragrammatist has encountered, is that of forming an apt, a ready, and a systematic classification: the moral Linnæus of such a "systema nature" has not yet appeared. Each discoverer has procreator's made imperfect, but each was doomed to meet the same fate. The arrangement of proverbs has baffled the ingenuity of every one of these collectors. Our Eas, after long perambulation, has chosen a system with the appearance of an alphabetical order, but, as it turns out, has bottom in no system, and his alphabet is no alphabet. After ten years' labour, the good man could only arrange his proverbs by commonplaces—by complete sentences—by phrases or forms of speech—by proverbial sentences—and so on. All these are pursued in alphabetical order, "by the first letter of the most material word," or "by those by which words equally material, by that which usually stands foremost." The most patient customer will easily find that he wants the ingenuity of the collector to discover that word which is "the most material," or "the words equally material." We have to wade through all

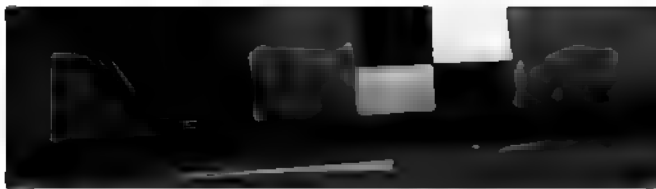
that multiplicity of divisions, or conjuring-house, in which this juggler of proverbs pretends to hide the ball.

A still more formidable objection against a collection of proverbs, for the impatient reader, is their unclassifiable nature. Taking in succession a multitude of isolated proverbs, their slippery nature causes all hope of retaining one in a bordered; the study of proverbs must be a frequent recurrence to a gradual collection of favourite ones, which we cherish in our hearts. The experience of life will throw a perpetual freshness over these short and simple texts, every day may furnish a new commentary, and we may grow old, and find novelty in proverbs by their perpetual application.

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe; many of them have flowed in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took them from the Eastern nations. Our own proverbs are too often dedicated to that elegance and ingenuity which are often found in the Spanish and the Italian. Proverbs frequently enter conversation, or enter into the business of life in their countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too common, too witty, and too wise, to come to please by their pungency and their aptitude. I have heard them fall from the lips of men of letters and of statesmen. When recently the disastrous state of the manufacture of Manchester attracted my attention, a profound Italian politician observed to me, that it was not of a nature to storm a great nation, but that the remedy was at hand, in the proverb of the Lazarus of Naples, *Mind renegade, men camp, meth drowsy*. "Half asleep, half empty, half money." The result confirmed the truth of the proverb, which, had it been known at the time, might have quelled the boom of a great part of the nation.

Proverbs have ceased to be studied, or employed in conversation, since the time we have derived our knowledge from books, but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity, originating in various eras, these maxims of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own. Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the contents of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their very nature, or their comic nature, the insurance of these barons, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the simplicity of their imagery, and the brevity of their statement. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of Proverbs should enter into our readings, and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!



CONFUSION OF WORDS.

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CONFUSION OF WORDS.

"There is nothing more common," says the Dr. Voltaire, "than to read and to converse to no purpose. In history, in morals, in law, in physics, and in divinity, be careful of equivocal terms." One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that there was no word which did not convey an ambiguous and uncertain meaning. If we perused this lost book, our ingenious dictionaries of "synonyms" would not probably prove its uselessness. Whenever the same word is associated by the parties with different ideas, they may converse, or converse, till "the crack of doom." Thus, with a little stimulus and some agility in shifting his ground, makes the fortune of an opponent. While one party is worried in deranging a meaning, and the other is winding and unwinding about him with another, a word of the kind we have mentioned, *conscience* or *pre-conscience*, slipped into an argument, may produce it for a century or two—as it has happened. Voltaire, who passed his whole life in the study of words, would not allow that the *word* was to determine the meaning of words; for, says he, it is the business of words to explain the sense. But for a long while discovered in this way a facility of arguing without end, so at this moment our political economists "I beseech you," exclaims a practical crew, in the agony of a 'confusion of words,' "not to ask whether I mean this or that." Our crew, convinced that he has made himself understood, grows impatient by obscurity. For he shows how a few simple words, not intelligible, may admit of various interpretations. Throw out a word, capable of fifty senses, and you run fifty parties. Should some friend of peace enable the fifty to argue on one sense, that innocent word, no longer fixing the sense of a party, would be forgotten in the dictionary. Still more provoking when an identity of meaning is only disguised by different modes of expression, and when the term has been closely tied, to their mutual astonishment, both parties discover the same thing lying under the broad and chaff after the heated operation. Plato and Aristotle probably agreed much better than the opposite parties in the manner of expression, rather than in the points discussed. The Stoicists and the Realists, who once filled the world with their disputes, and from irregular words came to regular laws, could never comprehend their alternate nonsense, though the Realists only denied what no one in his senses would affirm, and the Stoicists only contended for what no one in his senses would deny, a hair's breadth might have joined what the spirit of party had separated.

Do we better ourselves that the Logomachists of the Stoicists and the Realists terminated with these warring arguments? Modern nonsense, weighed against the ancients, may make the scales tremble for a while, but it will lose its agonizing quality of truth, and instead of an exposure we find their spirit still lurking among our own metaphysicians. "Lo!" the Stoicists and the Realists again," exclaimed my learned friend, Thomas Turner, alluding to our modern doctrine

on abstract ideas, on which there is still a doubt, whether they are anything more than generalizing terms." Locke confused his philosophy by the term *sufficient reason* for every existence, for every event, and for every truth, there must be a sufficient reason. This singularity of language produced a perpetual misconception, and Leibnitz was proud of his equivocal triumphs, in always affording a new interpretation. It is conjectured that he only employed his term of *sufficient reason*, for the plain simple word of *cause*. Even Locke, who has himself admirably noticed the "abuse of words," has been charged with using vague and indefinite terms; he has sometimes employed the words *existence*, *essence*, and *being* in an indefinite way, that they have confused his philosophy; then, by some ambiguous expressions, our great metaphysician has been made to establish doctrines fatal to the immutability of moral distinctions. Even the eagle eye of the intellectual Newton grew dim in the obscurity of the language of Locke. We are astonished to discover that two such intellects should not comprehend the same ideas, for Newton wrote to Locke, "I beg your pardon for representing that you struck at the root of morality in a principle laid down in your book of ideas—and that I took you for a Hobbes!" The difference of opinion between Locke and Reid is in consequence of an ambiguity in the word *principle*, so employed by Reid. The removal of a solitary word may cut a luminous ray over a whole body of philosophy: "If we had called the infinite the *indefinite*," says Comenius, in his *Tractatus de Sensibus*, "by this small change of a word we should have avoided the error of imagining that we have a positive idea of infinity, from whence so many false reasonings have been carried on, not only by metaphysicians, but even by geometers." The word *reason* has been used with different meanings by different writers, *reasoning* and *reason* have been often confounded, a man may have an excellent capacity for *reasoning*, without being much influenced by *reason*, and to be *reasonable*, perhaps differs from both! So Heliades tells us,

Reasoner est 'compos de trite me mason;
Et le raisonnement en hérité le raison.

In the remark on "confusion of words," might enter the voluminous history of the founders of sects, who have usually employed terms which had no meaning attached to them, or were so ambiguous that their real notions have never been comprehended, hence the most chimerical opinions have been imputed to founders of sects. We may instance that of the *Antinomians*, whose remarkable demonstration explains their doctrine, expressing that they were "against law." Their founder was John Agricola, a follower of Luther, who, while he lived, had kept Agricola's belief from exploding, declaring that there was no such thing as sin, our salvation depending on faith, and not on works, he detested against the Law of God. To what lengths some of his sect pushed

* Turner's Hist. of England, i. 314.

† We owe this curious unpublished letter to the good care of Professor Douglas Stewart, in his excellent Illustrations.

this verbal doctrine is known; but the real notions of the Agrippa probably never will be! Bayle considered him as a heresiarch deceiver in theology, who had confused his head by Paul's controversies with the Jews, but Menbrien, who has been on this early reformer the epithets of *sonorous* and *oratorical*, windy and crafty; or, on his translator has it, charges him with "sandy, presumption, and artifice," tells us by the term "law" Agrippa only meant the ten commandments of Moses, which he considered were abrogated by the Gospel, being designed for the Jews and not for the Christians. Agrippa, then, by the words the "Law of God," and "that there was no such thing as sin," must have said one thing and meant another. This appears to have been the case with most of the divines of the sixteenth century, for even Menbrien complains of "their want of precision and consistency in expressing their sentiments, hence their real sentiments have been misunderstood." There evidently prevailed a great "confusion of words" among them. The great *reflexion*, and the *great effusion* of the Jesuits and the Jansenists, show the shifts and stratagems by which conscience may be disguised. "Whether all men received from God *reflexus gratia* for their conversion?" was an inquiry some unhappy metaphysical theologians set about the Jesuits, according to their worldly system of making men's consciences easy, affirmed it, but the Jansenists insisted, that this *reflexus gratia* would never be efficacious, unless accompanied by special *gratia*. "Then the *reflexus gratia*, which is not efficacious, is a contradiction in terms, and worse, a heresy," triumphantly cried the Jesuits exulting over their adversaries. This "confusion of words" threatened, all the Jesuits introduced in the labyrinth with the Jansenists, papal bulls, royal edicts, and a *reflexus* of dragons! The Jansenists, in despair, appeared to *murder* and *prodigium*, which they got up for public representation, but, above all, to show Pascal, whose immortal letters the Jesuits really felt was an ever "pulsant and efficacious," through the dragons, in setting a "confusion of words," did not least of *infernal* success to Pascal's former rage had, indeed, witnessed even a more melancholy labyrinth, in the *Homocentism* and the *Heterocentism*. An event which BOULEAU has immortalized by using the term, which, in his famous satire on *L'Esquiveuse*, for reasons less known to the *heretic*, were left out of the text.

*D'une cyllabe impie on eût pu argumenter,
Remplir tous les capots d'agrippes à mes-
ures—*

*Je ne dans une guerre et à traits et à l'usage
Perte tant de Chrétiens, Martyrs d'un Ap-
pétit.*

Whether the line was similar to the substance of the Father, or of the same substance, depended on the *lighting* it, which was afterwards rejected and received. Had they earlier discovered what at length they agreed on, that the word denoted what was incomprehensible, it would have saved thousands, as a witness describes, "from wasting one another to *perish*." There have been few countries, or *in* words, where the confusion or addition of a word or a phrase might not have terminated

an interminable labyrinth! At the council of Basle, for the convenience of the disputants, John de Sacubus drew up a treatise of *misleading words*, chiefly to determine the signification of the particles *from, by, but, and except*, which it seems were perpetually occasioning fresh disputes among the Monists and the Subordinists. Mallevius of Prague known, like our Shakespeare, the virtue of an *it*, or agreed with Hobbes, that he should not have been so positive in the use of the verb *to*—he might have been spared from the flames. The philosopher of Malmesbury has declared, that "Perhaps *in-judgment* was nothing else but the composition or joining of two names of things, or modes, by the verb *is*." In modern times the popes have more skilfully freed the church from this "confusion of words." His holiness, on one occasion, standing in equal terror of the court of France, who protected the Jesuits, and of the court of Spain, who maintained the cause of the Dominicans, contrived a phrase, where a comma or a full stop placed at the beginning or the end, purposed that his holiness tolerated the opinions which he condemned; and when the rival parties despatched deputations to the court of Rome to plead for the period, and to advocate the comma, in this "confusion of words," his holiness threw an unparaphrased copy to the parties, nor was it his fault, but that of the spirit of party, if the rage of the one could not subside into a comma, nor that of the other claim by a full period.

In politics, what evils have resulted from abstract terms to which no ideas are attached! Such as "The Equality of Man—the Sovereignty of the Majesty of the People—Liberty—Religion—even Liberty herself—Public opinion—Public interest"—and other abstract notions, which have excited the hatred or the ridicule of the vulgar. Abstract ideas, as words, have been used as watchwords: the combatants will be usually found willing to fight for words to which, perhaps, not one of them have attached any settled signification. This is admirably touched on by Locke in his chapter of "Abuse of Words." "Wisdom, Glory, Grace, &c., are words frequent enough in every man's mouth, but of a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and know not what to answer—a plain proof that though they have learned those words, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined ideas laid up in their minds which are to be expressed in others by them."

When the American exclaimed that he was not represented in the House of Commons, because he was not an elector, he was told that a very small part of the people of England were electors. As they could not call this an *actual representation*, they invented a new name for it, and called it a *virtual* one. It imposed on the English nation, who could not object that others should be taxed rather than themselves, but with the Americans it was a euphemism! And this *virtual* representation instead of an *actual* one terminated in our argument, "which," says Mr Flood, "at the time appeared to have swept away most of our glory and our territory, forty thousand lives, and one hundred millions of treasure!"

That fatal expression which Rousseau had intro-

dured, *L'Egalité des hommes*, which finally involved the happiness of a whole people, had he lived, he had probably done a hour in his country had understood. He could only have refused in his mind to political equality, but not in equality of possessions, of property, of authority, destructive of social order and of moral duties, which must exist among every people. "Liberty," "Equality," and "Reason," sacred words! easily turned the brains of those who cannot affix any definite notions to them, they are like those chimerical notions in law, which declare "the sovereign immortal," proclaim his ubiquity in various places," and violate the feelings of the populace, by assuming that "the king can never do wrong." When we listen so frequently to such abstract terms as "the majesty of the people," "the sovereignty of the people"—wherever the inference that "all power is derived from the people," we can turn no definite notions in a "confusion of words," constructing all the political experience and studies of our observations through the universal: a established to rule, to conduct, and to settle the resolutions and quick passions of the multitude. Public opinion assumes too often the ideas of one party in place, and public interest those of another party out. Political axioms, from the circumstance of having the notions attached to them unsettled, are opposed to the most opposite ends! "In the name of the French Directory," observes an Italian philosopher of profound views, "in the revolution of Naples, the democratic faction pronounced that 'every act of a tyrannical government is in its origin illegal,' a proposition which at first might seem mis-eridiot, but which went to render all existing laws impracticable. The doctrine of the illegality of the acts of a tyrant was proclaimed by Brutus and Cato, in the name of the senate, against the populus, who had favoured Caesar's perpetual dictatorship; and the populus of Paris accused themselves of it, against the National Assembly."

The "confusion of words," in time-serving politics, has too often confounded right and wrong, and arid men, driven into a corner, and corner only on its possession, have found no difficulty in solving doubts, and reconciling contradictions. Our own history, in revolutionary times, abounds with dangerous examples from all parties; of specious hypotheses for compliance with the government of the day, or the passions of parliament. Here is an instance in which the subtle confusion of words pretended to substitute two conceptions, by actively depriving a man of any. When the unhappy Charles the First pleaded, that to pass the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford was against his conscience, that remarkable character of "boonism and impurity," in Chaucerian characteristic William, Archbishop of York, on the appearance of conscience (a simple word enough), demonstrated "that there were two sorts of conscience, public and private, that his public conscience as a king might disagree with his private conscience as a man." Such was the impious argument which decided the fate of that great victim of state! It was an impudent "confusion of words," when Prynne (in order to quash the conscience of those who were guilty of warping with the king) observed, that the statute

of 15th Edward III. run in the singular number—"If a man shall levy war against the king," and, therefore, could not be extended to the house, who are many and public persons. Later we had Shroton's house with the spirit of William, the Archbishop of York, whom we have just left. When some did not know how to charge and to discharge themselves of the debts in favour of the king and to William the Third, the confounder of words discovered that there were two rights, as the other had that there were two consciences: one was a presidential right, and the other a legal right, and govern fought very vigorously their and take a thing, and another as righteously hold and keep it; but that whoever got the better, had the presidential right by possession, and once all authority rested from God, the people were obliged to transfer their allegiance to him as a king of God's making, so that he who had the presidential right, necessarily had the legal one; a very simple discovery, which must, however, have cost him some pains; for the confounder of words was himself confounded by twice asserting by jurism! A French politician of the stamp recently was suspended from his lectureship, for assuming that the possession of the soil was a right, in which principle, any king regarding over a country, whether by conquest, crime, and usurpation, was a legitimate sovereign. For the convenient principle the lecturer was tried, and declared not guilty—by persons who have lately found their advantage in a confusion of words. In relation between nations, a "confusion of words" has been more particularly studied, and that opportunity has conceived himself more dangerous when, by the abuse of words, has retained an ambiguous position which may later or sooner the ambiguous expression he had in captivity and to heart; united in his memory of treachery. A scene of this nature I draw out of "Mansel's Negotiation with the Court of England." When that secret agent of Louis XIV. was negotiating a peace, an insuperable difficulty arose respecting the acknowledgment of the Hanoverian succession. It was almost necessary, on this delicate point, to quiet the anxiety of the English public, and our allies, but though the French king was willing to recognise Anne's title to the throne, yet the settlement in the hands of Mansel was incompatible with French interests and French honour. Mansel told Lord Bolingbroke that "the king, his master, would consent to any such article, taking the order they so might damage him from the obligation of that agreement, as the occasion should present." The ambiguous language was probably understood by Lord Bolingbroke at the next conference his lordship informed the secret agent, "that the queen could not admit of any explanation, whatever her secretaries might be, that the concession was settled by act of parliament; that as to the private intentions of the queen, or of any about her, he could say nothing. All this was told with such an air as to let me understand that he gave a secret alarm to what I had proposed, &c.; but he desired me to drop the discourse." These two great negotiators, both equally eager to conclude the treaty, found an insuperable obstacle occur, which neither could control. Two honest men would have parted; but the skillful "confounder of words," the French

Diplomatist, hit on an expedient; he wrote the words which afterwards appeared in the preliminary, "that Louis XIV will acknowledge the queen of Great Britain in that quality, as well the intention of the crown according to the PRESENT SETTLEMENT." "The English agent," adds the Frenchman, "would have had me add—on the house of Hanover, but then I entrusted him not to dare of me." The term PRESENT SETTLEMENT, then, was that article which was loosening THE OTHER WAY, to discharge his master from the obligation of that agreement on occasion should present! that is, that Louis XIV chose to understand by the PRESENT SETTLEMENT, the old war, by which the British crown was to be restored to the Pretender! And the English notion were to understand it in their own sense—as the new one, which transferred it to the house of Hanover!

When politicians cannot rely upon each other's interpretation of one of the commonest words in our language, how can they possibly act together? The Bishop of Winchester has proved this observation, by the remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Portland and Mr Pitt, who, with a view to unite parties, were to hold a conference on FAIR and UNFAIR terms. His grace did not object to the word FAIR, but the word UNFAIR was more specific and limited, and, for a necessary preliminary, he requested Mr Pitt to inform him what he understood by the word UNFAIR. Whether Pitt was puzzled by the question, or would not deliver up an *avowal*, he put off the explanation to the conference. But the duke would not wait Mr Pitt till the word was explained, and that important negotiation was broken off, by not explaining a simple word which appeared to require none!

There is nothing more fatal in language than to wander from the popular acceptance of words, and yet this popular sense cannot always accord with precision of ideas, for it is itself subject to great changes.

Another source, therefore, of the abuse of words, is that mutability to which, in the course of time, the verbal edifice is doomed, as well as more substantial ones. A familiar instance presents itself in the titles of *tyrant*, *parasite*, and *sophist*, originally honourable distinctions. The abuse of denomination made the appropriated title of kings odious, the title of a magistrate, who had the care of the public granaries of corn, at length was applied to a wretched flatterer for a dinner, and almost philosophers assumed a more denominative to become a by-name. To employ such terms in their primitive sense would now confuse all ideas, yet there is an affectation of erudition which has frequently revived terms sanctioned by antiquity. Bishop Watson entitled his indication of the Bible "an *apology*;" the word, in its primitive sense, had long been lost for the multitude, whom he particularly addressed in this work, and who could only understand it as the sense they are accustomed to. Unquestionably, many of its readers have imagined that the bishop was offering an *excuse* for a belief in the Bible, instead of a *validation* of its truth. The word *improvement* by the ancient philosophers, or law-revisers, who gave their opinions on cases, was used merely in opposition to *previous*—*old*—*settled*—is a parti-

sent reason, that is, a reason pertaining to the cause in question; and a *vague improvement*, an improvement reason, is an argument not pertaining to the subject. But *improvement* originally meant neither absurdity, nor rude intrusion, as it does in our present popular sense. The learned Arnauld having characterized a reply of one of his adversaries by the epithet *improvement*, when blamed for the freedom of his language, explained his meaning by giving the history of the word, which applies to our own language. Thus also with us, the word *indifferent* has entirely changed; an historian, whose work was *indifferently* written, would formerly have claimed our attention. In the *Litany* it is prayed that "*magistratum tunc indifferenter* minister *justitiae*." *Indifferently* originally meant impartially. The word *caricature*, in its primitive signification, only signified to depart from the subject. The Decretals, or those letters from the pope deciding on points of ecclesiastical discipline, were at length incorporated with the canon law, and were called *caricatures* by wandering out of the body of the canon law, being consciously dispersed through that collection. When Luther had the Decretals publicly burnt at Wittenburgh, the insult was designed for the pope, rather than as a condemnation of the canon law itself. Suppose, in the present case, two parties of opposite opinions. The Catholic, who had said that the Decretals were *caricatures*, might not have intended to depreciate them, or make any concession to the Lutheran. What confusion of words has the common sense of the Scotch metaphysicians introduced into philosophy! There are no words, perhaps, in the language, which may be so differently interpreted, and Professor Dugald Stewart has collected, in a curious note, in the second volume of his "*Philosophy of the Human Mind*," a singular variety of its opposite significations. The Latin phrase, *verba communia*, *vera*, is a curious passage of Cicero, he translated by our phrase *common sense*; but, on other occasions, it means something different, the *vera communio* of the scholastic is quite another thing, and is synonymous with *conception*, and referred to the seat of intellect, with Sir John Davies, to his curious metaphysical poem, *common sense* is used as *imagination*. It created a controversy with Beattie and Reid, and Reid, who introduced this vague, ambiguous phrase in philosophical language, often understood the term in its ordinary acceptance. This change of the meaning of words, which is constantly recurring in metaphysical disputes, has made that curious, but obscure science liable to this objection of Hobbes, "with many words making nothing understood."

Controversies have been heatedly agitated about the principles of morals, which require entirely into *critical disputes*, or at most into questions of arrangement and classification of little comparative moment to the points at issue. This observation of Mr Dugald Stewart's might be illustrated by the fate of the numerous conventions of systems of thinking or systems, who have only employed very different and even opposite terms in appearance, to express the same thing. Some, by their mode of philosophizing, have strangely omitted the words *self-interest* and

self-love, and their misconceptions have sadly misled the votaries of these systems of morals, as others also, by such vague terms as "utility, fitness," &c.

When Epicurus asserted that the sovereign good consisted in *pleasure*, opposing the unfeeling austerity of the Stoics by the softness of pleasurable emotions, his principle was soon disregarded, while his word, perhaps chosen in the spirit of paradox, was warmly adopted by the sensualist Epicurus, of whom Seneca has drawn so beautiful a domestic scene, in whose garden a loaf, a Cyprean cheese, and a draught which did not inflame thirst,* was the sole banquet, would have started indignantly at

"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty!"

Such are the facts which illustrate that principle in "the abuse of words," which Locke calls "an affected obscurity arising from applying old words to new, or unusual significations."

The pleasant words, by accidental associations, may suggest the most erroneous conceptions, and have been productive of the greatest errors. In the famous Bangorian controversy, one of the writers excited a smile by a complaint, arising from his views of the signification of a plain word, whose meaning he thinks had been changed by the contending parties. He says, "The word *country*, like a great many others, such as *church* and *kingdom*, is, by the Bishop of Bangor's leave, become to signify a collection of ideas very different from its original meaning, with some it implies *party*, with others *prevalent opinion*, and with most *interest*, and perhaps, in time, may signify *some other country*. When this good innocent word has been tossed backwards and forwards a little longer, some new reformer of language may strive to reduce it to its primitive signification—the real interest of Great Britain." The antagonist of this controversialist probably retorted on him his own term of the *real interest*, which might be a very opposite one, according to their notions! It has been said, with what truth I know not, that it was by a mere confusion of words that Burke was enabled to alarm the great Whig families, by showing them their fate in that of the French *noblesse*, they were misled by the *similitude of names*. The French *noblesse* had as little resemblance with our nobility, as they have to the Mandarins of China. However it may be in this case, certain it is, that the same terms misapplied, have often raised those delusive notions termed false analogies. It was long imagined in this country, that the *parliaments* of France were somewhat akin to our own, but these assemblies were very differently constituted, consisting only of lawyers in courts of law. A misnomer confuses all argument. There is a trick which consists in bestowing good names on bad things. Vices, thus veiled, are introduced to us as virtues, according to an old poet,

"As drunkenness, good-fellowship we call!"

SIR THOMAS WYAT

Or the reverse, when loyalty may be ridiculed as

"The right divine of kings—to govern wrong!"

* Sen. Epist. 25.

The most innocent recreations, such as the drama, dancing, &c., have been anathematised by puritans, while philosophers have written elaborate treatises in their defence—the enigma is solved, when we discover that these words suggested a set of opposite notions to each.

But the Nominalists and the Realists, and the *doctores fundamētis, resolutionis, refutantes, profundis, et extatici*, have left this herloom of logic-machy to a race as subtle and irrefragable. An extraordinary scene has recently been performed by a new company of actors, in the modern comedy of Political Economy, and the whole dialogue has been carried on in an inimitable "confusion of words." These reasoning and unreasoning fraternities never use a term, as a term, but for an explanation, and which employed by them all, signifies opposite things, but never the plainest. Is it not, therefore, strange, that they cannot yet tell us what are *riches*? what is *rent*? what is *value*? Monsieur Say, the most sparkling of them all, assures us that the English writers are obscure, by their confounding, like Smith, the denomination of *labour*. The vivacious Gail cries out to the grave Briton, Mr. Malthus, "If I consent to employ your word *labour*, you must understand me," so and so. Mr. Malthus says, "Commodities are not exchanged for commodities only, they are also exchanged for *labour*" and when the hypochondriac Englishman, with dymas, foresees "the glut of markets," and concludes that we may produce more than we can consume, the paradoxical Monsieur Say discovers, that "commodities" is a *wrong word*, for it gives a wrong idea, it should be "productions" for his axiom is, that "productions can only be purchased with productions." Money, it seems, according to dictionary ideas, has no existence in his vocabulary, for Monsieur Say has formed a sort of Berkeleyan conception of wealth, being immaterial, when we confine our views to its materiality. Hence ensues from this "confusion of words," the most brilliant paradox, that "a glutted market is not a proof that we produce too much, but that we produce too little" for in that case there is not enough produced to exchange with what is produced. As Frenchmen excel in politeness and impudence, Monsieur Say adds, "I revere Adam Smith, he is my master, but this sort of political economists did not understand all the phenomena of production and consumption," which I leave to the ablest judge, Mr. Ricardo, to decide in a commentary on Adam Smith, if he will develop his patriotism and his genius to so excellent a labour. But we, who remain benighted in this mystery of explaining the operations of trade by metaphysical ideas, and raising up theories to contradict those who never theorise, can only start at the "confusion of words," and leave this blessed inheritance to our sons, if ever the science survives the logic-machy.

Caramuel, a famous Spanish bishop, was a grand ARCHITECT OF WORDS. Ingenious in theory, his efforts were confined to his practice. He said a great deal and meant nothing, and by an exact dimension of his intellect, took in at the time, it appeared that "he had got us in the eighth degree, eloquence in the fifth, but judgment only in the second!" Thus great man would not read the

ancients; for he had a notion that the moderns must have acquired all they possessed, with a good deal of their own "into the bargain." Two hundred and sixty-two works, differing in breadth and length, besides his manuscripts, attest, that if the world would read his writings, they could understand no other, for which purpose his last work always referred to the preceding ones, and could never be comprehended till his readers possessed those which were to follow. As he had the good sense to perceive that metaphysicians shrouded in obscure and equivocal terms, to avoid the "confusion of words," he invented a jargon of his own; and to make "confusions worse confounded," projected grammars and vocabularies in which we were to learn it, but it is supposed that he was the only man who understood himself. He put every author in despair by the works which he sanctioned. This famous ANTI-METAPHYSIC OF WORDS, however, built more labyrinthine than he could himself get out of, notwithstanding his "catechetical grammar," and his "audacious grammar." * Yet this great Cassiodorus, the critics have agreed, was nothing but a puff-bloom, with legs too weak for his bulk, and only to be accounted as a hero amidst a "confusion of words."

Let us descend the fate of Cassiodorus! and before we enter into discussion with the metaphysician, first settle what he means by the nature of ideas; with the politician, his notion of liberty and equality; with the divine, what he deems orthodoxy; with the political economist, what he considers to be *raison et sens*; by this means we may find, what is perpetually recurring, that extreme laids or squanders of words, which makes every writer, or speaker, companion of his predecessor, and attempts, sometimes not in the best temper, to denote and to settle the signification of what the wits south call "those rabble-chaunting words, which carry so much wisdom wrapped up in them."

POLITICAL NICKNAMES.

POLITICAL calumny is said to have been reduced into an art, like that of logic, by the Jesuits. This itself may be a political calumny! A powerful body, who themselves had practised the artifices of calumniators, may, in their turn, often have been calumniated. The passage in question was drawn out of one of the classical authors used in their colleges. Baumgarten, a German Jesuit, had composed, in disquisition, a "Medulla Theologiae moralis," where, among other canonical propositions, there was found lurking in this old Jesuit's "marrow" one which favoured regicide and assassination. Fifty editions of the book had passed unnoticed, till a new one appearing at the critical moment of Damiani's attempt, the duplicity of the old scholastic Jesuit, which had never been amplified by its commentators into two

fifteen, was considered not merely ridiculous, but as dangerous. It was burnt at Toulouse, in 1757, by order of the parliament, and condemned at Paris. An Italian Jesuit published an "apology" for this theory of assassination, and the same flames devoured it! Whether Baumgarten deserved the honour bestowed on his ingenuity, the reader may judge by the passage next.

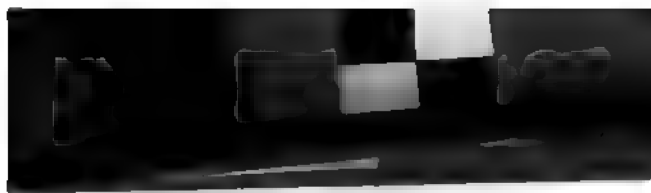
"Whoever would ruin a person, or a government, must begin this operation by spreading calumny; to defame the person or the government, for unquestionably the calumniator will always find a great number of persons inclined to believe him, or to side with him; it therefore follows, that whenever the object of such calumnies is once lowered to credit by such means, he will soon lose the reputation and power founded on that credit, and sink under the permanent and vindictive attacks of the calumniator." This is the politics of Satan—the evil principle which regulates so many things in this world. The enemies of the Jesuits have formed a list of great names who had become the victims of such atrocious Mactavilism.

This has been one of the arts practised by all political parties. Their first weapon is to attach to a new faction a contemptible or an odious nickname. In the history of the revolutions of Europe, whenever a new party has at length established its independence, the original denomination which had been used on them, marked by the passions of the party which bestowed it, strangely continues with the name finally established.

The first revolutionists of Holland incurred the contemptuous name of "Les Oeufs," or the Eggs. The Duchess of Parma inquiring about them, the Count of Balthazar scornfully described them to be of this class; and it was Battery of the Great which gave the name currency. The Hollanders accepted the name as much in defiance as with indignation, and acted up to it. Instead of brooches in their hats, they wore little wooden platters, such as beggars used, and foam tails instead of feathers. On the foreheads of some of these *Choux* they inscribed, "Rather Turkish than Papish!" and had the pivot of a cock crowing out of a horse mouth was a label *Père de la Cour* par tout le monde! which was everywhere set up, and was the favourite sign of these men. The Protestants in France, after a variety of nicknames to render them contemptible, such as *Calvinistes*, because they would only talk about Christ, similar to our Puritans, and *Perpandites*, a small brass coin, which they odiously applied to them, at length settled in the well-known term of *Huguenots*, of which the origin was probably derived from their hiding themselves in secret places, and appearing at night, like King Hagon, the great hobgoblin of France; the term has been preserved by an eastern ruse without feet, used in cookery, which served the *Huguenots* on average days to dress their meat, and to avoid observation; a curious instance, where a thing still in use proves the circumstance connected with it.

* Baillet gives the dates and plans of these grammars. The *catechisme* was published in Brussels, 1642, in 1660. The *audacious* was in Paris, printed at Frankfurt 1654.—*Jugement des Savans*. Tome II. 3^{me} partie.

* See Recueil Chronologique et Analytique de tout ce qui a été en Portugal la Société de Jésus. Vol. II. sect. 4^{me}.



POLITICAL NICKNAMES.

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The atrocious insurrection, called *Le Jacques*, was a term which originated in cruel dominion. When John of France was a prisoner in England, his kingdom appears to have been desolated by its wretched nobles, who, in the indulgence of their passions, set no limits to their luxury and their extortion. They disposed their property without mercy, and when thus complained, and even reproached their tyrannical nobility with having forsaken their subjects, they were told that *Jacques* had done them all the harm. But *Jacques* had done them all the harm—such a leader appeared under this fatal name, and the passions resulting in madness, and being joined by all the cut-throats and thieves of Paris, at once pronounced condemnation on every gentleman in France! *Stuart* has the horrid narrative, twelve thousand of these *Jacques* had done them all the harm, but the *Jacques*, who had received their first appellation in distress, assumed it in their own defence.

In the spirited Memoirs of the Duke of Orléans, written by himself, of his enterprise against the kingdom of Naples, we find a curious account of this political art of marking people by odious nicknames. "Orléans and Venice," says the duke, "cherished and shared that avowed the rancour had for the better sort of citizens and civil people, who, by the insurrection they suffered from them, not unjustly hated them. The better class inhabiting the suburbs of the Vierge were called *black clouds*, and the ordinary sort of people took the name of *leaves*," both in French and English an odd word for a Neapolitan beggar, and hence the nickname of Naples. We can easily conceive the evil eye of a lover when he encountered a *black cloud*. The Duke adds—"Just as at the beginning of the revolution, the revolution in London formerly took that of *hugger*; then of *Orange* that of *orange*, then of *Normandy* that of *hare feet*, and of *Bosnia* and *Switzerland*, of *windmill-patrons*." In the late French revolution, we observed the extremes indulged by both parties chiefly concerned in revolution—the wealthy and the poor! The rich, who, in division, called their humble fellow-citizens by the contemptuous name of *non-votants*, poured a scathing apostrophe from the populace, who, on a dreadful return for only a night, rendered the most cruel term of *aristocrate* a signal for plunder or slaughter!

It is a curious fact that the French word *fronde*, as well as the noun *frondeur*, are used to describe those who condemn the measures of government, and, more extensively, designate any hypocritical and malicious criticism or any sort of condemnation. These words have been only introduced into the language since the intrigues of Cardinal De Retz succeeded in raising a faction against Cardinal Mazarin, known in French history by the nickname of the *frondeurs*, or the *Blindes*. It originated in phlegm, although it became the password for insurrection in France, and the common name of a faction. A wit observed, that the parliament were like these schoolboys, who sing their rhymes in the pits of Paris, and so soon as they see the *lastest* crowd, run away, but are sure to collect again whenever he disappears. The comparison was lively, and formed the burden of songs, and afterwards, when affairs

were settled between the king and the parliament, it was more particularly applied to the faction of Cardinal De Retz, who still held out. "We encouraged the application," says De Retz; "for we observed that the distinction of a name heated the minds of people; and one evening we returned to wear hat-strings in the form of slugs. A better, who might be trusted with the secret, made a great number as a new fashion, and which were worn by many who did not understand the joke, we ourselves were the last to adopt them, that the revolution might not appear to have come from us. The effect of this truly was immense; every fashionable article was now to assume the shape of a slug, bread, hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, loaves, &c., and we ourselves became more in fashion by the folly, than by what was unusual." The revolutionary term was never forgotten by the French, a circumstance which might have been considered as prophetic of that new revolution, which De Retz had the imagination to project, but not the daring to establish. We see, however, the great politician, confirming the advantage his party derived by encouraging the application of a by-name, which served to heat the minds of people."

It is a curious circumstance that I should have to recount in this chapter on "Political Nicknames" a familiar term with all lovers of art, that of *Salomette*. This is well understood as a *black pearl*, but it is more extraordinary that a term so universally adapted should not be found in any dictionary, either in that of *L'Académie*, or in Todd's, and has not even been preserved, where it is quite indispensable, in *Bliss's Dictionary des Mots de l'Art*. It is little suspected that this innocent term originated in a political nickname! *Salomette* was minister of state in France in 1750; that period was a critical one, the treasury was in an exhausted condition, and Salomette, a very honest man, who would hold no intercourse with business or loan-mongers, could conceive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy, than excessive economy, and interminable reform! Paris was not that metropolis, no more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long be minister of state, without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched mob! At last they pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him!—they cut their coats shorter, and wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones; and the small-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper. All the fashions assumed an air of miserably exclusive till poor Salomette was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms. But he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as miserably exclusive as his own lot.

The political artifice of appropriating cant terms, or odious nicknames, could not fail to flourish among a people so perpetually divided by contending interests as ourselves, every party with us have had their watchword, which has served either to congregate themselves, or to set on the head-dog of one faction to worry and tear another. We practice it early, and we find it still prevailing. The Porten of Elizabeth's reign

curious to this hour; the trying difficulties that were sovereigns had to overcome in settling the national religion, found an sympathy in either of the great divisions of her people, she retained as much of the Catholic rites as might be deemed in the new religion, and sought to unite, and not to separate, her children. John Knox, in the spirit of charity, declared, that "she was neither guide Protestant, nor yet humble Papist; let the world judge whether is the third."

A jealous party arose, who were for reforming the reformation. In their attempt at more than human purity, they obtained the nickname of *Pariahs*, and from their fastidiousness about very small matters, *Prickners*, whose Dravon character was as persons that for a painted glass window would pull down the whole church. At that early period these nicknames were more used in an adious sense; for Wotton, a poet in the reign of Elizabeth, says,—

"If hypocrite, why *Pariahs* we term be asked,
in breeds

"Tho' but an *ivied tower*; good-fellow as spels
there!"

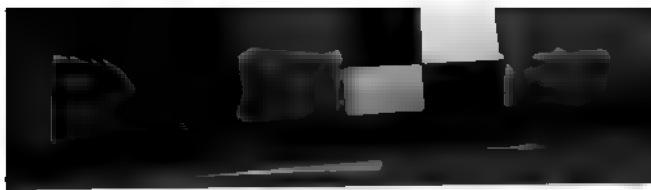
Robert Fuller, who knew that many good men were among them *Pariahs*, wished to decline the term altogether, under the less offensive one of *Honourables*. But the *ivied* and the *ivy* of this party, in Charles the First's time, had been too obscure not to fully merit the ironical appellation; and the successful exponent of our Moderator dropped away with the page in which it was written. The people have frequently expressed their own notions of different parliaments by witty apt nicknames. In Richard the Second's time, to express their dislike of the extraordinary and irregular proceedings of the lords against the sovereign, as well as their sanguinary measures, they called it, "The wonder-working and the wonderful parliament." In Edward the Third's reign, when the Black Prince was yet living, the parliament, for having pursued with severity the party of the Duke of Lancaster, was so popular, that the people distinguished it as the good parliament. In Henry the Third's time, the parliament opposing the king was called "*Parliamentum malorum*," the bad parliament, because the lords came armed to insist on the confirmation of the great charter. A Scottish parliament, from its perpetual shifting from place to place, was ludicrously nicknamed the *running parliament*. In the same spirit we had our long parliaments, and others bearing natural or ludicrous epithets. No truer it is, as old Holingshead observed, "The common people will make times give such be names as cometh best liking to themselves." It would be a curious speculation to discover the sources of the popular feeling; influenced by delusion, or impelled by good sense.

The exterminating political nicknames of malignants darkened the nation through the civil wars. It was a proscription—and a list of good and bad lords was read by the leaders of the two factions. Of all these inventions, the diabolical one was most adapted to exasperate the passions of the people, as often duped by names. I have never detected the active man of faction who first hit on this adious brand for

persons, but the period when the word changed its ordinary meaning was early; Charles, in 1643, returns on the parliamentarians the opprobrious distinction, as "The true malignant party which has contrived and conspired these barbarous murders." And the royalists plained for themselves, that the hateful designation was ill applied to them, for by malignancy you denote, and they, activity in doing evil, whereas we have always born on the suffering side in our persons, credits, and estates; but the parliamentarians, "giving a ghastly smile," would reply, that "the royalists would have been malignant had they proved successful." The truth is, that malignancy meant with both parties any opposition of opinion. At the same period the odious distinctions of round-heads and cavaliers supplied the people with party-names, who were already provided with as many religious as well as civil causes of quarrel, the cropt heads of the sainted sectaries and the people was the origin of the detestable nickname; the splendid elegance and the romantic spirit of the royalists long won the rabble, who in their mockery could brand them by no other appellation than one in which their leaders gloriol.

At these distracted times of early revolution, any nickname, however vague, will fully answer a purpose, although neither those who are blackened by the odium nor those who can it, can drone the hateful appellation. When the term of *delinquents* came into vogue, it expressed a degree and species of guilt, not exactly known or ascertained. It served however the end of these revolutionaries, who had coined it, by imputing any person to, or coloring any action by, delinquency, and many of the nobility and gentry were, without any questions being asked, suddenly driven round to have committed the crime of *delinquency*. Whether Robert Fuller be factious or grave on this period of nicknaming parties I will not decide, but, when he tells us that there was another word which was introduced into our nation at this time, I think at least that the whole passage is an admirable commentary on this party vocabulary. "Contemporary with malignants is the word *plunder*, which some make of Latin original, from *plandere*, to *levell*, to *place* all to nothing. Others of Dutch extraction, as if it were to *plow*, or *pluck* the feathers of a bird in the bare skin. Sure I am we had heard of it in the Swedish wars; and if the same and thing be sent back from whence it came, few English eyes would weep thereof." All England had wept at the introduction of the word. The *levelling* was the filthy nickname of an adious faction—the history of this famous appellation, which was at first that of *horror*, till it afterwards became one of *derision* and *contempt*, must be referred to another place. The word became a perpetual whetstone for the loyal war, till at length its former adousness, the rabble themselves, in town and country used with each other in "burning camps" of host which were being by chains on a gallows with a bundle underneath, and proved how the people, like children, come at length to make a plaything of that which once terrified them.

Charles II., during the short holiday of the restoration—all holidays soon short!—and when he



and the people were in good humour, granted anything to every one,—the mode of "Petitions" got at length very inconvenient, and the king in council declared, that this petitioning was "A method set on foot by ill men to promote discontent among the people," and enjoined his loving subjects not to subscribe them. The petitioners however persisted—when a new party rose to express their abhorrence of petitioning, both parties nicknamed each other the *petitioners* and the *abhorres*. Their day was short, but fierce, the *petitioners*, however weak in their cognomen, were for the holder of the roe, for the commons were with them, and the *abhorres* had espoused by their term rather the strength of their inclinations, than their numbers. Charles II said to a *petitioner* from Taunton, "Now dare you deliver me such a paper?" "Sir," replied the *petitioner* from Taunton, "my name is DARE!" A saucy reply, for which he was tried, fined, and imprisoned when, lo! the commons petitioned again to release the *petitioner*. "The very names," says Hume, "by which each party denominated its antagonists discover the violence and rancour which prevailed; for besides *petitioner* and *abhorres*, this year is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*." These all terms of reproach are still preserved among us, as if the palladium of British liberty was guarded by these exotic names, for they are not English, which the parties so invidiously borrow on each other. They are ludicrous enough in their origin; the friends of the court and the advocates of liberal succour, were by the republican party branded with the title of *Tories*, which was the name of certain Irish robbers; while the court party in return could find no other revenge than by appropriating to the courtiers and the republicans of that class, the name of the Scotch beverage of sour milk, whose virtue they considered as enervative of their dispositions, and which is called *whigg*. So ridiculous in their origin were these pernicious nicknames, which long excited feuds and quarrels in domestic life, and may still be said to divide into two great parties this land of political freedom. But nothing becomes obsolete in political factions, and the manner and more scandalous the name utilized by one party to another, the more it becomes not only their rallying cry or their password, but even constitutes their glory. The Hollanders long prided themselves on the humiliating nickname of "*Les Guenz*," the Protestants of France on the scornful one of the *Huguenots*, the Nonconformists in England on the mockery of the *Puritan*; and all parties have perpetuated their anger by their ignominious names. Swift was well aware of this truth in political history: "each party," says that sagacious observer, "grows proud of that appellation which their adversaries at first intended as a reproach; of this sort were the *Guelfs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Huguenots* and *Catholics*."

Nor has it been only by nicknaming each other by derisive or opprobrious terms that parties have been marked, but they have also worn a lively, and practical distinctive manner. What sufferings did not Italy endure for a long series of years,

under three fatal party-names of the *Guelfs* and the *Ghibellines*, alternately the victors and the vanquished, the beautiful land of Italy drank the blood of her children. Italy, like Greece, opens a moving picture of the hatreds and jealousies of small republics: her *Blanca* and her *Nere*, her *Guelfs* and her *Ghibellines*. In Bologna, two great families once shook that city with their divisions: the *Poppi* adopted the French interests; the *Malatesti* the Spanish. It was incurring some danger to walk the streets of Bologna, for the *Poppi* wore their feathers on the right side of their caps, and the *Malatesti* on the left. Such was the party-hatred of the two great Italian factions, that they carried their enmity even into their domestic habits; at table the *Guelfs* placed their knives and spoons longwise, and the *Ghibellines* across, the one cut their bread across, the other longwise. Even in cutting an orange they could not agree; for the *Guelfs* cut an orange horizontally, and the *Ghibellines* downwards. Children were taught these articles of faction—their hatreds became traditional, and thus the Italianism perpetuated the full benefits of their party-spirit, from generation to generation.

Men in private life go down to their graves with some unlucky name, not received in baptism, but more descriptive and picturesque, and even manners of state have wrined at a political christening. Malagrida the Jesuit and Jeremy Twitcher were nicknames, which made one of our ministers odious, and another contemptible. The Earl of Godolphin caught such fire at that of Volpone, that it drove him into the opposite party for the vindictive purpose of obtaining that impolitical prosecution of Sacheverell, who in his famous sermon had first applied it to the earl, and unluckily it had stuck to him.

"Faction," says Lord Orford, "is as capricious as fortune; wrong, oppression, the seal of real patriots, or the genius of fair ones, may sometimes be employed for years in kindling substantial opposition to authority: in other seasons the impulse of a moment, a halloo, a nickname, a fashion, can throw a city into a tumult, and shake the foundations of a state."

Such is a slight history of the human passions in politics! We might despair in thus discovering that wisdom and patriotism so frequently originate in this turbid source of party, but we are consoled, when we reflect that the most important political principles are immutable; and that they are those, which even the spirit of party must learn to reverence.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF A POET.— SHENSTONE VINDICATED

THE dogmatism of Johnson, and the fastidiousness of Gray, the critic who passed his days amidst "the busy hum of men," and the poet who moved in cloistered solitude, have fatally injured a fine natural genius in SHENSTONE. Mr Campbell, with a brother's feeling, has (since the present article was composed) sympathized with the endowments and the pursuits of this poet, but

the facts I had collected seem to me to open a more important view. I am aware how lightly the poetical character of SHENSTONE is held by some great contemporaries—although this very poet has left us at least one poem of unrivalled originality. Mr. Campbell has regretted that SHENSTONE not only “affected that Arcadianism” which “gives a certain air of masquerade to his pastoral character” adopted by our earlier poets, but also has rather “incongruously blended together the rural swan with the disciple of verum.” All this requires some explanation. It is not only as a poet, possessing the characteristics of poetry, but as a creator in another way, for which I claim the attention of the reader. I have formed a picture of the domestic life of a poet, and the pursuits of a votary of taste, both equally contracted in their endeavours, from the habits, the emotions, and the events which occurred to SHENSTONE.

Poor material circumstances influenced his character, and were productive of all his unhappiness. The neglect he incurred in those poetical studies to which he had devoted his hopes, his secret sorrow in not having formed a domestic union, from prudential motives, with one whom he loved, the ruinous state of his domestic affairs, arising from a seducing passion for creating a new taste in landscape gardening and an ornamented farm, and finally, his disappointment of that promised patronage, which might have induced him to have become a poetical writer, for which his inclinations, and, it is said, his talents early in life, were well adapted. With these points in view, we may trace the different states of his mind, show what he did, and what he was earnestly intent to have done.

Why have the “Elegies” of SHENSTONE, which forty years ago formed the main of us the favourite poems of our youth, ceased to delight us in mature life? It is perhaps that these Elegies, planned with peculiar felicity, have little in their execution. They form a series of poetical truths, but without poetical expression, truths,—an notwithstanding the pastoral romance in which the poet has enveloped himself, the subjects are real, and the feelings could not, therefore, be fictitious.

In a Picture, remarkable for its graceful simplicity, our poet tells us, that “He entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice.” He shows that “He drew his pictures from the spot, and he felt very sensibly the emotions he communicated.” He avers that all these attentions on rural scenes, and all those allusions to rural life, were not the contrivances of a town poet, no more than the sentiments, which were inspired by Nature. SHENSTONE’s friend, Graves, who knew him early in life, and in his last days, informs us, that these Elegies were written when he had taken the Leaves into his own hands, and though his form was engaged by thoughts, he occasionally wrote them, “pothly,” said SHENSTONE, “to divert my present impatience, and pothly, as it will be a picture of most that passes in my own mind, a portrait which friends will value.” This, then, is the secret charm which drew out of this on the best emotions of our youth, at a moment when not too difficult to be planned,

the reflected delineations of the habits and the affections, the hopes and the doubts, with all the domestic associations of this poet, always true to Nature, reflect back that picture of ourselves we instantly recognize. It is only as we advance in life that we lose the relish of our early simplicity, and that we discover that SHENSTONE was not endued with high imagination.

These Elegies, with some other poems, may be read with a new interest, when we discover them to form the true Memoirs of SHENSTONE. Records of querulous, but delightful feelings! whose subjects spontaneously offered themselves from passing incidents, they still perpetuate emotions, which will interest the young poet, and the young lover of taste.

Elegy IV., the first which SHENSTONE composed, is entitled “Ophelia’s Urn,” and it was so unusual one! It was erected by Graves in Mickleton Church, to the memory of an extraordinary young woman, Utricia Smith: the literary daughter of a learned, but poor clergyman. Utricia had formed to herself a taste for literature, and composed with such elegance in verse and prose that an excellent judge declared, that “he did not like to form his opinion of any author till he perused her lines.” Graves had been long attached to her, but from motives of prudence broke off an intercourse with this interesting woman, who sunk under the severe disappointment. When her prudent lover, Graves, inscribed the urn, her friend SHENSTONE, perhaps more feelingly, commemorated her virtues and her losses. Such, indeed, was the friendly intercourse between SHENSTONE and Utricia, that in Elegy XVIII., written long after her death, she still lingered in his remembrance. Comparing this Elegy on the calamitous close of Somerville’s life, a brother bard, and victim to sorrow circumstances, and which he probably contemplated as an image of his own, SHENSTONE tenderly recollects that he used to read Somerville’s poems to Utricia:—

“Oh, lost Ophelia! smoothly flow’d the day
To feel his music with my flames agree;
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to Thee!”

How true is the feeling! how mean the poetical expression!

The seventh Elegy describes a ruin, where the shadow of Wolsey breaks upon the author:

“A graceful form appear’d,
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown’d.”

Even this sacred subject was not chosen capriciously, but sprung from an incident. Once, on his way to Cheltenham, SHENSTONE missed his road, and wandered till late at night among the Cotswold Hills. On this occasion he appears to have made a moral reflection, which we find in his “Essays.” “How melancholy is it to travel late upon any ambitious project on a winter’s night, and observe the light of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds.” “While the bright poet, lost among the lonely hills, was meditating on ‘ambitious projects,’ the character of Wolsey stood before him; the rusty sword crossed

his path, and hurried his imagination. "Then,"
exclaims the poet,

"Like a meteor's fire,

Shor't blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,"

ELSGY VII.

And the bard, after discovering all the miseries of
happy grandeur, and murmuring at this delay
to the house of his friend, exclaims,

"Oh if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!"

The silent departure of the poetical spectre is
seen:

"The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night."

And to prove that the subject of this Elegy thus
arose to the poet's fancy, he has himself commemorated
the incident that gave occasion to it,
in the opening:

"On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend,
Weary and faint, I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend."

ELSGY VII.

The Fifteenth Elegy, composed "in memory of
a private family in Worcestershire," is on the ex-
tinction of the ancient family of the Penns in the
male line.* SHENSTONE's mother was a Penn,
and the poet was now the inhabitant of their
ancient mansion, an old timber-built house of the
age of Elizabeth. The local description was a
real scene—"the shaded pool," "the group of
sacred elms,"—"the flocking rooks," and the
picture of the simple manners of his own ances-
tors, were realities, the emotions they excited
were therefore genuine, and not one of those
"mockeries" of amplification from the crowd of
verse-writers.

The Tenth Elegy, "To Fortune, suggesting his
Motive for repining at her Dispensations," with his
celebrated "Pastoral Ballad, in four parts," were
alike produced by what one of the great minstrels
of our own times has so finely indicated when he
sang

"The secret woes the world has never known;
While on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitter was the grief devour'd alone."

In this Elegy, SHENSTONE repines at the dispen-
sations of fortune, not for having denied him her
higher gifts, nor that she compels him to

"Check the fond loves or art that fir'd my veins,"

nor that some "dull dotard with boundless
wealth" finds his "grating reed" preferred to
the bard's, but that "the tawdry shepherdess" of
this dull dotard by her "pride," makes "the rural
thane" despise the poet's Deha,

"Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs unfold!"

* This we learn from Dr. Nash's History of
Worcestershire.

"Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, oh Fortune! thine they
see:"

'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee!"

The Deha of our poet was not an "Iris en air."
SHENSTONE was early in life captivated by a young
lady, whom Graves describes with all those mild
and serene graces of pensive melancholy, touched
by plaintive love-songs and elegies of woe, adapted
not only to be the muse, but the mistress of a
poet. The sensibility of this passion took entire
possession of his heart for some years, and it was
in parting from her that he first sketched his exqui-
site "Pastoral Ballad." As he retreated more and
more into solitude, his passion felt no diminution.
Dr. Nash informs us, that Shenstone acknowledged
that it was his own fault that he did not accept
the hand of the lady whom he so tenderly loved;
but his spirit could not endure to be a perpetual
witness of her degradation in the rank of society,
by an inconsiderate union with poverty and poverty.
That such was his motive, we may infer from a
passage in one of his letters. "Love, as it regu-
larly tends to matrimony, requires certain favours
from fortune and circumstances to render it proper
to be indulged in." There are perpetual allusions
to these "secret woes" in his correspondence,
for, although he had the fortitude to refuse mar-
riage, he had not the stoicism to contract his own
heart in cold and sullen celibacy. He thus alludes
to this subject, which so often excited far other
emotions than those of humour. "It is long since
I have considered myself as *unamanté*. The world will
not, perhaps, consider me in that light entirely
but I have married my maid!"

It is probable that our poet had an intention of
marrying his maid. I discovered a pleasing anec-
dote among the late Mr. Bindley's collections,
which I transcribed from the original. On the back
of a picture of SHENSTONE himself, of which Doddsley
published a print in 1780, the following energetic
inscription was written by the poet on his new
year's gift:

"This picture belongs to MARY CUTLER, given
her by her master, WILLIAM SHENSTONE, January
1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her naive genius,
her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her identity."

W. S.

"The Progress of Taste; or, the Fate of De-
licacy," is a poem on the temper and studies of
the author; and "Economy; a Rhapsody, ad-
dressed to young Poets," abounds with self-touches.
If SHENSTONE created little from the imagination,
he was at least perpetually under the influence of
real emotions. This is the reason why his truths
so strongly operate on the juvenile mind, not yet
matured; and thus we have sufficiently ascer-
tained the fact, as the poet himself has expressed
it, "that he drew his pictures from the spot, and he
felt very sensibly the affections he communicates."

All the anxieties of a poetical life were early
experienced by SHENSTONE. He first published
some juvenile productions, under a very odd title,
indicative of modesty, perhaps too of pride.* And

* While at college he printed, without his name,
a small volume of verses, with this title, "Poems

his motto of *Contentus paucis lectoribus*, even Horace himself might have smiled at, for it only conceals the desire of every poet, who pants to deserve many! But when he tried at a more elaborate poetical labour, "The Judgment of Hercules," it failed to attract notice. He hastened to town, and he beat about literary coffee-houses; and returned to the country from the chase of Fame, wearied without having started it.

"A breath revived him—but a breath o'erthrew."

Even "The Judgment of Hercules" between Indolence and Industry, or Pleasure and Virtue, was a picture of his own feelings; an argument drawn from his own reasonings, indicating the uncertainty of the poet's dubious disposition; who finally lost the triumph by siding with Indolence, which his hero obtained by a directly opposite course.

In the following year begins that melancholy strain in his correspondence, which marks the disappointment of the man who had staked too great a quantity of his happiness on the poetical die. This was the critical moment of life, when our character is formed by habit, and our fate is decided by choice. Was SHENSTONE to become an active, or contemplative being? He yielded to Nature!*

It was now that he entered into another species of poetry, working with too costly materials, in the magical composition of plants, water, and earth; with these he created those emotions, which his more strictly poetical ones failed to excite. He planned a paradise amidst his solitude.

When we consider that SHENSTONE, in developing his fine pastoral ideas in the Leasowes, educated the nation into that taste for landscape-gardening which has become the model of all Europe, this itself constitutes a claim on the gratitude of posterity. Thus the private pleasures of a man of genius may become at length those of a whole people. The creator of this new taste appears to have received far less notice than he merited. The name of SHENSTONE does not appear in the Essay on Gardening, by Lord Orford: even the supercilious Gray only bestowed a ludicrous image on these pastoral scenes, which, however, his friend Mason has celebrated; and the

upon various Occasions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends, prejudiced in his Favour." Oxford, 1737, 12mo.—Nash's History of Worcestershire, Vol. I. p. 528.

I find this notice of it in W. Lowndes's Catalogue; the prices are amusing! 4433 Shenstone (W.) Poems, 3l. 13s. 6d.—(Shenstone took uncommon pains to suppress this book, by collecting and destroying copies wherever he met with them.)—In Longman's Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, it is valued at 15l. Oxf. 1737!

* On this subject Graves makes a very useful observation. "In this decision the happiness of Mr. SHENSTONE was materially concerned. Whether he determined wisely or not, people of taste and people of worldly prudence will probably be of very different opinions." I somewhat suspect that "people of worldly prudence" are not half the fools that "people of taste" insist they are.

genius of Johnson, incapacitated by nature to touch on objects of rural fancy, after describing some of the offices of the landscape designer, adds, that "he will not inquire whether they demand any great powers of mind." Johnson, however, conveys to us his own feelings, when he immediately expresses them under the character of "a sullen and surly speculator." The anxious life of SHENSTONE would indeed have been remunerated, could he have read the enchanting eulogium of WHEATLEY on the Leasowes; which, said he, "is a perfect picture of his mind—simple, elegant, and amiable; and will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verse, or whether, in the scenes which he formed, he only realised the pastoral images which abound in his songs." Yes! SHENSTONE had been delighted could he have heard that Montesquieu, on his return home, adorned his "Château Gothique, mais ornés de bois charmans, dont j'ai pris l'idée en Angleterre;" and SHENSTONE, even with his modest and timid nature, had been proud to have witnessed a noble foreigner, amidst memorials dedicated to Theocritus and Virgil, to Thomson and Gesner, raising in his grounds an inscription, in bad English, but in pure taste, to SHENSTONE himself; for having displayed in his writings "a mind natural," and in his Leasowes "laid Arcadian greens rural;" and recently Pindemonte has traced the taste of English gardening to SHENSTONE. A man of genius sometimes receives from foreigners, who are placed out of the prejudices of his compatriots, the tribute of posterity!

Amidst these rural elegancies which SHENSTONE was raising about him, his muse has pathetically sung his melancholy feelings—

"But did the Muses haunt his cell,
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?—
When all the structures shone complete,
Ah me! 'twas Damon's own confession,
Came Poverty, and took possession."

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE.

The poet observes, that the wants of philosophy are contracted, satisfied with "cheap contentment," but

"Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! days and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts——"

ECONOMY.

An original image illustrates that fatal want of economy which conceals itself amidst the beautiful appearances of taste:

"Some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall soon or late
Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease
Amidst the bloom of show."

ECONOMY.

He paints himself:

"Observe Florelia's mien;
Why treads my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn? Why pensive strays his eye
O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome
Returns his eye unpleased, disconsolate?"

The cause is "criminal expense," and the ex-
ults,

"Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains,
How glad some once he ranged your native turf,
Your simple scenes how raptur'd! ere *SAPPHO*
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease."

ECONOMY.

While *SHENSTONE* was rearing hazels and haw-
thorns, opening vistas, and winding waters;

"And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way;"

while he was pulling down hovels and cowhouses,
to compose mottoes and inscriptions for garden-
seats and urns, while he had so finely obscured
with a tender gloom the grove of *VIRGIL*, and
thrown over, "in the midst of a plantation of yew,
a bridge of one arch, built of a dusky-coloured
stone, and simple even to rudeness,"* and invoked
Oberon in some Arcadian scene,

"Where in cool grot and mossy cell
The tripping fauns and fairies dwell;"

the solitary magician, who had raised all these
wonders, was, in reality, an unfortunate poet, the
tenant of a dilapidated farmhouse, where the
winds passed through, and the rains lodged, often
taking refuge in his own kitchen—

"Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth!"

In a letter† of the disconsolate founder of land-
scape-gardening, our author paints his situation
with all its misery—lamenting that his house is
not fit to receive "polite friends, were they so
disposed," and resolved to banish all others, he
proceeds:

"But I make it a certain rule, 'arcere profanum
vulgus.' Persons who will despise you for the
want of a good set of chairs, or an uncouth fire-
shovel, at the same time that they can't taste any
excellence in a mind that overlooks those things;
with whom it is in vain that your mind is fur-
nished, if the walls are naked, indeed one loses
much of one's acquisitions in virtue by an hour's
converse with such as judge of merit by money—
yet I am now and then impelled by the social
passion to sit half an hour in my kitchen."

But the solicitude of friends and the fate of
Somerville, a neighbour and a poet, often com-
pelled *SHENSTONE* to start amidst his reveries;
and thus he has preserved his feelings and his in-
 resolutions. Reflecting on the death of *Somer-
ville*, he writes,

"To be forced to drink himself into pains of
the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the
mind, is a misery which I can well conceive,
because I may, without vanity, esteem myself his
equal in point of economy, and consequently
ought to have an eye on his misfortunes—(as you
kindly hinted to me about twelve o'clock, at the
Feathers.)—I should retrench—I will—but you

shall not see me—I will not at all know that I
took it in good part—I will do that with times
as I may."

Such were the calamities of "great taste" with
"little fortune," but in the case of *SHENSTONE*,
these were combined with the other calamity of
"mediocrity of genius."

Here, then, at the *Leasowes*, with occasional
trips to town in pursuit of fame, which perpet-
ually eluded his grasp, in the correspondence of
a few delicate minds, whose admiration was sub-
stituted for more genuine celebrity; composing
distiches against economy and taste, while his
income was diminishing every year, our neglected
author grew daily more indolent and solitary,
and withdrawing himself entirely into his own
hermitage, moaned and despaired in that Arcadian
solitude. The cries and the "secret sorrows" of
SHENSTONE have come down to us—those of his
brothers have not always. And shall dull men,
because they have minds cold and obscure, like a
Lapland year which has no summer, be permitted
to exult over this class of men of sensibility and
taste, but of moderate genius and without fortune?
The passions and emotions of the heart are facts
and dates, only to those who possess them.

To what a melancholy state was our author
reduced, when he thus addressed his friend

"I suppose you have been informed that my
fever was in a great measure hypochondriacal,
and left my nerves so extremely sensible, that even
on no very interesting subjects, I could readily
think myself into a vertigo, I had almost said an
epilepsy, for surely I was oftentimes near it."

The features of this sad portrait are more par-
ticularly made out in another place.

"Now I am come home from a visit, every
little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole
train of melancholy considerations, and to make
me utterly dis-tasted with the life I now lead, and
the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry
and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disre-
gard all present things, just as becomes a madman
to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a
gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's
complaint 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like
a poisoned rat in a hole.' My soul is no more
fitted to the figure I make, than a calico rope to a
cambric needle, I cannot bear to see the advan-
tages alienated, which I think I could deserve
and relish so much more than those that have
them."

There are other testimonies in his entire cor-
respondence. Whenever forsaken by his company
he describes the horrors around him, delivered up
"to winter, silence, and reflection," ever forese-
ing himself "returning to the same series of
melancholy hours." His frame shattered by the

* *Graves* was supposed to have glanced at his
friend *Shenstone* in his novel of "*Columella*," or,
the *Distressed Anchorite*. The aim of this work
is to convey all the moral instruction I could wish
to offer here to youthful genius. It is written to
show the consequence of a person of education
and talents retiring to solitude and indolence in
the vigour of youth.—*Nash's History of Worcestershire*
vol. i. p. 528.

* *Wheatley on Modern Gardening*, p. 172.
Edition 5th.

† In *Null's Collection*, Vol. ii. Letter II.

whole train of hypochondriacal symptoms, there was nothing to cheer the querulous author, who with half the consciousness of genius, lived neglected and unpatronised.—His elegant mind had not the force, by its productions, to draw the celebrity he sighed after to his hermitage.

SHENSTONE was so anxious for his literary character, that he contemplated on the posthumous fame which he might derive from the publication of his Letters: see Letter LXXIX., on hearing his letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed. The act of a merchant, his brother, who being a *very sensible* man, as Graves describes, yet with the *stupidity* of a Goth, destroyed the *whole correspondence of Shenstone, for "its sentimental intercourse."*—SHENSTONE bitterly regrets the loss, and says, "I would have given more money for the letters than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef d'œuvres*—they are the history of my mind for these twenty years past." This, with the loss of Cowley's correspondence, should have been preserved in the article "Of Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts."

Towards the close of life, when his spirits were exhausted, and the "silly clue of hopes and expectations," as he termed them, was undone, the notice of some persons of rank began to reach him. SHENSTONE, however, deeply colours the variable state of his own mind—"Recovering from a nervous fever, as I have since discovered by many concurrent symptoms, I seem to anticipate a little of that "vernal delight" which Milton mentions and thinks

' — able to chase
All sadness, but despair '—

at least I begin to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations."

In a former letter he had, however, given them up: "I begin to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. I feed my wild ducks, and I water my carnations. Happy enough if I could extinguish my ambition quite, to indulge the desire of being something more beneficial in my sphere.—Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted."

What were these "hopes and expectations," from which sometimes he weans himself, and which are perpetually revived, and are attributed to "an ambition he cannot extinguish?" This article has been written in vain, if the reader has not already perceived, that they had haunted him in early life; sickening his spirit after the possession of a poetical celebrity, unattainable by his genius; some expectations too he might have cherished from the talent he possessed for political studies, in which Graves confidently says, that "he would have made no inconsiderable figure, if he had had a sufficient motive for applying his mind to them." SHENSTONE has left several proofs of this talent.* But his master-passion for literary fame had produced little more than anxieties and disappointments; and when he indulged his pastoral fancy in a beautiful creation in his grounds,

* See his Letters XL. and XLI. and more particularly XLII. and XLIII. with a new theory of political principles,

it consumed the estate it adorned. Johnson forcibly expressed his situation: "His death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer he would have been assisted by a pension."

SECRET HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF BLENHEIM.

THE secret history of this national edifice derives importance from its nature, and the remarkable characters it involved in the unparalleled transaction. The great architect when obstructed in the progress of his work, by the irregular payments of the workmen, appears to have practised one of his own comic plots to put the debts on the hero himself; while the duke, who had it much at heart to inhabit the palace of his fame, but tutored into weariness under the vigilant and fierce eye of Atossa would neither approve nor disapprove, silently looked on in hope and in grief, from year to year, as the work proceeded, or as it was left at a stand. At length we find this *comédie larmoyante* wound up by the duchess herself, in an attempt utterly to ruin the enraged and insulted architect!*

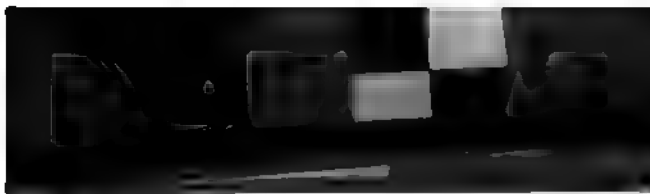
Perhaps this is the first time that it was resolved in parliament to raise a public monument of glory and gratitude—to an individual! The novelty of the attempt may serve as the only excuse for the loose arrangements which followed after parliament had approved of the design, without voting any specific supply for the purpose! The queen always issued the orders at her own expense, and commanded expedition; and while Anne lived, the expenses of the building were included in her majesty's debts, as belonging to the civil list sanctioned by parliament.

When George the First came to the throne, the parliament declared the debt to be the debt of the queen, and the king granted a privy seal as for other debts. The crown and the parliament had hitherto proceeded in perfect union respecting this national edifice. However, I find that the workmen were greatly in arrears; for when George the First ascended the throne, they gladly accepted a *third* part of their several debts!

The great architect found himself amidst inextricable difficulties. With the fertile invention which amuses in his comedies, he contrived an extraordinary scheme, by which he proposed to make the duke himself responsible for the building of Blenheim!

However much the duke longed to see the magnificent edifice concluded, he showed the same calm intrepidity in the building of Blenheim as he had in its field of action. Aware that if he himself gave any order, or suggested any alteration, he might be involved in the expense of the building, he was never to be cir-

* I draw the materials of this secret history from an unpublished "Case of the Duke of Marlborough and Sir John Vanbrugh," as also from some confidential correspondence of Vanbrugh with Jacob Tonson, his friend and publisher,



SECRET HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF BLENHEIM.

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convicted—never to be surprised into a spontaneous emotion of pleasure or disapprobation; as no occasion, he declares, had he even entered into conversation with the architect (though his friend) or with any one acting under his orders—about Blenheim House! Such impenetrable prudence on all sides had often hinted the insidious ingratitude of the architect and plotter of comedies!

In the absence of the duke, when abroad in 1702, Sir John contrived to obtain from Lord Godolphin, the friend and relative of the Duke of Marlborough, and probably his agent in more of his concerns, a warrant, constituting Vassauon *surveyor, with power of contracting on the behalf of the Duke of Marlborough*. How he prevailed on Lord Godolphin to get this appointment does not appear—his lordship probably conceived it was useful, and might assist in expediting the great work, the favourite object of the duke. This warrant, however, Vassauon kept entirely within himself; he never mentioned to the duke that he was in possession of any such power, nor, on his return, did he claim to have it renewed.

The building proceeded with the same delays, and the payments with the same irregularity; the veteran now inquired what happened, that he should never be the inhabitant of his own house! The public money issued from the Treasury was never to be depended on, and after 1714, the duke took the building upon himself, for the purpose of accommodating the workmen. They had hitherto received what was called "crown pay," which was high wages and uncertain pay; more—and they now gladly shared a third of their price. But though the duke had undertaken to pay the workmen, this could make no alteration in the claims on the Treasury. Blenheim was to be built for Marlborough, not by him; it was a monument raised by the nation to their hero, not a palace to be built by their mutual contribution.

Whether Marlborough found that his own million was slowly impairing, and the Treasury was still obdurate, or that the architect was still more and more involved, I cannot tell; but in 1715, the workmen appear to have struck, and the old delays and stand-still, again renewed. It was then for John, for the first time, produced the warrant he had extracted from Lord Godolphin, to lay before the Treasury, adding, however, a memorandum, to prevent any misconception, that the duke was to be considered as the paymaster, the debts incurred devolving on the crown. This part of our secret history requires more development than I am enabled to afford as my information is drawn from "the Case" of the Duke of Marlborough in reply to Sir John's depositions, it is possible Vassauon may suffer more than he ought in this narrative, which, however, incidentally notices his own statements.

A new scene opens! Vassauon not obtaining his claims from the Treasury, and the workmen becoming more clamorous, the architect suddenly turns round on the duke, at once to charge him with the whole debt!

The pitiable history of this magnificent monument of public gratitude, from its beginnings, is given by Vassauon in his deposition. The

great architect represents himself as being comptroller of her majesty's works, and so such was appointed to prepare a model, which made of Blenheim House her majesty kept in her pocket, and gave her commands to issue money according to the direction of Mr. Trevelyan, the queen's surveyor-general, that the lord treasurer appointed her majesty's own officers to superintend these works, that it was upon defect of money from the Treasury that the workmen grew uneasy; that the work was stopped, till further orders of money from the Treasury; that the queen then ordered enough to secure it from winter weather, that afterwards she ordered more for payment of the workmen, that they were paid in part, and upon Sir John's bringing them the queen's resolution to grant them a further supply (after a stop put to it by the duchess's order), they went on and incurred the present debt, that this was afterwards brought into the house of commons as the debt of the crown, not owing from the queen to the Duke of Marlborough, but to the workmen, and this by the queen's officers.

During the uncertain progress of the building, and while the workmen were often in deep arrears, it would seem that the architect often designed to involve the Marlboroughs in its late and his own; he probably thought that some of their round million ought bear to be chopped, to finish his great work, with which, too, their glory was so intimately connected. The famous duchess had evidently put the duke on the defensive, and once, perhaps, was the duke on the point of indulging some generous architectural fancy, when in "Atome stepped forward and "put a stop to the building."

When Vassauon at length produced the warrant of Lord Godolphin, empowering him to contract for the duke, this instrument was utterly disclaimed by Marlborough; the duke declares it existed without his knowledge; and that if such an instrument for a moment was to be held valid, no man would be safe, but might be ruined by the act of another!

Vassauon seems to have involved the intricacy of his plot, till it fell into some contradictions. The queen he had not found difficult to manage, but after her death, when the Treasury failed in its golden source, he seems to have set down to contrive how to make the duke the great debtor. Vassauon swears that "He himself looked upon the crown, as engaged to the Duke of Marlborough for the expense; but that he believed the workmen always looked upon the duke as their paymaster." He advances so far, as to swear that he made a contract with particular workmen, which contract was not unknown to the duke. This was not denied, but the duke in his reply observed, that "he knew not that the workmen were employed for his account, or by his own agent"—never having heard till Sir John produced the warrant from Lord Godolphin, that Sir John was "his surveyor" which he disavows.

Our architect, however, against his depositions appear, contrived to become a witness to such facts as tended to conclude the duke to be the debtor for the building, and "in his depositions has taken as much care to have the guilt of

perjury without the punishment of it, as any man could do." He so managed, though he has not sworn to contradictions, that the natural tendency of one part of his evidence presses one way, and the natural tendency of another part presses the direct contrary way. In his former memorial, the main design was to discharge the duke from the debt; in his deposition, the main design was to charge the duke with the debt. Vaneboon, it must be confessed, carried not less of his dramatic, than his architectural genius, to the building of Blenheim.

"The Case" concludes with an eloquent reflection, where Vaneboon is distinguished as the man of genius, though not, in the proceedings, the man of honour. "If at last the charge run into by order of the court must be upon the duke, yet the injury of it must go upon another, who was perhaps the only one with it in the world capable of building such a house; and the only reason in the world capable of continuing to let the debt upon one to whom he was so highly obliged."

There is a curious hint in the deposition of Vaneboon, in which we might infer that the idea of Blenheim House might have originated with the duke himself. He swears that "in 1704, the duke met him, and told him he designed to build a house, and must consult him about a model, &c., but it was the queen who ordered the present house to be built with all expedition."

The whole conduct of the national edifice was unworthy of the nation, if in truth the nation ever entered heartily into it. No spirit, such had been evoked in parliament for so great an undertaking, which afterwards was the occasion of tearing all the parties concerned in trouble and litigation, threatened the ruin of the architect, and I think we shall see, by Vaneboon's letters, was defeated at the very charge, and even under the superintendence, of the duke himself. It may be a question, whether this magnificent monument of glory did not rather degenerate in the spirit of party, in the urgent desire of the queen to allay the pride and jealousy of the Marlboroughs from the circumstance to which Vaneboon has sworn, that the duke had designed to have a house built by Vaneboon, before Blenheim had been ordered on, we may suppose that this intention of the duke's afforded the queen a suggestion of the national edifice.

Archibald Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, has obviously alluded to the circumstance of attending the building of Blenheim. "The illness of the duke, and the tedious litigation which ensued, caused such delays, that little progress was made in the work at the time of his decease. In the interim a serious misunderstanding arose between the duchess and the architect which formed the subject of a voluminous correspondence. Vaneboon was in consequence removed, and the direction of the building committed to other hands, under her own immediate superintendence."

This "voluminous correspondence" would probably afford "words that burn" of the immensity of Atropa, and "thoughts that breathe" of the cruel wit, it might insinuate, in many curious points, to the stupor of Atropa itself. If her grace condescended to criticize its parts with

the frank roughness she is known to have done to the architect himself, his own defence and explanations might serve to let us into the bewildering labyrinths of his magical architecture of that self-creation for which he was so much admired in his own day as to have lost his real existence as an architect, and recommended for posterity in the visible parts only of Lord Oxford, nothing is left for us but to enter our own conjectures—so bebold, and to be for ever attached!—But "this voluminous correspondence!" Alas! the historian of war and politics overlooks with contempt the little secret histories of art, and of human nature!—and "a voluminous correspondence" which indicates so much, and on which not a solitary idea is bestowed, betrays our curiosity!

On this quarrel between the London duchess and Vaneboon I have only received several circumstantial extracts from confidential letters of Vaneboon's to Jacob Tounson. There was an equality of the ground of contention, as well as reason, on her grace and the wit whether Atropa, like Vaneboon, could have had the patience to have composed a comedy of five acts I will not determine, but unquestionably she could have dictated many scenes with equal spirit. We have seen Vaneboon attempting to turn the debt incurred by the building of Blenheim on the duke, we now learn, for the first time, that the duchess, with equal aptitude, contrived a counterplot to turn the debt on Vaneboon.

"I have the misfortune of being, for I now am little hopes of ever getting it, near ruined, due to the for many years' service, plagues, and trouble, at Blenheim, which that wicked woman of 'Marlborough' is so far from paying me, that the duke being used by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the debt due to them upon me, for which I think she ought to be hanged."

In 1722, on occasion of the duke's death, Vaneboon gave an account to Tounson of the great wealth of the Marlboroughs, with a caustic touch at his illustrious patroness.

"The Duke of Marlborough's treasure exceeds the most extravagant guess. The grand establishment, which it was supposed his grace had broken to pieces, stands good, and boasts an immense wealth to Lord Godolphin and his successors. A round million has been moving about in loans on the land-tax, &c. Then the Treasury knew before he died, and then was exclusive of his 'land,' his jointure a year upon the post-office; his mortgage on many a distressed estate; his South Sea stock; his annuities, and what were not subscribed in, and besides what is in foreign banks, and yet this man could neither pay his workmen their bills, nor his architect his salary."

"He has given his widow, may a British citizen get her!) so much a year to keep Blenheim for ever, by paying a year to keep herself clean and go to law, more a year to Lord Godolphin for general maintenance, and Lord Godolphin only paid a year postage, if he outlives my lady; this last is a wretched article. The rest of the heap, for there are but suppositions, goes to Lord Godolphin, and so on. He will have about a year in present."

Atropa, as the quarrel heated and the plot

thickened, with the maliciousness of Puck, and the haughtiness of an Empress of Blenheim, invented the most cruel insult that ever architect endured!—so perfectly characteristic of that extraordinary woman. VANBRUGH went to Blenheim with his lady, in a company from Castle Howard, that other magnificent monument of his singular genius.

"We staid two nights in Woodstock; but there was an order to the servants, *under her grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim!* and lest that should not mortify me enough, she having somehow learned that my wife was of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders that if she came with the Castle Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, gardens, or even to enter the park: so she was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn!"

This was a *coup de théâtre* in this joint comedy of ATOSSA and VANBRUGH! The architect of Blenheim, lifting his eyes towards his own massive grandeur, exiled to a dull inn, and imprisoned with one who required rather to be consoled, than capable of consoling the enraged architect!

In 1725, ATOSSA, still pursuing her hunted prey, had driven it to a spot which she flattered herself would inclose it with the security of a preservative. This produced the following explosion!

"I have been forced into chancery by that B. B. B. the Duchess of Marlborough, where she has got an injunction upon me by her friend the late good chancellor (Earl of Macclesfield), who declared that I was never employed by the duke, and therefore had no demand upon his estate for my services at Blenheim. Since my hands were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrears, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole to help me in a scheme which I proposed to him, by which I got my money in spite of the hussy's teeth. My carrying this point enrages her much, and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an English bastille, there to finish my days, as I began them, in a French one."

Plot for plot! and the superior claims of one of practised invention are vindicated! The writer, long accustomed to comedy-writing, has excelled the self-taught genius of ATOSSA. The "scheme" by which VANBRUGH's fertile invention, aided by Sir Robert Walpole, finally circumvented the avaricious, the haughty, and the capricious ATOSSA, remains untold, unless it is alluded to by the passage in Lord Orford's "Anecdotes of Painting," where he informs us, that "the duchess quarrelled with Sir John and went to law with him; but though he proved to be in the right, or rather because he proved to be in the right, she employed Sir Christopher Wren to build the house in St. James's Park."

I have to add a curious discovery respecting VANBRUGH himself, which explains a circumstance in his life not hitherto understood.

In all the biographies of VANBRUGH, from the time of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, the early part of the life of this man of genius remains unknown. It is said he descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, which came originally from France,

though by the name, which properly written would be *Van Brugh*, he would appear to be of Dutch extraction. A tale is universally repeated, that Sir John once visiting France in the prosecution of his architectural studies, while taking a survey of some fortifications, excited alarm, and was carried to the Bastille; where, to deepen the interest of the story, he sketched a variety of comedies, which he must have communicated to the governor, who, whispering it doubtless as an affair of state to several of the noblesse, these admirers of "sketches of comedies"—English ones no doubt—procured the release of this English Molière. This tale is further confirmed by a very odd circumstance. Sir John built at Greenwich, on a spot still called "Vanbrugh's Fields," two whimsical houses; one on the side of Greenwich Park is still called "the Bastille-House," built on its model, to commemorate this imprisonment.

Not a word of this detailed story is probably true! that the Bastille was an object which sometimes occupied the imagination of our architect, is probable; for, by the letter we have just quoted, we discover from himself the singular incident of VANBRUGH's having been born in the Bastille.

Desirous, probably, of concealing his alien origin, this circumstance cast his early days into obscurity. He felt that he was a Briton in all respects, but that of his singular birth. The ancestor of VANBRUGH, who was of Cheshire, said to be of French extraction, though with a Dutch name, married Sir Dudley Carleton's daughter. We are told he had "political connexions;" and one of his "political" tours had probably occasioned his confinement in that state-dungeon, where his lady was delivered of her burthen of love. The odd fancy of building a "Bastille-House" at Greenwich, a fortified prison! suggested to his first life-writer the fine romance; which must now be thrown aside among these literary fictions the French distinguish by the softening and yet impudent term of "*Anecdotes hazardées*," with which formerly Varillas and his imitators furnished their pages; lies which looked like facts!

SECRET HISTORY OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

RAWLEIGH exercised in perfection incompatible talents, and his character connects the opposite extremes of our nature! His "book of life," with its incidents of prosperity and adversity, of glory and humiliation, was as chequered as the novelist would desire for a tale of fiction. Yet in this mighty genius there lies an unsuspected disposition, which requires to be demonstrated, before it is possible to conceive its reality. From his earliest days he betrayed the genius of an adventurer, which prevailed in his character to the latest; and it often involved him in the practice of mean artifices and petty deceptions; which appear like folly in the wisdom of a sage; like inaptitude in the profound views of a politician; like cowardice in the magnanimity of a hero; and degrade by their littleness the grandeur of a character which was closed by a splendid death, worthy the life of the wisest and the greatest of mankind!

The sunshine of his days was in the reign of Elizabeth. From a boy, always dreaming of romantic conquests, for he was born in an age of heroism, and termed by nature for the chivalric gallantry of the court of a maiden queen; from the moment he with such labours set cast his rich mantle over the misery of his life was a program of glory. All about Raleigh was expended the drive he wrote his female sovereign, whose eyes loved to dwell on men who might have been fit subjects for the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser; generous of reward, only recompensed her favours by suffering them to make their own fortunes on sea and land, and Elizabeth listened to the glowing projects of her hero, indulging that spirit which could have conquered the world, to have lost the toy at the last of the sovereign.

This man, this extraordinary being, who was prodigal of his life and fortune on the Spanish main, in the absence of peace could equally direct his invention to supply the domestic wants of every-day life, in his project of "an office for address." Nothing was too high for his ambition; not too humble for his genius. Pre-eminent as a military and a naval commander, as a statesman and a student, Raleigh was as intent on forming the character of Prince Henry as that prince was studious of moulding his own aspiring qualities by the genius of the friend whom he contemplated. Yet the active life of Raleigh is not more remarkable than his contemplative one. He may well rank among the founders of our literature, for composing on a subject exciting little interest, his fine genius has sealed his undimmed volume with immortality. For magnificence of eloquence, and manliness of thought, we must still dwell on his pages.* Such was the man, who was the adored patron of Spenser; whom Ben Jonson, proud of calling other favours his "men," censured Raleigh by the title of his "father;" and who left political instructions which Blount dignified to edit.

But how has it happened, that of so elevated a character, Gibbon has pronounced that it was "ambiguous," and Mume has described as "a great but ill-regulated mind?"

There was a peculiarity in the character of this eminent man. He practised the cunning of an adventurer; a cunning, most humiliating in the narrative. The great difficulty to overcome in the discovery is, how to account for a sage and a hero acting fully and cowardice, and attempting to obtain by curious deception, what it may be supposed so magnanimous a spirit would only dring to pass himself off by direct and open methods.

Since the present article was written, a letter, hitherto unpublished, appears in the recent edition of Shakespeare, which curiously and minutely records one of those artifices of the kind which I am about to narrate at length. When under Elizabeth, Raleigh was once in confinement, and it appears, that during the queen passing by,

he was suddenly seized with a strange illusion of combating with the governor and his people; declaring that the mere sight of the queen had made him desperate, as a confined lover would feel at the view of his mistress. The story gives a minute narrative of Sir Walter's astonishing conduct, and carefully repeats the warm romantic style he talked of his royal mistress, and his formal resolution to die rather than exist out of her presence. The extravagant scene, with all its colouring, has been most elaborately penned by the ingenious letter-writer, with a hint to the person whom he addresses, to suffer it to meet the eye of their royal mistress, who could not fail of admiring our new "Orlando Furioso;" and soon after released this tender prisoner! To me it is evident that the whole scene was got up for the occasion; the invention of Raleigh himself. The romantic incident he well knew was perfectly adapted to the queen's taste. Another curious incident, to which I have been alluded in the darkness of the fact, though not of its nature, was when Sir Toby Matthews obscurely alludes to in his letters, of "the guilty blow he gave himself in the Tower," a passage which had long excited my attention, till I discovered the curious incident in some manuscript letters of Lord Cecil. Raleigh was then confined in the Tower for the Cobham conspiracy; a plot so absurd and obscure, that one historian has called it a "state-oddity," but for which, so many years after, Raleigh cruelly lost his life.

Lord Cecil gives an account of the examination of the prisoners involved in this conspiracy. "One afternoon, whilst driven of us were in the Tower examining some of these prisoners, Sir Walter attempted to murder himself, whereof when we were adverted, we came to him, and found him in some agony to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocence, with carelessness of life, and in that humour he had wounded himself under the right pap, but as was usually, being in truth rather a CLY than a STAR, and now very well cured both in body and mind." The treble attempt at suicide, this "cut rather than stab," I must place among those scenes in the life of Raleigh, so mean and incomprehensible with the genius of the man. If it were nothing but one of them

"Pains of the Slave!"

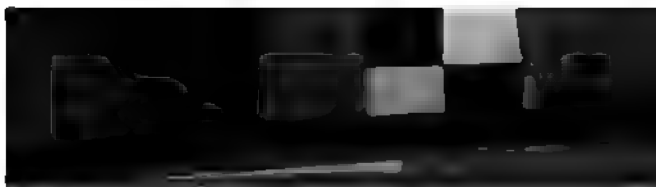
we must now open another of the

"Potions of the War!"

Raleigh returned from the wild and desperate ravage of Guiana, with misery in every shape about him. His son had perished; his devoted Keymis would not survive his reproach; and Raleigh, without fortune and without hope, in sickness and in sorrow, brooded over the sad thought, that in the hatred of the Spaniard, and in the political pusillanimity of James, he was arriving, only to meet inevitable death. With

* I shall give in the article "Literary Unions" a curious account how "Raleigh's History of the World" was composed, which has hitherto escaped discovery.

* These letters were written by Lord Cecil to Sir Thomas Parry, our ambassador in France, and were transcribed from the copy-book of Sir Thomas Parry's correspondence, which is preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.



the imprisonment, he had even wished to have given up his ship to the crew, had they consented to have landed him in France; but he was probably irresolute in this decision at sea, so he was afterwards at land, where he wished to escape, and refused to fly the clearest intellect was darkened, and magnanimity itself became humiliated, flitting between the arms of honour and of life.

Rawleigh landed in his native county of Devon, his arrival was the common topic of conversation, and he was the object of censure or of commendation; but his prison was not visited; till the fears of James became more urgent than his pity.

The *Cervantes* Gondomar, whose "guile and qualities" had concealed the cards of state, one day rushed into the presence of James, breathlessly calling out for "audience" and compressing his "ear piercing" message into the laconic abruptness of "piratas! piratas! piratas!" There was agonies as well as politics in this cry of Gondomar, whose brother, the Spanish governor, had been massacred in this predatory expedition. The timid monarch, terrified at the tropical appearance of his sardonic friend, and at once the demands of the whole Spanish cabinet, and vented his palliative in a gentle proclamation. Rawleigh, having settled his affairs in the west, set off for London to appear before the king, in consequence of the proclamation. A few miles from Plymouth, he was met by Sir Lewis Stucley, vice-admiral of Devon, a kinsman and a friend, who, in communication with government, had accepted a sort of surveillance over Sir Walter. It is said (and will be credited, when we hear the story of Stucley) that he had set his heart on the ship, as a probable good purchase, and on the point, against whom, to colour his natural treachery, he professed an old hatred. He now urged on Rawleigh more like the kinsman than the vice-admiral, and proposed travelling together to London, and basking at the houses of the friends of Rawleigh. The warrant Stucley in the meanwhile had desired, was coolly despatched, and the bearer was one Manoury, a French emissary, who was evidently sent to act the part he did, a part played at all times, and the last title in French politics, that so often had recourse to this instrument of state, is a *Mouton*.

Rawleigh still, however, was not placed under any harsh restraint; his confidential associate, Captain King, accompanied him, and it is probable that if Rawleigh had effectuated his escape, he would have conferred a great favour on the government.

They could not meet him at London. It is certain that he might have escaped, for Captain King had hired a vessel, and Rawleigh had stowed out by night, and might have reached it, but irresolutely returned home; another night, the same vessel was ready, but Rawleigh never came! The loss of his honour appeared the greater calamity.

As he advanced in this eventful journey, everything assumed a more formidable aspect. His friends communicated fearful advice, a pursuit, or longer messenger, gave a more menacing appearance, and suggestions arose in his own mind, that he was doomed to become a victim of

state. When letters of commission from the privy council were brought to Sir Lewis Stucley, Rawleigh was observed to change countenance, exclaiming with an oath, "Is it possible my fortune should return upon the thus again?" He lamented before Captain King, that he had neglected the opportunity of escape, and which, every day he advanced inland, removed him the more from any chance.

Rawleigh at first suspected that Manoury was one of those instruments of state, who are sometimes employed when open measures are not to be pursued, or when the cabinet have not yet determined on the fate of a person implicated in a state crime, in a word, Rawleigh thought that Manoury was a spy over him, and probably over his kinsman. The first impression in these matters is usually the right one; but when Rawleigh found himself caught in the snare, he imagined that such corrupt agents were to be corrupted. The French emissary was courteous, and found very compliant. Rawleigh was demure by his aid to counteract a house, and for this purpose invented a series of the most humiliating stratagems. He imagined that a constant appearance of sickness might produce delay, and procrastination might, in the chapter of accidents, end in pardon. He procured vomits from the Frenchman, and whenever he chose, produced every appearance of sickness; with darkness of sight, dizziness in his head, he reeled about and once struck himself with such violence against a pillar in the gallery, that there was no doubt of his madness. Rawleigh's servant, one morning entering Stucley's chamber, declared that his master was out of his senses, for that he had just left him in his shirt upon all fours, gnawing the cushions upon the floor. On Stucley's entrance, Rawleigh was rising and reeling in strong convulsions. Stucley ordered him to be clothed and soothed, and Rawleigh afterwards laughed at the scene with Manoury, observing that he had made Stucley a perfect physician.

But Rawleigh found it required some more visible and alarming disease than such ridiculous scenes had exhibited. The vomits worked so slowly, that Manoury was fearful to repeat the doses. Rawleigh inquired, whether the empiric knew of any preparation which could make him look ghastly, without injuring his health. The Frenchman offered a harmless ointment to act on the surface of the skin, which would give him the appearance of a leper. "That will do," said Rawleigh, "for the lords will be afraid to approach me, and besides it will move their pity." Applying the ointment to his brow, his arms, and his breast, the blisters rose, the skin inflamed, and was covered with purple spots. Stucley exclaimed that Rawleigh had the plague. Physicians were now to be called in. Rawleigh took the black silk ribbon from his bosom, and Manoury tightened it strongly about his arm, to disorder his pulse; but his pulse beat too strong and regular. He appeared to take no food, while Manoury secretly provided him. To perplex the learned doctors still more, Rawleigh had the usual coloured by a drug of a strong scent. The physicians pronounced the disease mortal, and that the patient could not be removed into the air without immediate danger. "A whole after, being in his bedchamber undressed,

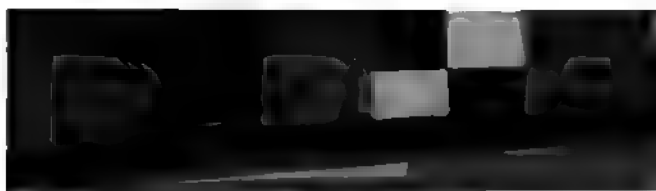
and no one present but Manoury, Sir Walter held a looking-glass in his hand, to admire his spotted face,* and observed in merriment to his new confidant, how they should one day laugh, for having thus cozened — the king, council, physicians, Spaniards, and all." The excuse Rawleigh offered for this course of poor stratagems, so unworthy of his genius, was to obtain time and seclusion for writing his apology, or vindication of his voyage, which has come down to us in his "Remains." "The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies," said Rawleigh in his last speech. Brutus, too, was another example. But his discernment often prevailed over this mockery of his spirit. The king licensed him to reside at his own house on his arrival in London; on which Manoury observed, that the king showed by this indulgence, that his majesty was favourably inclined towards him; but Rawleigh replied, "They used all these kinds of flatteries to the Duke of Biron, to draw him fairly into prison, and then they cut off his head. I know they have concluded among them, that it is expedient that a man should die, to reassure the traffick which I have broke with Spain." And Manoury adds, from whose narrative we have all these particulars, that Sir Walter broke out into this rant: "If he could but save himself for this time, he would plot such plots, as should make the king think himself happy to send for him again, and restore him to his estate, and would force the king of Spain to write into England in his favour."

Rawleigh at length proposed a flight to France with Manoury, who declares that it was then he revealed to Stucley what he had hitherto concealed, that Stucley might double his vigilance. Rawleigh now perceived that he had two rogues to bribe instead of one, and that they were playing into one another's hands. Proposals are now made to Stucley through Manoury, who is as compliant as his brother-knave. Rawleigh presented Stucley with "a jewel made in the fashion of hail powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst." But Stucley observing to his kinsman and friend, that he must lose his office of Vice-Admiral, which had cost him six hundred pounds, in case he suffered Rawleigh to escape; Rawleigh solemnly assured him that he should be no loser, and that his lady should give him one thousand pounds when they got into France or Holland. About this time the French quack took his leave: the part he had to act was performed: the juggle was complete: and two wretches had triumphed over the sagacity and magnanimity of a sage and a hero, whom misfortune had levelled to folly; and who, in violating the dignity of his own character, had only equalled himself with vulgar knaves; men who exulted that the circumventer was circumvented; or, as they expressed it, "the great cozeners were cozened." But our story does not here conclude,

* A friend informs me, that he saw recently at a print-dealer's a painted portrait of Sir Walter Rawleigh, with the face thus spotted. It is extraordinary that any artist should have chosen such a subject for his pencil; but should this be a portrait of the times, it shows that this strange stratagem had excited public attention.

for the treacheries of Stucley were more intricate. This perfect villain had obtained a warrant of indemnity, to authorise his compliance with any offer to assist Rawleigh in his escape; this wretch was the confidant and the executioner of Rawleigh; he carried about him a licence to betray him, and was making his profit of the victim before he delivered him to the sacrifice. Rawleigh was still plotting his escape: at Salisbury he had despatched his confidential friend Captain King to London, to secure a boat at Tilbury; he had also a secret interview with the French agent. Rawleigh's servant mentioned to Captain King, that his boatswain had a ketch of his own, and was ready at his service for "thirty pieces of silver;" the boatswain and Rawleigh's servant acted Judas, and betrayed the plot to Mr. William Herbert, cousin to Stucley, and thus the treachery was kept among themselves as a family concern. The night of flight was now fixed, but he could not part without his friend Stucley, who had promised never to quit him; and who indeed, informed by his cousin Herbert, had suddenly surprised Rawleigh putting on a false beard. The party met at the appointed place; Sir Lewis Stucley with his son, and Rawleigh disguised. Stucley in saluting King, asked whether he had not shown himself an honest man? King hoped he would continue so. They had not rowed twenty strokes, before the watermen observed, that Mr. Herbert had lately taken boat, and made towards the bridge, but had returned down the river after them. Rawleigh instantly expressed his apprehensions, and wished to return home; he consulted King — the watermen took fright — Stucley acted his part well; damning his ill fortune to have a friend whom he would save, so full of doubts and fears, and threatening to pistol the watermen if they did not proceed. Even King was overcome by the earnest conduct of Stucley, and a new spirit was infused into the rowers. As they drew near Greenwich, a wherry crossed them. Rawleigh declared it came to discover them. King tried to allay his fears, and assured him that if once they reached Gravesend, he would hazard his life to get to Tilbury. But in these delays and discussions, the tide was failing; the watermen declared they could not reach Gravesend before morning; Rawleigh would have landed at Purfleet, and the boatswain encouraged him; for there it was thought he could procure horses for Tilbury. Sir Lewis Stucley too was zealous; and declared he was content to carry the cloak-bag on his own shoulders, for half a mile, but King declared that it was useless, they could not at that hour get horses, to go by land.

They rowed a mile beyond Woolwich, approaching two or three ketches, when the boatswain doubted whether any of these were the one he had provided to furnish them. "We are betrayed!" cried Rawleigh, and ordered the watermen to row back: he strictly examined the boatswain: alas! his ingenuity was baffled by a shuffling villain, whose real answer appeared when a wherry hailed the boat; Rawleigh observed that it contained Herbert's crew. He saw that all was now discovered. He took Stucley aside; his ingenious mind still suggesting projects for himself to return home in safety, or how Stucley might plead that he had only pretended to go with Rawleigh, to



wise on his private papers. They whispered together, and Rawleigh took some things from his pocket, and handed them to Stucley; probably some "rubies" powdered with diamonds—"some effect of an instant remedy produced, for the tender heart of his friend Stucley not only repeatedly embraced him with extraordinary warmth of affection, but was visible in effusions of friendship and hospitality. Stucley persuaded Rawleigh to land at Gravesend, the strange wherry which had dogged them landing at the same time; these were people belonging to Mr Herbert and Sir William de John, who, it seems, had formerly shared in the spoils of this unhappy hero. On Greenwich bridge, Stucley advised Captain King that it would be advantageous for Walter, that King should confess that he had joined with Stucley to betray his master, and Rawleigh put himself to the suggestion of Stucley, of whose treachery he might still be uncertain, but King, a rough and honest man, declared that he would not share in the odium. At the moment he refused, Stucley arrested the captain in the king's name, committing him to the charge of Herbert's men. They then proceeded to a tavern, but Rawleigh, who now viewed the monster in his true shape, observed, "Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit," and on the following day, when they passed through the Tower gate, Rawleigh turning to King, observed, "Stucley and my great Coterelli have betrayed me. You need be in no fear of danger, but as for me, it is I who am the mark that is shot at." Thus concludes the narrative of Captain King. The fate of Rawleigh soon confirmed the prediction.

This long narrative of treachery will not, however, be complete, unless we wind it up with the fate of the infamous Stucley. Fiction gives perfection to its narratives by the privilege it enjoys of disposing of its criminals in the most complaisant manner; but the labours of the historian are not always refreshed by this moral pleasure. Retribution is not always discovered in the present stage of human existence, yet history is perhaps equally delightful as fiction, whenever its period catastrophes resemble those of romantic invention. The present is a splendid example.

I have discovered the secret history of Sir Lewis Stucley, in several manuscript letters of the times. Rawleigh, in his admirable address from the scaffold, where he seemed to be rather one of the spectators than the sufferer, declared he forgave Sir Lewis, for he had forgiven all men, but he was bound in charity to caution all men against him, and such he is! Rawleigh's last and solemn notice of the treachery of his "kinsman and friend" was irretrievably fatal to this wretch. The hearts of the people were open to the deepest impressions of sympathy, melting into tears at the pathetic address of the magnanimous spirit who had touched them. In one moment Sir Lewis Stucley became an object of execration throughout the nation; he soon obtained a new title as "the Judas," and was shunned by every man. To remove the Cain-like mark, which God and men had fast on him, he published an apology for his conduct; a performance which, at least, for his ability, might raise him in our consideration; but I have almost discovered, in one of the manu-

script letter-writers, that it was written by Dr Sharpe, who had been a chaplain to Henry Prince of Wales. The writer pleads in Sir Lewis's justification, that he was a state agent, that it was lawful to be for the discovery of treason, that he had a personal hatred towards Rawleigh, for having abridged his father of his share of some prize money, and then enters more into Rawleigh's character, who "being desperate of any fortune here, agreeable to the height of his mind, would have made up his fortune elsewhere, upon any terms against his sovereign and his country. Is it not marvellous," continues the personifier of Stucley, "that he was angry with me at his death for bringing him back? Besides, being a man of so great a wit, it was no small grief, that a man of mean wit as I should be thought to go beyond him. No? See our delinquent note. *Requis enim lex jussu illa est quam necesse arbitror esse perire* and (This age Latinity hatters Dr Sharpe) But why did you not execute your commission bravely (opens)?—Why? My commission was to the contrary, to discover his pretensions, and to seize his secret papers," &c.

But the doctor, though an unskilful writer, here wrote in vain, for what arguments can test the turpitude of long and protracted treachery? To keep up appearances, Sir Judas devoted more than months to court, where, however, he was perpetually enduring rebuffs, at a school, as one infected with the plague of treachery. He related the king, in his own justification, to take the sacrament, that whatever he had said to Rawleigh's charge was true, and would produce two unaccepting witnesses to do the like. "Why, then," replied his majesty, "the more malicious was Sir Walter to utter these speeches at his death." Sir Thomas Badger, who stood by, observed, "Let the king take off Stucley's head, as Stucley has done Sir Walter's, and let him at his death take the sacrament and his oath upon it, and I'll believe him, but till Stucley loses his head, I shall credit Sir Walter Rawleigh's first affirmation before a thousand of Stucley's oaths." When Stucley, on pretence of giving an account of his office, placed himself in the audience chamber of the lord admiral, and his lordship joined him without any notice, Sir Judas attempted to address the earl, but with a better look his lordship exclaimed, "Sir fellow! darest thou, who art the scorn and contempt of men, offer thyself in my presence? Were it not in my own house I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming in this audience." This annihilating affront Stucley's history did not convey to the king, his majesty answered him, "What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? (Hm) and if I would hang all that speak ill of thee, all the men of the country would not suffer, might it be the number!"

One of the frequent crimes of that age, ere the forgery of high-misere ceased, was the clipping of gold, and this was one of the private amusements suitable to the character of our Sir Judas. Treachery and forgery are the same crime in a different form. Stucley received out of the earl's bequest

* Stucley's humble petition, containing the bringing up Sir W. Rawleigh, &c. 1610, republished in *Samuel's Tracts*, vol. iii. 1781.

five hundred pounds as the reward of his *espionage* and perty. It was the price of blood, and was hardly in his hands ere it was turned into the fraudulent coin of "the Cheater!" He was seized on in the palace of Whitehall, for diminishing the gold coin. "The manner of the discovery," says the manuscript-writer, "was strange, if my occasions would suffer me to relate the particulars." On his examination, he attempted to shift the crime to his own son, who had flown, and on his man, who being taken, in the words of the letter-writer, was "willing to set the saddle upon the right horse, and accused his master." Manoury too, the French empiric, was arrested at Plymouth for the same crime, and accused his worthy friend. But such was the interest of Stucley with government, bought probably with his last shilling, and, as one says, with his last shirt, that he obtained his own and his son's pardon, for a crime that ought to have finally concluded the history of this blessed family.* A more solemn and tragical catastrophe was reserved for the perfidious Stucley. He was deprived of his place of vice-admiral, and left destitute in the world. Abandoned by all human beings, and most probably by the son whom he had tutored into the arts of villany, he appears to have wandered about an infamous and distracted beggar. It is possible that even so seared a conscience may have retained some remaining touch of sensibility.

— All are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
THE UNFEELING FOR HIS OWN.

And Camden has recorded, among his historical notes on James I., that in August, 1620, "Lewis Stucley, who betrayed Sir Walter Rawleigh, died in a manner mad." Such is the catastrophe of one of the most perfect domestic tales; an historical example not easily paralleled of moral retribution. The secret practices of this "Sir Judas" of the court of James I., which I have discovered, throw light on an old tradition that still exists in the neighbourhood of Aston, the residence of this wretched man, and which has been communicated to me by that elegant literary antiquary, Mr. Merivale. The country people have long had a notion that great treasures are concealed at the bottom of a well in his grounds, consisting of the gold which he received for his bribe; or perhaps the other gold which he clipped, and might have there concealed. This is a striking instance of the many historical facts which, though entirely unknown or forgotten, may be often discovered to lie hid, or disguised, in popular traditions.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

THE close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied

* The anecdotes respecting Stucley I have derived from manuscript letters, and they were considered to be of so dangerous a nature, that the writer recommends secrecy, and requests after

history: the promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages:—Rawleigh was both! But it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion, circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part, before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet; it is not these only which claim our notice.

We may pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he laid his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries; and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have entered into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporary writers in their letters have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and what is more delightful, those marks of the natural cheerfulness of his invariable presence of mind: nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, for we shall see that they served him even in his last tender farewell to his lady, and on many unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together into a short compass every fact concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life, which my researches have furnished, not omitting those which are known: to have preserved only the new would be to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed, in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known.—Yet pleading with "a voice grown weak by sickness and an ague he had at that instant on him," he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore, value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there, at least, respected their state criminal, and they addressed him in a far different tone than he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the attorney-general, said, "Sir Walter Rawleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." And the lord chief justice noticed Rawleigh's great work:—"I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "execution is granted." It was stifling Rawleigh with roses; and it was listening to fame from the voice of death.

reading "they may be burnt:" with such injunctions I have generally found that the letters were the more carefully preserved.



He declared, that now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and "certain were he allowed to live, to go to it again, life was worthless to him, and all he intended was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth, for thus he would deal with his blood."

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which none are daily selected for execution."

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls "a remembrance to be left with his lady," to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold, as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady trusted him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered smiling, "It is well, then, that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hast not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight he intreated her to leave him. It must have been then that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

He has added two other lines expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, inclosing "half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, whereas he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The inclosure is not now with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night Rawleigh wrote this dithyramb on the candle burning dimly:

"Towards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

At this anxious moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had long been used. It is peculiar in the fate of Rawleigh, that having before suffered a long imprisonment with an expectation of a public death, he found had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of "The Farewell,"

"Go, soul; the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand," &c.,

is attributed to Rawleigh, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled "The Pilgrimage," has this beautiful passage:

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whot my soul, like a quick Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven—"

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and so for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made show outwardly, but he felt the joy within. The Dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey. "Not," said he, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him up to a man as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, "As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Oley's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, 'that was good drink if a man might carry by it.'" The day before, in passing from Westminster-hall to the Gate-house, he ever caught Sir Hugh Berton in the street, and calling on him, requested that he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell!" exclaimed Rawleigh, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, inasmuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, "whether he would have sight of him?" The old man answered, "Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him." Rawleigh replied, "I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I."

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant. If not rich, Oley describes it, but mentions, that "he had a wrought night-cap under his hat," which we have otherwise dreamed of, his full band, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he

had to say they should all witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death—"And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." "He embraced all the lords and other friends with such cordly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headmen to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I pray thee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and laying it, laid it down. Another writer has, "This is that, that will cure all sorrows." After that he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to sit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him, after rising up, the executioner knelt down to ask his long cross, which Rowleigh with an embrace did, but intreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, "and then, fear not, but strike home!" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east—"It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right," said Rowleigh; but there were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—*for*, having taken some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal, but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rowleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, "why dost thou not strike? strike! man!" In two hours he was beheaded, but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any decomposition of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.

"In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before," says one of the manuscript letter-writers, "there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his count or countenance, but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; say, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much, that one said, that "we had not such another head to cut off!" and another "washed the head and he set to be upon Secretary Nauston's shoulders." The observer suffered for this, he was a wealthy citizen, and great worm-eater, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy-council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary, but only spoke in reference to the old proverb, that "two heads were better than one!" His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards, called on for a

contribution to St Paul's Cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, that "two are better than one, Mr. Wiermark!" either from fear or charity the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, "His death was managed by him with an high and religious resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman."

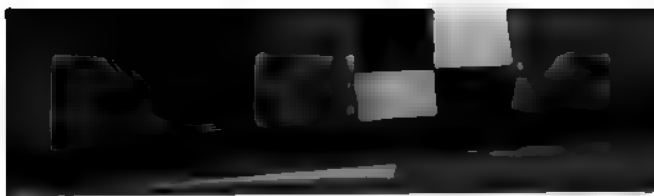
After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of this extraordinary man, and the happy guess. With Gibbon, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause, and pronounce "his character is ambiguous;" but we shall not hesitate to decide, that Rowleigh knew better how to die than to live. "His glorious hour," says a contemporary, "were an arrangement and execution;" but never will he forget the intermediate years of his lettered imprisonment!

LITERARY UNIONS.

SECRET HISTORY OF ROWLEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AND VASSAL'S LIFE.

An union of talents, differing in their qualities, might carry some important works to a more extended perfection. In a work of great enterprise, the aid of a friendly hand may be absolutely necessary to complete the labours of the proposer, who has neither the courage, the leisure, nor all the acquisitions for performing the favourite task which he has otherwise imagined. Many great works, commenced by a master-genius, have remained unfinished, or have been dedicated for want of this friendly succour. The public had been grateful to Johnson, had he united in his dictionary the labours of some learned etymologist. Speed's Chronicle owes much of its value, as it does its ornaments, to the hand of Sir Robert Cotton, and other curious researchers, who contributed entire portions. Goguet's esteemed work of the "Origin of the Arts and Sciences" was greatly indebted to the fraternal seal of a devoted friend. The still valued books of the Port-Royal Society were all formed by this happy union. The secret harmony of many eminent works would show the advantages which may be derived from this combination of talents, differing in their nature. Cumberland's masterly removal of the fragments of the Greek dramatic poets had never been given to the practical world, had he not accidentally possessed the manuscript notes of his retired, the learned Bentley. This treasure supplied that research in the most obscure works, which the routine studies of Cumberland could never have supplied; a circumstance which he concealed from the world, proud of that Greek erudition which he thus cheaply possessed. Yet by this happy union, Bentley's vast erudition made those in-

* The chief particulars in this narrative are drawn from two manuscript letters of the day, in the Bodley Collection, under their respective dates, Nov. 3, 1614, Larkin to Sir Tho. Pickering; Oct. 31, 1614, Chamberlain's letters.



morches which Cumberland could not; and Cumberland gave the nation a copy of the domestic drama of Greece, of which Bentley was incapable.

There is a large work, which is still celebrated, of which the composition has excited the astonishment even of the philosopher Hume, but whose secret history remains yet to be disclosed. This extraordinary volume is "The History of the World, by Rawleigh." I shall transcribe Hume's observation, that the reader may observe the literary phenomenon. "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who being educated amidst naval and military enterprise, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most voracious and studious boys, and they admired his undiminished magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work, as his History of the World." Now when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will disappear, except to the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interspersed in that venerable volume. We may, indeed, pardon the misnomer of our calm philosopher, when we consider the secondary matter contained in this work, and recollect the little time which this adventurous spirit, whose life was passed in fabricating his own fortunes, and in perpetual enterprise, could allow to such erudite pursuits. Where could Rawleigh obtain that familiar acquaintance with the cabinets, of whose language he was probably entirely ignorant? His numerous publicans, the companions of a most active mind, though excellent in their kind, were evidently compared by one who was not attracted in common and private inquiries, but full of the daily business and the wisdom of human life. His confinement in the Tower, which lasted several years, was indeed sufficient to the composition of this folio volume, and of a second which appears to have occupied him. But in that imprisonment it singularly happened that he lived among literary characters, with the most intimate friendship. There he joined the Earl of Northumberland, the patron of the philosophers of his age, and with whom Rawleigh pursued his chemical studies, and Benjamin Montagu, a poet and a wit, and the poetical "father" of Ben Jonson, who acknowledged that "It was Montagu who had polished him," and that Rawleigh often consulted Montagu on his literary works, I learn from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower poured to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, flowed from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been ascertained, that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor, and there was an English philosopher from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his own countrymen, borrowed largely. Thomas Harriot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's voluminous philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was compiling his History of the World. But if Rawleigh's pursuit surpassed even those of the most voracious and studious boys, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a "Dr Robert Barret, Rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a

great favourite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greater part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history for Cosmogony, Chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors were performed by him, for Sir Walter."* Thus a simple fact when discovered, clears up the whole mystery, and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which, as Hume sagaciously detected, required "a robust and undulatory life," such as the studies and the habits would be of a country clergyman in a learned age.

The secret history of another work, still more celebrated than the History of the World, by Sir Walter Rawleigh, will doubtless surprise its numerous admirers.

Without the aid of a friendly hand, we should probably have been deprived of the delightful history of Ariosto by Vasari, although a more painter and goldsmith, and not a literary man, Vasari was blessed with that nice discernment of one deeply conversant with art, and saw rightly what was to be done, when the idea of the work was suggested by the celebrated Paulus Jovius as a supplement to his own work of the "Eulogiums of Illustrious Men." Vasari approved of the project; but on that occasion judiciously observed, not blinded by the celebrity of the literary man who projected it, that "It would require the assistance of an artist to collect the materials, and arrange them in their proper order; for although Jovius displayed great knowledge in his observations, yet he had not been equally accurate in the arrangement of his facts in his book of Eulogiums." Afterwards, when Vasari began to collect his information, and consulted Paulus Jovius on the plan, although that author highly approved of what he saw, he alleged his own want of leisure and capacity to complete, as he an enterprise; and this was fortunate. We should otherwise have had, instead of the charming work which charms us in the volumes of Vasari, that declamatory verbiage

* I draw my information from a very singular manuscript in the Lansdowne Collection, which I think has been mistaken for a long ciphering book, of which it has much the appearance, No 361, fo 57 so it stands in the autograph catalogue. It appears to be a collection closely written, extracted out of Anthony Wood's papers, and as I have discovered in the manuscript, numerous notices not elsewhere preserved, I am inclined to think, that the transcriber copied them from that man of Anthony Wood's papers, of whom I know more than one useful man was burnt at his death before him, when dying. If it be so, this is the only register of many curious facts.

Ben Jonson has been too freely censured for his own free censures, and particularly for one he made on Sir Walter Rawleigh, when, he told Drummond, "I esteemed more fame than convenience. The best way in England ever employed in making his history, Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Prince's war, which he altered and set in his book." On this head, even Jonson's powerful advocate Mr. Oxford has not alleged a word in his defence; the secret history of the work has never been discovered, but certainly on this occasion, Jonson only speaks what he knew to be true.

habits. Vasari, however, looked round for the assistance he wanted; a circumstance which Tiraburchi has not noticed. Like Hogarth, he required a literary man for his artist. I have discovered the name of the chief writer of the *Lives of the Painters*, who wrote under the direction of Vasari, and probably often used his own natural style, and conveyed to us those reflections which surely came from their source. I shall give the passage, as a curious instance where the secret history of books is often detected in the most obscure corners of literature. Who could have imagined that in a collection of the *Lives of the Artists* a *Secret dell' ordine dell' Arte* was to be found? Don Giovanni Rossi, the author of this ecclesiastical biography, has this reference: "Who would see more of this may turn to the *Lives of the painters, sculptors, and architects, written for the greater part by Don Giovanni Rossi, my brother, for the Signor Cavaliere M. Giorgio Vasari, his great friend."*

The discovery that Vasari's volumes were not entirely written by himself, though probably under his dictation, and, unquestionably, with his communications (as Hogarth was compelled to employ the pen of a literary man for his own original works) will perhaps serve to clear up some unaccountable mistakes or omissions which appear in that series of volumes, written at long intervals, and by different hands. Mr. Pausanias has alluded to them in utter astonishment; and cannot account for Vasari's "incredible derivation of reminiscences, which prompted him to transfer what he had rightly ascribed to Giorgione to one edition, to the other Parme in the subsequent one." Again Vasari's "memory was either so treacherous, or his propensity to writing so inconsiderate, that his account of the Capella Sestina, and the statue of Rudezio, is a mere heap of errors and unperceivable confusion." Even Bottani, his learned editor, is at a loss to account for his mistakes. Mr. Pausanias observes, "He has been called the Herodotus of our art, and if the mean simplicity of his narrative, and the desire of keeping anecdote on anecdote, entice him in some degree to that apparatus, we ought not to forget that the information of every day adds something to the authenticity of the Greek historian, whilst every day furnishes matter to question the credibility of the Tuscan." All this strongly confirms the suspicion that Vasari employed different hands at different times to write out his work. Such mistakes would occur to a new writer, not always conversant with the subject he was composing on, and the disordered materials of which were often found in a disordered state. It is, however, strange that neither Bottani nor Tiraburchi appear to have been aware that Vasari employed others to write for him; we see that from the first suggestion of the work he had

originally proposed that Paulus Jovius should hold the pen for him.

The principle illustrated in this article might be pursued, but the secret history of two great works as well known as an sufficient as twenty others of writings less celebrated. The literary phenomenon which had puzzled the calm inquiring House to cry out "a miracle!" has been solved by the discovery of a little fact on literary evidence, which derives importance from this circumstance.

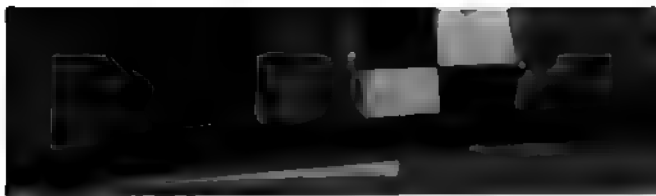
OF A BIOGRAPHY PAINTED.

THESE are objects connected with literary curiosity, which, though they may never gratify our sight, yet whose very history is literary; and the originality of their invention, should they excite imitation, may serve to constitute a claim. I notice a book-curiosity of this nature.

The extraordinary volume may be said to have contained the travels and adventures of Charles Magus, a noble Venetian, and this volume, as previous, consisted only of eighteen pages, composed of a series of highly finished miniature paintings on vellum, some executed by the hand of Paul Veronese. Each page, however, may be said to contain many chapters; for, generally, it is composed of a large coarse piece, surrounded by ten small ones, with many apt inscriptions, allegories, and allusions; the whole exhibiting the romantic incidents in the life of this Venetian nobleman. But it is not merely as a beautiful production of art that we are to consider it; it becomes associated with a more elevated feeling in the person which produced it. The author, who is himself the hero, after having been long calumniated, resolved to set before the eyes of his countrymen his sufferings and adventures he could perhaps have not indifferently described, and instead of composing a tedious volume for his justification, issued this new species of pictorial biography. The author minutely described the remarkable situations in which fortune had placed him, and the artists, in embellishing the facts he furnished them with to record, emulated each other in giving life to their work, and in putting into action, before the spectator, incidents which the pen had less impressively exhibited. This unique production may be considered as a model, to represent the actions of those who may succeed more fortunately by this new mode of perpetuating their history; discovering, by the aid of the pencil, rather than by their pen, the forms and colours of an extraordinary life.

It was when the Ottomans (about 1571) attacked the Isle of Cyprus, that this Venetian nobleman was charged by his republic to review and repair the fortifications. He was afterwards sent to the Pope to negotiate an alliance. He returned to the senate, to give an account of his commission. Invested with the chief command, at the head of his troops, Magus threw himself into the island of Cyprus, and after a skilful defence, which could not prevent its fall, at Famagusta, he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and made a slave. His age and infirmities induced his master, at length, to sell him to some Christian merchants, and after

* I find this quotation in a sort of polemical work of natural philosophy, entitled "Saggio di Storia Letteraria Fiorentina del Secolo XVII di Giovanni Clemente Nelli, Livorno, 1759." p. 38. Nelli also refers to what he had said on this subject in his "Poesie ed Opere di S. M. del Poeta, p. 11 e 14." a work on architecture. See Brunet and Hayn Bib. Ital. de libri rare.



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an absence of several years from his beloved Venice, he suddenly appeared, to the astonishment and mortification of a party who had never ceased to calumniate him; while his own noble family were compelled to preserve an indignant silence, having had no communication with their lost and exiled relative. Magna, now returned to vindicate his honour, to rehabilitate himself in the favour of the senate, and to be restored to a venerable parent amidst his family; to whom he introduced a fresh branch, in a youth of seven years old, the child of his misfortune, who, born in trouble, and a stranger to domestic endearments, was at one moment united to a beloved circle of relations.

I shall give a rapid view of some of the pictures of this Venetian nobleman's life. The whole series has been elaborately drawn up by the Duke de la Valliere, the celebrated book-collector, who dwells on the detail with the curiosity and taste of an amateur.

In a rich frontispiece, a Christ is expiring on the cross; Religion, leaning on a column, contemplates the Crucifix, and Hope is not distant from her. The genealogical tree of the house of Magna, with an allegorical representation of Venice, its nobility, power, and riches, the arms of Magna, in which he inserted a view of the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, of which he was made a knight, his portrait, with a Latin inscription: "I have passed through arms and the enemy, sword fire and water, and the Lord conducted me to a safe asylum, in the year of grace 1571." The portrait of his son, aged seven years, attacked with the greatest distemper, and supposed to have come from the hand of Paul Veronese, it bears this inscription: "Overcome by violence and artifice, almost dead before his birth, his mother was at length delivered of him, full of life, with all the innocence of infancy, under the divine protection, his birth was happy, and his life with greater happiness shall be closed with good fortune."

A plan of the island of Cyprus, where Magna commanded, and his first misfortune happened, his slavery by the Turks. The painter has expressed this by an emblem of a tree shaken by the winds and scathed by the lightning, but from the trunk issues a hopeful green branch shooting in a brilliant sun, with this device: "From this fallen trunk springs a branch full of vigour."

The mission of Magna to raise troops in the province of La Puglia—in one of these Magna is seen returning to Venice, his final departure, a thunderbolt is viewed falling on his court—his passage by Corfu and Zante, and his arrival at Candia.

His travel to Egypt—the centre figure represents this province raising its right hand extended towards a palm-tree, and the left leaning on a pyra-

mid, inscribed "Celebrated throughout the world for her wonders." The smaller pictures are the entrance of Magna into the port of Alexandria, Rosetta, with a caravan of Turks and other nations, the city of Grand Cairo, exterior and interior, with views of other places, and finally, his return to Venice.

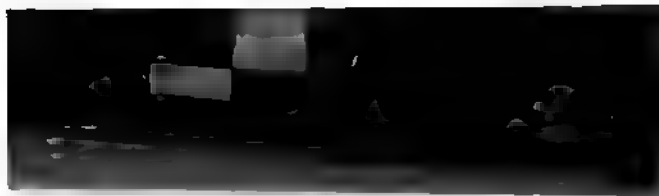
His journey to Rome—the centre figure an armed Pallas wears on trophies, the Tiber beneath her feet, a globe in her hands, inscribed *Quod vixit vixit et regnavit* "She has conquered and ruled the universe." The ten small pictures are views of the routes to the Pope's dominion. His first audience at the conclave forms a pleasing and new composition.

His travel into Syria—the principal figure is a female emblematical of that fine country, she is seated in the midst of a gay orchard, and embraces a bundle of reeds, inscribed *Quod vixit vixit et regnavit* "The delight of the universe." The small compartments are views of towns and parts, and the spot where Magna collected his fleet.

His pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he was made a knight of the holy sepulchre, the principal figure represents Devotion, inscribed *Deus* "It is she who comforts me." The compartments exhibit a variety of objects, with a correctness of drawing, which are described as belonging to the class, and partaking of the character, of the pencil of Claude Lorraine. His vessel is first viewed on the roadstead at Venice beat by a storm, arrives at Zante to refresh, enters the port of Smyrna, there having landed, he and his companions are proceeding to the town on ass, for Christians were not permitted to travel in Turkey on horse—in the church at Jerusalem the bishop, in his pontifical habit, receives him as a knight of the holy sepulchre, arming him in the armour of Galilee of Bethanien, and placing his sword in the hands of Magna. His arrival at Bethlehem, to see the cradle of the Lord, and his return by Jolia with his companions, in the dress of pilgrims, and the groups are neatly contrasted with the Turks mingling amongst them.

The taking of the city of Famagusta, and his slavery—The middle figure, with a dog at its feet, represents Fidelity, the character of Magna, who ever preferred it to his life or his freedom, inscribed *Cyprius* "She has reduced me to slavery." Ten smaller pictures exhibit the different points of the island of Cyprus, where the Turks effected their descents. Magna retreating to Famagusta, which he long defended and where his cousin a skilled engineer, was killed. The Turks compelled to raise the siege, but return with greater force—the sacking of the town and the palace, where Magna was taken. One picture exhibits him brought before a bashaw, who has him stripped, to judge of his strength and his bid price, when after examination he is sold among other slaves—he is seen bound and tied up among his companions in misfortune—again he is forced to labour, and carries a cask of water on his shoulders. In another picture, his master finding him weak of body conducts him to a slave merchant to sell him. In another we see him trading an ass loaded with packages, his new master, finding him labouring on his way, showers his blows on him, while a soldier is seen pursuing one of the packages from the ass. Another exhibits Magna sinking with

* The duke's description is not to be found, as might be expected, in his own stored catalogue, but was a contribution to Gauguin's "et" where it occupies fourteen pages. This singular work sold at Osguard's sale for 400 livres. It was then the golden age of literary curiosity, when the rarest things were not rare, and that price was even then considered extraordinary, though the work was so unique. It must consist of about the subjects, by Italian artists.



fatigue on the sands, while his master would raise him up by an unsparring use of the bastinado. The varied details of these little paintings are pleasingly executed.

The close of his slavery—The middle figure kneeling to heaven, and a light breaking from it, inscribed "He breaks my chains," to express the confidence of Magius. The Turks are seen landing with their pillage and their slaves—in one of the pictures are seen two ships on fire; a young lady of Cyprus preferring death to the loss of her honour and the miseries of slavery, determined to set fire to the vessel in which she was carried; she succeeded, and the flames communicated to another.

His return to Venice—The painter for his principal figure has chosen a Pallas, with a helmet on her head, the aegis on one arm, and her lance in the other, to describe the courage with which Magius had supported his misfortunes, inscribed *Redeunt*—"She has brought me back." In the last of the compartments he is seen at the custom-house at Venice, he enters the house of his father, the old man hastens to meet him, and embraces him.

One page is filled by a single picture, which represents the senate of Venice, with the Doge on his throne, Magius presents an account of his different employments, and holds in his hand a scroll, on which is written, *Quod commisi perfecti, quod restat agendum, fore sibi complectar*—"I have done what you committed to my care, and I will perform with the same fidelity what remains to be done." He is received by the senate with the most distinguished honours, and was not only justified, but praised and honoured.

The most magnificent of these paintings is the one attributed to Paul Veronese. It is described by the Duke de la Vallière as almost unparalleled for its richness, its elegance, and its brilliancy. It is inscribed *Pater meus et fratres mei dereliquerunt me, Dominus autem assumpsit me*—"My father and my brothers abandoned me, but the Lord took me under his protection." This is an allusion to the accusation raised against him in the open senate, when the Turks took the Isle of Cyprus, and his family wanted either the confidence or the courage to defend Magius. In the front of this large picture, Magius leading his son by the hand, conducts him to be reconciled with his brothers and sisters-in-law, who are on the opposite side, his hand holds this scroll, *Dei consilio illud in bonum*—"You thought ill of me, but the Lord has turned it to good." In this he alludes to the satisfaction he had given the senate, and to the honours they had decreed him. Another scene is introduced, where Magius appears in a magnificent hall at table in the midst of all his family, with whom a general reconciliation has taken place: on his left hand are gardens opening with an enchanting effect, and magnificently ornamented, with the villa of his father, on which flowers and wreaths seem dropping on the roof, as if from heaven. In the perspective the landscape probably represents the rural neighbourhood of Magius's early days.

Such are the most interesting incidents which I have selected from the copious description of the Duke de la Vallière. The idea is new of this production, an autobiography in a series of

remarkable scenes, painted under the eye of the describer of them, in which too he has preserved all the fulness of his feelings and his minutest recollections, but the novelty becomes interesting from the character of the noble Magius, and the romantic fancy which inspired this elaborate and costly curiosity. It was not indeed without some trouble that I have drawn up this little account, but while thus employed, I seemed to be composing a very uncommon romance.

CAUSE AND PRETEXT.

It is an important principle in morals and in politics, not to mistake the cause for the pretext, nor the pretext for the cause, and by this means to distinguish between the concealed, and the ostensible, motive. On this principle history might be recomposed in a new manner; it would not often describe *circumstances and characters* as they usually appear. When we mistake the characters of men, we mistake the nature of their actions, and we shall find in the study of secret history, that some of the most important events in modern history were produced from very different motives than their ostensible ones. Polybius, the most philosophical writer of the ancients, has marked out this useful distinction of *cause and pretext*, and aptly illustrates the observation by the facts he explains. Amilcar, for instance, was the first author and contriver of the second Punic war, though he died ten years before the commencement of it. "A statesman," says that wise and grave historian, "who knows not how to trace the origin of events, and discern the different sources from whence they take their rise, may be compared to a physician, who neglects to inform himself of the causes of those distempers which he is called in to cure. Our pains can never be better employed than in searching out the causes of events, for the most trifling incidents give birth to matters of the greatest moment and importance." The latter part of this remark of Polybius points out another principle which has been often verified by history, and which furnished the materials of the little book of "Grands Evénemens par les petites Causes."

Our present inquiry concerns "cause and pretext."

Leo X projected an alliance of the sovereigns of Christendom against the Turks. The avowed object was to oppose the progress of the Ottomans against the Mamelukes of Egypt, who were more friendly to the Christians, but the concealed motive with his holiness was to enrich himself and his family with the spoils of Christendom, and to aggrandise the papal throne by war; and such, indeed, the policy of these pontiffs had always been in those mad crusades which they excited against the East.

The Reformation, excellent as its results have proved in the cause of genuine freedom, originated in no purer source than human passions and selfish motives. It was the progeny of avarice in Germany, of novelty in France, and of love in England. The latter elegantly alluded to by Gray, "And gospel light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes."



The Reformation is considered by the Duke of Devon, in a work printed in 1896, and by Francis I. in his apology in 1533, as a *coup d'état* of Charles V. towards universal monarchy. The duke says, that the emperor directly permitted Luther to establish his principles in Germany, that they might split the confederacy of the elective princes, and by this division facilitate their more easy conquest, and play them off one against another, and by these means to secure the imperial crown, hereditary in the house of Austria. Had Charles V. not been the mere creature of his politics, and had he felt any zeal for the Catholic cause, which he pretended to fight for, never would he have allowed the new doctrines to spread for more than twenty years without the least opposition.

The famous league in France was raised for "religion and the relief of public grievances," such was the pretext. After the prince and the people had alike become its victims, this "league" was discovered to have been formed by the pride and the ambition of the Guises, aided by the machinations of the Jesuits against the attempts of the Prince of Condé to dislodge them from their "seat of power." While the Huguenots pillaged, burnt, and massacred, declaring in their manifestos that they were only fighting to release the king, whom they asserted was a prisoner of the Guises; the Catholics repaid them with the same persecution and the same manifestoes, declaring that they only wished to liberate the Prince of Condé, who was the prisoner of the Huguenots. The people were led on by the cry of "religion," but this civil war was not in reality so much Catholic against Huguenot, as Guise against Condé. A parallel event occurred between our Charles I. and the Scotch Covenanters, and the king expressly declared, to "a large declaration, concerning the late tumults in Scotland," that "religion is only pretended, and used by them as a cloak to palliate their intended rebellion," which he demonstrates by the facts he alleged. There was a revolutionary party in France, which, taking the name of *Protestants*, shook that kingdom under the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, and held out for their pretext the public freedom. But that faction, composed of some of the discontented French princes and the mob, was entirely organized by Cardinal de Retz, who held them in hand, to check or to spur them as the occasion required, from a more private pique against Mazarin, who had not treated that vicious genius with all the deference he craved. This appears from his own memoirs.

We have traced at James I. threatening the states-general by the English ambassador, about Voetius, a Dutch professor, who had upbraided the doctrines of Arminius against those of the contra-remonstrants, or Calvinists, the ostensible subject was religious, or rather metaphysical-religious doctrine, but the concealed one was a struggle for predominance between Pensionary Barmach, assisted by the French interest, and the Prince of Orange, supported by the English. "These were the real sources," says Lord Hardwicke, a statesman and a man of letters, deeply conversant with secret and public history, and a far more able judge than Blodius the Swiss divine,

and Brandt the ecclesiastical historian, who in the word of Dost could say nothing but what appeared in it; and gravely narrate the idle squabbles on phrases concerning predestination and grace, &c. Males, of Balon, who was secretary to the English ambassador at that epoch, perfectly accords with the account of Lord Hardwicke. "Our epoch," writes that judicious observer, "gives us like a watch, the train which upon which the whole business turns are kept in sight; for all things of moment are acted in private sessions; what is done in public is only for show and entertainment."

The cause of the persecution of the Janenists was the jealousy of the Jesuits, the pretext was to grant assistance. The learned La Crous observes, that the same circumstance occurred in the affair of Memorus and the church of Alexandria, the pretext was orthodoxy, the cause was the jealousy of the church of Alexandria, or rather the fiery and turbulent civil who personally hated Memorus. The opinions of Memorus, and the council which condemned them, were the same in effect. I only produce this remote fact to prove that ancient times do not affect the truth of our principle.

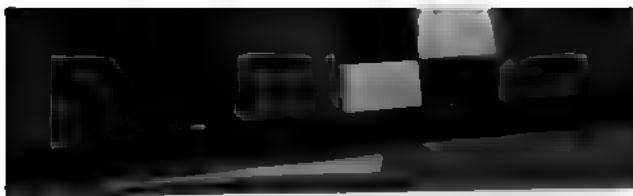
When James II. was so strenuous an advocate for toleration and liberty of conscience in removing the test act, this enlightened principle of government was only a pretext with that monk-ridden monarch, it is well known that the cause was to introduce and make the Catholics predominant in his councils and government. The result, which that eager and blind politician hurried on too fast, and which therefore did not take place would have been, that "liberty of conscience" would soon have become "an overt act of treason," before an insurrection of his subjects.

In all political affairs drop the pretences and strike at the causes; we may thus understand what the heads of parties may choose to conceal.

POLITICAL FORGERIES AND FICTIONS.

A WRITER whose learning gives value to his eloquence, in his *Bampton Lectures* has remarked, with that blarney spirit so friendly to the cause of truth, the calumnies and romances of parties, who have been often confuted. Forged documents are still referred to, or tales unsupported by evidence are confidently quoted. Mr. Heber's subject confined his inquiries to theological history, he has told us that "Augustine is not advanced, in his dispute with Faustus, to take advantage of the popular slanders against the followers of Manes, though his own experience, for he had himself been of that sect, was sufficient to detect this falsehood." The Romanists, in spite of satisfactory answers, have continued to urge against the English Protestant the romance of Parker's consecration, while the Protestant priests in Italy imputing to the Catholic public formularies the systematic omission of the words *consecration*. "The calumnies of Rufinus and Beza against the Hieronymian brethren are cited in point," continues Mr. Heber. "No one now believes them,

• Book III, ch. XXIX, sec. 15.



constituted her to be his heiress. All this was concealed from both sides, rather to satisfy the duke than the parties themselves. Then died, the unhappy woman was dismissed alone! The governor was conducted to the prison to suffer the same death he had inflicted on the husband of his wife, and when this lady was devoted once more to enter the prison, she beheld her second husband kneeling in his cell as he had her own! Such extraordinary incidents in so short a period overpowered the feeble frame of the offender; the duke—leaving a man, who inherited the rich accretion of fortune so fatally obtained by his injured and suffering mother.

Such is the tale of which the party-story of Kirk appeared to Britain to have been a *requisitoire*; but it is rather the foundation, than the superstructure. This critic was right in the mass, but not by the by, in the general, not in the particular. It was not necessary to point out the present source, when so many others of a paralytic nature exist. This tale, universally told, Mr. Douce considers as the origin of "Measure for Measure," and was probably some traditional event; for it appears sometimes with a change of names and places, without any of incidents. It always turns on a soldier, a brother, or a husband executed; and a wife, or sister, a devoted victim, to save them from death. It was, therefore, easily transferred to Kirk, and Pontre's poem of "Crusilly and Lunt" long made the story popular. It could only have been in this form that it reached the historian, when, it must be observed, introduced it as "a story commonly told of him," but popular tragic romances should not enter into the dusty documents of a history of England, and which can be particularly specified in the index. Nevertheless, in his old version of the tale, has even the circumstance of "the captain, who having seduced the wife under the promise to save her husband's life, exhibited him soon afterwards through the window of her apartment suspended on a gibbet." This forms the horrid incident in the history of "the bloody Colonel," and served the purpose of a party, who wished to bury him in odium. Kirk was a soldier of fortune, and a lame liver, and a great blunderer, who would sometimes threaten to decimate his own regiment, but it is sad to forget the measure the next day. Material as such military men will always be, in the present instance Colonel Kirk has been shamefully calumniated by party and historians, who order themselves to be duped by the forgery of political parties.

While we are detecting a source of error into which the party feelings of modern historians may lead them, let us confess that they are far more valuable than the ancient, for to us, at least, the ancients have written history without producing authority. Modern historians must furnish their readers with the truest means to become their critics, by providing them with their authorities; and it is only by judiciously appreciating those that we may confidently accept of their discoveries. Unquestionably the ancients have often introduced into their history many tales similar to the story of Kirk—popular or party forgery. The magnificent commentaries of Livy contain many a tale of wonder; the *parva* of Tacitus contain many a fine stroke; and the most history of Suetonius

too often raises a suspicion of those whippers, *Quid res in curia regina daretur, quid fano fabulata sit cum Jove*. It is certain that Plutarch has often told, and copied ten in the telling, the same story, which he has applied to different persons. A critic in the *Edinburgh* says has said of the grave Plutarch, *Medon alle Plutarco, qui tales veritas, dicit et exornat comitas, cum coarctat locum*. "That lying Plutarch, who formerly scribbled the lives of the writers, made up of lies and blunders!" There is in Italian a scarce book, of a better design than execution, of the Abbate Lanziotti, *Forfalsche degli storici Italiani*—"Falseness of the ancient historians have to dispute their passage to immortality step by step, and however tried by their eloquence, their real test is to value, must be brought to the humble references in their margin. Yet these must not terminate our inquiries, for in tracing a story to its original source, we shall find that Schme have been sometimes grafted on truths or fictions, and to separate them as they appeared in their final stage, is the pride and glory of learned criticism.

EXPRESSION OF SUPPRESSED OPINION.

A PEOPLE denied the freedom of speech or of writing, have usually left some memorials of their feelings in that silent language which addresses itself to the eye. Many ingenious inventions have been contrived, to give vent to their suppressed indignation. The numerous grievances which they could not trust to the voice or the pen, they have carved in wood, or sculptured on stone, and sometimes even facetiously concealed their satire among the playful ornaments, designed to amuse those of whom they so fruitfully complained! Such monuments of the suppressed feelings of the multitude are not often inspected by the historian—these monuments escape from all eyes but the philosophical antiquary's, and are these satirical appearances always considered as grave authorities, which unquestionably they will be found to be by a close observer of human nature. An entertaining history of the modes of thinking, or the discontents, of a people, drawn from such dispersed efforts in every era, would cast a new light of secret history over many dark intervals.

Did we possess a secret history of the Romanists, it would doubtless have afforded some materials for the present article. In those revolts of venerable radicalism, when the statue was chard, and the *Filice*, or cap of liberty, was triumphantly worn, all things assumed an appearance contrary to what they were; and human nature, as well as human laws, might be said to have been *perverted*. Among so many whimsical regulations in favour of the licentious rabble, there was one which forbade the circulation of money, if any one offered the coin of the state, it was to be condemned as an act of madness, and the man was brought to his senses by a premeditated fast for that day. An ingenious French antiquary seems to have discovered a class of wretched medals, cast in lead or copper, which formed the circulating

• Taylor, *Annot. ad Legum.*

medium of these mock birds, who, to ridicule the idea of money, used the barrel instead, stamping them with grotesque figures, or odd devices, — such as a pig, a chimerical bird, an imposter in his car, with a monkey behind him, or an old woman's head, *Arca Laurentina*, either the traditional old name of *Romulus*, or an old countess of the same name, who bequeathed the fruits of her labours to the Roman people! As all things were done in mockery, this base metal is stamped with a c., to ridicule the *aratus consulis*, which our antiquary happily explains,* in the true spirit of this government of mockery, *Saturational consules*, agreeing with the legend of the reverse, inscribed in the midst of four tails, or horns, which they used to dice, *Qui ludit, arcam dei, quod autem* — "Let them who play give a pledge, which will be sufficient." Thus mock money served not only as an expression of the native irony of the radical gentry of Rome during these festivals, but had they spoken their mind out, would a ridicule of money itself, for these citizens of equality have always imagined that society might proceed without the contrivance of a medium which served to represent property, in which they themselves must so little participate.

A period so glorious for exhibiting the suppressed sentiments of the populace, as were these *Saturales*, had been nearly lost for us, had not some notions been preserved by Lucian, for we glean but sparingly from the satirical pages of the historian, except in the remarkable instance which Suetonius has preserved of the arch-mime who followed the body of the Emperor Vespasian at his funeral. This officer, like a molar one who accompanied the general to whom they granted a triumph, and who was allowed the unrestrained licentiousness of his tongue, were both the organs of popular feeling, and studied to gratify the rabble, who were their real masters. On this occasion the arch-mime, representing both the exterior personage and the character of Vespasian, according to custom, inquired the expense of the funeral. He was answered, "Ten millions of sesterces!" In allusion to the love of money which characterized the emperor, his mock representative exclaimed, "Give me the money, and, if you will, throw my body into the Tiber!"

All these mock offices and festivals among the ancients, I consider as organs of the suppressed opinions and feelings of the populace, who were allowed no other, and had not the means of the printing press to leave any permanent records. At a later period, before the discovery of the art, which multiplies, with such facility, white or po-

negative, when the people could not speak freely against those rapacious clergy, who shared the fleece and cared not for the sheep, many a secret of popular indignation was embodied, not in books, (for they could not read) but in pictures and sculptures, which are books which the people can always read. The sculptures and illuminations of those times, no doubt shared in common the popular feelings, and boldly treated to the paintings or the carvings which met the eyes of their turbulent and undisciplined masters all their satirical intentions. As far back as in 1500, we find in Weidm^{er} the description of a picture of this kind, found in the Abbey of Fulda, among other effusions of the corrupt lives of the churchmen. The picture was a wolf, large as life, wearing a monkish coat, with a shaven crown, preaching to a flock of sheep, with these words of the apostle as a label from his mouth, — "God is my witness how I long for you all in my bowels!" And underneath was described, — "This bodied wolf is the hypocrite of whom is said in the Gospel, 'Because of false prophets.'" Such exhibitions were often introduced into articles of furniture. A cushion was found in an old abbey, in which was worked a fox preaching to geese, each goose holding in his tail his praying hands! In the stone wall, and on the columns of the great church of Argenteau, was once carved a number of wolves, bears, lions, and other voracious animals carrying holy water, crucifixes, and lamps; and others more indecorate. These, probably as old as the year 1500, were engraven in 1815, by a Protestant, and were not destroyed till 1845, by the pious rage of the Catholics, who seemed at length to have rightly construed these silent lamp-posts, and in their turn broke to pieces the Protestant stumps, as the others had done the Papistical dolls. The carved walls and stalls in our own cathedrals exhibit subjects, not only strange and satirical, but indecorate. At the time they built churches they mirrored the monks; a curious instance how the feelings of the people struggle to find a vent. It is conjectured that rival orders mirrored each other, and that some of the carvings are caricatures of certain monks. The margins of illuminated manuscripts frequently contain ingenious caricatures, or satirical allegories. In a magnificent chorople of Denmark I observed several. A wolf, as usual, as a monk's trick and evil, stretching his paw to bless a cock, bending its head submissively to the wolf; or a lion with a crosser, dropping hands, which a cock is picking up; to signify the blind devotion of the bigot; perhaps the figure of the cock alluding to our Gothic neighbours. A cat in the habit of a nun, holding a plectrum in its paw to a mouse approaching to lick it, alluding to the abbalements of the abbesses to dress young women into their convents. While sometimes I have seen a cow in an abbess's vest, mounted on a pig, the cow marked by the cow's dog. A poor wretch seems to be thrust by devils into a caldron, and cannibals are seen eating on eggs! These caricatures must have been generally executed by monks themselves, but these more outrageous members of the ecclesiastical order appear to have sympathized

* Baudouin de Courval de l'Union des Provinces, li. 665. Prokterus, referring to this entertaining work, remarks that "such curious notions have almost escaped the notice of antiquarians, and have not yet been arranged in our class, or named. A special work on them would be highly acceptable." The time has perhaps arrived when antiquarian may begin to be philosophers, and philosophers antiquarians! The unhappy incorporation of erudition from philosophy, and of philosophy from erudition, has hitherto thrown impediments in the progress of the human mind, and the history of man.

* Lett. Mem. l. 2d ed. 12m.

people, like the curates in our church, the pampered abbot and the pontiff. Churchmen were the usual objects of the people's indignation, but the knights and feudal lords have escaped from the "curses not loud, of their satirical pencils.

Reformation, or rather the Revolution, during this custom became so general, that of the dialogues of Erasmus, where the monks are entertained by their host, it is such satirical exhibitions were hung upon the furniture in the apartments of the monks.

The facetious genius of Erasmus either describes one which he had seen of an abbot in a habit of a Franciscan sitting by a sick man, dispensing ghostly counsel, holding a cross in one hand, while with the other he drew a purse out of the sick man's pocket. "the straws" by which we may always know from what corner the wind rises! Mr. Geyler, recently informed us, that Geyler, called "the herald of the Reformation," Luther by twelve years, had a stone tablet in the cathedral at Strasburg, from which he delivered his lectures, or rather rolled out of his anathemas against the monks.

The pulpit was constructed under his own hand, and is covered with very indecent pictures of monks and nuns, expressly designed by him to expose their profligate manners. We see him doing what for centuries had been

the curious folios of Sauval, the Stowe of France is a copious chapter entitled "*Hérésies attentats.*" In this enumeration of attempts to give vent to their suppressed opinions, it is very remarkable, that preceding Luther, the minds of many were perverted respecting the idolatrous worship of the Roman church; and what I now notice is rightly entered into that significant *Reformationis ante Reformationem*, which is fully projected by continental writers.

He did not consign the pope's decretals to the flames till 1520—this was the first open act of rebellion and insurrection, for hitherto he had been obedient to the court of Rome. Yet in 1490, preceding this great event, I find an attempt for having snatched the host from the hands of another celebrating mass twelve years afterwards, 1502, a student committed the same deed, trampling on it; and in the resolute death of Anne de Bourg, a monk in the parliament of Paris, to use the words of Sauval, "corrupted the world." It was that the Huguenots were fast on the point.

From that period I find continued evidence which prove that the Huguenots of France the Puritans of England, were most successful iconoclasts. They struck off the heads of little Jesuses, or blunted their daggers against the wooden saints, which were then in the corners of streets. Every morning they witnessed the scandalous treatment they had in the night. Then their images were taken down from the walls, but these were heretically and disfigured; and, since the saints defend themselves, a royal edict was

published in their favour, commanding that all holy paintings in the streets should not be allowed short of ten feet from the ground! They entered churches at night, tearing up or breaking down their *prians*, their *benitoires*, their crucifixes, their colossal *ecce-homos*, which they did not always succeed in dislodging for want of time or tools. Amidst these battles with wooden adversaries, we may smile at the frequent solemn processions instituted to ward off the vengeance of the parish saint; the wooden was expiated by a silver image, secured by iron bars, and attended by the king and the nobility, carrying the new saint, with prayers that he would protect himself from the heretics!

In an early period of the Reformation, an instance occurs of the art of concealing what we wish only the few should comprehend, at the same time that we are addressing the public. Curious collectors are acquainted with "*The Olivetan Bible*;" this was the first translation published by the Protestants, and there seems no doubt that Calvin was the chief, if not the only translator; but at that moment not choosing to become responsible for this new version, he made use of the name of an obscure relative, Robert Pierre Olivetan. Calvin, however, prefixed a Latin preface, remarkable for delivering positions very opposite to those tremendous doctrines of absolute predestination, which in his theological despotism he afterwards assumed. De Bure describes this first Protestant Bible not only as rare, but when found as usually imperfect, much soiled, and dog-eared, as the well-read first edition of Shakespeare, by the perpetual use of the multitude. But a curious fact has escaped the detection both of De Bure and Beloe; at the end of the volume are found *ten verses*, which, in a concealed manner, authenticate the translation; and which no one, unless initiated into the secret, could possibly suspect. The verses are not poetical, but I give the first sentence:

Lecteur entend si verité adresse
Viens donc ouyr instantment sa promesse
Et vis parler.——&c.

The first letters of every word of these ten verses form a perfect distich, containing information important to those to whom the Olivetan Bible was addressed.

Les Vaudois, peuple évangélique
Ont mis ce thresor en publique.

An anagram had been too inartificial a contrivance to have answered the purpose of concealing from the world at large this secret. There is an adroitness in the invention of the initial letters of all the words through these ten verses. They contained a communication necessary to authenticate the version, but which, at the same time, could not be suspected by any person not entrusted with the secret.

When the art of medal-engraving was revived in Europe, the spirit, we are now noticing, took possession of those less perishable and more circulating vehicles. Satiric medals were almost unknown to the ancient mint, notwithstanding those of the Saturnalia, and a few which bear miserable puns on the unlucky names of some consuls. Medals illustrate history, and history reflects light

on medals; but we should not place such unreserved confidence on medals, in their advocates who are warm in their favourite study. It has been asserted, that medals are more authentic memorials than history itself, but a medal is not inconceivable of the bad passions than a pamphlet or an epigram. Ambition has its vanity, and engenders a dubious victory, and Flattery will procure its art, and deceive us in gold! A column on a fiction on metal may be more durable than on a fugitive page, and a libel has a better chance of being preserved, when the artist is skilful, than simple truths minutely executed. Medals of this class are numerous, and were the precursors of those political satires exhibited to caricature artists.

Refuge of this opinion commenced in the freedom of the Reformation, for we find a medal of Luther in a monk's habit, satirically hunting for its reverse Catherine de Sore, the nun whom this monk married, the first step of his personal reformation! Nor can we be certain that Catherine was not more concerned in that great revolution than appears in the voluminous form we have of the great reformer. However, the reformers were as great strikers for medals as the "popes." Of Pope John VIII, an effeminate voluptuary, we have a medal with his portrait, inscribed *Pope Jean* and another of Innocent X, dressed as a woman holding a sceptre, the reverse, his famous mistress, Donna Olimpia, dressed as a Pope, with the keys on her hand, and the keys of St. Peter in her hands.

When, in the reign of Mary, England was gaining under Spanish influence, and no counterbalance could reach the throne, the queen's person and government were made ridiculous in the people's eyes, by prints or pictures, "representing her majesty naked, maimed, withered, and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity that could disgrace a female figure, seated in a regal chair, a crown on her head, surrounded by small letters, *Maria Regina Anglie*." A number of Spaniards were sucking her to skin and bone, and a speculator was adding of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip.¹ It is said that the queen suspected some of her own courtiers of this invention, who alone were privy to these transactions. It is, however, in this manner that the coin, which is improved by authority, comes at length to another shape to the eye.

The age of Elizabeth, when the Roman pontiff and all his adherents were odious to the people, produced a remarkable caricature, an infamous invention—a gorgon's head! A church bell forms the helmet, the ornaments, instead of the feathers, are a wolf's head in a snout devouring a lamb, an axe's head with spectacles reading, a gunner holding a cannon, the face is made out with a fish for the nose, a chalice and water the eye, and other pretty ornaments for the shoulder and breast, on which rolls of parchment pardons hang?

¹ Warren's Life of Sir Thomas Pope, p. 38.

² The ancient caricature, so descriptive of the popular feelings, is tolerably given in Mr. Malcolm's history of "Caricaturing," plate II. fig. 1.

A famous bishop of Munster, Bernard de Galen, who, in his charitable violence for converting Protestants, got himself into such celebrity that he appears to have served in an excellent sign-post in the town in Germany, was the true church militant; and his figure was exhibited according to the popular fancy. His head was half cat and half bellows; a cross in one hand and a snake in the other, half a ratchet and half a curlew. He was made performing mass as a dragon on horseback, and giving out the charge when he caught the *fit*, mass out! He was called the *Converter*! and "the bishop of Munster" became popular as a sign-post in German towns; for the people like fighting men, though they should even fight against themselves.

It is rather curious to observe of this new species of satire, so easily distributed among the people, and so directly addressed to their understandings, that it was made the vehicle of national feeling. Ministers of state condescended to invent the device. Lord Orford was, that caricature on cards were the invention of George Townshend in the affair of Byng, which was soon followed by a pack. But we may be surprised to find the great folly practicing this art on several occasions. In the civil wars of France the Duke of Arcey had taken by surprise Saluces, and struck a medal, on the reverse a croquet appears shooting with a bow and arrow, with the legend *Opprimere*. When Henry the Fourth had reconquered the town, he published another, on which Henrietta appears killing the croquet, with the word *Opprimere*. The great monster was the author of this effort! A medal of the Dutch ambassador at the court of France, Van Breuningen, whom the French reproached, as a haughty burghomaster, but who had the vicinity of a Frenchman, and the haughtiness of a Spaniard, as Voltaire characterizes him, is said to have been the occasion of the Dutch war in 1672, but war will be hardly made for an idle medal. Medals may, however, indicate a preparatory war. Louis the Fourteenth was so often compared to the sun at its meridian, that some of his creatures may have imagined that, like the sun, he could dart into any part of Europe as he wished, and be as cheerfully received. The Dutch minister, however, had a medal struck of Joshua stopping the sun in his course, inferring that this miracle was operated by his little republic. The medal itself is engraved in Van Loo's voluminous *Histoire Médallique du Pays Bas*, and in Marchand's *Dictionnaire Numismatique*, who is known to press against twenty authors that the Dutch ambassador was not the inventor it was not, however, unworthy of him, and amply conveyed to the world the high feeling of his power which Holland had then assumed. Two years after the war about this medal, the republic paid due for the device, but thirty years afterwards this very burghomaster conducted a glorious peace, and France and Spain were compelled to receive the mediation of the Dutch burghs with the French Sun.³ In these vehicles of national satire, it is odd that the phlegmatic Dutch, more than any

³ The history of this medal is useful in more than one respect, and may be found in Piquet Marchand.

other nation, and from the earliest period of their republic, should have indulged freely, if not licentiously. It was a republican humour. Their taste was usually gross. We owe to them, even in the reign of Elizabeth, a severe medal on Leicester, who having retired in disgust from the government of their provinces, struck a medal with his bust, reverse a dog and sheep,

Non gregem, sed ingratos invitatus desero ;

on which the angry juvenile states struck another, representing an ape and young ones ; reverse, Leicester near a fire,

Fugiens fumum, incidit in ignem.

Another medal, with an excellent portrait of Cromwell, was struck by the Dutch. The protector, crowned with laurels, is on his knees, laying his head in the lap of the commonwealth, but loosely exhibiting himself to the French and Spanish ambassadors with gross indecency : the Frenchman, covered with *fleurs de lis*, is pushing aside the grave Don, and disputes with him the precedence—*Retire toy ; l'honneur appartient au roy mon maître, Louis le Grand.* Van Loon is very right in denouncing this same medal, so grossly flattering to the English, as most detestable and indelicate ! But why does Van Loon envy us this lumpish invention ? why does the Dutchman quarrel with his own cheese ? The honour of the medal we claim, but the invention belongs to his country. The Dutch went on, commenting in this manner on English affairs, from reign to reign. Charles the Second declared war against them in 1672 for a malicious medal, though the States-General offered to break the die, by purchasing it of the workman for one thousand ducats ; but it served for a pretext for a Dutch war, which Charles cared more about than the *mala bestia* of his exergue. Charles also complained of a scandalous picture which the brothers De Witt had in their house, representing a naval battle with the English. Charles the Second seems to have been more sensible to this sort of national satire than we might have expected in a professed wit ; a race, however, who are not the most patient in having their own sauce returned to their lips. The king employed Evelyn to write a history of the Dutch war, and "enjoined him to make it a little keen, for the Hollanders had very unhandsomely abused him in their pictures, books, and libels." The Dutch continued their career of conveying their national feeling on English affairs more triumphantly when their stadtholder ascended an English throne. The birth of the Pretender is represented by the chest which Minerva gave to the daughters of Cecrops to keep, and which, opened, discovered an infant with a serpent's tail : *Infantemque vident apporectumque draconem* ; the chest perhaps alluding to the removes of the warming-pan : and in another, James and a Jesuit flying in terror, the king throwing away a crown and sceptre, and the Jesuit carrying a child, *Ite, missa est*, the words applied from the mass. But in these contests of national feeling, while the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth did not allow of these ludicrous and satirical exhibitions ; and the political idolatry which his forty academicians paid to him, exhausted itself in the splendid fic-

tions of a series of famous medals, amounting to nearly four hundred ; it appears that we were not without our reprisals : for I find Prosper Marchand, who writes as a Hollander, censuring his own country for having at length adulated the grand monarch by a complimentary medal. He says, "The English cannot be reproached with a similar *debonairété*." After the famous victories of Marlborough, they indeed inserted in a medal the head of the French monarch and the English queen, with this inscription, *Ludovicus Magnus, Anna Major*. Long ere this, one of our queens had been exhibited by ourselves with considerable energy. On the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth, Pinkerton tells us, struck a medal representing the English and Spanish fleets, *Hesperidum regem devicit virgo*. Philip had medals dispersed in England of the same impression, with this addition, *Negatur. Est meretrix vulgi*. These the queen suppressed, but published another medal, with this legend :

Hesperidum regem devicit virgo ; negatur, Est meretrix vulgi : res eo deterior.

An age fertile in satirical prints was the eventful æra of Charles the First ; they were showered from all parties, and a large collection of them would admit of a critical historical commentary, which might become a vehicle of the most curious secret history. Most of them are in a bad style, for they are allegorical ; yet that these satirical exhibitions influenced the eyes and minds of the people is evident, from an extraordinary circumstance. Two grave collections of historical documents adopted them. We are surprised to find prefixed to Rushworth's and Nalson's historical collections, two political caricature prints ! Nalson's was an act of retributive justice ; but he seems to have been aware, that satire in the shape of pictures is a language very attractive to the multitude ; for he has introduced a caricature print in the solemn folio of the trial of Charles the First. Of the happiest of these political prints is one by Taylor the water-poet, emblematic of the distracted times. It is the figure of a man whose eyes have left their sockets, and whose legs have usurped the place of his arms ; a horse on his hind legs is drawing a cart ; a church is inverted ; fish fly in the air ; a candle burns with the flame downwards ; and the mouse and rabbit are pursuing the cat and the fox !

The animosities of national hatreds have been a fertile source of these vehicles of popular feeling—which discover themselves in severe or grotesque caricatures. The French and the Spaniards mutually exhibited one another under the most extravagant figures. The political caricatures of the French, in the seventeenth century, are numerous. The *badauds* of Paris amused themselves for their losses, by giving an emetic to a Spaniard, to make him render up all the towns his victories had obtained ; seven or eight Spaniards are seen seated around a large turnip, with their frizzled mustachios, their hats *en pot-à-beurre* ; their long rapiers, with their pummels down to their feet, and their points up to their shoulders ; their ruffs stiffened by many rows, and pieces of garlick stuck in their girdles. The Dutch were exhibited in as great variety as the uniformity of frogs would



allow. We have largely participated in this vindictive spirit, which these grotesque emblems keep up among the people; they mark the most feelings of national pride. The Greeks despised foreigners, and considered them only as fit to be slaves,* the ancient Jews, inflated with an idea of their small territory, would be masters of the world, the Italians placed a bar of demarcation far genius and taste, and marked it by their insatiation. The Spaniards once imagined that the conference of God with Moses on Mount Sinai were in the Spanish language. If a Japanese becomes the friend of a foreigner, he is considered as committing treason to his emperor; and reported as a false brother in a country which we are told is figuratively called *Yooke*, or the kingdom under the Moon. John Bullism is not peculiar to Englishmen, and patriotism is a noble virtue, when it secures our independence without depriving us of our humanity.

The civil wars of the league in France, and those in England under Charles the First, bear the most striking resemblance, and on examining the revolutionary scenes exhibited by the gayer in the famous *salon Menapier*, we discover the foreign artist revealing in the caricature of his ludicrous and severe exhibition, and in that other revolutionary period of *La France*, there was a means for political songs, the curious have formed them into collections, and we not only have "the Bump songs" of Charles the First's time, but have repeated this kind of evidence of the public feeling at many subsequent periods. Caricatures and political songs might with us furnish a new sort of history, and perhaps would preserve more truths, and describe some particular events, not to be found in more grave authorities.

AUTOGRAPHS.

THE art of judging of the character of persons by their writing can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, may become an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural dispositions. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar handwriting, the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine, a heavy of beauty will now write such far wonders of each other, that on a heap of letters presented to the

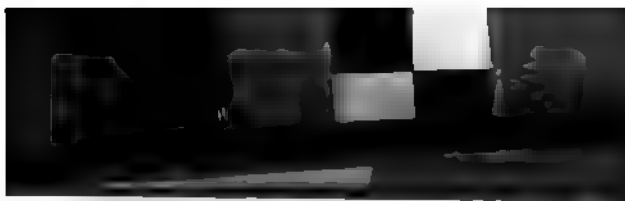
most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like *Benvenuto* among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of finding on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our handwritings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our common grammar: it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern, and the formidable handwriting of our young ladies is like the former tight lacing of their mothers' youthful days, when every one else had what was supposed to be a fine shape!

Amusedly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a countenance—a voice—and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them, the slowly will blot and efface and screw, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing, the vivacity and variability of the Frenchman, and the decency and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the sternness and strength of the pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind, which has acquired the fortunate habit of a ready attention, will write with scarcely an erratum on the page, as Pindar and Gray and Gibbon, while we find in Pope's manuscript the perpetual struggle of correction, and the eager and rapid interminations struck off in haste. Lavater's notion of handwriting is by no means chimerical, nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr. Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and handwriting.

Long before the days of Lavater, Benvenuto in one of his letters said, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper." One great truth must however be conceded to the opponents of the physiognomy of writing, general rules only can be laid down. Yet the chief principle must be true, that the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish adepts a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of an ordinary brother, the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composed his epigrams or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his task with the writing-master; the third writes his

* A passage may be found in Aristotle's Politics, vol. i. c. 2-7, where Aristotle advises Alexander to govern the Greeks like his subjects, and the barbarians like slaves, for that the one he was to consider as companions, and the other as creatures of an inferior race.

† A small volume which I met with at Paris, entitled "L'Art de juger du Caractère des Hommes par leurs Ecritures," is curious for its illustrations, consisting of seventy-four plates, exhibiting fac-similes of the writing of emperors and other persons, correctly taken from the original autographs.



highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial vocations, the fourth has all that finished minuteness, which polishes his verses, while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these handwritings with the utmost correctness, so I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

"Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had wisdom a good pen."—The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the superior of the Pope's supremacy and his triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand."—We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand, in all respects he was an ardent pupil, and he had exactly learnt to write and to reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth wrote an upright hand, like the bastard Italian." She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegance of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and possibly elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines, when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation "Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes severity and estimation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two handwritings answers most evidently to that of their characters."

"James the First wrote a poor ungainly character, all scrawl, and not in a straight line." James certainly wrote a shrewdly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which speaks about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had." Charles was the son of our monarchs who intended to have domesticated taste on the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their handwritings,

that he would have not been inamenable to the elegance of the pen.

"Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done." Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

"James the Second wrote a large fair hand." It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand" that is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.

This subject of AUTOGRAHS associates itself with what has been dignified by its professors as CALIGRAPHY, or the art of beautiful writing. As I have something curious to communicate on that subject considered professionally, it shall form our following article.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING-MASTERS.

THIS is a very apt letter from James the First to Prince Henry when very young, on the neatness and fairness of his handwriting, the royal father suspecting that the prince's tutor, Mr., afterwards Sir Adam Newton, had helped out the young prince in the composition, and that in this specimen of calligraphy he had relied also on the pains of Mr. PETER BALLA, the great writing master, for touching up his letters, his majesty shows a laudable anxiety that the prince should be improved with the higher importance of the one over the other. James shall himself speak. "I confess I long to receive a letter from you that may be wholly yours, as well matter as form, as well formed by your mind as drawn by your fingers, for as may remember, that in my book to you I warn you to beware with (of) that kind of wit that may fly out at the end of your fingers, not that I commend not a fair handwriting, *sed hoc facito, stud non omittas*, and the other is *multo magis preestimum*." Prince Henry, indeed, wrote with that elegance which he borrowed from his own mind; and in an age when such minute elegance was not universal among the crowned heads of Europe. Henry IV., on receiving a letter from Prince Henry, immediately opened it, a custom not usual with him, and comparing the writing with the signature, to decide whether it were of one hand, Sir George Carew, observing the French king's hesitation, called Mr. Douglas to testify to the fact; on which Henry the Great, admiring an art in which he had little skill, and looking on the neat elegance of the writing before him, piously observed, "I see that in writing fair, as in other things, the elder must yield to the younger."

Had this anecdote of neat writing reached the professors of calligraphy, who in this country have put forth such painful panegyrics on the art, these royal names had unquestionably adorned their pages. Not indeed, that these persons require any fresh instruction; for never has there been a more

of profusion in any art, who have extended in inferiority and procreancy the practitioners in this simple and mechanical craft. I must leave to more ingenious investigators of human nature to reveal the occult cause which has operated such powerful delusions on them. "Vive la Plume!" men, who have been generally observed to possess limit intellectual ability, in proportion to the excellence they have obtained in their own art. I suspect this maniacal vanity is peculiar to the writing-masters of England; and I can only attribute the immense importance which they have conceived of their art, to the perfection to which they have carried the art of short-hand writing; an art which was always better understood, and more skilfully practised, in England than in any other country. It will surprise some when they learn that the artists in verse and colours, poets and painters, have not raised higher pretensions to the admiration of mankind. Writing-masters, or calligraphers, have had their engraved "effigies," with a Fame in Gountham, a pen in one hand, and a trumpet in the other; and *see verum insculptum*, and their very lives written! They have com-

"The nimble-turning of their silver quill," to the beautiful in art, and the sublime in invention; nor is this wonderful, since they discover the art of writing, like the invention of language, in a divine original; and from the tablets of some which the Deity himself bestowed, they trace their German broad text or their fine running hand.

One, for "the bold striking of those words, *Pave la Plume*," was so crumbly of the reputation that this last piece of command of hand would give the book which he thus adorned, and which his biographer acknowledges was the product of about a minute,—(but then how many years of flourishing had that single minute cost him!)—that he claims the glory of an artist, observing—

"We seldom find

The man of business with the artist join'd."

Another was flattered that his writing could impart immortality to the most wretched compositions—

"And any man prove pleasing, when you write."

Sometimes the calligrapher is a sort of hero—

"To you, you rare commander of the quill,
Whose wit and worth, deep learning, and high skill,

Speak you the honour of GRAY TOWN HILL!"

The last line became traditionally adopted by those who were so lucky as to live in the neighbourhood of this Parnassus. But the reader must form some notion of that charm of calligraphy which has so bewitched its professors, when,

"Soft, bold, and free, your manuscripts all please."

"How justly bold in BRILL's improving hand
The Pen at once joins freedom with command!
With softness strong, with ornaments not vain,
Loose with proportion, and with neatness plain;
Not swell'd, not full, complete in every part,
And artful mean, when not affecting art."

And these describe those pencilled knots and flourishes, "the angels, the men, the birds, and the beasts," which, as one of them observed, he could

"Command

Even by the gentle motion of his hand,"

all the species *microscopically* of calligraphy!

"Thy tender stroke, imitatively fine,
Crown with perfection every flowing line;
And to each grand performance add a grace,
As writing *has* adorns a beautiful face;
In every page new fancies give delight,
And sporting round the margin charm the sight."

One Masey, a writing-master, published, in 1763, "The Origin and Progress of Letters." The great singularity of this volume is "A new species of biography never attempted before in English." This consists of the lives of "English Penmen," otherwise writing-masters! If some have foolishly enough imagined that the arduous lives of authors are void of interest from devious incident and intervening catastrophe, what must they think of the barren labours of those, who, in the degree they become eminent, to use their own style, in their art of "dash, dash, long-tail fly," the less they become interesting to the public; for what can the most skilful writing-master do but wear away his life in leaning over his pupil's copy, or sometimes snatch a pen to decorate the margin, though he cannot compose the page? Montague has a very original notion on writing-masters: he says that some of these calligraphers, who had obtained promotion by their excellence in the art, afterwards applied to write *seriously*, but their promotion should be suspected to have been owing to such an ordinary acquisition.

Masey is an enthusiast, fortunately for his subject. He considers that there are *schools* of writing, as well as of painting or sculpture, and capitulates with the eye of fraternal feeling on "a natural given, a tender stroke, a grand performance, a bold striking freedom, and a liveliness in the spragged letters, and pencilled knots and flourishes," while the Viceroy of writing-masters relates the controversies and the libels of many a rival pen-wubber. GEORGE BRILLLEY, one of the most celebrated worthies who have made a shining figure in the commonwealth of English calligraphy, born I suppose of obscure parents, became brought up in Christ's Hospital, yet under the humble bluecoat he laid the foundation of his calligraphic excellence and lasting fame, for he was elected writing-master to the hospital. BRILLLEY published his "Natural Writing" but also BRILL, another blue-coat, transcended the other. He was a genius who would "bear no brother near the throne"—"I have been informed that there were violent heart-burnings, if not backstings, between him and Col Ayles, another of our great reformers in the writing commonwealth, both eminent men, yet, like our most celebrated poets *Pope* and *Addison*, or, to carry the comparison still higher, like *Cicero* and *Pompey*, one could bear no rival, and the other no equal." Indeed, the great BRILLLEY practised a little stratagem against Mr BRILLLEY, which, if writing-masters held courts-martial, this hero ought to have appeared before his brethren. So one of his works he procured a number of

write letters, in which Massey confesses satirical strokes upon SHELLEY," as if exaggerated too much to himself in his book of Writing." They find great fault with notes and sprigged letters. SHELLEY, who vocate for ornaments in fine penmanship, is utterly rejected, had parodied a well-known of Herbert's in favour of his favourite :

"may take him who from letters files,
In delight into an exercise."

actions created ill-blood, and even an enmity amongst several of the superior writing. The commanding genius of a more terrific contest when he published "Standard Rules," pretending to have reduced them as Euclid would. "This proved a contention, and occasioned a terrific war between Mr. SNELL and Mr. CLARK. This outbreak 'Standard Rules' ran so high before, that they could scarce forbear scurrying therein, and a treatment of each other as gentlemen! Both sides in this dispute bettored; and to say which had the most reason, *non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. They should have left them to choose which they liked best." A canon is our MASSEY, and a philosophical one; for he winds up the whole story of art by describing its result, which happens in all such great controversies have ever been. Who now-a-days takes those *Standard Rules* for one or the other, for their guide in

This is the finest lesson ever offered to the heads of parties, and to all their men; meditate on the nothingness of their rules" by the fate of Mr. SNELL!

be expected when once these writing-masters imagined that they were artists, that they infected with those plague-spots of envy, detraction, and all the *jalousie du siècle* such to this hour we find them! An every scene of this nature has long been in my neighbourhood, where two champions of the quill have been posting at their windows respecting the inventor of the *art of writing*, the Carstairsian or the

When the great German philosopher said that he had discovered the method of settling before Sir Isaac, and when the dispute went so silent that even the calm Newton sent a message in set terms, and got even George I to try to arbitrate (who would rather undertake a campaign), the method of settling was no more cleared up than the present between our two heroes of the quill.

An instance of one of these egregious calumnies may be told of the late TOMKINS. This writing-masters dreamed through life that the art of writing was one of the fine arts, and that the writing-master should be seated with his peers in my! He bequeathed to the British Museum his *opus magnum*; a copy of Macklin's is richly embellished with the most beautiful decorations of his pen; and as he thought that both the workman and the work were to be darling objects with posterity, he

left something immortal with the legacy, his fine bust by Chantrey! without which they were not to receive the unparalleled gift. When TOMKINS applied to have his bust, our great sculptor asked the usual price, and, courteously kind to the feelings of the man, said that he considered Tomkins as an ARTIST! It was the proudest day of the life of our writing-master!

But an eminent artist and wit once looking on this fine bust of TOMKINS, declared, that "this man had died for want of a dinner!"—a fate, however, not so lamentable as it appeared! Our penman had long felt that he was degraded in the scale of genius by not being received at the Academy, at least among the class of engravers; the next approach to academic honour he conceived would be that of appearing as a guest at their annual dinner. These invitations are as limited as they are select, and all the Academy persisted in considering TOMKINS as a *writing-master*! Many a year passed, every intrigue was practised, every remonstrance was urged, every stratagem of courtesy was tried; but never ceasing to deplore the failure of his hopes, it preyed on his spirits, and the luckless caligrapher went down to his grave—without dining at the Academy! Such men about such things have produced public contests, *combats à l'outrance*, where much ink was spilt by the knights in a joust of goose-quills.

These solemn trials have often occurred in the history of writing-masters, which is enlivened by public defiances, proclamations, and judicial trials by umpires; and the prize was usually a golden pen of some value. One as late as in the reign of Anne took place between Mr. GERMAN and Mr. MORE. GERMAN having courteously insisted that Mr. MORE should set the copy, he thus set it, ingeniously quaint!

As more, and MORE, our understanding clears,
So more and more our ignorance appears.

The result of this pen-combat was really lamentable; they displayed such an equality of excellence that the umpires refused to decide, till one of them espied that Mr. GERMAN had omitted the tittle of an i! But Mr. MORE was evidently a man of genius, not only by his couplet, but in his "Essay on the Invention of Writing," where occurs this noble passage: "Art with me is of no party. A noble emulation I would cherish, while it proceeded neither from, nor to malevolence. Bales had his Johnson, Norman his Mason, Ayres his Matlock and his Shelley; yet Art the while was no sufferer. The busybody who officiously employs himself in creating misunderstandings between artists, may be compared to a turnstile, which stands in every man's way, yet hinders nobody; and he is the slanderer who gives ear to the slander."*

Among these knights of the "Plume volante," whose chivalric exploits astounded the beholders, must be distinguished PETER BALES in his joust with DAVID JOHNSON. In this tilting match the guerdon of caligraphy was won by the greatest of caligraphers; its arms were assumed by the victor, azure, a pen or; while "the golden pen," carried away in triumph, was painted with a hand over

* I have not met with More's book, and am obliged to transcribe this from the Biog. Brit.

the date of the autograph. The history of this renowned encounter was only traditionally known, till with my own eyes I pondered on this whole trial of skill in the precious manuscript of the champion himself, who, like Cæsar, not only knew how to win a victory, but also to record them. Peter Balle was a hero of such transcendent eminence, that his name has entered into our history. He had written (chronicle on—) of his curriculum of over-ripe writing, at the time the taste prevailed for admiring writing which no eye could read! In the company of a silver penny the calligrapher put more things than would fill several ordinary pages. He presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript in a ring of gold, covered with a crystal, he had also contrived a magnifying glass of such power, that, to her delight and wonder, her majesty read the whole volume, which she held on her thumb nail, and "recommended the same to the lords of the council, and the ambassadors," and frequently, as Peter often heard, did her majesty vouchsafe to wear the calligraphic ring.

"Some will think I labour on a rebooth"—undoubtedly enclosed Balle in his narrative, and his present historian much thank him for himself! The reader's gratitude will not be prepossessed to my pains, in condensing such copious pages into the use of "a silver penny," but without its worth.

For a whole year had Davis Johnson affixed a challenge: "To any one who should take exception to this my writing and teaching." He was a young friend of Balle, daring and longing for an encounter; yet Balle was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that he was "doing much less in writing and teaching" than the public challenge was proclaimed! He then set up his counter challenge, and in one hour afterwards Johnson's antagonist accepted it, "in a third dispute and disagreeing manner." Balle's challenge was delivered "in good terms," "To all Englishmen and strangers." It was to write for a pen of gold of twenty pounds value in all kinds of hands, "bold, straight, and latest," and most kind of work, "a full a mean, a small, with line and without line, in a new art hand, a new Latin hand, and a last running hand," and further, "to write true and spacious, most secretary and clerk-like, from a man's mouth, copying, or penmanship, either English or Latin."

Young Johnson had the hardihood now of turning the tables on his great antagonist, accusing the veteran Balle of arrogance. Such an absolute challenge, says he, was never witnessed by man, "without exception of any in the world." And a few days after meeting Balle, "of set purpose to affront and disgrace him what he could, showed Balle a piece of writing of secretary's hand, which he had very much laboured in one sheet of parchment," offering to the challenger these words: "He Balle, gave me one shilling out of your purse, and if within six months you better, or equal, this piece of writing, I will give you forty pounds for it." The last demand of the challenge

* This was written in the reign of Elizabeth. Holbein's name "vign-parchment made of an artificial skin, made of one's eye." Perhaps on drawing, call parchment simply an adjective.

was made, and the challenge, or appeal, was thereby bound by law to the performance.

The day before the trial a printed declaration was affixed throughout the city, denouncing Balle's "proud poverty," and his pecuniary distress, as "a thing ungrateful, base, and unworthy and not answerable to the dignity of the golden pen." Johnson declares he would maintain his challenge for a thousand pounds more, but for the respondent's inability to perform a thousand guineas. Balle retorts on the libel, declares it as a sign of his rival's weakness, "yet when we hold so lifted beyond, that hath not a word of Latin to cut at a day, as my do' to a guine!"

On Christmas day, 1599, the trial opened before two judges, the appellant and the respondent appeared at the appointed place, and an ancient gentleman was entrusted with "the golden pen." In the first trial, for the necessity of teaching scholars, after Johnson had taught his pupil a fortnight, he would not bring him forward! This was awarded in favour of Balle.

The second, in secretary and clerk-like writing, declaring to them both in English and in Latin, Balle performed best, being first done, written straight without line, with true orthography; the challenger himself confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue, and was no clerk!

The third and last trial for law writing in sundry kinds of hands, the challenge prevailed for the beauty and most "authentic proportion," and for the superior variety of the Roman hand. In this court-hand the respondent executed the appellant, and therefore in the second trial, and in hand secretary was also somewhat preferred.

At length Balle perhaps perceiving an equilibrium in the judicial decision, to over-throw his antagonist, presented what he designated as his "master piece," composed of secretary and Roman hand four ways round, and offering the defendant to let pass all his previous advantages if he could better this specimen of calligraphy! The challenge was won! At this moment came the judges perceiving that the decision must go in favour of Balle, in consideration of the youth of the challenger, lest he might be degraded to the world, requested the other judge not to pass judgment in public. Balle assures us, that he is vainly commended, but by these means the winning of the golden pen might not be so famously spread as otherwise it would have been. To Balle the prize was awarded. But our history has a more interesting claim, the entire Blackletter of the first challenger!

When the great trial had ended, and Balle, carrying off the golden pen, exultingly had it painted and set up for his own, the baffled challenger went about reporting that he had won the golden pen, but that the defendant had obtained the same by "plots and shifts, and other base and cunning practices." Balle vindicated his claim, and offered to show the world his "master piece" which had acquired a Johnson named as "Appel to all impartial Pen-men," which he spread in great numbers through the city for ten days, a libel against the judges and the victorious defendant! He declared that there had been a subtle combination with one of the judges concerning the place of trial, which he expected to have been before



"pen-men," but not before a multitude like a stage-play, and shouts and tumults, with which the challenger had hitherto been unacquainted. The judges were intended to be twelve, but of the five, four were the challenger's friends, honest gentlemen, but unskilled in judging of most hands, and he offered again forty pounds to be allowed in six months to equal BALE's master-piece. And he closes his "appeal" by declaring that BALE had lost in several parts of the trial, neither did the judges deny that BALE pawned himself of the golden pen by a trick. Before judgment was awarded, alleging the sickness of his wife to be extreme, he desired she might have a sight of the golden pen to comfort her. The ancient gentleman who was the holder, taking the defendant's word, allowed the golden pen to be carried to the sick wife, and BALE immediately pawned it, and afterwards, to make sure work, sold it at a great loss, so that when the judges met for their definitive sentence, nor ten nor pennyworth was to be had. The judges being assured of their own conduct, were compen'd to give such a verdict as suited the occasion.

BALE rejoins: he publishes to the universe the day and the hour when the judges brought the golden pen to his house, and while he checks the insolence of this Bohadil, to show himself no recreant, assumes the golden pen for his own.

Such is the shortest history I could contrive of this chivalry of the pen, something mysteriously cloudy over the fate of the defendant, BALE's history, like Caesar's, is but an *ex parte* evidence. Who can tell whether he has not slurred over his defeats, and only dwelt on his victories?

There is a strange phrase connected with the art of the calligrapher, which I think may be found in most, if not in all modern languages, *to write like an angel*. Ladies have been frequently compared with angels, they are beautiful as angels, and *angel* and *angelic* like angels, but, however intelligible these are, we do not so easily connect penmanship with the other celestial accomplishments. This French phrase, however, has a very human origin. Among those ruined Greeks who emigrated to Italy, and some afterwards into France in the reign of Francis I, was one *Asclepiades*, whose beautiful calligraphy excited the admiration of the learned. The French monarch had a Greek mount case, modelled by his writing. The learned Henry Stephens, who, like our Porson for correctness and delicacy, was one of the most elegant writers of Greek, had learnt the practice from our *angel*. His name became synonymous for beautiful writing, and gave birth to that vulgar proverb or familiar phrase, *to write like an angel*.

THE ITALIAN HISTORIANS.

It is remarkable that the country, which has long lost its political independence, may be considered as the true parent of modern history. The greater part of their historians have obtained from the applause of their contemporaries, while they have not the less elaborately composed their posthumous folios, consecrated solely to truth and

posterity. The true principles of national glory are opened by the grandeur of the minds of these assertors of political freedom. It was their indignant spirit, seeking to console its injuries by combining them to their secret manuscripts, which raised up this singular phenomenon in the literary world.

Of the various causes which produced such a lofty race of patriots, one is prominent. The proud recollections of their Roman fathers often troubled the dreams of the sons. The petty rival republics, and the petty despotic principalities, which had started up from some great families, who at first came forward as the protectors of the people from their exterior enemies or their interior factions, at length settled into a corruption of power, a power which had been conferred on them to preserve liberty itself. These factions often shook by their jealousies, their fears, and their hatreds, that divided and, which ginned whenever they witnessed the "Libertines" descending from their Alps and their Apennines, Petrarch, in a noble invective, warned by Livy and ancient Rome, impatiently belied the French and the German passions, this points to enemies, he cries, "so often conquered, prepare to strike with swords, which formerly served us to raise our trophies, than the mistress of the world bear chains forged by hands which she has so often bound to their backs." Machiavel, in his "Exhortations to free Italy from the barbarians," rouses his country against their changeable masters, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards, closing with the verse of Petrarch, that short shall be the battle for which patriot virtue arms to show the world—

"che l'antico valore

Ne gli Italiani non è ancora morto."

Nor has this sublime patriotism declined even in more recent times, I cannot resist from presenting in this place a sonnet by J. V. Cassi, which I could never read without participating of the agitation of the writer for the ancient glory of his degenerated country.

Don'te ITALIA, il tuo braccio — a che te servi
Tu deli' altrui — non e, su' suoi monti, ser-
Di chi t'offende il defensor tuer ser-
Ambe nemici sono, ambo t'offenso,
Così dunque l'onor, così conservi.
Già avanti tu del glorioso Impero
Così al valor, così al valor primier
Che a te fiede giur, a te fiede oscuri
Or va, repudia il valor primo, e spara
I suoi, e fra il sangue i gemiti celi strida
Nel periglio ti agguati dormi, e spara
Dormi? Adultera tu? tu che tuonda
Spada indurte ti veggi, e tu non lo sai
E non la in braccio al tuo fedel tu uccidi?

Oh, Italy! where is thine arm? Where is thine arm?

So to be helped by others? Deem I right
Among offenders the defender stand?
Both are thy enemies, both have thy wrongs;
Thou dost thou honour — thou dost thou honour?
The mighty be undarks of the glorious empire?
And thus to Valour, to thy prime Valour
That swore its faith to thee, thy faith thou keep'st?

Go! and divorce thyself from thy old Violence,
And every illerom! and make the blood,
The heavy groans and cry of ages,
In thy last danger sleep, and work repose!
Sleep, vile Adulterum! the homicidal sword,
Vengeful, shall wake thee, and bid'st to slumber,
While asked in thy crimson arms, shall strike!

Among the domestic contents of Italy the true principles of political freedom were developed, and in that country we may find the origin of that philosophical history, which includes so many important views and so many new results, unknown to the ancients.

Machiavelli seems to have been the first writer who discovered the merit of what may be called comparative history. He it was who first sought in ancient history for the materials which were to illustrate the events of his own time, by tracing an analogous facts, similar persons, and parallel periods. This was enlarging the field of history, and opening a new combination for philosophical speculation. His profound genius advanced still further, he not only explained modern by ancient history, but he deduced their results or principles founded on the new sort of evidence, which guided him in forming his opinions. History had hitherto been, if we except Tacitus, but a story well told, and in writers of limited capacity, the detail and number of facts had too often been committed as the only valuable portion of history. An evolution of facts is not the philosophy of history, an historian must be in the act of applying his facts against some point or which he cannot strike into one. The character of Agassiz, in his instructions to his son on the study of history, has admirably touched on this distinction.

"Minds which are purely historical mistake a fact for an argument, they are so accustomed to unify themselves by repeating a great number of facts and curbing their memory, that they become incapable of reasoning on principle. It often happens that the result of their knowledge breeds confusion and universal indecision, for these facts, often contradictory, only raise up doubts. The superfluous and the frivolous occupy the place of what is essential and solid, so at last we are confused and darken it, that we must sail with them in a sea of trifles to get to firm land. Those who only seize the philosophical part of history fall into an opposite extreme, they judge of what has been done by that which should be done, while the others always decide on what should be done by that which has been the first are the dupes of their reasoning, the second of the facts which they mistake for reasoning. We should not separate two things which ought always to go in concert, and mutually lend an aid, reason and example. Avoid equally the contempt of some philosophers for the source of facts, and the distrust of the incapacity which those who combine themselves to facts often contract for whatever depends on pure reasoning. True and solid philosophy should direct us in the study of history, and the study of history should give perfection to philosophy." Such was the enlightened opinion, as far back as at the beginning of the last century, of the studious chancellor of France, before the more recent designation of *Philosophical History*

was so generally received, and so familiar on our title-page.

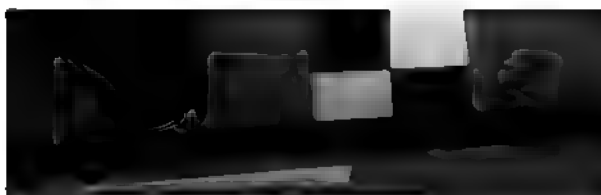
From the moment that the Florentine secretary conceived the idea that the history of the human people, opening such varied spectacles of human nature, served as a point of comparison to which he might perpetually recur to try the analogous facts of other nations, and the events passing under his own eye, a new light broke out and ran through the vast extent of history. The maturity of experience seemed to have been obtained by the historian, in his solitary meditations. Livy in the grandeur of Rome, and Tacitus in its faded decline, exhibited for Machiavelli a moving picture of his own republic—the march of destiny in all human governments! The text of Livy and Tacitus revised to him many an imperfect secret—the fuller truth he drew from the depth of his own observations on his own times. In Machiavelli's "*Discorsi on Livy*," we may discover the foundations of our *Philosophical History*.

The example of Machiavelli, like that of all creative genius, influenced the character of his age, and his history of Florence produced an immediate sport among a new dynasty of historians.

These Italian historians have proved themselves to be an extraordinary race, for they devoted their days to the composition of historical works, which they were certain could not use the light during their lives! They nobly determined that their works should be posthumous, rather than be compelled to mutilate them for the press. These historians were rather the men than the martins of history, they did not always personally suffer for truth, but during their protracted labours they outlived their time, by outstripping their generation after death.

Among these Italian historians must be placed the illustrious Guicciardini, the friend of Machiavelli. No perfect edition of his history existed till recent times. The history itself was posthumous, not did his nephew venture to publish it, till twenty years had elapsed after the historian's death. He only gave the first seven books, and those castrated. The chosen passages consisted of some statements relating to the papal court, then so important in the affairs of Europe, with some account of the origin and progress of the papal power, and some eloquent pictures of the abuses and disorders of that corrupt court, and some free censures on the government of Florence. The precious fragments were fortunately preserved in manuscript, and the Protestants procured transcripts which they published separately, but which were long very rare. All the highest editions continued to be reprinted in the same truncated condition, and appear only to have been reinstated in the immortal history, as late as in 1773! Thus it required two centuries, before an editor could venture to give the world the pure and complete text of the manuscript of the immortal grandfather of the papal arm, who had been so clear and so independent an observer of the Roman cabal!

* They were printed at Basle in 1560—at London in 1695—in Amsterdam, 1693. How many attempts to echo the voice of suppressed truth! *Bayle's Ess. Hist. 1693.*



ADRIANI, whom his son entitles *guardiano* *Pluvium*, the writer of that pleasing dissertation "on the ancient painters noticed by Pliny," prefixed to his friend Vasari's *lives*, wrote, in a continuation of Guicciardini, a history of his own times in twenty-two books, of which Devoto gives the highest character for its moderate spirit, and De Thou has largely drawn from this source, which he commends for its authenticity. Our author, however, did not venture to publish his history during his lifetime: it was after his death that his son became the editor.

MAZZI, of a noble family and high in office, famed for a translation of Lory which reads its original in the pleasure it affords, in his retirement from public affairs wrote a history of Florence, which closes with the loss of the liberty of his country, in 1531. It was not published till fifty years after his death, even then the editors suppressed many passages which are found in manuscript in the libraries of Florence and Venice, with other historical documents of this noble and patriotic historian.

About the same time the minister PIERLUIGI MAZZI was writing his "*Compendio di fasti civici*," which had occurred in Florence. He gave therein with his dying hand to his nephew, who promoted the use to the Grand Duke, yet although this work is rather an apology than a continuation of the Medici family for their ambitious views and their overgrown power, probably some state-censor interposed to prevent the publication, which did not take place till 150 years after the death of the historian.

BARNABO BIONI composed a history of Florence still more valuable, which shared the same fate as that of MAZZI. It was only after his death that his relatives accidentally discovered this history of Florence, which the author had carefully concealed during his lifetime. He had abstained from communicating to any one the existence of such a work while he lived, that he might not be induced to check the freedom of his pen, nor compromise the cause and the interests of truth. His heirs presented it to one of the Medici family, who threw it aside. Another copy had been more carefully preserved, from which it was printed, in 1713, about 150 years after it had been written. It appears to have excited great curiosity, for Lancelotti de' Prunoy observes, that the scarcity of this history is owing to the circumstance "of the Grand Duke having bought up the copies." De Prunoy, indeed, has noticed more than once this sort of address of the Grand Duke, for he observes on the Florentine history of SAURO, that the work was not common, the Grand Duke having bought up the copies, to suppress them. The author was even obliged to fly from Italy, for having delivered his opinions too freely on the house of the Medici. This honest historian thus expresses himself at the close of his work: "My design has but one end; that our posterity may learn by these notices the woes and the causes of so many troubles which we have suffered, while they expose the malignity of those men who have raised them up, or prolonged them, as well as the goodness of those who did all which they could to turn them away."

It was the same motive, the fear of offending the great passages of their families, of whom these

historians had so freely written, which deterred BARNABO VASARI from publishing his well-known "*Storia Fiorentina*," which was not given to the world till 1751, a period which appears to have reared the stumbers of the literary men of Italy to recur to their native historians. VASARI, who wrote with as much zeal the history of his fatherland, as noticed by Machiavelli as one who never took an active part in the events he records, never having combined with any party, and living merely as a spectator. This historian claims the narrative of a horrid crime by Peter Leone Parron with this admirable reflection: "I know well this story, with many others which I have freely exposed, may hereafter prevent the reading of my history, but since I know, that besides what Tacitus has said on this subject, the great duty of an historian is not to be more careful of the reputation of persons than is suitable with truth, which is to be preferred to all things, however detrimental it may be to the crown."

Such was that free manner of thinking and of writing which prevailed in these Italian historians, who, often living in the midst of the ruins of popular freedom, pursued forth their inspired feelings in their secret pages, without the hope, and perhaps without the wish, of seeing them published in their lifetime, a glorious example of self-denial and lofty patriotism.

Had I been inquired of these writers why they did not publish their histories, they might have answered, in nearly the words of an ancient sage, "Because I am not permitted to write so I would, and I cannot write so I am persecuted." We cannot imagine that these great men were in the least innumerable to the opinions they drew themselves; they were not of foreigners to be turned aside, and it was the highest motive which can inspire an historian, a stern devotion to truth, which reduced them to silence, but not to inactivity! These Florentine and Venetian historians, ardent with truth, and profound in political sagacity, were early writing their legends of history for their countrymen, hopesters of their gratitude! If a Frenchman wrote the English history, that labour was the abatement of his own glory, if Murat and Robertson devoted their pens to history, the motive or the task was less glorious than their work; but have we discovered a race of historians, whose patriotism alone incited their secret labour, and who substituted for fame and fortune that mightier spirit, which, amidst their conflicting passions, has developed the truest principles, and even the errors, of POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY!

None of these historians, we have seen, published their works in their lifetime. I have called them the sons of history, rather than the martyrs. On however, had the intrepidity to risk this responsibility, and he stands forth among the illustrious and ill-fated examples of mistaken martyrdom!

The great historian is CHIANCI, whose history of the kingdom of Naples is famous for its profound inquiries, and for its accurate and systematic constitution. The author died at that kingdom. With some literary and professional avocations at the time, he was consumed in writing this history, and in other

when history is written, the author must be a martyr, and the history must be a martyr.



on the clergy, are the chief subjects of his bold and unswerving pen. These passages, curious, grave, and indignant, were afterwards extracted from the history by Verri, and published in a small volume, under the title of "*Anecdotes Macchiavoliques*," 1736. When GIANNONI consulted with a friend on the propriety of publishing his history, his critic, on admiring the work, predicted the fate of the author. "You have," said he, "placed on your head a crown of thorns, and of very sharp ones!" The historian set at nought his own personal repose; and in 1733 this elaborate history saw the light. From that moment the historian never enjoyed a day of quiet! Rome attempted at first to extinguish the author with his work, all the books were seized on; and copies of the first edition are of extreme rarity. To escape the fangs of inquisitorial power, the historian of Naples fled from Naples on the publication of his immortal work. The fugitive and excommunicated author sought an asylum at Vienna, where, though he found no friend in the emperor, Prince Eugene, and other nobles, became his patron. Forced to quit Vienna, he retired to Venice, when a new persecution arose from the jealousy of the state-inquisitors, who one night landed him on the borders of the pope's dominions. Escaping unexpectedly with his life to Geneva, he was preparing a supplemental volume to his celebrated history, when, enticed by a treacherous friend to a Catholic village, GIANNONI was arrested by an order of the king of Sardinia; his manuscripts were sent to Rome, and the historian imprisoned in a fort. It is curious that the imprisoned GIANNONI wrote a vindication of the rights of the king of Sardinia, against the claims of the court of Rome. This powerful appeal to the feelings of the sovereign was at first favourably received; but, under the secret influence of Rome, the Sardinian monarch, on the extraordinary plea that he kept GIANNONI as a prisoner of state that he might preserve him from the papal power, ordered that the vindicator of his rights should be more closely confined than before! and, for this purpose, transferred his state-prisoner to the Citadel of Turin, where, after twelve years of persecution and of agitation, our great historian closed his life!

Such was the fate of this historical martyr, whose work the Catholic Mayin describes as *opera scritta con molto fuoco e troppa libertà*. He hints that this History is only paralleled by De Thou's great work. This Italian history will ever be ranked among the most philosophical. Set, profound as was the masculine genius of GIANNONI, such was his love of fame, that he wanted the intrepidity it required to deny himself the delight of giving his history to the world, though some of his great predecessors had set him a noble and dignified example.

One more observation on these Italian historians. All of them represent man in his darkest colours; they draw a terrific, the actors are monsters of perversity, of inhumanity, and inventors of crimes which seem to want a name! They were all "*princes of darkness*," and that age seemed to afford a triumph to Malthus! The worst passions were called in by all parties. But if something is to be ascribed to the manners of the times, much more may be traced up to that

source of politics, which sought for mystery in an undefinable struggle of ungovernable political power, in the reformation ambition of the despots, and the hatreds and jealousies of the republics. These Italian historians have formed a perpetual satire on the contemptible dissimulation and dissimulation, and the irreparable crimes of that system of politics, which has derived a name from one of themselves—the great, may we add, the calumniated, MACCHIAVEL!

OF PALACES BUILT BY MINISTERS.

Our ministers and court favourites, as well as those on the Continent, practiced a very impolitical custom, and one likely to be repeated, although it has never failed to cast a popular odium on their name, erecting even the copy of their equals—in the erection of Palaces for themselves, which outshone those of the sovereign; and which, to the eyes of the populace, appeared as a perpetual and insolent exhibition of what they derided the ill-earned wages of perulution, oppression, and court-favour. We discover the seduction of this passion for ostentation, this haughty sense of their power, and this self-indulgence, even among the most prudent and the wisest of our ministers; and not one but lived to lament over this vain act of improvidence. To these ministers the noble simplicity of Pitt will ever form an admirable contrast, while his personal character, as a statesman, descends to posterity, unstained by calumny.

The houses of Cardinal Wolsey appear to have exceeded the palaces of the sovereign in magnificence, and potent as he was in all the pride of pomp, the "great Cardinal" found rival every pursuing him in clear at his heels, that he relinquished one palace after the other, and gave up as gifts to the monarch, what, in all his overgrown greatness, he trembled to retain for himself. The state motto of that day was often pointed at this very circumstance, as appears in Shakspeare's "*Why come ye not to Court?*" and *Why?*" *Reck me, and be not wroth.*" Skelton's railing rhymes leave their better teeth in his purple pride, and the style of both these satirists, if we see our own orthography, shows how little the language of the common people has varied during three centuries.

Set up the wretch on high
In a throne triumphantly;
Make him a great state
And he will play check-mate
With royal majesty—
The King's Court
Should have the excellence,
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence;
And York's Place
With my Lord's grace,
To whose magnificence
Is all the confidence,
Suits, and supplications;
Emblems of all nations.

Ray, in contemplating the palace, so maliciously reminded of the butcher's lad, and only gives plain sense to plain words.

Nath the Cardinal any gay mansion?
Great palaces without compassion,
Now glorious of outward sight,
And within deck'd point-devise,^a
More like unto a paradise
Than an earthly habitation
He cometh then of some noble stock?
His father could match a bullock,
A butcher by his occupation.

Whatever we may now think of the structure, and the low apartments of WOLSEY'S PALACE, it is described not only in his own times, but much later, as of unparalleled magnificence, and indeed Cavendish's narrative of the Cardinal's entertainment of the French ambassadors, gives an idea of the ministerial prelate's imperial establishment, very puzzling to the comprehension of a modern inspector. Six hundred persons, I think, were banqueted and slept in an abode which appears to us so mean, but which Stowe calls "so stately a palace."

To avoid the odium of living in this splendid edifice, Wolsey presented it to the king, who, in recompense, suffered the Cardinal occasionally to inhabit this wonder of England, in the character of keeper of the king's palace,† so that Wolsey only dared to live in his own palace by a subterfuge. This perhaps was a tribute which ministerial haughtiness paid to popular feeling, or to the jealousy of the royal master.

I have elsewhere shown the extraordinary elegance and prodigality of expenditure of Buckingham's residences; they were such as to have extorted the wonder even of Bassompierre, and unquestionably excited the indignation of those who lived in a poor court, while our gay and thoughtless minister alone could lodge in the wasteful profusion.

But Wolsey and Buckingham were ambitious and adventurous; they rose and shone the comets of the political horizon of Europe. The Roman wars still haunted the imagination of the Cardinal, and the egotistic pride of having out-rivalled Richelieu and Olivarez, the notorious ministers but the real sovereigns of Europe, kindled the burning spirits of the gay, the gallant, and the splendid Villiers. But what "killy of the wise" must account for the conduct of the profound Clarendon, and the sensible Sir Robert Walpole, who, like the other two ministers, equally became the victims of this imprudent passion for the ostentatious pomp of a palace, which looked like the vaunt of insolence in the eyes of the people, and covered them with a popular odium.

Clarendon House is now only to be viewed in a print, but its story remains to be told. It was

built on the site of Grafton-street; and when afterwards purchased by Monk, the Duke of Althorpe, he left his title to that well known street. It was an edifice of considerable extent and grandeur. Clarendon reproaches himself in his life for "his weakness and vanity," in the vast expense incurred in this building, which he acknowledges had "more contributed to that great of envy that had so violently shaken him, than any misdeed; and that he was thought to have been guilty of." It ruined his estate, but he had been encouraged to it by the royal grant of the land, by that passion for building to which he owes "he was naturally too much inclined," and perhaps by other circumstances, among which was the opportunity of purchasing the stones which had been designed for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, but the envy it drew on him, and the excess of the architect's proposed expense, had made his life "very uneasy, and near insupportable." The truth is, that when this palace was finished, it was imputed to him as a state crime, all the evils in the nation, which were then numerous, pestilence, conflagration, war, and defeats, were discovered to be in some way connected with Clarendon House, or, as it was popularly called, either Dunkirk House, or Tamper Hall, from a notion that it had been erected with the golden bribery which the chancellor had received for the sale of Dunkirk and Tangiers. He was reproached with having profaned the sacred stones dedicated to the use of the church. The great but unfortunate master of this palace, who, from a private lawyer, had raised himself by alliance even to royalty, the father-in-law of the Duke of York, it was maliciously suggested, had persuaded Charles the Second to marry the Infanta of Portugal, knowing, but how Clarendon obtained the knowledge, his enemies have not revealed; that the Portuguese princess was not likely to raise any obstacle to the inheritance of his own daughter to the throne. At the Restoration, among other enemies, Clarendon found that the royalists were none of the least active; he was reproached by them for preferring those who had been the cause of their late troubles. The same reproach has been incurred in the late restoration of the Bourbons. It is perhaps difficult and more political to maintain a firm men who have obtained power, than to tolerate inferior talents, who at least have not the popularity. This is one of the paradoxes which so frequently strike us in expiring point-devise, and the ultras of Louis the Eighteenth are only the royalists of Charles the Second. There was a strong popular delusion carried on by the wits and the *Muses*, who formed the court of Charles the Second, that the government was as much shared by the Hydes, as the Stuarts. We have in the state-poems an unsparing lampoon, entitled, "Clarendon's House-warming," but a satire yielding nothing in severity I have discovered in manuscript, and it is also remarkable for turning chiefly on a pun of the famous name of the Earl of Clarendon. The witty and malicious rhymers, after making Charles the Second demand the great seal, and resolve to be his own chancellor, proceeds, reflecting on the great political victim—

^a *Point-devise*, a term ingeniously explained by my learned friend Mr. Douce. It is borrowed from the labours of the needle, as we have *point-lace*, so *point-devise*, is a *point* a stitch and *devise*, devised or invented, applied to describe anything uncommonly exact, or worked with the nicety and precision of stitches made or devised by the needle—*Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 93. See *Archdeacon Flares' "Glossary,"* a volume indispensable in every English library, and executed with equal curiosity and judgment.

† Lyson's *Environ*, v. 38.

Lo! his white ambition already divides
The empire between the Sturges and the Hydes.
Subsided, in the depth of our plague and war,
He built him a palace out-braven the stars;
Which house (we Donkerk, he Clarendon nation),
Looks down with shame upon St. James;
But 'tis not his golden globe that will save him,
Being less than the custom-house farmers gave him.

His chapel for conversation calls,
Whose meetings studded the moon from Paul's.
Where Queen Dido landed she bought as much
Ground

As the Hyde of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the mid Hyde was cut into things,
A city and kingdom to Hyde belongs;
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,

Hyde's bought to be seen but Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!
Of old, and where lay the kingdom divided,
'Twas our Hyde of land, 'tis now land of Hydes!

Clarendon House was a palace, which had been raised with at least as much magnanimity as pride; and Evelyn tells us, that the garden was planned by himself and his lordship, but the cost, as usual, troubled the calculation, and the noble master grieved in silence amidst this splendid pile of architecture. Even when in his exile the sale was proposed to pay his debts, and secure some provision for his younger children, he, honestly tells us, that "he remained still so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that though he was deprived of it, he shrank very unwillingly to the advice." In 1663 Clarendon House met its fate, and was abandoned to the brokers, who had purchased it for its materials. An affecting circumstance is recorded by Evelyn on this occasion. In returning to town with the Earl of Clarendon, the son of the great earl, "so pining by the glorious palace his father built but few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the arch was gone past by, least I might encounter 'twas of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time this pomp was fall'n." A feeling of infinite delicacy, so perfectly characteristic of Evelyn!

And now to bring down this subject to times still nearer. We find that Sir Robert Walpole had placed himself exactly in the situation of the great minister we have noticed, we have his confession to his brother Lord Walpole, and to his friend Sir John Hynde Cotton. The historian of this minister observes, that his magnificent buildings at Houghton drew on him great obloquy. On seeing his brother's house at Wolmerston, Sir Robert expressed his wishes that he had contented himself with a similar structure. In the reign of Anne, Sir Robert sitting by Sir John Hynde Cotton, alluding to a sumptuous house which was then building by HANLEY, observed, that to construct a great house was a high act of imprudence in any minister! It was a long time after, and when he had been prime minister, that he forgot the whole result of the present article, and pulled down his family mansion at Houghton to build that magnificent edifice, it was then Sir John Hynde Cotton reminded him of the reflection which he had made some

years ago. The reply of Sir Robert is remarkable—"Your recollection is too late; I wish you had reminded me of it before I began building, for then it might have been of service to me!"

The statesman and politician then are susceptible of all the infection of avarice and the pride of pomp! who would have credited it! But considered with power, in the magnificence and magnitude of the house which their colossal greatness inhabit, they seem to contemplate on its image!

Sir Francis Walsingham died and left nothing to pay his debts, as appears by a cyrene he left in the anonymous life of Sir Philip Sidney printed in the *Arcadia*, and evidently written by one acquainted with the family history of his friend and hero. The character Sidney, though bought after by court beauties, noticed the hand of the daughter of Walsingham, although, as it appears, she could have had no other portion than her own virtue and her father's name. "And herein," observes our anonymous biographer, "he was exemplary to all gentlemen not to carry their love in their purses." On this he notices this secret history of Walsingham.

"This is that Sir Francis who impoverished himself to enrich the state, and indeed made England his heir; and was so far from building up of fortune by the benefit of his place, that he demolished that fine estate left him by his ancestors to purchase dear intelligence from all parts of Christendom. He had a key to unlock the pope's cabinet, and as if money were as available whilpering-place, all the secrets of Christian princes met at his elbow. Wonder not then if he bequeathed no great wealth to his daughter, being privately interred in the quiet of Paul's, as much indebted to his creditors, though not so much as our nation is indebted to his memory."

Some curious inquiry may afford us a catalogue of great MINISTERS OF STATE who have voluntarily declined the augmentation of their private fortune, while they devoted their days to the noble pursuits of patriotic glory! The labour of this research will be great, and the volume small!

"TAXATION NO TYRANNY."

Such was the title of a famous political tract, sent forth at a moment when a people, in a state of insurrection, put forth a declaration that taxation was tyranny! It was not against an insignificant tax they protested, but against taxation itself! and in the temper of the moment this abstract proposition appeared an implicit paradox. It was instantly run down by that evasive party which, so far back as in the days of our Henry the First, are designated by the odd descriptive term of *ACQUAINT*, a people without heads! the strange equality of levellers!

* Cowen's Interpret, art. *Acquaint*. This by-name we unexpectedly find in a grave antiquarian law-dictionary! probably derived from Henry's description of a people whom some travellers had reported to have found in this predicament, in their fright and haste in attempting to land on a hostile shore among the savages. How it came to



These political institutions in all times have had an association of ideas of taxation and tyranny, and with them one name instantly suggests the other. This happened to one Gigit of Siena, who published the first part of a dictionary of the Tuscan language⁶ of which only 311 leaves remained the Florentines, having had the honour of being consigned to the flames by the hands of the hangman for certain popular errors; such as, for instance, under the word *Gran Duce* we find *Pedi Gabbelli* (our Taxes!) and the word *Gabbelli* was explained by a reference to *Gran Duce*! *Grand-duke* and *Taxes* were synonyms, according to the immoderate lexicographer! Such grievances, and the modes of expressing them, are equally ancient. A Roman consul, by levying a tax on salt during the Punic war, was nicknamed *Salinator*, and condemned by "the majesty" of the people! He had formerly done his duty to the country, but the *Salter* was now his reward! He retired from Rome, let his beard grow, and by his sordid dress, and melancholy air, evinced his acute sensibility. The Romans at length wanted the *Salter* to command the army. As an injured man, he refused—but he was told that he should bear the caprice of the Roman people with the tenderness of a son for the humour of a parent! He had lost his reputation by a productive tax on salt, though that tax had provided an army, and obtained a victory!

Certain it is that Gigit and his numerous adherents are wrong, for were they freed from all tributes as much as if they slept in forests and not in houses, were they inhabitants of wilds and not of cities, so that every man should be his own lawgiver, with a perpetual immunity from all taxation, we could not necessarily infer their political happiness. There are nations where taxation is hardly known, for the people exist in such utter wretchedness, that they are too poor to be taxed, of which the Chinese, among others, exhibit remarkable instances. When Nero would have abolished all taxes, in his excessive passion for popularity, the senate thanked him for his good will to the people, but assured him that this was a certain means not of repairing but of ruining the commonwealth. Bodin, in his curious work "The Republic," has noticed a class of politicians who are in too great favour with the people. "Many sedulous citizens, and desirous of innovations, did of late years promise immunity of taxes and subsidies to our people; but neither could they do it, or if they could have done it, they would not; or if it were done, should we

be introduced into the laws of Henry the First remains to be told by some profound antiquary. Cowel says, "Those are called *asphalt* who were the lawless of that age, and acknowledged as head or superior."

⁶ *Protholario di Santa Caterina e della Lingua Senese*, 1517. This pungent lexicon was prohibited at Rome by decree of the court of Florence. The history of this suppressed work may be found in *Il Giornale de Letterati d'Italia*, Tomo xxi. 410. In the last edition of Nodding's "Biblioteca Italiana," 1805, it is said to be reprinted at Mantua, *officina Silpionis*.—For the book-decree it is a great way to go for it.

have any common wealth, being the ground and foundation of one."⁷

The undisguised and naked term of "taxation" is, however, so odious to the people, that it may be curious to observe the arts practised by governments, and even by the people themselves, to veil it under some mitigating term. In the first breaking out of the American troubles, they probably would have yielded to the mother-country the right of taxation, modified by the term *regulation* (of their trade); thus I infer from a letter of Dr. Robertson, who observes, that "the distinction between taxation and regulation is more fully!" Even despotic governments have condescended to disguise the contributions forcibly levied, by some appellation which should partly conceal its real nature. Terms have often influenced circumstances, as names do things, and conquest or oppression, which we may allow to be synonymous, upon benevolence wherever it claims a gift what it exacts as a tribute.

A sort of philosophical history of taxation appears in the narrative of Wood, in his Enquiry on Homer. He tells us that "the *phalaris* (a sort of extensive aqueduct in the East) which are distributed annually by the beehive of Damascus to the several Arab provinces through whose territory he conducts the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, are, at Constantinople, called a *raga qier*, and considered as an act of the sultan's generosity towards his indigent subjects; while, on the other hand, the Arab sheikhs draw even a right of passage through the districts of their command, and exact those sums as a tax due for the permission of going through their country. In the frequent bloody contentions which the adjustment of these *raga produce*, the Turks complain of *arabazars*, and the Arabs of *taxation*!"

Here we trace taxation through all its shifting forms, accommodating itself to the feelings of the different people, the same principle regulated the alternate terms proposed by the bachelors, when they asked what the weaker party was sure to give, or when they issued what the others paid only as a common toll.

When Louis the Eleventh of France beheld his country exhausted by the predatory wars of England, he bought a peace of our Edward the Fourth by an annual sum of fifty thousand crowns, to be paid at London, and likewise granted *pension* to the English ministers. Holingshead and all our historians call this a yearly *tribute*; but Comenius, the French memoir writer, with a national spirit, denies that these gifts were either *pensions* or *tributes*. "Yet," says Bodin, a Frenchman also, but affecting a more philosophical indifference, "it must be either the one or the other, though I confess, that those who receive a pension to obtain peace, commonly boast of it as if it were a *tribute*!" Such are the shades of our feelings in this

⁷ Bodin's six Books of a Commonwealth, translated by Richard Knolles, 1606. A work replete with the practical knowledge of politics; and of which Mr. Dugald Stewart has delivered a high opinion.

⁸ Wood's Enquiry on Homer, p. 143.

⁹ Bodin's Commonwealth, translated by R. Knolles, p. 148. 1606.

history of taxation and tribute. But there is another artifice of applying soft names to hard things, by using a tyrannical act by a term which prevents no disagreeable idea to the imagination. When it was formerly thought desirable, in the estimation of officials which prevailed in Venice, to institute the office of *cosari*, three magistrates were elected bearing this title, but it seemed so harsh and austere in that despotic city, that those holders of mansions were compelled to change their title, when they were no longer called *cosari* but *signori sopra il doge e sopra della città*, all agreed on the propriety of the office under the softened term. Father Joseph, the secret agent of Cardinal Richelieu, was the inventor of *levées de deniers*, disguising that instrument of despotism by the adorning term of a *forced loan*. Registration would have been meretricious, compared with the result of that *bulletin*, a mailed letter from his majesty.

Burke reflects with profound truth—"Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object, and every action has formed to itself some favorite point, which, by way of essence, becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistracy, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the shibboleth and most eloquent language have been exercised, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered."

One party clamorously asserts that taxation is their grievance, while another demonstrates that the imposition of taxes would be their ruin. The interests of a great nation, among themselves, are often contrary to each other, and each asserts alternately to predominate and to decline. "The sting of taxation," observes Mr. Mallam, "is waste fulness. But it is difficult to name a limit beyond which taxes will not be borne without impatience when fairly applied." In plainer words, then only against, we presume, that Mr. Mallam's party would tell us "without waste fulness." Minutemen or opposition, wherever the administration, it follows that "taxation is no tyranny." Dr. Johnson then was terribly abused in his day for a word of *prudence* said!

And shall the innocent word be hateful, and the people will turn even on their best friend, who in administration collects a new impost, as we have shown by the fate of the Roman *salutator*. Among ourselves, our government, in its constitution, if not always in its practice, long had a consideration towards the feelings of the people, and often contrived to hide the nature of its exactions, by a name of *blatantment*. As enormous grievance was long the office of *purveyance*. A *purveyor* was an officer who was to furnish every sort of provisions for the royal house, and sometimes for great lords, during their progresses or journeys. His oppressive office, by arbitrarily fixing the

market-price, and compelling the countrymen to bring their articles to market, would enter into the history of the arts of grinding the labouring class of society, a remnant of feudal tyranny! The very title of this officer became odious, and by a statute of Edward III. the hateful name of *purveyor* was ordered to be changed into *archiver de boys*! A change of name, it was imagined, would conceal its nature! The term often derived strangely connected with the thing itself. Loans of money were long raised under the pathetic appeal of *benevolence*. When Edward IV. was passing over to France, he obtained, under this gentle demand, money towards "the great journey," and afterwards having "rode about the more part of the lands, and made the people in such fair manner, that they were liberal in their gifts," said Polheim adds, "the which way of the levying of this money was after named a *benevolence*." Edward IV. was courteous in the newly-received style, and was besides the handsomest tea-gatherer in his kingdom! His royal presence was very dangerous to the purses of his loyal subjects, particularly to those of the females. In his progress, having loved a widow he having contributed a larger sum than was expected from her estate, she was overjoyed of the singular honour and delight, that she doubled her *benevolence*, and a second time had named her! but in the succeeding reign of Richard III. the term had already lost the sweetness of its innocence. In the speech which the Duke of Buckingham delivered from the hustings in Guildhall, he explained the term to the satisfaction of his auditors, who even then were as circumvented as the levy of this day, in their notions of what now we gently call "supply." "Under the plausible name of *benevolence*, as it was held in the time of Edward IV., your goods were taken from you much against your will, as if by that name was understood that every man should pay not what he pleased, but what the king would have him," or, as a marginal note in Beck's Life of Richard III. more pointedly has it, that "the name of *benevolence* signified that every man should pay, not what he of his own good will had, but what the king of his good will had to take." Richard III., whose business, like that of all usurpers, was to be popular, in a statute even condemns this "benevolence" as "a new imposition," and enacts that "none shall be charged with it in future, many families having been ruined under them pretended gifts." No successor, however, found means to levy "a benevolence," but when Henry VIII. demanded one, the citizens of London appealed to the act of Richard III. Cardinal Wolsey related that the law of a murderous usurper should not be enforced. One of the common council vigorously replied, that "King Richard, constantly with parliament, had enacted many good statutes." Even then the reason seems to have comprehended the spirit of our constitution—that

* Daines Barrington, in "Observations on the Statutes," gives the marginal note of Beck as the words of the duke, they certainly served his purpose to answer, better than the vicious ones; but we export from a grave antiquary (scarcely authority). The duke is made by Barrington a sort of wit, but the pithy quotation is Beck's.

taxes should not be raised without consent of parliament!

Charles the First, amidst his urgent wants, at first had hoped, by the pathetic appeal to *benevolences*, that he should have touched the hearts of his unfriendly commoners; but the term of *benevolence* proved unlucky. The resisters of *taxation* took full advantage of a significant meaning, which had long been lost in the custom; asserting by this very term that all levies of money were not compulsory, but the voluntary gifts of the people. In that political crisis, when in the fulness of time all the national grievances, which had hitherto been kept down, started up with one voice, the courteous term strangely contrasted with the rough demand. Lord Digby said, "The granting of *subsidies*, under so preposterous a name as of a *benevolence*, was—a *malevolence*." And Mr. Grimstone observed, that "They have granted a *benevolence*, but the nature of the *thing* agrees not with the *name*." The nature indeed had so entirely changed from the name, that when James I. had tried to warm the hearts of his "benevolent" people, he got "little money, and lost a great deal of love." "Subsidies," that is, grants made by parliament, observes Arthur Wilson, a dispassionate historian, "get more of the people's money, but exactions enslave the mind."

When *benevolences* had become a grievance, to diminish the odium they invented more inviting phrases. The subject was cautiously informed that the sums demanded were only *loans*; or he was honoured by a letter under the *privy seal*; a bond which the king engaged to repay at a definite period; but privy seals at length came to be hawked about to persons coming out of church. "Privy seals," says a manuscript letter, "are flying thick and threefold in sight of all the world, which might surely have been better performed in delivering them to every man privately at home." The *general loan*, which in fact was a forced loan, was one of the most crying grievances under Charles I. Ingenious to the destruction of his own popularity, the king contrived a new mode, of "*secret instructions to commissioners*." They were to find out persons who could bear the largest rates. How the commissioners were to acquire this secret and inquisitorial knowledge appears in the bungling contrivance. It is one of their orders that after a number of inquiries have been put to a person, concerning others who had spoken against loan-money, and what arguments they had used, this person was to be charged in his majesty's name, and upon his allegiance, not to disclose to any other what his answer was! A striking instance of that fatuity of the human mind, when a weak government is trying to do what it knows not how: it was seeking to obtain a secret purpose, by the most open and general means; a self-destroying principle!

Our ancestors were children in finance; their simplicity has been too often described as tyranny! but from my soul do I believe, on this obscure

* These "Private Instructions to the Commissioners for the General Loan" may be found in Rushworth, i. 418.

subject of taxation, that old Burleigh's advice to Elizabeth includes more than all the squabbling pamphlets of our political economists—"WIN HEARTS, AND YOU HAVE THEIR HANDS AND PURSES!"

THE BOOK OF DEATH.

MONTAIGNE was fond of reading minute accounts of the deaths of remarkable persons; and, in the simplicity of his heart, old Montaigne wished to be learned enough to form a collection of these deaths, to observe "their words, their actions, and what sort of countenance they put upon it." He seems to have been a little over curious, in reference, no doubt, to his own, in which he was certainly deceived; for he did not die as he had promised himself,—expiring in the adoration of the mass; or, as his preceptor Buchanan would have called it, in "the act of rank idolatry."

I have been told of a privately printed volume, under the singular title of "The Book of Death," where an *amateur* has compiled the pious memorials of many of our eminent men in their last moments: and it may form a companion-piece to the little volume on "*Les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*." This work, I fear, must be monotonous; the deaths of the righteous must resemble each other; the learned and the eloquent can only receive in silence that hope which awaits "the covenant of the grave." But this volume will not establish any decisive principle; since the just and the religious have not always encountered death with indifference, nor even in a fit composure of mind.

The functions of the mind are connected with those of the body. On a death-bed a fortnight's disease may reduce the firmest to a most wretched state; while, on the contrary, the soul struggles, as it were in torture, in a robust frame. Nani, the Venetian historian, has curiously described the death of Innocent X., who was a character unblemished by vices, and who died at an advanced age, with too robust a constitution. *Dopo lunga e terribile agonia, con dolore e con pena, separandosi l'anima da quel corpo robusto, egli spirò ai sette di Genuaro, nel ottantesimo primo de suoi anni.* "After a long and terrible agony, with great bodily pain and difficulty, his soul separated itself from that robust frame, and expired in his eighty-first year."

Some have composed sermons on death, while they passed many years of anxiety, approaching to madness, in contemplating their own. The certainty of an immediate separation from all our human sympathies may even on a death-bed, suddenly disorder the imagination. The great physician of our times told me of a general, who had often faced the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror, when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer; he viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a criminal execution, accompanied by all its disgrace, it was

ordered that his life should be spared,—instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless, and they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death! Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its last trial. The habitual associations of the natural character are most likely to prevail—though not always! The intrepid Marshal Byron disgraced his exit by womanish tears, and raging imbecility, the virtuous Brumwell, with miserable groans was heard crying out *Domine! Domine! for fear! for fear!* Davis having prepared his pistol for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words which Lord Chamberlain was heard to speak were, when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Dayrolm—“Give Dayrolm a chair!” “The good-brooding,” observed the late Dr. Warren, his physician, “only quits him with his life.” The last words of Nelson were, “Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor.” The tranquil grandeur which cast a new majesty over Charles the First on the scaffold, appeared when he declared,—“I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me.” And the characteristic piety of St. Thomas More calibrates his last moments, when, observing the weakness of the scaffold, he said, in mounting it, “I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself.” Sir Walter Raleigh passed a similar jest when going to the scaffold.

My ingenious friend Dr. Sherwin has furnished me with the following anecdotes of death. In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One roan plumed loudly of his pains, the other after long silence thus offered him consolation.—“My friend, whenever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold, and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.”

At the murder of the Duke of Enghien, the royal executioner, looking at the soldiers who had painted their faces, said, “Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will men, or only wound me!” To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, “A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to see and avoid, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear.”

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when murdered in nearly the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal hero in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to hurt him, nobly replied, “You have often injured me when I have been near to you in the field of battle.”

When the governor of Cadix, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said, “Coward, to strike there! Come round, if you dare-face, and destroy me!”

Mr. Abernethy in his Physiological Lectures has indignantly observed, that “Shakespeare has represented Mercutio continuing to jest, though

conscious that he was mortally wounded; the expiring Metaphor thinking of nothing but honour; and the dying Falstaff still cracking his jocos upon Bardolph’s nose. If such facts were duly attended to, they would prompt us to make a more liberal allowance for each other’s conduct under certain circumstances than we are accustomed to do.” The truth seems to be, that whenever the functions of the mind are not disturbed by “the nervous functions of the digestive organs,” the personal character predominates even on death, and on habitual associations exist to its last moments. Many religious persons may have died without showing to their last moments any of those exterior acts, or employing those fervent expressions, which the collectors of “The Book of Death” would only design to chronicle, these have not gathered in their last hour.

Yet many with us have delighted to taste of death long before they have died, and have placed before their eyes all the furniture of mortality. The horrors of a charnel-house is the scene of their pleasure. The “Midnight Meditations” of Quaker preceded Young’s “Night Thoughts” by a century, and both these poets loved preternatural terror.

“If I must die, I’ll snatch at every thing
That may but mind me of my latest breath;
DEATH’S—HEADS, GRAYES, KIBLES, BLADES,^a
Tombes, all these shall bring
Down my soul such useful thoughts of death,
That this sabbie king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares.”—QUAKER.

But it may be doubtful whether the thoughts of death are useful, whenever they put a man out of the possession of his faculties. Young pursued the scheme of Quaker; he raved about him an artificial emotion of death, he darkened his sepulchral beds, placing a skull on his table by lamplight, as Dr. Donne had his portrait taken, first winding a sheet over his head and closing his eyes, keeping this melancholy picture by his bed-side as long as he lived, to remind him of his mortality. Young even in his garden had his conceits of death at the end of an avenue was carved a seat of an admirable charade scenario, which, when approached, presented only a painted surface, with an inscription, alluding to the deception of the things of this world. To be looking at “The mirror which flatters not,” to discover corruption only as a skeleton with the horrid life of corruption about us, has been among those pernicious inventions, which have often ended in shaking the intellect by the poign which are only natural to the dæmoned. Without adverting to these numerous testimonies, the daemon of fanaticism, I shall offer a picture of an accomplished and innocent lady, in a curious and unconnected transcript she has left of a mood of great tranquillity, where the preternatural terror of death might perch have hastened the premature end she suffered.

From the “Reliquary Gethsemane,” I quote

^a *Stark* was the term for mourning in James the First and Charles the First’s time.
? His discovery of the nature of the run columns, of what is original and what collected, will be found in a preceding portion of this work.

some of Lady Gethin's ideas on "Death."—"The very thoughts of death disturb one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health, than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise, as neither to hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash, inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life.—This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright, as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible." She proceeds by enumerating the terrors of the fearful, who "cannot enjoy themselves in the pleasantest places, and although they are neither on sea, river, or creek, but in good health in their chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the *fear of dying*, that they do not measure it only by the *present* dangers that wait on us.—Then is it not best to submit to God? But some people cannot do it as they would; and though they are not destitute of reason but perceive they are to blame, yet at the same time that their reason condemns them, their imagination makes their hearts feel what it pleases."

Such is the picture of an ingenuous and a religious mind, drawn by an amiable woman, who, it is evident, lived always in the fear of death. The Gothic skeleton was ever haunting her imagination. In Dr. Johnson the same horror was suggested by the thoughts of death. When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on this subject, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death; he answered in a passion, "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!" But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he thundered out, "Give us no more of this!" and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!"

It may be a question whether those who by their preparatory conduct have appeared to show the greatest indifference for death, have not rather betrayed the most curious art to disguise its terrors. Some have invented a mode of escaping from life in the midst of convivial enjoyment. A mortuary preparation of this kind has been recorded of an amiable man, Moncriff, the author of "*Histoire des Chats*" and "*L'Art de Plaire*," by his literary friend La Place, who was an actor in, as well as the historian of the singular narrative. One morning La Place received a note from Moncriff, requesting that "he would immediately select for him a dozen volumes most likely to amuse, and of a nature to

withdraw the reader from being occupied by melancholy thoughts." La Place was startled at the unusual request, and flew to his old friend, whom he found deeply engaged in being measured for a new peruke, and a taffety robe de chambre, earnestly enjoining the utmost expedition. "Shut the door!"—said Moncriff, observing the surprise of his friend. "And now that we are alone, I confide my secret: on rising this morning, my valet in dressing me showed me on this leg this dark spot—from that moment I knew I was 'condemned to death;' but I had presence of mind enough not to betray myself." "Can a head so well organised as yours imagine that such a trifle is a sentence of death?"—"Don't speak so loud, my friend!—or rather deign to listen a moment. At my age it is fatal! The system from which I have derived the felicity of a long life has been, that whenever any evil, moral or physical, happens to us, if there is a remedy, all must be sacrificed to deliver us from it—but in a contrary case, I do not choose to wrestle with destiny and to begin complaints, endless as useless! All that I request of you, my friend, is to assist me to pass away the few days which remain for me, free from all cares, of which otherwise they might be too susceptible. But do not think," he added with warmth, "that I mean to elude the religious duties of a citizen, which so many of late affect to contemn. The good and virtuous curate of my parish is coming here under a pretext of an annual contribution, and I have even ordered my physician, on whose confidence I can rely. Here is a list of ten or twelve persons, friends beloved! who are mostly known to you. I shall write to them this evening, to tell them of my condemnation; but if they wish me to live, they will do me the favour to assemble here at five in the evening, where they may be certain of finding all those objects of amusement, which I shall study to discover suitable to their tastes. And you, my old friend, with my doctor, are two on whom I most depend."

La Place was strongly affected by this appeal—neither Socrates, nor Cato, nor Seneca looked more serenely on the approach of death.

"Familiarise yourself early with death!" said the good old man with a smile; "it is only dreadful for those who dread it!"

During ten days after this singular conversation, the whole of Moncriff's remaining life, his apartment was open to his friends, of whom several were ladies; all kinds of games were played till nine o'clock, and that the sorrows of the host might not disturb his guests, he played the *chouette* at his favourite game of *picquet*: a supper, seasoned by the wit of the master, concluded at eleven. On the tenth night, in taking leave of his friend, Moncriff whispered to him, "Adieu, my friend! to-morrow morning I shall return your books!" He died, as he foresaw, the following day.

I have sometimes thought that we might form a history of this *fear of death*, by tracing the first appearances of the SKELETON which haunts our funereal imagination. In the modern history of mankind we might discover some very strong contrasts in the notion of death entertained by men at various epochs. The following article will supply a sketch of this kind.

HISTORY OF THE SKELETON OF DEATH.

Euthanasia? Euthanasia? an easy death! was the exclamation of Augustus, it was what Antoninus Pius enjoyed, and it is that for which every wise man will pray, and Lord Overy, when perhaps he was contemplating on the ruin of David's life.

The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could ever make its stroke. They raised others to heaven, in misfortune, to all the joys of life, for there might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity, and in the beautiful legends of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments—*Strophæ Sæpæ*.* If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had more glimpses and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the gods intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul. Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself elegantly denoted the cessation of human life, a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblem of ephemeral life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they were at their common shrines, a flask of wine, a patena, and the small bones used as dice; all these emblems were indelible allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. They did not palliate their imagination with the contents of a charnel house. The sarcophagi of the ancients rather recall to us the remembrance of the activity of life, for they are sculptured with battles or games, religious rebirths, a sort of tender homage paid to the dead, observes Mad Dr Roget, with her peculiar refinement of thinking.

It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by more periphrases, such as *discessit a se*, "he has departed from life," and they did not say that their friend had died, but that he had *been* dead. Even among a people less refined the obtrusive idea of death has been studiously avoided: we are told that when the Emperor of Morocco inquired after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word "death" the answer is "his dream is ended." But this tenderness is only reserved for "the elect" of the Mohammedans. A Jew's death is at once plainly expressed, "He is dead, or 'asking your pardon for mentioning such a comfortable word'—'a Jew'! A Christian's is described by 'The infant is dead!' or, 'The cuckold is dead!'"

The artists of antiquity have so rarely attempted to personify Death, that we have not discovered a

single revolting image of this entity in all the works of antiquity—so correct its delicacy to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art, that of never offering to the eye a distortion of form in the violence of passion, which destroyed the beauty of its representation, such is shown in the Laocœan, whose the growth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity, without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Paganism considered as a personification of death a female figure, whose teeth and nails, long and crumpled, were engraved on a coffin of cedar, which encased the body of Cyprius, but this female was only one of the *Parce*, or the *Penes*. Catullus ventured to personify the sister Dismos in three Creons, "but in general," Winkelman observes, "they are portrayed as beautiful youths, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll." Death was a necessity to the poetical artist: Could he exhibit what represents nothing? Could he associate into action what lies in a state of eternal tranquillity? Elegant images of repose and tender sorrow were all he could invent to indicate the state of death. Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of *Comosion*, or "the sleeping-place," the Jews, who had no horror of the grave, by *Sabbath*, or "the house of the living," the Germans, with religious simplicity, "God's field."

Hence, then, originated that striking skeleton, suggesting so many calm and unworldly ideas, and which for us has so long served as the image of death! When the Christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed: the certainty of a future state of existence, by the attrition of wicked worldly men, terrified instead of comforting human nature, and in the resurrection the ignorant multitude seemed rather to have dreaded retribution, than to have hoped for remission. The founder of Christianity everywhere breathes the harmoniousness of mutual feelings. It is "our Father" whom he addresses. The horror with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruption of Christianity among their insane sects, who, misinterpreting "the word of life," trampled on nature, and imagined that to secure an existence in the other world, it was necessary not to exist in the one in which God had placed them. The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of these imperious monks whose arduous traffic had with the terrors of ignorance and hyperbolic "flames and bangs." The arena was darkened by penance and by pilgrimages, by midnight vigils,

* A representation of DEATH by a SKELETON appears among the Egyptians a custom more singular than barbarous; per-*se*, of enclosing a skeleton of beautiful workmanship in a small coffin, which the bearer carried round at their entertainment observing, "after death you will resemble this figure: drink then 'and be happy!'" a spirit of DEATH is a convivial party was not designed to excite terrific or gloomy ideas.

* *Monstreaux, L'Antiquité Égyptienne, t. 182.*

by miraculous shrines, and bloody flagellations; spectres started up amidst their *ténèbres*, millions of masses increased their supernatural influence. Amidst this general gloom of Europe, their troubled imaginations were frequently predicting the end of the world. It was at this period that they first beheld the grave yawn, and Death in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as they viewed everywhere hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their "pale cloisters," the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table or his chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their "horæ," their primers, and their breviaries. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immovability and repose; nor that it was burlesquing the awful idea of the resurrection, by exhibiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality drawn out of the corruption of the grave.

An anecdote of these monkish times has been preserved by old Gerard Leigh; and as old stories are best set off by old words, Gerard speaketh "The great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine (Germany), the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed—DEATH! When that well-learned emperor had beholden it a while, he called unto him his painter, commanding to blot the skeleton out, and to paint therein the image of—A FOOL. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, 'It was a good remembrance!'—'Nay,' quoth the emperor, 'as vermin that annoyeth man's body cometh unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a fained image, and life is a certain thing, if we know to deserve it.'"^{*} The original mind of Maximilian the Great is characterised by this curious story of converting our emblem of death into a party-coloured fool; and such satirical allusions to the folly of those who persisted in their notion of the skeleton were not unusual with the artists of those times; we find the figure of a fool sitting with some drollery between the legs of one of these skeletons."[†]

This story is associated with an important fact. After they had successfully terrified the people with their charnel-house figure, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was now employed as a medium to convey the most facetious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow their pencil to sport with deformity; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy their own homely nature, delighted to

give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; to put an eye of mockery or malignity into its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, taken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of *dancing*! This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality, is the more singular part of this history of the skeleton, and indeed of human nature itself!

"The Dance of Death" by Holbein, with other similar dances, however differently treated, have one common subject, which was painted in the arcades of burying-grounds, or on town-halls, and in market-places. The subject is usually the skeleton in the act of leading all ranks and conditions to the grave, personated after nature, and in the strict costume of the times. This invention opened a new field for genius; and when we can for a moment forget their luckless choice of their bony and bloodless hero, who to amuse us by a variety of action becomes a sort of horrid harlequin in these pantomimical scenes, we may be delighted by the numerous human characters, which are so vividly presented to us. The origin of this extraordinary invention is supposed to be a favourite pageant, or religious mummary, invented by the clergy, who in these ages of barbarous Christianity always found it necessary to amuse, as well as to frighten the populace; a circumstance well known to have occurred in so many other grotesque and licentious festivals they allowed the people. This pageant was performed in churches, in which the chief characters in society were supported in a sort of masquerade, mixing together in a general dance, in the course of which every one in his turn vanished from the scene, to show how one after the other died off.* The subject was at once poetical and ethical; and the poets and painters of Germany adopting the skeleton, sent forth this chimerical Ulysses of another world to roam among the men and manners of their own. One Macaber composed a popular poem, and the old Gaulish version reformed is still printed at Troyes, in France, with the ancient blocks of woodcuts, under the title of "*La grande Danse Macabre des hommes et des femmes*." Merian's "*Todten Tans*," or the "*Dance of the Dead*," is a curious set of prints of a dance of death from an ancient painting, I think not entirely defaced, in a cemetery at Basle, in Switzerland. It was ordered to be painted by a council which was held there during many years, to commemorate the mortality occasioned by a plague in 1439. The prevailing character of all these works is unquestionably grotesque and ludicrous; not, however, that genius, however barbarous, could refrain in this large subject of human life from inventing scenes often imagined with great delicacy of conception and even great pathos! Such is the new-married couple, whom Death is leading, beating a drum, and in the rapture of the hour, the bride seems with a melancholy look, not insensible of his presence; or Death is seen issuing from the cottage of the poor

* The Accidence of Armorie, p. 199.

† A woodcut preserved in Mr. Dibdin's Bib. Dec. i 35.

* Mr. Douce has poured forth his curious knowledge on this subject in a dissertation prefixed to a valuable edition of Hollar's "*Dance of Death*."



widow with her youngest child, who waves his hand sorrowfully, while the mother and the sister vainly answer; or the old man, to whom death is playing on a postern, seems anxious that his withered fingers should once more touch the string, while he is carried off in calm tranquility. The greater part of these subjects of death are, however, ludicrous; and it may be a question, whether the spectators of these dances of death did not find their mirth more excited than their religious emotions. Ignorant and terrified as the people were at the view of the skeleton, even the grossness of simplicity could not fail to laugh at some of those domestic scenes and familiar persons drawn from among themselves. The skeleton, skeleton as it is, in the creation of genius, gesticulates and mimics, while even its hideous skull is made to express every diversified character, and the result is hard to describe; for we are at once amused and disgusted with so much genius founded on so much barbarism.

When the artist succeeded in conveying to the eye the most ludicrous notions of death, the poets also discovered in it a fertile source of the burlesque. The curious collector is acquainted with many volumes where the most extraordinary topics have been combined with this subject. They made the body and the soul debate together, and ridiculed the complaints of a damned soul! The greater part of the poets of the time were always composing on the subject of Death in their humorous pieces.* Such historical records of the public mind, historians, intent on political events, have rarely noticed.

Of a work of this nature, a popular favourite was long the one entitled "*Le fantôme et les esprits malins qu'on apporte à cette nécessité, Le tout en vers burlesques*," 1658. Jacques Jacques, a canon of Ambrun, was the writer, who humorously says of himself, that he gives his thoughts just as they lie on his heart, without dissimulation; "for I have nothing double about me except my name!" I tell thee some of the most important truths in laughing, it is for thee *d'y prêter tout à bon*." This little volume was procured for me with some difficulty in France, and it is considered as one of the happiest of this class of death-poems, of which I know not of any in our literature.

Our canon of Ambrun, in facetious rhymes, and with the *serried* of expression which belongs to his age, and an idiomatic turn fatal to a translator, such in pleasantness, his haughty hero condescends to hold very amusing dialogues with all classes of society, and delights to confound their "crausons leutins." The most miserable of men, the galley-slave, the mendicant, alike would escape when he appears to them. "Were I not absolute over them," Death exclaims, "they would confound me with their long speeches; but I have business, and must gallop on!" No geographical rhythm are droil.

"Ce que j'ai fait dans l'Afrique
Je le fais bien dans l'Amérique;
On l'appelle monde nouveau
Mais ce sont des braves à veau;
Quelle terre à moi s'est nouvelle
Je voy partout mon qu'on m'appelle;

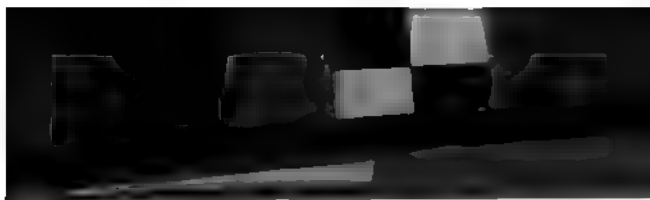
* Gouyet Bib. Française, vol. 2. 185.

Mon bras de tout temps commande
Dans le pays de Canada;
J'ai tenu de tout temps en bride
La Virginie et la Floride,
Et j'ai bien donné sur le bec
Aux Français du fort de Kebec.
Lorsque je veux je les ai eues
Aux Indes, aux îles de Mexique.
Et montre aux nouveaux Grenadins
Qu'ils sont des fous et des badins.
Chacun sait bien comme je mette
Cruz de Brésil et de la Platte.
Ainsi que les Taupinembous—
En un mot, je fais tout à tout
Que ce que nait dans la nature,
Doit prendre de moi tablature!"

The perpetual employments of Death display capacious invention with a facility of humour.

"Egalement je voy vengeance,
Le conseiller et le sergent,
Le gentilhomme et le berger,
Le bourgeois et le boulanger,
Et la maistrise et la errante
Et la sœur comme la tante;
Monseigneur l'abbé, monseigneur son maître,
Le petit clerc et le chanoye,
Sans choix je mets dans mon botin
Maître Claude, maître Martin,
Dame Lucie, dame Perrette, &c.
J'en prends un dans le temps qu'il pousse
A quelque autre, au contraire à l'heure
Que d'ordinaire il rit
Je donne le coup qui le fit.
J'en prends un, pendant qu'il se lève;
En se couchant l'autre j'enlève.
Je prends le malade et le son.
L'un aujourd'hui, l'autre le demain.
J'en surprends un dedans son lit
L'autre à l'entrée quand il lit.
J'en surprends un le ventre plein
Je même l'autre par le sein.
J'attrape l'un pendant qu'il prie,
Et l'autre pendant qu'il récite,
J'en saisis un au cabaret,
Entre le blanc et le claret,
L'autre qui dans son oratoire
A son Dieu rend honneur et gloire;
J'en surprends un lors qu'il se penne
Le jour qu'il épouse sa femme,
L'autre le jour que pinn du deuil
La menne il voit dans le cercueil;
Un à pied et l'autre à cheval
Dans le jeu l'un, et l'autre au bal;
Un qui mange et l'autre qui boit,
Un qui paye et l'autre qui doit.
L'un en est lorsqu'il monseigneur
L'autre en vrodange dans l'antonne,
L'un criant almanachs soursous—
Un qui demande son sarrasin
L'autre dans le temps qu'il le donne.
Je prends le bon maître Clément,
Au temps qu'il read un l'onneur.
Et prends la dame Catherine
Le jour qu'elle prend médecine."

* *Tableaux d'un bal*, Cotgrave says, is the belly of a lute, meaning "all in nature must dance to my music!"



THE RIVAL BIOGRAPHERS OF HEYLIN.

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This vein of gaiety in the old canon of Ambrose covers deeper and more philosophical thoughts than the angular mode of treating so serious a theme. He has introduced many scenes of human life, which still interest, and he addresses the "Toute à triple couronne," as well as the "fouet de gâler," who exclaims, "Laissez-moi vivre dans mon lit," "le gâler," the "bourgeois," the "chanoine," the "pauvre soldat," the "indocile," in a word, all ranks in life are exhibited, as in all the "doux" of death. But our object of notice: these curious paintings and poems in to show that after the "sacred" Ocho had, upon the "gentle" of "sacred" and tribulation of Europe, and given birth to that domal abjects of death, which still terrifies the imagination of "sacred," a fraction of feeling was experienced by the populace, who at length came to laugh at the gloomy spectacle which had so long terrified them!

THE RIVAL BIOGRAPHERS OF HEYLIN.

Peter Heylin was one of the popular writers of his time, like Piers and Howell, who, devoting their penning pen to subjects which deeply interested their own busy age, will not be slighted by the curious. We have nearly outlived their divinity, but not their politics. Metaphysical abstractions are transient words which must be cut down by the myths of Time, but the great panacea branching from the tree of life are still "growing with our growth."

There are two biographies of our Heylin, which led to a literary quarrel of an extraordinary nature; and, in the progress of its secret history, all the feelings of rival authorship were called out.

Heylin died in 1683. Dr. Bernard, his son-in-law, and a scholar, communicated a sketch of the author's life to be perused to a posthumous folio, of which Heylin's son was the editor. This life was given by the son, but anonymously, which may not have gratified the author, the son-in-law.

Twenty years had elapsed when, in 1693, appeared "The Life of Dr. Peter Heylin, by George Vernon." The writer, alluding to the prior life prefixed to the posthumous folio, avers, that in borrowing something from Bernard, Bernard had also "Excerpted passages out of my papers, the very words as well as matter, when he had them in his custody, as any reader may discern who will be at the pains of comparing the life now published with what is extant before the *Kalendaræ Ecclesiasticæ*;" the quaint, pedantic title, after the fashion of the day, of the posthumous folio.

This strong accusation seemed countenanced by a dedication to the son and the nephew of Heylin. Roused now into action, the indignant Bernard soon produced a more complete Life, to which he prefixed "A necessary Vindication." This is an unparagoned castigation of Vernon, the literary pot whom the Heylins had fondled in preference to their learned relative. The long-smothered family grudge, the supposed mortification of literary pride, after the coarseness of grumbling of twenty years, now burst out, and the volcanic particles flew about in

caustic pleonasmies and sharp invectives; all the lava of an author's vengeance, mortified by the chance of an inferior rival.

It appears that Vernon had been selected by the son of Heylin, in preference to his brother-in-law, Dr. Bernard, from some family disagreement. Bernard tells us, in describing Vernon, that "No man, except himself, who was totally ignorant of the Doctor, and all the circumstances of his life, would have engaged in such a work, which was never primarily laid out for him, but by reason of some unhappy differences, as usually fall out in families; and he who loves to put his ear in troubled waters, instead of closing them up, hath made them wider."

Bernard tells his story plainly. Heylin, the son, intending to have a more elaborate life of his father prefixed to his works, Dr. Bernard, from the high reverence in which he held the memory of his father-in-law, offered to contribute it. Many conferences were held, and the son entrusted him with several papers. But suddenly his caprice, more than his judgment, fancied that George Vernon was worth John Bernard. The doctor affects to describe his rejection with the most stercoral indifference. He tells us, "I was satisfied, and did patiently expect the coming forth of the work, not only term after term, but year after year, a very considerable time for such a tract. But at last, instead of the life, came a letter to me from a bookseller in London, who lived at the sign of the Black Boy, in Fleet Street."

Now it seems that he who lived at the Black Boy had combined with another who lived at the Fleur de Luce, and that the Fleur de Luce had assured the Black Boy that Dr. Bernard was concerned in writing the Life of Heylin,—this was a strong recommendation. But lo! it appeared that "one Mr. Vernon, of Gloucester," was to be the man! a gentle, thin-skinned authorizing, who bleated like a lamb, and was so fearful to trip out of its shelter, that it allows the Black Boy and the Fleur de Luce to communicate its papers to any one they chanced, and erase, or add, at their pleasure.

It occurred to the Black Boy, on this proposed arithmetical criticism, that the work required addition, subtraction, and division; that the fittest critic, on whose name, indeed, he had originally engaged in the work, was our Dr. Bernard; and he sent the package to the doctor, who resided near Lincoln.

The doctor, it appears, had no appetite for a dish dished by another, while he himself was in the very act of the cookery; and it was suffered to lie cold for three weeks at the carrier's.

But entreated and overcome, the good doctor at length sent to the carrier's for the life of his father-in-law. "I found it, according to the bookseller's description, both lame and imperfect; ill begun, worse carried on, and abruptly concluded." The learned doctor exercised that plenitude of power with which the Black Boy had invested him—he very obligingly showed the author in what a confused state his materials lay together, and how to put them in order.

"Huc secunda dantur bene, nec incutit ordo."

If his rejections were capricious, to show his good

will as well as his severity, his additions were generous, though he used the precaution of carefully distinguishing by "distinct paragraphs" his own insertions amidst Vernon's man, with a gentle hint, that "He knew more of Heylin than any man now living, and ought therefore to have been the biographer." He returned the ms. to the gentleman with great civility, but none he received back! If Vernon had perceived that the work was to be improved by being nearly destroyed; and when he asked for correction, he probably expected all might end in a compliment.

The narrative may now proceed to Vernon's details of his dutiful mortification, in being "advised and managed" by Dr. Bernard.

"Instead of thanks from him (Dr. Bernard), and the return of common civility, he disgorged my papers, that no sooner came into his hands, but he fell upon them as a lion rampant, or the cat upon the poor cock in the fable, saying, *Vi hinc melli discerpere*—as my papers came home miserably clawed, blotted, and blurted, while sentences dismembered, and pages scratched out, several terms omitted which ought to be printed,—cheerfully he used my copy, so that before it was carried to the press, he scooped away the second part of the life wholly from it—in the room of which he substituted a preposterous conclusion at the last page, which he printed in a different character, yet could not keep himself honest, as the poet saith,

Distigue me pagina, fer et.

MARTIAL:

for he took out of my copy Doctor Heylin's dream, his technique, his last words before his death, and left out the burning of his surplice. He so changed and metamorphosed the whole life I composed, that I may say as *Scelus did*, *Agamemnon non crevit, ille alter, Scelus, me melle miscuit modis*—*Plautus*—

Dr. Bernard would have "patiently endured these wrongs;" but the accusation Vernon ventured on, that Bernard was the plagiarist, required the doctor "to return the poisoned chalice to his own lips," that "himself was the plagiarist both of words and matter." The fact is, that this reciprocal accusation was owing to Bernard having had a prior perusal of Heylin's papers, which afterwards came into the hands of Vernon; they both drew their waters from the same source. These papers Heylin himself had left for "a rule to guide the writer of his life."

Bernard heavily returns on Vernon for his unrepentant use of whole pages from Heylin's works, which he has appropriated to himself without any marks of quotation—"I am no such excerptor (as he calls me), he is of the bottom of the man who took all the ships on the Atlantic for his own, and yet was himself not master of any one vessel."

Again—

"But all this while I misunderstand him, for possibly he misreads his own dear words I have excerpted. Why doth he not speak in plain downright English, that the world may see my faults? For every one does not know what is excerpting. If I have been so bold to pick or

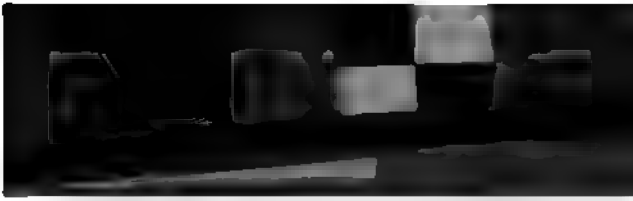
snap a word from him, I hope I may have the benefit of the clergy. What words have I robbed him of? and how have I become the richer for them? I was never so taken with him as to be once tempted to break the commandment, because I love plain speaking, plain writing, and plain dealing, which he does not, I hate it—word excerpted, and the action imported in it. However, he is a fearful man, and thinks there is no elegance now wit but in his own way of talking. I must say as Tully did, *Mente equidem inserviam prodentem quam solium iniquitatem*."

In his turn he accuses Vernon of being a perpetual transcriber, and for the Mabius monotony of his history.

"But how have I excerpted his matter? Then I am sure to rob the spittle-house; for he is so poor, and put so hard shifts, that he has much ado to compose a tolerable story, which he hath been hammering and concocting in his mind for four years together, before he could bring forth but *four* of insupportable transcriptions to moisten the reader's patience and memory. How doth he run himself out of breath, monotonous for twenty pages and more, at other times others, ordinarily none and ten, collected out of Dr. Heylin's old hunk, before he can take his word again to return to his story. I never met with such a transcriber in all my days, for want of matter to fill up a volume, of which his book was in much danger, he hath set down the story of Westminster, as long as the Ploughman's Tale in Chaucer, which to the reader would have been more pertinent and pleasant. I wonder he did not transcribe bulls of chancery, especially about a tedious non my father had for several years about a lease at Norton."

In his ratiocination of Vernon's affected metaphors and comparisons, "his similitudes and drammatodes strangely hampered in, and fetched as far as the antipodes." Bernard observes, "The man hath also a strange opinion of himself that he is Doctor Heylin, and because he writes his life, that he hath his natural parts, if not acquired. The soul of St. Augustine (say the schools) was Pythagorically transferred into the corpse of Aquinas; as the soul of Dr. Heylin into a narrow soul. I know there is a question in philosophy, *an ensim sit equales?* Whether souls be alike? But there's a difference between the spirits of Elijah and Elisha—so small a prophet with so great an one!"

Dr. Bernard concludes by regretting that good counsel came now unseasonable, that he would have advised the writer to have transmitted his task to one who had been an ancient friend of Dr. Heylin, rather than ambitiously have mounted it, who was a profound stranger to him, by reason of which no better account could be expected from him than what he has given. He hits off the character of this piece of biography—"A life in the half; an imperfect creature, that is not only lame (as the honest bookbinder said), but wanteth legs, and all other integral parts of a man, say, the very soul that should animate a body like Dr. Heylin. So that I must say of him as Plutarch doth of Tit. Gracchus, 'that he is a bold undertaker and rash talker of those matters he does not understand.' And so I have done



with him, unless he creates to himself and me a future trouble."

Vernon appears to have drunk away from the dust. The son of Heyton stood corrected by the superior life produced by their relative, the learned and vivacious Bernard probably never again ventured to edit and improve the works of an author kneeling and praying for correction. These blessing limbs, it seems, often turn out stinging lions!

OF LENGLET DU FRESNOY.

The "*Méthode pour étudier l'Histoire*," by the Abbé LANGELET DU FRESNOY, is a master-key to all the locked-up treasures of ancient and modern history, and to the more secret stores of the observer's memorials of every nation. The history of this work and its author are equally remarkable. The man was a sort of curiosity in human nature, as his works are in literature. Lenglet du Fresnoy is not a writer merely laborious; without genius, he still has a hardy originality in his manner of writing and of thinking, and his vast and various curiosity furnishing his immense book-knowledge, with a freedom verging on cynical causticity, led to the pursuit of uncommon topics. Even the prefaces to the works which he edited are singularly curious, and he has usually added *bibliothèques*, or critical catalogues of authors, which we may still consult for notices on the writers of romances—of those on literary subjects—on alchemy, or the hermetic philosophy, or those who have written on apparitions, visions, &c.—an historical rant on the merit of confessions, &c., besides those "*Places instructives*," which constitute some of the most extraordinary documents in the philosophy of history. His manner of writing secured him readers even among the unlearned, his mordacity, his sarcasm, his derision, his pregnant interjections, his unguarded frankness, and often his strange opinions, contribute to his reader's amusement more than compensate with his greater tasks, but his peculiarities cannot alter the value of his knowledge, whatever they may sometimes detract from his opinions, and we may safely admire the ingenuity, without quarrelling with the severity of the writer, who having composed a work on *L'Usage des Romains*, in which he gaily impugned the authenticity of all history, to prove himself not to have been the author, ambidextrously published another of "*L'Histoire possible contre les Romains*," and perhaps it was not his fault that the attack was spirited, and the justification dull.

This "*Méthode*" and his "*Traité des Chronologies*," of nearly forty other publications are the only ones which have outlived their writer; valuable, rarely curious, are valued to the shelf of the collector; the very name of an author never curious—that shadow of a shade—and always were preserved by a dictionary-composer in the universal charity of his alphabetical inventory.

The history of this work is a striking instance of those imperfect beginnings, which have often closed in the most important labours. This admirable "*Méthode*" made its first strange appearance in two volumes in 1713. It was man-

reprinted at home and abroad, and translated into various languages. In 1736 it assumed the dignity of four quartos, but at this stage I encountered the vigilance of government and the licerating hand of a celebrated censor, *Gros de Boze*. It is said, that from a personal dislike of the author, he cancelled one hundred and fifty pages from the printed copy submitted to his censorship. He had formerly approved of the work, and had quietly passed over some of these obnoxious passages. It is certain that *Gros de Boze*, in a dissertation on the *Janus* of the ancients in this work actually earned a high commendation of himself,* which Lenglet had, with unusual courtesy, bestowed on *Gros de Boze*, for as a critic he is most generous of panegyric, and there is always a caustic flourish even in his drops of honour. This censor either affected to disdain the commendation, or avoided himself of it as a trick of policy. This was a trying situation for an author, now proud of a great work, and who himself perished more of the bull than of the lamb. He who winced at the scratch of an epithet, beheld his perfect limbs bruised by censors and mutilated by caustics. This sort of trouble indeed was not unusual with Lenglet. He had occupied his old apartment in the Bastille so often, that at the sight of the officer who was in the habit of conducting him there, Lenglet would call for his nightcap and snuff, and when the work he had then in hand at the Bastille, where he told Jordan, that he made his edition of *Marot*. He often silently substituted an epithet or a sentence which had been condemned by the censor at the risk of returning once more, but in the present desperate affair he took his revenge by collecting the castrations into a quarto volume, which was sold clandestinely. I find, by Jordan in his *Journal Languereux*, who stated him, that it was his pride to read these caustics to his friends, or in general, but were by, were of opinion that the decision of the censor was not so wrong as the harshness of Lenglet insisted on. All this increased the public rumour, and raised the price of the caustics. The craft and mystery of authorship was practised by Lenglet to perfection, and he often caustic, not only in the subterfuges by which he parried his censor, but in his bargain with his booksellers, who were equally desirous to pass, while they half-learned to enjoy his uncertain or his previous copyrights. When the unique copy of the *Méthode*, in its pristine state, before it had suffered any dilapidations, made its appearance at the sale of the curious library of the censor *Gros de Boze*, it presented a Rosburgh competition where the collectors, eagerly outbidding each other the price of this uncastrated copy reached to 1500 livres—an event more extraordinary in the history of French bibliography, than in our own. The curious man now had all these caustic sheets, or castrations, preserved in one of those works of literary hoards, to which the Germans have contributed more largely than other European nations, and I have discovered that even the censor, or *Boze*, was simply furnished in another bibliography, a record.

* This fact appears in the account of the minister's censors.

† The castrations are in *Suppl. à l'Histoire de la Littérature*.

The *Mistake*, after several later editions, was still circulating itself by fresh supplements, and having been translated by men of letters in Europe, by Coates in Italy, by Brechen in Germany, and by Dr Robinson in England, three translations had enriched their own editions by more copious articles, designed for three respective nations. The integrity of the original writer was guaranteed by work by the industry of his translators. He old *Mistake*, it had its veins filled with pure juice, and thus his old work was always undergoing the magic process of rejuvenescence.

The personal character of our author was as singular as many of the uncommon topics which engaged his inquiries; thus we might conclude had originated in mere eccentricity, or were chosen at random. But Lenglet has shown no deficiency of judgment in several works of acknowledged ability, and his critical opinions, his last editor has shown, have, for the greater part, been sanctioned by the public voice. It is curious to observe how the best direction which the mind of a hardy inquirer may take, will often account for that variety of uncommon topics he delights in, and which, on a close examination, may be found to bear an essential connexion with some preceding inquiry. As there is an association of ideas, so in literary history there is an association of research, and a very judicious writer may thus be impelled to compare on subjects which may be deemed strange or impossible.

This observation may be illustrated by the literary history of Lenglet du Fresnoy. He opened his career by addressing a letter and a tract to the Sorbonne, on the extraordinary affair of Marie d'Agreda, abbess of the monastery of the Immaculate Conception in Spain, whose mystical life of the Virgin, published on the decree of the abbey, and which was received with such rapture in Spain, had just appeared at Paris, where it excited the murmurs of the poets, and the inquiries of the curious. This mystical life was declared to be founded on apparitions and revelations experienced by the abbess. Lenglet proved, or asserted, that the abbess was not the writer of this pretended life, though the manuscript existed in her handwriting, and, secondly, that the apparitions and revelations recorded were against all the rules of apparitions and revelations which he had painfully discovered. The affair was of a delicate nature. The writer was young and incredulous, a

gay, bold, more deeply versed in theology, respected, and the Sorbonne shrouded our plumpster in embryo.

Lenglet confined these remarks to his posthumous, and in long a period of fifty-five years had elapsed before they saw the light. It was when Calaneo published his *Dissertation on Apparitions* that the subject provoked Lenglet to return to his forgotten researches. He now published all he had formerly composed on the affair of Marie d'Agreda, and two other works, the one "*Traité historique et dogmatique sur les Apparitions, les Visions, et les Séductions Particulières*," in two volumes, and "*Recueil de Paradoxes, anecdotes et nouvelles, sur les Apparitions, &c.*" with a catalogue of authors on this subject, in four volumes. When he edited the *Roman de la Rose*, in compiling the glossary of this ancient poem, it led him to reprint many of the various French poems, to give an enlarged edition of the *Amis d'Amour*, that work of love and chivalry, in which his fancy was now so deeply imbedded, while the subject of Romance itself naturally led to the taste of romantic productions which appeared in "*L'Esprit des Romans*," and its accompanying copious construction of all romances and romance-writers, ancient and modern. Our voracious Abbot had been bewildered by his delight in the works of a chemical philosopher, and though he did not believe in the existence of apparitions, and certainly was more than a sceptic in history, yet it is certain that the "grand œuvre" was an article on his creed, it would have rushed him in experiments, if he had been rich enough to have been raised. It altered his health, and the most important result of his chemical studies appears to have been the invention of a syrup, in which he had great confidence, but he tried it on him up into a typhoid fever, from which he was only relieved by having recourse to a drug, and of his own discovery, which, in counteracting the syrup, reduced him to an alarming state of atrophy. But the vicissitudes of the historian do not enter into his history, and our curiosity must be still eager to open Lenglet's "*Histoire de la Philosophie Mécanique*," accompanied by a catalogue of the writers in this mysterious science, in two volumes; as well as his enlarged edition of the works of a great Paracelsian, Nicholas le Peere. This philosopher Charles the second appointed superintendent over the royal laboratory at St James's, he was also a member of the Royal Society, and the friend of Boyle, to whom he communicated the secret of infusing young blood into old veins, with a notion that he could renovate that which admits of no second creation.* Such was the origin of Du Fresnoy's active curiosity on a variety of singular topics, the germs of which may be traced to three or four of our author's principal works.

* The *Dictionnaire Historique*, 1766, in their article Rich. Le Peere, notices the third edition of his "*Cours de Chimie*," that of 1766, in two volumes, but the present one of Lenglet du Fresnoy is more recent, 1771, enlarged into five volumes, two of which contain his own additions. I have never met with this edition, and it is wanting at the British Museum. Le Peere published a tract on the great cardinal of the Walter Howling, which may be curious.

critica laborum vestrorum, p. 166. The *Præface* are carefully noted in the *Catalogue of the Duke de la Vallée*, 449. Those who are curious in such singularities will be gratified by the extraordinary opinions and results in *Bever*, and which after all were borrowed from a manuscript. "*Abrégé de l'Universal History*," which was drawn up by Count de Boninville, and more abridged, than delicately, inserted by Lenglet in his own work. The original manuscript exists in various copies, which were afterwards discovered. The minister conversant, to the Duke de la Vallée's catalogue, furnish a most interesting article in the *drogue* of bibliography.

* The last edition, enlarged by Doucet, is in 19 volumes, but is not later than 1772. It is still an irrefragable manual for the historical student.



Our Abbé promised to write his own life, and his pugnacious vivacity, and hardy frankness, would have seemed a piece of autobiography; an amateur has, however, written it in the style which amateurs like, with all the truth he could discover, enlivened by some secret history, writing the life of Lenolet with the very spirit of Lenolet. It is a mask taken from the features of the man, not the impost was-work of an hypothetical finger-maker.

Although Lenolet du Fresnoy commenced his early life as a career in a man of letters, he was at first engaged in the great chain of political adventure, and some striking facts are recorded, which show his successful activity. Michault describes his newspaperism by a paraphrased delicacy of language, which an Englishman might not have so happily composed. The minister for foreign affairs, the Marquis de Torcy, sent Lenolet to Lille, where the court of the Elector of Cologne was then held; "He had particular orders to report that the two ministers of the elector should do nothing prejudicial to the king's affairs." He seems, however, to have watched many other persons, and detected many other things. He discovered a captain who agreed to open the gates of Hertz to Marlborough, for reasons passed the captain was arrested on the parade, the letter of Marlborough was found in his pocket, and the traitor was broken on the wheel. Lenolet denounced a foreign general in the French service, and the event warranted the prediction. His most important discovery was that of the famous conspiracy of Prince Camille, one of the chimerical plots of Aliboron, in the honour of Lenolet, he would not engage in its detection, unless the minister promised that no harm should be done. These successful incidents to the life of an honourable spy were rewarded with a moderate pension. Lenolet must have been no vulgar intriguer, he was not only perpetually confined by his very patron when he resided at home for the freedom of his pen, but I find him early imprisoned in the citadel of Strasbourg for six months. It is said for purchasing some curious books from the library of the Abbé Bignon, of which he had the care. It is certain that he knew the value of the secret works, and was one of those lovers of bibliography who trade at times in costly rarities. At Vienna he became intimately acquainted with the poet Rousseau, and Prince

* This anonymous work of "Mémoires de Monsieur l'Abbé Lenolet du Fresnoy," although the dedication is signed O. P., is written by Michault, of Dijon, as a presentation copy to Count de Vienne to my possession would prove. Michault is the writer of two volumes of agreeable "Mémoires Historiques, et Philosophiques," and the present is a very curious piece of literary history. The Dictionnaire Historique has compiled the article of Lenolet entirely from this work; but the *Journal des Savans* was too acute in this opinion. *Étant en la peine de faire un livre pour apprendre au public qu'on donne de lettres, foi sçavoir, encre, papier, encre, quelques espèces incapables d'écriture, de donner, de donner, ou de faire.* Yet they do not deny that the bibliography of Lenolet du Fresnoy is at all deficient in curiosity.

Eugene. The prince, however, who suspected the character of our author, long avoided him. Lenolet immersed himself into the favour of the prince's librarian; and such was his bibliographical skill, that this acquaintance ended in Prince Eugene having made his political friend, and preserving the silence of Lenolet to his librarian to enrich his magnificent library. When the motive of Lenolet's residence at Vienna became more and more suspected, Rousseau was employed to quote him, and not yet having quarrelled with his brother spy, he could only report that the Abbé Lenolet was every morning occupied in working on his "Tablettes Chronologiques," a work not worthy of alarming the government, that he spent his evenings at a subtile player's married to a Frenchwoman, and returned home at eleven. As soon as our historian had discovered that the poet was a brother spy and newspaperer on the side of Prince Eugene, these reciprocal cautions cooled Lenolet down imagined that he owed his no monthly retirement in the citadel of Strasbourg to the secret officiousness of Rousseau, each grew suspicious of the other's talents, and spent the like hours, for their mutual jealousies settled into the most inveterate hatred. One of the most deplorable libels in Lenolet's intended dedication of his edition of Horatius to Rousseau, which being forced to suppress in Holland, by order of the States-General, at Brussels, by the intervention of the Duke of Armoing, and by every means the friends of the unfortunate Rousseau could contrive; was however many years afterwards at length submitted by Lenolet to the next volume of his work on Rousseau, where an ordinary reader may wonder at its appearance, unconnected with any part of the work. In this dedication as "cette histoire" he often celebrates "Mon cher Rousseau," but the irony is not delicate, and the calumny is heavy. Rousseau has been open to the unrelenting enmity of his accuser. The poet was then exiled from France for a table accusation against Louis, in attempting to take him from the criminal complicity, which so long disturbed the peace of the literary world in France, and of which Rousseau was generally supposed the writer, but of which on his death he had solemnly protested that he was guiltless. The coup de grace is given to the poet, arrested on this rack of jealousy, by just accusations on account of these infamous epigrams, which appear in more editions of that poet's works, a lesson for a poet, if poem would be learned, who might then imagination at the cost of their happiness, and seem to invent crimes, as if they themselves were criminals.

But to return to our Lenolet. Had he composed his own life, it would have offered a sketch of political servitude and political adventure, in a man too intractable for the one and too versatile for the other. Yet to the honour of his capacity, we must observe that he ought have chosen his patron, would he have submitted to patronage. Prince Eugene at Vienna, Cardinal Pamphili at Rome, or Monsieur Le Blanc, the French minister, would have held him on his own terms. But "Liberty and my books" was the secret exclamation of Lenolet, and from that moment all things in life were sacrificed to a poet's quest of independ-

dence, which broke out in his actions as well as in his writings; and a passion for study far ever crushed the worm of ambition.

He was as unglibble in his conversation, which, says Jordan, was extremely agreeable to a foreigner, for he delivered himself without reserve on all things, and on all persons, unnumbered with secret and literary anecdotes. He refused all the conveniences offered by an elegant estate, that he might not endure the restraint of a settled dinner-hour. He lived to his eightieth year, still busied, and then died by one of those greivous chances, to which aged men of letters are liable: one caustic critic stumbled over some modern work, and, falling into the fire, was burnt to death. Many characteristic anecdotes of the Abbé Lenglet have been preserved in the *Dictionnaire Historique*, but I shall not repeat what is of easy recurrence.

THE DICTIONARY OF TREVOUX.

A LEARNED friend, in his very agreeable "Traveller, or a Three Months' Journey in France and Switzerland," could not pass through the small town of Trevoux without a literary association of ideas which should accompany every man of letters in his tour, abroad or at home. A mind well-informed cannot travel without discovering that there are objects constantly presenting themselves, which suggest literary, historical, and moral facts. My friend writes, "As you proceed nearer to Lyons you stop to dine at Trevoux, on the left bank of the Saône. On a sloping hill, down to the water-side, rises an amphitheatre, crowned with an ancient Gothic castle, in venerable ruin, under it is the small town of Trevoux, well known for its Journal and Dictionary, which latter is almost an encyclopædia, as there are few things of which something is not said in that most valuable compilation, and the whole was printed at Trevoux. The knowledge of this circumstance greatly enhances the delight of any visitor who has consulted the book and is acquainted with its merits; and must add much to his local pleasure."

A work from which every man of letters may be continually deriving such varied knowledge, and which is little known but to the most curious readers, claims a place in this volume, nor is the history of the work itself without interest. Eight large folios, each consisting of a thousand closely-printed pages, stand like a vast mountain, which, before we climb, we may be anxious to learn the security of the passage. The history of dictionaries is the most mutable of all histories, it is a picture of the inconstancy of the knowledge of man; the learning of one generation passes away with another, and a dictionary of this kind is always to be reprinted, to be reprinted, and to be enlarged.

The small town of Trevoux gave its name to an excellent literary journal, long conducted by the Jesuits, and to the dictionary—as Edinburgh has to its critical Review and Annual Register, &c. It first came to be distinguished as a literary town from the Duc du Maine, as prince sovereign of Dombes, transferring to this little town of Trevoux not only his parliament and

other public institutions, but also establishing a magnificent printing-house, in the beginning of the last century. The duke, probably to keep his printers in constant employ, instituted the "*Journal de Trevoux*;" and this, perhaps, greatly tended to bring the printing-house into notice, so that it became a favourite with many good writers, who appear to have had an other connection with the place, and the dictionary borrowed its first title, which it always preserved, merely from the place where it was printed. Both the journal and the dictionary were, however, consigned to the care of some learned Jesuits; and perhaps the place always indicated the principles of the writers, of whom none were more eminent for elegant literature than the Jesuits.

The first edition of this dictionary sprang from the spirit of rivalry, occasioned by a French dictionary published in Holland, by the Protestant *Société de Savants*. The duke set his Jesuits hastily to work; who, after a pompous announcement that this dictionary was formed on a plan suggested by their patron, did little more than pillage *Poëtaire*, and rummage *Samart*, and produced three new folios without any novelty, they pleased the Duc du Maine, and no one else. This was in 1704. Twenty years after it was republished and improved, and editions increasing, the volumes succeeded each other, till it reached its present magnitude and value in eight large folios, in 1731, the only edition now esteemed. Many of the names of the contributors to this excellent collection of words and things, the industry of Monsieur Barberie has revealed in his "*Dictionnaire des Anonymes*," art. 1096A. The work, in the progress of a century, evidently became a favourite receptacle with men of letters in France, who eagerly contributed the smallest or the largest articles with a real honourable to literature and most useful to the public. They made this dictionary their commonplace book for all their curious acquisitions; every one competent to write a short article preserving an important fact, did not aspire to compile the dictionary, or even an entire article in it; but it was a treasury in which such men collected together formed its wealth, and all the literati may be said to have been engaged in perfecting their volumes during a century. In this manner, from the humble beginnings of three volumes, in which the plagiarism much more than the contributor was visible, eight were at length built up with more durable materials, and which claim the attention and the gratitude of the student.

The work interested the government itself, as a national concern, from the times of the following anecdotes.

Most of the minor contributors to this great collection were estimated to remain anonymous; but as might be expected among such a number, sometimes a contributor was anxious to be known to his circle; and did not like this posthumous abstinence of fame. An anecdote recorded of one of this class will amuse: A Monsieur Lantour du Châtel, avocat au parlement de Normandie, voluntarily devoted his studious hours to improve this work, and furnished near three thousand articles in the supplement of the edition of 1732.

His ardent scholar had had a lively quarrel thirty years before with the first authors of the dictionary. He had sent them one thousand three hundred articles, on condition that the donor should be handsomely thanked in the preface of the new edition, and further receive *copy en grand papier*. They were accepted. The conductors of the new edition, in 1721, forgot all the promises—nor thanks, nor copy! His learned avocat, who was a little irritable, as his nephew who wrote his life acknowledges, as soon as the great work appeared, astonished, like Lennet, that “they were rattling his own thunder,” without saying a word, quits his country town, and ventures, half dead with sickness and indignation, on an expedition to Paris, to make his complaint to the chancellor; and the work was deemed of that importance in the eye of government, and so zealous a contributor was considered to have such an honourable claim, that the chancellor ordered, first, that a copy on large paper should be immediately delivered to Monsieur d’Aubour, richly bound and free of carriage; and secondly, as a reparation of the unperformed promise, and an acknowledgment of gratitude, the omission of thanks should be inserted and explained in the three great literary journals of France; a curious instance among others of the French government often mediating, when difficulties occurred in great literary undertakings, and considering not lightly the claims and the honours of men of letters.

Another proof, indeed, of the same kind, concerning the present work, occurred after the edition of 1752. One Jamet l’ainé, who had with others been usefully employed on this edition, addressed a proposal to government for a new improved one, dated from the Bastille. He proposed that the government should choose a learned person, accustomed to the labour of the researches such a work requires; and he calculated, that if supplied with three amanuenses, such an editor would accomplish his task in about ten or twelve years; the produce of the edition would soon repay all the expenses and capital advanced. This literary projector did not wish to remain idle in the Bastille. Fifteen years afterwards the last improved edition appeared, published by the associated booksellers of Paris.

As for the work itself, it partakes of the character of our Encyclopædias; but in this respect it cannot be safely consulted, for widely has science enlarged its domains and corrected its errors since 1771. But it is precious as a vast collection of ancient and modern learning, particularly in that sort of knowledge which we usually term antiquarian and philological. It is not merely a grammatical, scientific, and technical dictionary, but it is replete with divinity, law, moral philosophy, critical and historical learning, and abounds with innumerable miscellaneous curiosities. It would be difficult, whatever may be the subject of inquiry, to open it, without the ratification of some knowledge neither obvious or trivial. I heard a man of great learning declare, that whenever he could not recollect his knowledge he opened Hoffman’s *Lexicon Universale Historiarum*, where he was sure to find

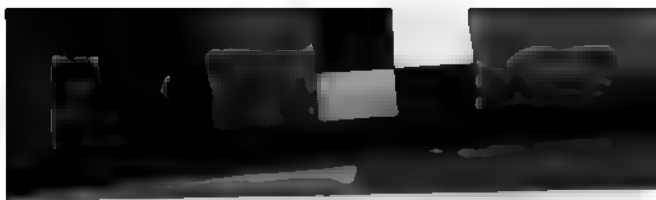
what he had lost. The works are similar; and valuable as are the German’s four folios, the eight of the Frenchman may safely be recommended as their substitute, or their supplement. It bears a peculiar feature as a Dictionary of the French Language, which has been presumptuously dropped in the *Dictionnaire de l’Académie*; that invents phrases to explain words, which therefore have no other authority than the writer himself! This of Trevoux is furnished, not only with mere authorities, but also with quotations from the classical French writers—an improvement which was probably suggested by the English Dictionary of Johnson. One nation improves by another.

QUADRIO'S ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH POETRY.

It is, perhaps, somewhat mortifying in our literary researches to discover that our own literature has been only known to the other nations of Europe comparatively within recent times. We have at length triumphed over our continental rivals in this noble struggle of genius, and our authors now see their works even printed at foreign presses, while we are furnishing with our gratuitous labours nearly the whole literature of a new empire: yet so late as in the reign of Anne, as poets were only known by the Latin versifiers of the “*Musæ Anglicanæ*,” and when Boileau was told of the public funeral of Dryden, he was pleased with the national honours bestowed on genius, but he declared that he had never heard of his name before. This great legislator of Parnassus has never alluded to one of our own poets, so insular then was our literary glory. The most remarkable fact, or perhaps assertion, I have met with, of the little knowledge which the continent had of our writers, is a French translation of Bishop Hall’s “*Characters of Virtues and Vices*.” It is a duodecimo, printed at Paris, of 109 pages, 1610, with this title, *Caractères de l’ertus et de Vices; tirés de l’Anglois de M. Josef Hall*. In a dedication to the Earl of Salisbury, the translator informs his lordship that *ce livre est la PREMIERE TRADUCTION DE L’ANGLAIS jamais imprimée en AUCUN VULGAIRE*. The first translation from the English ever printed in any modern language! Whether the translator is a bold liar, or an ignorant blunderer, remains to be ascertained; at all events it is a humiliating demonstration of the small progress which our home literature had made abroad in 1610!

I come now to notice a contemporary writer, professedly writing the history of our Poetry, of which his knowledge shall open to us as we proceed with our enlightened and amateur historian.

Father QUADRIO’s *Della Storia e della ragione d’ogni Poesia*,—is a gigantic work, which could only have been projected and persevered in by some hypochondriac monk, who, to get rid of the ennui of life, could discover no pleasanter way than to bury himself alive in seven monstrous closely-printed quartos, and every day be compiling something on a subject which he did not understand. Fortunately for Father Quadrio,



impassioned criticism! But, as on the whole, for reasons which I cannot account for, Father Quasio seems to have relished our English comedy, we must value his candour. He praises our comedy, "per uello ed il buono," but, as he is a methodical Aristotelian, he will not allow us that liberty in the theatre, which we are supposed to possess in parliament—by delivering whatever we conceive to the purpose. His criticism is a specimen of the inextinguishable. "We must not abandon legitimate rules to give more pleasure thereby, because pleasure is produced by, and flows from, the beautiful; and the beautiful is chiefly drawn from the good order and unity in which it consists."

Quasio succeeded in discovering the name of one of our greatest comic geniuses; for, alluding to our diversity of action in comedy, he mentions in his fifth volume, page 148, "Il celebre Ben Jonson nella sua commedia intitolata *Baratolus meo Poete*, e in quella altra commedia intitolata *Ipomene Poeta*." The reader may decipher the poet's name and his *Far*, but it might perhaps crucify the critical intuition of the student of commentators, Mr. Gifford himself, to give an account of this comedy of Ben Jonson, which can hardly be *Episcopo*, or the *Secret Woman*. One would like to know whence Quasio copied his titles, or whether he had read Ben Jonson, whom he so justly eulogises.

Towards the close of the fifth volume we at last find the sacred name of Milton,—but, unluckily, he was a man "di pochissimo religioso," and spoke of Christ like an Arian. Quasio quotes *Ramsey* for Milton's vomiting forth abuse on the Roman church. His figures are said to be often mean, unworthy of the majesty of his subject, but in a later place, excepting his religion, our poet, it is decided on, is worthy "di molti laudi."

Thus much for the information the curious may obtain on English poetry, from its universal history. Quasio unquestionably writes with more ignorance than prejudice against us; he has not only highly distinguished the comic genius of our writers, and raised it above that of our neighbours, but he has also advanced another discovery, which ranks us still higher for original invention, and which, I am confident, will be as new as it is extraordinary to the English reader.

Quasio, who, among other erudite accomplishments to his work, has exhausted the most curious researches on the origin of *Puppets* and *Nautycin*, has also written, with equal curiosity and value, the history of *Pierrot-sauers*. But whom has he lauded? whom has he placed paramount, above all other people, for their genius of invention in improving this art?—The English! and the glory which has hitherto been universally conceded to the Italian nation themselves, appears in belong to us! For we, it appears, while others were dandling and polling "little representatives of human nature into our awkward and unnatural motions, first invented pulleys, or wires, and gave a fine and natural action to the artificial life of these gesticulating machines!"

We seem to know little of ourselves as connected with the history of puppet-shows; but in an article in the curious Dictionary of *Trova*, I find that John Brooke, to whom had been attributed the invention of *Marmite*, is only to be considered

as an improver; in his time (but the learned writers supply no date), an Englishman discovered the secret of moving them by springs, and without strings, but the Marionettes of Broche were preferred for the pleasures which he made them deliver. The erudite Quasio appears to have more successfully substantiated our claims to the pulleys or wires, or springs of the puppets, than any of our own antiquaries, and perhaps the uncommemorated name of this Englishman was that Powell, whose Solomon and Sheba were celebrated in the days of Addison and Steele, the former of whom has composed a classical and sportive Latin poem on this very subject. But Quasio might well feel satisfied, that the notion, which could boast its *Fantoccini*, surpassed, and must ever surpass, the puny efforts of all doll-loving people!

"POLITICAL RELIGIONISM."

In Professor Donald Stewart's new Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy, I find this singular and significant term. It has occurred me to reflect on those contents for religion, in which a particular faith has been made the ostensible pretext, while the secret motive was usually political. The historians, who view in these religions were only religion itself, have written large volumes, in which we may never discover that they have either been a struggle to obtain predominance, or an expedient to secure it. The hatreds of ambitious men have disguised their own purposes, while Christianity has borne the odium of loosening a destructive spirit among mankind, which, had Christianity never existed, would have equally prevailed in human affairs. In a moral malady, it is not only necessary to know the nature, but to designate it by a right name, that we may not err in our mode of treatment. If we call that religion which we shall find for the greater part is *political*, we are likely to be mistaken in the regimen and the cure.

Fox, in his "Acts and Monuments," writes the martyrology of the *Protestants* in three mighty folios, where, in the third, "the tender mercies" of the Catholics are "cut in wood. For those who might not otherwise be enabled to read or spell them. Such pictures are abridgements of long narratives, but they leave in the mind a fulness of horror. Fox made more than one generation shudder; and his volume, particularly the third, chained to a reading-desk in the halls of the great, and in the aisles of churches, often detained the hostess, as it furnished some new scene of pious horror to point forth on returning to his bedside. The Protestants were then the martyrs, because, under Mary, the Protestants had been thrown out of power.

Dodd has appeared to Fox three curious folios, which he calls "The Church History of England," elaboring a most abundant martyrology of the Catholics, inflicted by the hands of the Protestants, who in the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, after long trepidations and halting, were confirmed into power. He groves over the detestation and abduction of the black-letter remembrance of honest John Fox, which, he says, "has obtained

a place in Protestant churches were in the Bible, while John Fox himself is esteemed more less than an evangelist. Drury's sufferings are not less pathetic, by the situation of the Catholic, who had to serve himself, as well as to suffer, was more exposed to religious persecutions than even the recusants and nonconformists of the Protestant church in the civil or domestic stake. These Catholic sufferers, were attempting all sorts of struggles, and the sufferings and martyrdom of Drury in the parliament of England, were only trials and temptations.

HUTCHINSON is the history of the Puritans and the Presbyterian, blackens them by political errors. He is the Spaniard of history, depicting himself with history as what the painter himself must have created. He tells of their "oppositions" to monarchical and episcopal government; their "violations" of the church; and their "emancipation" of the kingdom. The sword rages in their hands, sword, dagger, pike; while "more of the blood of Englishmen had poured the water with the space of four years than had been shed in the civil wars of York and Lancaster in four centuries."

NILES opposes a more elaborate history: where these "great and good men," the Puritans and the Presbyterians, "are placed among the reformers," while their fame is blunted into angelic purity. NILES and his party opined that the Protestant had not sufficiently protested, and that the reformation itself needed to be reformed. They warned the impatient Elizabeth, and her ardent courtiers; and disputed with the learned James and his courtly bishops, about such ceremonial trifles, that the historian may blush or smile who has to record them. And when the Puritan was thrown out of preferment, and seceded into separation, he turned into a Presbyterian. Nonconformity was their darling sin, and their sullen triumph.

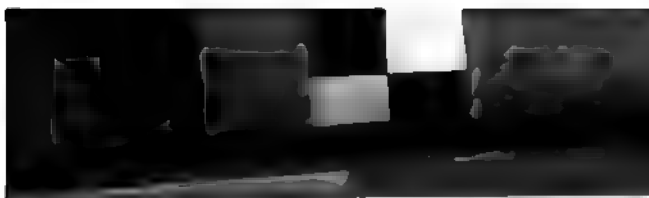
CALAMY, in four painful volumes, chronicles the hopeless martyrdoms of the two thousand silenced and ejected ministers. Their history is not glorious, and their heroes are obscure; but it is a domestic tale. When the second Charles was restored, the Presbyterians, like every other faction, were to be amused, if not courted. Some of the king's chaplains were selected from among them, and preached once. Their hopes were raised that they should, by some agreement, be enabled to share in that ecclesiastical establishment which they had so often opposed; and the bishops met the Presbyters in a convocation at the Savoy. A conference was held between the *high church*, resuming the seat of power, and the *low church*, now prostrate; that is, between the *old clergy* who had recently been mercilessly ejected by the *new*, who in their turn were awaiting their fate. The conference was closed with arguments by the weaker, and votes by the stronger. Many curious anecdotes of this conference have come down to us. The Presbyterians, in their last struggle, petitioned for *indulgence*; but oppressors who had become petitioners, only showed that they possessed no longer the means of resistance. This conference was followed up by the *Act of Uniformity*, which took place on Bartholomew day, August 24, 1662: an act which ejected Calamy's

two thousand ministers from the bosom of the established church. Bartholomew day with this party was long paralleled, and perhaps is still, with the dreadful French massacre of that fatal saint's day. The calamity was rather, however, of a private than of a public nature. The two thousand ejected ministers were indeed deprived of their livings; but this was, however, a happier fate than what has often occurred in these contests for the security of political power. This *ejection* was not like the expulsion of the Moriscos, the best and most useful subjects of Spain, which was a human sacrifice of half a million of men, and the proscription of many Jews from that land of Catholicism; or the massacre of thousands of Huguenots, and the expulsion of more than a hundred thousand by Louis the Fourteenth from France. The Presbyterian divines were not driven from their father-land, and compelled to learn another language than their mother-tongue. Destitute as divines, they were suffered to remain as citizens; and the result was remarkable. These divines could not disrobe themselves of their learning and their piety, while several of them were compelled to become tradesmen; among these the learned Samuel Chandler, whose literary productions are very numerous, kept a bookseller's shop in the Poultry.

Hard as this event proved in its result, it was, however, pleaded, that "It was but like for like." And that the history of "the like" might not be curtailed in the telling, opposed to Calamy's chronicle of the two thousand ejected ministers stands another, in folio magnitude, of the same sort of chronicle of the clergy of the church of England, with a title by no means less pathetic.

This is WALKER'S "Attempt towards recovering an account of the Clergy of the Church of England who were sequestered, harassed, &c. in the late Times." WALKER is himself astonished at the size of his volume, the number of his sufferers, and the variety of the sufferings. "Shall the church," says he, "not have the liberty to preserve the history of her sufferings, as well as the *separation* to set forth an account of theirs? Can Dr. Calamy be acquitted for publishing the history of the *Bartholomew sufferers*, if I am condemned for writing that of the *sequestered loyalists*?" He allows that "the number of the ejected amounts to two thousand," and there were no less than "seven or eight thousand of the episcopal clergy imprisoned, banished, and sent a starving," &c. &c.

Whether the reformed were martyred by the Catholics, or the Catholics executed by the reformed; whether the Puritans expelled those of the established church, or the established church ejected the Puritans, all seems reducible to two classes, Conformists and Nonconformists, or, in the political style, the administration and the opposition. When we discover that the heads of all parties are of the same hot temperament, and observe the same evil conduct in similar situations; when we view honest old Latimer with his own hands hanging a mendicant friar on a tree, and the government changing, the friars binding Latimer to the stake; when we see the French Catholics cutting out the tongues of the Protestants, that they might no longer protest; the haughty Luther writing submissive apologies



"POLITICAL RELIGIONISM"

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to Leo the Tenth and Henry the Eighth for the severity with which he had treated them in his writings, and finding that his spokesmen were received with contempt, then returning his re-tractations, when we find that headquarters of the holy, John Knox, when Elizabeth first ascended the throne, preaching and repeating of having written his famous communication against all female sovereignty, or pulling down the ministers, from the axiom that since the Church was dissolved, the monks would never return when we find his second apostrophe ad- miring, while he speaks of some extraordinary proof of Marbois's politics—an impenetrable mystery seems to hang over the conduct of even who profess to be guided by the bloodless code of Jesus—but try them by a human standard, and treat them as politicians, and the motives once discovered, the actions are understood.

Two edicts of Charles the Fifth, in 1555, com- manded to death the reformers of the Low Coun- tries, even should they return to the Catholic faith, with this exception, however, in favor of the latter that they shall not be burnt alive, but that the men shall be beheaded, and the women buried alive. Religion could not then be the real motive of the Spanish ruler, for in returning to the ancient faith this point was abandoned, but the truth is, that the Spanish government considered the reformers as rebels, whom it was not safe to re- sist in the realm of citizenship. The celebrated fact appears in the codex to the will of the emperor, when he entrusts to his son the duty of having written to the emperor "to burn and execute the heretics," after trying to make Christians of them, because he is convinced that they never can become sincere Catholics, and he acknowledges that he had committed a great fault in permitting Luther to return free on the faith of his safe con- duct as the emperor was not bound to keep a promise with a heretic. "It is because that I discovered both not that heresy has now become strong, which I am convinced might have been stifled with him in its birth." The whole con- duct of Charles the Fifth in this mighty revolution, was, from its beginning, conceived by contemporaries as purely political. Francis the First observed, that the emperor, under the color of religion, was placing himself at the head of a league to make his way to a predominant monarchy. The present of religion is no new thing, writes the Duke of Beaufort. Charles the Fifth had never undertaken a war against the Protestant princes, but with the design of restoring the imperial crown hereditary to the house of Austria, and he has only attacked the electoral princes to ruin them, and to diminish their right of election. Had it been sent for the Catholic religion, would he have deferred from 1519 to 1549 to arm, that he might have extinguished the Lutheran heresy, which he could easily have done in 1520? But he considered that this novelty would serve to divide the German princes, and he patiently waited until the effect was realized?

* Liguori's Critical History of the Inquisition.
? Double Consultations Politiques, p. 115. See a curious note in Harte's Life of Gustavus Adol- phus, II. 129.

Good men of both parties, mistaking the nature of these religious wars, have drawn heavy conse- quences! The "dragonades" of Louis XIV. excited the admiration of Bayle, and Anquetil, in his "Esprit de la Ligue," compares the revocation of the edict of Nantes to a voluntary suspension. The massacre of St. Bartholomew in its own day, and even recently, has found advocates, a Greek problem at the time moved that there were two classes of Protestants in France, political and reli- gious, and that "the late abolition of public worship was only directed against the former." Dr. McCreary compares the Catholic with a Catholic's case, comparing "the stable splendor of this calami- tary." But should we allow that the Greek professor who advocated these national crimes was the wretch, the Calvinistic doctor describes, yet the nature of things cannot be altered by the equal violence of Peter Charpentier and Dr. McCreary.

The subject of "Political Religionism" is in- dicated in this as it is a curious one; politics have been so curiously mixed into the cause of reli- gion, that the parties themselves will never be able to separate them, and to this material, the most opposite opinions are found concerning the same events, and the same persons. When public dis- turbances recently broke out at Milan on the first restoration of the Bourbons, the Protestants, who there are numerous, declared that they were per- secuted for religion, and their cry was seconded by their brethren the dissenters, in this country. We have not forgotten the horrors it raised here; much was said, and something was done. Our monitor however pointed in declaring that it was a more political affair. It is clear that our govern- ment was right on the case, and those who complain of wrong, who only observed the effect, for as soon as the Bourbons had triumphed over the Bonapartes, we heard no more of those con- siderable persecutions of the Protestants of Milan, of which a disaster has just published a large history. It is a curious fact, that when two writers at the same time were occupied in a life of Car- dinal Richelieu, Pichler portrayed the cardinal into a saint, and every incident in his administration was made to connect itself with his religious character. Marquise, a writer very adverse to Pichler, shows the cardinal merely as a politician. The character of Pichler were more suggested by the public, and the deep interests of truth were acquired, and still retain, for the less elegant writer, the attention of the student.

A modern historian has observed, that "the affairs of religion were the great business and possession of the thirty years' war, which first brought down the power of the North to ruin in the palace of the southern states." The fact is indisputable, but the room is not an apparent cause of religion, the real motive power of his age, had designed, and was successfully attempting, to oppose the complete power of the imperial house of Austria, long since of an universal monarchy in Europe, a circumstance which Philip IV. weakly hinted at to the world when he placed this motto under his arms—"Jesu Rex Christiani orbis," an expression applied to Jesus Christ by St. John.

TOLERATION.

Awakened toleration is a blessing of the last age—it would seem to have been practised by the Romans, when they did not mistake the primitive Christians for seditious members of society, and was inculcated even by Mahomet, in a passage in the Koran, but scarcely practised by his followers in modern history, it was condemned, when religion was turned into a political contest, under the aspiring house of Austria and in Spain and in France. It required a long time before its nature was comprehended and to this moment it is far from being clear, either to the tolerators, or the tolerated.

It does not appear that the precepts or the practice of Jesus and the apostles inculcate the compelling of any to be Christians,* yet an expression employed in the nuptial parable of the great supper, when the hospitable lord commanded the servant, finding that he had still room to accommodate more guests, "to go out in the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled," was alleged as an authority by those Catholics, who called themselves "the converters," for using religious force, which, still alluding to the hospitable lord, they called "a charitable and salutary violence." It was this circumstance which produced Bayle's "Commentaire Philosophique sur ces Paroles de Jesus Christ," published under the supposititious name of an Englishman, as printed at Canterbury in 1686, but really at Amsterdam. It is curious that Locke published his first letter on "Toleration" in Latin at Gouda, in 1689—the second in 1690—and the third in 1692. Bayle opened the mind of Locke, and sometime after quotes Locke's Latin letter with high commendation†. The caution of both writers in publishing in foreign places, however, indicates the prudence it was deemed necessary to observe in writing in favour of Toleration.

These were the first philosophical attempts; but the earliest advocates for Toleration may be found among the religious controversialists of a preceding period, it was probably started among the fugitive sects who had found an asylum in Holland. It was a blessing they had gone far to find and the miserable, reduced to human feelings, are compassionate to one another. With us the sect called "the Independents" had, even in our revolution under Charles the First, pleaded for the doctrine of religious liberty, and long maintained it against the Presbyterians, and both proved persecutors when they possessed power. The first of our respectable divines who advocated this cause was Jeremy Taylor, in his "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophecy," 1647, and Bishop Hall, who had pleaded the cause of moderation in a discourse about the same

* Bishop Barlow's "Several miscellaneous and weighty Cases of Conscience resolved, 1693." His "Case of a Toleration in Matters of Religion," addressed to Robert Boyle, p. 39. This volume was not intended to have been given to the world, a circumstance which does not make it the less curious.

† In the article *Sanctarius*. Note F.

period. Locke had no doubt examined all these writers. The history of opinions is among the most curious of histories, and I suspect that Bayle was well acquainted with the pamphlets of our sectarists, who, in their flight to Holland, conveyed those curiosities of theology, which had cost them their happiness and their estates. I think he indicates this hidden source of his ideas, by the extraordinary ascription of his book to an Englishman, and fixing the place of its publication at Canterbury.

Toleration has been a vast engine in the hands of modern politicians. It was established in the United Provinces of Holland, and our numerous Nonconformists took refuge in that asylum for disturbed consciences, it attracted a valuable community of French refugees, it conducted a colony of Hebrew fugitives from Portugal, conventicles of Brownists, Quakers' meetings, French churches, and Jewish synagogues, and (had it been required) Mahometan mosques, in Amsterdam, were the precursors of its mart and its exchange; the moment they could preserve their consciences sacred to themselves, they lived without mutual persecution, and mixed together as good Dutchmen.

The excommunicated part of Europe seemed to be the most enlightened, and it was then considered as a proof of the admirable progress of the human mind, that Locke and Clarke and Newton corresponded with Leibnitz, and others of the learned in France and Italy. Some were astonished that philosophers, who differed in their religious opinions, should communicate among themselves with so much toleration‡.

It is not, however, clear, that had any one of these sects at Amsterdam obtained predominance, which was sometimes attempted, they would have granted to others the toleration they participated in common. The infancy of a party is accompanied by a political weakness, which disables it from weakening others.

The Catholic in this country pleads for toleration, in his own, he refuses to grant it. Here, the Presbyterian, who had complained of persecution, once fixed in the seat of power, abrogated every kind of independence among others. When the flames consumed Servetus at Geneva, then the controversy began, whether the civil magistrate might punish heretics, which Beza, the associate of Calvin, maintained he triumphed in the small

* Recent writers among our sectarists assert that Dr Owen was the first who wrote in favour of toleration, in 1648†. Another claims the honour for John Goodwin, the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, who published one of his obscure polemical tracts in 1644, among a number of other persons, who at that crisis did not venture to prefix their names to pleas in favour of Toleration, so delicate and so obscure did the subject then appear. In 1651, they translated the liberal treatise of Grotius, *De imperio summorum Potestatum circa Sacra*; under the title of "The authority of the highest powers about sacred things," London, 8vo. 1651. To the honour of Grotius, the first philosophical reformers, be it recorded, that he displeased both parties.

† J. P. Rabaut, sur la Révolution Française, p. 27.



TOLERATION.

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predominating city of Geneva; but the book he wrote was fatal to the Protestants a few leagues distant, among a majority of Catholics. Wherever the Protestants complained of the persecutions they suffered, the Catholics, for authority and sanction, never failed to appeal to the volume of these two Bibles.

M. Necker De Saussure has recently observed on "what critical circumstances the change or the preservation of the established religion in different districts of Europe has depended." When the Reformation penetrated into Switzerland, the government of the principality of Neuchâtel, wishing to allow liberty of conscience to all their subjects, invited each parish to vote "for or against the adoption of the new worship; and in all the parishes except two, the majority of suffrages declared in favour of the Protestant communion." The inhabitants of the small village of Crevin had also assembled, and forming an even number, there happened to be an equality of votes for and against the change of religion. A shepherd being absent, rendering the flock on the hills, they summoned him to appear and decide this important question. When, having no liking to innovation, he gave his vote in favour of the existing form of worship; and this parish remained Catholic, and is so to this day, in the heart of the Protestant cantons.

I proceed to some facts, which I have arranged in the history of Toleration. In the memoirs of James the Second, when that monarch published "The Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," the Catholic reasons and liberality like a modern philosopher he accused "the prejudice of our clergy, who had degraded themselves into suttlers, and like merchants in a trade, who are afraid of nothing so much as interruption—they had therefore induced indifferent persons to imagine that their earnest contest was not about their faith, but about their temporal possessions. It was erroneous that a church, which does not pretend to be infallible, should constrain persons, under heavy penalties and punishments, to believe as she does; they delighted, he asserted, to hold an iron rod over Dissenters and Catholics, so sweet was domination, that the very thought of others participating in their freedom made them deny the very doctrine they preached." The chief argument the Catholic urged on this occasion was the reasonableness of repealing laws which made men liable to the greatest punishments for what it was not in their power to remedy, for that no man could force himself to believe what he really did not believe.

Such was the rational language of the most bigoted of sects!—The fox can bleat like the lamb. At the very moment James the Second was uttering this mild expostulation, in his own heart he had anathematized the nation, for I have seen some of this king's private papers, which still exist, they consist of communications chiefly by the most bigoted priests, with the wildest projects, and most insatiable prophecies and dreams, of restoring the true Catholic faith in England! Had that Jesuit and monarch retained the English

throne, the language he now addressed to the nation he had no longer adopted, and in that case it would have served his Protestant subjects. He asked for toleration, to become intolerant! He devoted himself not to the hundredth part of the English nation, and yet he was surprised that he was left one morning without an army! When the Catholic monarch issued this declaration for "liberty of conscience," the Jehu of his day observed that "it was but scaffolding they intended to build another house; and when that house (Papery) was built, they will take down the scaffold"—

When Presbiterianism was our lord, they who had endured the terrors of persecution, and tasted such sharp concern for freedom, of all men, were the most intolerant; hardly had they tasted of the Circassian cup of dominion, ere they were transformed into the most hideous or the most grotesque monsters of political power. To their eyes toleration was a hydra, and the dethroned bishops had never so vehemently declared against what one of the high-flying Presbyterians, in his cross rage, called "a cursed intolerable toleration!" They advocated the rights of persecution, and "Shallow Edwards," as Milton calls the author of "The Gangrene," published a treatise against toleration. They who had so long contemplated of "the increase," now sent all the heads they considered to penal law. Presb. now vindicated the very doctrines under which he himself had so severely suffered, among the highest possible power of civil government, even to the infliction of death, on its opponents. Presb. lost all feeling for the ears of others!

The idea of toleration was not intelligible for ten long a period in the minds of Europe: no parties probably could conceive the idea of toleration in the struggle for pre-eminence. No treaties are proffered when conquest is the concealed object. Men were insulted! a massacre was a sacrifice! medals were struck to commemorate these holy persecutions! The destroying angel, holding in one hand a cross, and in the other a sword, with these words—*Genocidium drages*, 1572—"The massacre of the Huguenots" proves that toleration will not agree with that date. Castellan, a statesman and a human man, was at a loss how to decide on a point of the utmost importance to France. In 1574 they first began to burn the Lutherans or Calvinists, and to cut out the tongues of all Protestants, "that they might no longer protest." According to Father Paul, why

* This was a Baron Walpole. From Dr. H. Thompson's Manuscript Diary.

† It is curious to observe that the Catholics were afterwards ashamed of these insinuations of theirs; they were a willing to see there were any medals which commemorated massacres. Thuanus, in his 1594 book, has minutely described them. The medals, however, have become extremely scarce; but copies inferior to the original have been sold. They had also pictures on similar subjects, accompanied by inscribing inscriptions, which latter they have effaced, sometimes very imperfectly. See Holte's Memoirs, pp. 318-19. This gentleman advertised in the papers to request travellers to procure them.

* Life of James the Second from his own papers, II. 214.

thousand persons had perished in the Netherlands, by different tortures, for religion. But a change in the religion of the state, Constantine considered, would occasion one to the government he was desired how it happened, that the more they proscribed with death, it only increased the number of the religious martyrs produced proscriptions. As a statesman, he looked round the great field of human actions in the history of the past, there he discovered that the Romans were more enlightened in their actions than we; that Trajan commanded they the younger not to molest the Christians for their religion, but should their conduct endanger the state, to put down illegal assemblies; that Julian the Apostate expressly forbid the conversion of the Christians, who then imagined that they were securing their salvation by martyrdom, but he ordered all these goods to be considered a severe punishment by which Julian prevented more than he could have done by persecutions. "All this," he adds, "we read in ecclesiastical history." Such were the sentiments of Constantine, in 313. Amidst preparation of state necessity, and of our common humanity, the notion of toleration had not entered into the views of the statesman. It was too at this time that De la Motte, a great controversial writer, declared, that had the fire lighted for the destruction of Caligula not been extinguished, the sect had not spread! About half a century subsequent to this period, Theodorus was perhaps the first great mind who appears to have inquired into the French monarch and his nation, that they might live at peace with heretics, by which he was called down on himself the haughty indignation of Rome, and a declaration, that the man who speaks in favour of heretics must necessarily be one of the first class. Hear the afflicted heretic: "Have men no compassion after five years passed full of continual miseries? Have they no fear, after the loss of the Netherlands, occasioned by that frantic obstinacy which marked the times? I grieve that such arguments should have occasioned my hand to have been examined with a request that amounts to calumny." Such was the language of Theodorus, in a letter written in 1606, which indicates an approximation to toleration, but which, as a term, was not probably yet found in any dictionary. We may consider, as in many attempts at toleration, the great national council of Dort, whose history is simply written by Brandt, and the outgoing Protestantism of Land, to approximate to the ceremonies of the Roman church, but the spread, after holding about two hundred sessions, closed, dividing men into universalists and semi-universalists, supranaturalists and rationalists. The reformers themselves produced the compromise, and Land's compromise ended in placing the altar eastward, and in raising the scaffold for the monarchy and the hierarchy from a concubine where it will do what it has not yet learnt. They were pressing for conformity to do that which a century afterwards they found could only be done by toleration.

The secret history of toleration among certain parties has been ascribed to us by a curious

document, from that religious Machiavel, the secretistic republican John Knox, a Calvinist Pope. "While the posterity of Abraham," says that mighty and artful reformer, "were few in number, and while they enjoyed in different countries, they were more required to avoid all participation in the idolatrous rites of the heathen; but as soon as they possessed into a kingdom, and had obtained possession of Canaan, they were strictly charged to suppress idolatry, and to destroy all the monuments and sacrifices. The same duty was now incumbent on the professors of the true religion in Scotland (scarcely, when not more than ten persons in a country were enlightened, it would have been foolishness to have demanded of the nobility the suppression of idolatry). But now, where knowledge had been increased," &c. Such are the men who cry out for toleration during their state of political weakness, but who cancel the bond by which they hold their tenure whenever they obtain possession of Canaan." The only commentary on this piece of the secret history of toleration is the secret remark of South: "We are fully convinced that we shall always tolerate them, but not that they will tolerate us."

The truth is, that toleration was allowed by none of the parties, and I will now show the doctrines into which each party thrust itself.

When the house of England would shortly have established episcopacy in Scotland, the Presbyterians joined an act against the toleration of dissenters from Presbyterian doctrine and discipline, and then, on Luther's return, they were committing the same violence on the consciences of those brethren, which they opposed to the king. The Presbyterians continued their late-war against to dispossess the Royalists of their living, and the Independents, who assumed the principle of toleration in their very name, shortly after endorsed what they called the engagement, to reject the Presbyterians. In England, where the Dissenters were expected, their great advocate Calamy complained that the Dissenters were only making use of the same arguments which the most violent reformers had done in their noble defence of the reformation against the Papists, while the arguments of the established church against the Dissenters were the same which were urged by the Papists against the Protestant reformation. When the Presbyterians

* Dr. McCrie's Life of John Knox, p. 120.

† I quote from an unpublished letter, written as late as in 1720, addressed to the author of "The Free and Candid Disquisition," by the Reverend Thomas Allen, Rector of Ewerby, Northamptonshire. However extravagant his doctrine appears to us, I suspect that it exhibits the concealed sentiments of even some Protestant churchmen. This vector of Lettington attributes the growth of schisms to the negligence of the clergy, and seems to have persecuted both the archbishops, "to his detriment," as he tells us, with tongue and pen of reform borrowed from monastic institutions. He wished to revive the practice instituted by a canon of the council of London, of having prayers of *horum hominum et eorum*—prayers twice a day in the churches. But his grand project take on his own words.

—? let the archbishop know that I had composed

* *Memoirs de Michel de Catinon*, Liv. 1. c. 4.

† Life of Theodorus, by the Rev. J. Collins, p. 119.



over our masters, and preached up the doctrine of passive obedience to spiritual matters to the civil power, it was unquestionably passing a mild condemnation on those who recent opposition and detraction of the former episcopacy. Whoever men act from a secret motive entirely contrary to their ostensible one, such monstrous results will happen, and in extremum viam, however opposite they appear in their beginnings. John Knox and Father Peter, in office, would have equally served James the Second as confessor and prime minister!

A fact relating to the famous James Ligon, proves the difficulty of forming a clear notion of TOLERATION. This learned man, after having been ruined by the religious wars of the Netherlands, found an honourable retreat in a professor's chair at Leyden, and without difficulty acquired Papacy. He published some political works, and adopted as his great principle, that only one religion should be allowed to a people, and that no democracy should be granted to Nonconformists, when, he declares, should be pursued by sword and fire, in this manner a single member would be cut off to preserve the body sound. *See, also—* are his words. Strange notions there is a Protestant republic, and, in fact, in Holland it was approving of all the horrors of their oppressors, the Duke D. Alva and Philip II., from which they had hardly recovered. It was a principle by which we must inevitably infer, says Bayle, that in Holland no other mode of religious belief but one sect should be permitted, and that those Papists who had changed the memorandum of the Gueper had done what they ought. Ligon found himself easily embarrassed when refused by Thomas Cornhart,* the firm advocate of political and reli-

gion, wherein I prove the necessity of an ecclesiastical power over conscience in matters of religion, which utterly alienates their arguments who plead in hard for toleration. I took my scheme from a "Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity," wherein the authority of the civil magistrate over the conscience of subjects in matters of external religion is asserted, the mischiefs, and inconveniences of toleration are represented, and all pretences pleaded in behalf of liberty of conscience are fully answered. If this book were republished and considered, the king would know his power and the people their duty."

The rector of Kettering seems not to have known that the author of this "Discourse on Ecclesiastical Polity" was the notorious Parker, immortalized by the satire of Marvell. This political apostate, from a republican and puritanism, became a furious advocate for arbitrary government in church and state! He easily won the favour of James the Second, who made him Bishop of Oxford! His principles were so violent, that Father Peter, the confessor of James the Second, made sure of him! The letter of the rector of Kettering, in adopting the views of such a Catholic bishop, confirms my suspicion, that toleration is condemned as an evil among some Protestants!

* Cornhart was one of the fathers of Dutch literature, and even of their arts. He was the composer of the great national ode of William of Orange; he was too a famous engraver, the master

given freedom, and at length Ligon, that Protestant with a Catholic heart, was forced to eat his words, like Pascal his annus, declaring that the two objectionable words, *are, are*, were borrowed from medicine, meaning not literally *are* and *is*, but a strong efficacious remedy, one of those powerful medicines to expel poison. Jean de Serres, a warm Huguenot, carried the principle of TOLERATION so far in his "Inventaire générale de l'Histoire de France," as to bludge Charles Marrel for compelling the Protestants, whom he had conquered, to adopt Christianity! "A pardonable error," he observes, "in a warrior, but in fact the minds of men cannot be gained over by arms, and that religion forced upon them, which must be introduced into the hearts of men by reason." It is curious to see a Protestant, in his zeal for toleration, blaming a king for forcing idolaters to become Christians, and to have found an opportunity to express his opinions in the dark history of the eight century, in an instance how barbarians incorporate their passions in their laws, and view ancient facts with modern eyes.

The Protestant cannot grant toleration to the Catholic, unless the Catholic consents to be a Papist, and the Armenian church, which opened its wide bosom to receive every denomination of Christians, nevertheless were forced to exclude the Papists, for their passive obedience to the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. The Catholic has curiously told us, on this word TOLERATION, that, *Ce mot drouit fort en usage à mesure que le nombre des tolerants augmente*. It was a word which seemed of recent introduction, though the book is modern! The Protestants have disputed much how far they might tolerate, or whether they should tolerate at all; "a difficulty," triumphantly exclaims the Catholic, "which they are not likely ever to settle, while they maintain their principles of pretended reformation: the consequences which naturally follow must be worse to the Christian. It is the weak who raise such obstacles for toleration, the strong find authority legitimate."

A religion which admits not of toleration cannot be wisely tolerated, if there is any chance of their obtaining a political ascendancy.

When Pericles and six of his followers were condemned to torture and execution for asserting that the three persons of the Trinity were to be considered as three different persons of the same being, Saint Ambrose and Saint Martin advised the canon of offended hierarchy, and refused to communicate with the bishops who had called out for the blood of the Pericleans, but Cardinal Barrois, the assessor of the church, was greatly embarrassed to explain how men of real piety could abstain from applying the odious seal of the persecution. He preferred to give up the saints rather than to allow of intolerance. For he acknowledged that the toleration which their sect would have allowed was not exempt from sin!

of Goltzen. On his death-bed, he was still writing against the persecution of heretics.

* Dictionnaire de Trevoux, ad vocem TOLÉRANCE. Printed in 1711.

* Bannoud, Hist. des Français, i. 41. The character of the first person who introduced such persecution into the Christian Church has been

In the preceding article, "Political Religionism," we have shown how to provide against the possible evil of the *tolerated* becoming the *tolerators*! Toleration has, indeed, been suspected of indifference to Religion itself; but with sound minds, it is only an indifference to the logomachies of theology—things "not of God, but of man," that have perished, and that are perishing around us!

APOLOGY FOR THE PARISIAN MASSACRE.

AN original document now lying before me, the autograph letter of Charles the Ninth, will prove, that that unparalleled massacre, called by the world *religious*, was, in the French cabinet, considered merely as *political*; one of those revolting state expedients which a pretended instant necessity has too often inflicted on that part of a nation which, like the under-current, subterraneously works its way, and runs counter to the great stream, till that critical moment arrives when one or the other must cease.

The massacre of Saint Bartholomew day, in August, 1572, lasted in France during seven days: that awful event interrupted the correspondence of our court with that of France. A long silence ensued; the one did not dare to tell the tale which the other could not listen to. But sovereigns know how to convert a mere domestic event into a political expedient. Charles the Ninth, on the birth of a daughter, sent over an ambassador extraordinary to request Elizabeth to stand as sponsor: by this the French monarch obtained a double purpose; it served to renew his interrupted intercourse with the silent Queen, and alarmed the French Protestants by abating their hopes, which long rested on the aid of the English queen.

The following letter, dated 8th February, 1573, is addressed by the king to La Motte Fenelon, his resident ambassador at London. The king in this letter minutely details a confidential intercourse with his mother, Catharine de Medicis, who, perhaps, may have dictated this letter to the secretary, although signed by the king with his own hand.* Such minute particulars could only have been known to herself. The Earl of Worcester (Worcester) was now taking his departure, having come to Paris on the baptism of the princess; and accompanied by Walsingham, our resident ambassador, after taking leave of Charles, had the following interview with Catharine de Medicis. An

described by Sulpicius Severus. See Dr. Maclaine's note in his translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. 428.

* All the numerous letters which I have seen of Charles the Ninth, now in the possession of Mr. Murray, are carefully signed by himself, and I have also observed *postscripts* written with his own hand: they are always countersigned by his secretary. I mention this circumstance, because in the *Dictionnaire Historique*, it is said that Charles, who died young, was so given up to the amusements of his age, that he would not even sign his despatches, and introduced the custom of secretaries signing for the king. This voluminous correspondence shows the falsity of this statement. History is too often composed of tales of this stamp.

interview with the young monarch was usually concluded by a separate audience with his mother, who probably was still the directress of his councils.

The French court now renewed their favourite project of marrying the Duke D'Alençon with Elizabeth. They had long wished to settle this turbulent spirit, and the negotiation with Elizabeth had been broken off in consequence of the massacre at Paris. They were somewhat uneasy lest he should share the fate of his brother, the Duke of Anjou, who had not long before been expedited on the same fruitless errand; and Elizabeth had already objected to the disparity of their ages, the Duke of Alençon being only seventeen, and the maiden queen six-and-thirty; but Catharine observed, that D'Alençon was only one year younger than his brother, against whom this objection had not occurred to Elizabeth, for he had been sent back upon another pretext—some difficulty which the queen had contrived about his performing mass in his own house.

After Catharine de Medicis had assured the Earl of Worcester of her great affection for the Queen of England, and her and the king's strict intention to preserve it, and that they were therefore desirous of this proposed marriage taking place, she took this opportunity of inquiring of the Earl of Worcester the cause of the queen his mistress's marked *coolness towards them*. The narrative becomes now dramatic.

"On this Walsingham, who kept always close by the side of the count, here took on himself to answer, acknowledging that the said count had indeed been charged to speak on this head; and he then addressed some words in English to Worcester. And afterwards the count gave to my lady and mother to understand, that the queen his mistress had been waiting for an answer on two articles; the one concerning religion, and the other for an interview. My lady and mother instantly replied, that she had never heard any articles mentioned, on which she would not have immediately satisfied the Sieur Walsingham, who then took up the word; first observing that the count was not accustomed to business of this nature, but that he himself knew for certain that the cause of this negotiation for marriage not being more advanced was really these two unsettled points: that his mistress still wished that the point of religion should be cleared up; for that they concluded in England that this business was designed only to amuse and never to be completed (as happened in that of my brother the Duke of Anjou); and the other point concerned the interval between my brother the Duke of Alençon; because some letters, which may have been written between the parties* in such sort of matters, could not have the same force which the sight and presence of both the persons would undoubtedly have. But, he added, *another thing, which had also greatly retarded this business, was*

* These *love-letters* of Alençon to our Elizabeth are noticed by Camden, who observes, that the queen became wearied by receiving so many, and to put an end to this trouble, she consented that the young duke should come over, conditionally that he should not be offended if her suitor should return home suitless.

what had happened lately in this kingdom; and during such troubles, proceeding from religion, it could not have been well timed to have spoken with them concerning the said marriage; and that himself and those of his nation had been in great fear in this kingdom, thinking that we intended to extirpate all those of the said religion. On this, my lady and mother answered him instantly, and in order; That she was certain that the queen his mistress could never like nor value a prince who had not his religion at heart; and whoever would desire to have this otherwise, would be depriving him of what we hold dearest in this world; That he might recollect that my brother had always insisted on the freedom of religion, and that it was from the difficulty of its public exercise, which he always insisted on, which had broken off this negotiation: the Duke d'Alençon will be satisfied when this point is agreed on, and will hasten over to the queen, persuaded that she will not occasion him the pain and the shame of passing over the seas without happily terminating this affair. In regard to *what has occurred these latter days*, that he must have seen how it happened by the fault of the chiefs of those who remained here; for when the late admiral was treacherously wounded at Notre Dame, he knew the affliction it threw us into (fearful that it might have occasioned great troubles in this kingdom), and the diligence we used to verify judicially whence it proceeded; and the verification was nearly finished, when they were so forgetful, as to raise a conspiracy, to attempt the lives of myself, my lady and mother, and my brothers, and endanger the whole state; which was the cause, that to avoid this, I was compelled, to my very great regret, to permit what had happened in this city; but as he had witnessed, I gave orders to stop, as soon as possible, this fury of the people, and place every one in repose. On this, the Sieur Walsingham replied to my lady and mother, that the exercise of the said religion had been interdicted in this kingdom. To which she also answered, that this had not been done but for a good and holy purpose; namely, that the fury of the Catholic people might the sooner be allayed, who else had been reminded of the past calamities, and would again have been let loose against those of the said religion, had they continued to preach in this kingdom. Also should these once more fix on any chiefs, which I will prevent as much as possible, giving him clearly and pointedly to understand, that what is done here is much the same as what has been done, and is now practised by the queen his mistress in her kingdom. For she permits the exercise but of one religion, although there are many of her people who are of another; and having also, during her reign, punished those of her subjects whom she found seditious and rebellious. It is true this has been done by the laws, but I indeed could not act in the same manner; for finding myself in such imminent peril, and the conspiracy raised against me and mine, and my kingdom, ready to be executed; I had no time to arraign and try in open justice as much as I wished, but was constrained, to my very great regret, to strike the blow (*lâcher la main*) in what has been done in this city."

This letter of Charles the Ninth, however, does

not here conclude. "My lady and mother" plainly acquaints the Earl of Worcester and Sir Francis Walsingham that her son had never interfered between their mistress and her subjects, and in return expects the same favour; although, by accounts they had received from England, many ships were arming to assist their rebels at Rochelle. "My lady and mother" advances another step, and declares that Elizabeth by treaty is bound to assist her son against his rebellious subjects; and they expect, at least, that Elizabeth will not only stop these armaments in all her ports, but exemplarily punish the offenders. I resume the letter.

"And on hearing this, the said Walsingham changed colour, and appeared somewhat astonished, as my lady and mother well perceived by his face; and on this, he requested the Count of Worcester to mention the order which he knew the queen his mistress had issued to prevent these people from assisting those of La Rochelle; but that in England, so numerous were the seamen and others who gained their livelihood by maritime affairs, and who would starve without the entire freedom of the seas, that it was impossible to interdict them."

Charles the Ninth encloses the copy of a letter he had received from London, in part agreeing with an account the ambassador had sent to the king, of an English expedition nearly ready to sail for La Rochelle, to assist his rebellious subjects. He is still further alarmed, that Elizabeth fomented the *wartegaux*, and assists underhand the discontented. He urges the ambassador to hasten to the queen, to impart these complaints in the most friendly way, as he knows the ambassador can well do, and as, no doubt, Walsingham will have already prepared her to receive. Charles entreats Elizabeth to prove her good faith by deeds and not by words; to act openly on a point which admits of no dissimulation. The best proof of her friendship will be the marriage: and the ambassador, after opening this business to her chief ministers, who the king thinks are desirous of this projected marriage, is then "to acquaint the queen with what has passed between her ambassadors and myself."

Such is the first letter on English affairs which Charles the Ninth despatched to his ambassador, after an awful silence of six months, during which time La Motte Fencelon was not admitted into the presence of Elizabeth. The apology for the massacre of St. Bartholomew comes from the king himself, and contains several remarkable expressions, which are at least divested of that style of bigotry and exultation we might have expected: on the contrary, this sanguinary and inconsiderate young monarch, as he is represented, writes in a subdued and sorrowing tone, lamenting his hard necessity, regretting he could not have recourse to the laws, and appealing to others for his efforts to check the fury of the people, which he himself had let loose. Catharine de Medicis, who had governed him from the tender age of eleven years, when he ascended the throne, might unquestionably have persuaded him that a conspiracy was on the point of explosion. Charles the Ninth died young, and his character is unfavourably viewed by the historians. In the voluminous correspond-

once which I have examined, could we judge by state letters of the character of him who uttered them, we must form a very different notion; they are so plain and so earnest, that one might conceive they were dictated by the young monarch himself!

PREDICTION.

In a curious treatise on "Divination," or the knowledge of future events, Cicero has preserved a complete account of the state-contrivances which were practised by the Roman government, to insinuate among the people their hopes and fears by which they regulated public opinion. The paper crowd, now become obsolete and ridiculous, has occasioned the treatise to be rarely consulted, it remains, however, as a chapter in the history of man.

To these two books of Cicero on "Divination" perhaps a third might be added, on political and social prediction. The principles which may even raise it into a science are self-evident; they are drawn from the heart of man, and they depend on the nature of human events! We presume we shall demonstrate the positive existence of such a faculty—a faculty which Lord Bacon denounces as "making things retrograde and answers as pastures." The oracles, the augurs, and the soothsayers have vanished with their own superstitions, but the moral and the political prediction, proceeding on principles authorized by nature and experience, has become more skillful as his others stoop on the phenomena of human nature, and it has often happened that a fairer philosopher has not made an indifferent prophet.

No great political or moral revolution has occurred which has not been accompanied by its prognostic, and men of a philosophic cast of mind, in their retirement, freed from the delusions of parties and of sects, at once intelligent in the progress of human nature, while they are withdrawn from their conflicting interests, have rarely been confounded by the announcement which over-whelms those who, absorbed in active life, see the more creatures of sensation, agitated by the shadows of truth, the unsubstantial appearances of things! Intellectual nations are advancing on an eternal circle of events and passions which succeed each other, and the last is necessarily connected with its antecedent; the solitary force of some fortuitous accident only can interrupt this concatenated program of human affairs.

That every great event has been accompanied by a prodigy or prognostic has been observed by Lord Bacon. "The prophecies of the people should understand the prognostics of state-conspiracies; hollow blasts of wind coming at a distance, and secret meetings of the wise, often precede a storm." Such were the prognostics discerned by the public Bishop of Uthman in Charles the First's time, who clearly foresaw and predicted the final success of the Puritan party in our country; sensitive to his own security, he abandoned the government and sided with the rising opposition, at a moment when such a change in public affairs was by no means apparent.*

* See Rushworth, vol. i. p. 426. His language was decisive.

In the spirit of foresight our contemplative antiquary Dugdale must have anticipated the storm which was approaching to blast the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He hurried on his strenuous labours of taking draughts and transcribing inscriptions, as he says, "to preserve them for future and better times." Posterity owes to the present spirit of Dugdale the ancient Monuments of England, which bear the marks of the haste, as well as the zeal, which have perpetuated them.

Continental writers earnestly employed a just-estate expectation, when they wished to have an *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*. This history of the Reformation would have commenced at least a century before the Reformation itself! A letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Sixtus IV., written a century before Luther appeared, clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. He observed that the minds of men were ripe for something tragical, he felt the era arriving at the east, and the tree beginning to bend, and that his party, instead of opposing it, were hastening its fall. In England, Sir Thomas More was not less present to his view, for when his own Roger was observing to him, that the Catholic religion, under "the Delirium of the Faith," was in a most flourishing state, the answer of More was an evidence of political foresight,—

"Truth it is, my Roger; and yet I pray God that we may not live to see the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with heretics, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." Whether our great chancellor predicted from a more intimate knowledge of the king's character, or from some private circumstances which may not have been recorded for our information, of which I have an obscure suspicion, remains to be ascertained. The minds of men of great political sagacity were unquestionably at that moment full of obscure indications of the approaching change. Fromen, when at Canterbury before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that there had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers. "For," said he, "them who have hoarded up all this mass of treasure will one day be plundered, and left a prey to them who are in power."—A prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the *Visions of Piero Ploughman*, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Third, portrayed the world by a London production of the *fall of the religious houses from the hand of a beggar*. The event was realized two hundred years afterwards, by our Henry the Eighth. The prominent writers have not scrupled to declare, that in this instance he was divine *ante eventum*. But moral and political prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man, the other demands from God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict that those who were "in

* The letter is in the works of Simon Byrdin; a curious extract is given by Simson, in his "Vindicta." See also S. Aheim, Cont. XIII. part ii. chap. x. note m.



power" would destroy the rich shrine, because no other (and of men in society could meet with no flattery a body as the monks conducted the affairs of Peru throughout to the same conclusion, and once power only could accomplish that great purpose, he stood on the highest in the most likely, and then the war prediction was, as long after, literally accomplished!

Mr. Walter Raleigh knew the consequences of the separation and the action in the national church, which occurred about 1550. The very second his imagination mind has been exhibited, to the letter of his description, two centuries after the prediction! His memorable words are, "Time will even bring it to pass, if it were not named, that God would be turned out of church into home, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under hedges—all order of discipline and church government left to enemies of christian and men's leaders, and as many kinds of citizens sprung up as there are parishes within England." We are struck by the pointed genius of Tacitus, who clearly foretold the calamities which so long ravaged Europe on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event! In that sublime anticipation of the future, he observed, "When the Romans shall be banished out from their countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their master's oppression, will not be able to submit without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will ensue among all these nations."

We are told that Solon at Athens, contemplating on the port and canal of Mitylene, suddenly exclaimed, "How blind is man to futurity! Could the Athenians foresee what mischief this will do them (it), they would even eat it with their own teeth, to get rid of it"—a prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards! Thales devoted to be buried in an obscure quarter of Mitylene, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum. Charlemagne, in his old age, observing from the window of a castle a Norman descent on his coast, turned started to the eyes of the aged monarch. He predicted, that once they dared to threaten his dominions while he was yet living, what would they do when he should be no more! A melancholy prediction, says De Pons, of their subsequent incursions, and of the protracted calamities of the French nation during a whole century!

There seems to be something in minds, which take an extensive view of human nature, which serves them as a kind of divination, and the consciousness of this faculty has been ascribed by some. Cicero appears to Athens how he had always judged of the affairs of the Republic as a good divine, and that its overthrow had happened, as he had foreseen, fourteen years before. Cicero had not only predicted what happened in his own town, but also what occurred long after, according to the testimony of Cato the Censor. The philosopher, indeed, affects no secret revelation, nor visionary second-sight, he honestly tells us that this art had been acquired merely by study, and the administration of public affairs, while he

reminds his friend of several remarkable instances of his successful predictions. "I do not divine human events by the arts practised by the augurs, but I see other signs." Cicero then expresses himself with the guarded obscurity of a philosopher who could not openly declare the prevailing superstition, but we perfectly comprehend the nature of his "signs," when, in the great pending event of the civil conflict of Pompey and of Caesar, he shows the means he used for his purpose. "On one side I consider the badness and genius of Caesar, and on the other the condition and the manner of civil wars." In a word, the political events by their dependence on general causes, which the moral diviner, by his experience of the personal character, anticipated the actions of the individual. Others, too, have ascribed the possession of this faculty. Du Vair, a famous character of France, imagined the faculty was inherited with him, by his own experience he had observed the results of this certain and obscure faculty, and at a time when the history of the human mind was imperfectly comprehended, it is easy to account for the apparent wisdom of the grave and dignified character. "Born," says he, "with constitutional intensity, a mind and body but ill adapted to be idle, with a most insatiable curiosity, craving no gift of nature, yet able at all times to exercise a sagacity so great, that I do not know since I have reached manhood, that anything of importance has happened to the state, to the public, or to myself in particular, which I had not foreseen." This faculty seems to be derived by a remarkable expression employed by Thucydides in his character of Themistocles, of which the following is given as a free translation: "By a species of sagacity peculiarly his own, for which he was in no degree indebted either to early education or after study, he was supereminently happy in forming a prompt judgment in matters that admitted but little time for deliberation, at the same time that he far surpassed all in his deductions of the future from the past, or in the best pursuit of the future from the past." I should like to see a moral and political prediction he ever considered as a science, we can even furnish it with a demonstration: for the order of the life of Dr. Thomas Brown, prefixed to his works, in claiming the honour of it for that philosopher, calls it "the Stochastic," a term derived from the Greek and from archery, meaning, "so shoot at a mark." This eminent genius, it seems, often "hit the white." Our biographer declares, that "though he were no prophet, yet in that faculty which comes nearest to it he excelled, i. e. the Stochastic, wherein he was seldom mistaken as to future events, as well public as private."

We are not, indeed, imitating the famous

* Ep. ad Att. Lib. 6. Ep. 8.

* The remarkable confidence I find in Menag's Observations on the Language of France, Part II. p. 120.

* *Quidam vero dicunt, non esse sapientiam in divinis rebus, sed divinationem, cuius est exemplum in divinatione simulque divinatione proprie, cuius est exemplum in divinatione simulque divinatione proprie.*—Thucydides, Lib. 1.

* Ep. ad Att. Lib. 10. Ep. 4.

elements of an occult art we know whence its principles may be drawn, and we may observe how it was practiced by the wisest among the ancients. Aristotle, who collected all the curious knowledge of his times, has preserved some remarkable opinions on the art of divination. In detecting the various subtleties practiced by the pretended diviners of his day, he reveals the secret principle by which one of them regulated his predictions. He frankly declared that the future being always very obscure, while the past was easy to know, his predictions had never the future in view, but he deduced from the past as it appeared in human action, which, however, he concealed from the multitude.⁶ Such is the true principle by which a philosophical historian may become a skilful diviner.

Human affairs make themselves, they grow out of one another, with slight variations, and thus it is that they usually happen as they have happened. The necessary dependence of effects on causes, and the similarity of human interests and human passions, are combined by comparative parallels with the past. The philosophical sage of holy writ deduced the important principle, that "the thing that hath been is that which shall be." The vital facts of history, denuded by the touch of chronological antiquarians, are restored to animation when we comprehend the principles which necessarily terminate in certain results, and discover the characters among mankind who are the usual actors in these scenes. The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs, and whether he advances or retrogrades, he cannot escape out of the march of human thought. Hence, in the most extraordinary revolutions, we discover that the time and the place only have changed, for even when events are not strictly parallel, we detect the same conducting principles. Scipio Ammirato, one of the great Italian historians, in his curious discourses on Tacitus, intermingles ancient examples with the modern, that, he says, all may we how the truth of things is not altered by the changes and diversities of time. Machiavel drew his illustrations of modern history from the ancients.

When the French revolution recalled out attention to a similar eventful period in our own history, the neglected volumes which preserved the public and private history of our Charles the First and Cromwell were collected with eager curiosity. Often the scene existing before us, even the very personages themselves, opened on us in these forgotten pages. But as the annals of human nature did not commence with those of Charles the First, we took a still more retrograde step, and it was discovered in this wider range, that in the various governments of Greece and Rome, the events of those times had been only reproduced. Among them the same principles had terminated in the same results, and the same personages had figured in the same drama. This strikingly appeared in a little curious volume, entitled, "*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Françoise, par une Société d'Antiquaires Latins*," published at Paris in 1801. This "Society of

Latin Authors," who so imitatively have written the history of the French revolution, consists of the Roman historians themselves! By extracts ingeniously applied, the events of that melancholy period are so aptly described, indeed so minutely narrated, that they will not fail to surprise those who are not accustomed to detect the perpetual parallels which we meet with in philosophical history.

Many of these crises in history are close resemblances of each other. Compare the history of "The Longus" in France with that of our own civil wars. We are struck by the similar occurrences performed by the same political characters who played their part on both these great theatre of human action. A critical runneth of these times has commemorated the motives, the incidents, and the personages in the "*Satire Menippée de la Vertu du Catholisme d'Espagne*," and this famous "*Satire Menippée*" is a perfect Hudibras in prose! The writer discovers all the better ridicule of Butler in his ludicrous and severe exhibition of the "*Etat du Pays*," while the artist who designed the satirical prints becomes no contemptible Hogarth. So much are these public events alike in their general spirit and termination, that they have afforded the subject of a printed but unpublished volume, entitled "*Essai sur les Révolutions*." The whole work was modelled on this principle, "It would be possible," says the eloquent writer, "to frame a table or chart in which all the great imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness." The conception is fanciful, but its foundation lies deep in truth.

A remarkable illustration of the secret principle divulged by Aristotle, and described by Thucydides, appears in the recent confession of a man of genius among ourselves. When Mr. Coleridge was a political writer in the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, at a period of darkness and utter confusion, that order was then conducted by a track of light, not revealed to ordinary journalists, on the Napoleonic empire. "Of that despotism in shambles," he decided by "the state of Rome under the first Caesars," and of the Spanish American revolution, by taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip II. as the groundwork of the comparison. "On every great occurrence," he says, "I endeavoured to discover, in past history, the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphletiers. Then, fairly abstracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favoured the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the essays 'On the probable final termination of the Bonapartes,' I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many uneducated men, that were the data

⁶ This work was printed in London in a first volume, but remained unpublished. This singularly curious production was suppressed, but reprinted at Paris. It has suffered the most cruel mutilations. I send, with surprise and instruction, the single copy which I was assured was the only one saved from the havoc of the entire edition.



PREDICTION.

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warning, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months.

In moral predictions on individuals, many have discovered the future character. The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz, even in his youth, was detected by the sagacity of Mazarin. He then wrote a history of the conspiracy of Plessis with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician, after its personal prediction that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age! The father of Marshal D'An, even said the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which, invisible to others, was to obscure it. The father, indeed, well knew the fiery passions of his son. "D'An," said the domestic tutor, "I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden, otherwise I warn thee, thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold." Lorenzo de Medici had studied the temper of his son Piero, for Guiccardini informs us, that he had often complained to his most intimate friends, that "he bore the imprudence and arrogance of his son would occasion the ruin of his family." There is a remarkable prediction of James the First, of the evil likely to ensue from Laud's influence, in a conversation given by Marcket, which the king held with Archbishop Williams. When the king was about to promote Laud, he gave his reasons why he intended to "keep Laud back from all place of rule and authority, because I had he hath a restless spirit, and cannot be when matters are well, but torn to and fro, and change, and to bring things to a pitch of reformation, flouting in his own brain, which endangers the strictness of that which is in a good man. I speak not at random, he hath made himself known to me to be such an one." James then gives the circumstances in which he alludes, and at length, when, still pursued by the archbishop, then the organ of Buckingham, so great, the king's good nature too easily yielded, he did not, however, without clenching with this prediction: "Then take heed to you!—but, on my soul, you will repent it!" The future character of Cromwell was apparent to two of our great politicians. "This coarse unpolished man," said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, "will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to know!" And Archbishop Williams told Charles the First confidentially, that "There was that in Cromwell which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would rather win him over to him, or get him taken off." The Marquis of Westminster's incomparable character of Bonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophecy. "His aggressions of power is so inordinate; his jealousy of independence so fierce; his keenness of appetite in favour in all that touched his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into dreadful difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that by nature make for themselves great reverses."

Lord Mansfield was once asked, after the cum-

* *Biographia Literaria*, or *Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions*. By R. T. Colman. 8vo. 1809. Vol. i. p. 214.

menement of the French revolution, when it would end? His lordship replied, "It is an event without precedent, and therefore without parallel." The truth however, is, that it had both. Our own history had furnished a precedent in the times of Charles the First. And the prognostics were so redundant, that a volume might be collected of passages from various writers who had predicted it. However ingenious might be a history of the Reformation before it occurred, the evidence could not be more authentic and positive than that of the great moral and political revolution which we have witnessed in our own days.

A prediction, which Bishop Butler shows out in a sermon before the House of Lords, in 1741, does honour to his political sagacity, as well as to his knowledge of human nature, he calculated that the religious spirit would produce, some time or other, political disorders, similar to those which, in the seventeenth century, had arisen from religious fanaticism. "Is there no danger," he observed, "that all this may raise somewhat like that dividing spirit, upon political principles, which on the last age prevailed upon enthusiastic ones? Not to speak of the possibility that different sorts of people may come in it upon their contrary principles." All this literally has been accomplished! Leibnitz, indeed, foretold the results of those which and at length demonstrate opinions, which began to prevail through Europe in his day. "These disorganizing principles, conducted by a political art, who tried 'to be worse than they could be,'" as old Montaigne expressed it, a sort of men who have been suddenly cogitated as "having a taste for evil," exhibited to the astonished world the dismal catastrophe the philosopher predicted. I shall give this remarkable passage: "I find that certain opinions, approaching those of Epicurus and Spinoza, are, little by little, insinuating themselves into the minds of the great rulers of public affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all matters depend. Besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus they are preparing all things to that general revolution which menaces Europe! detecting these pernicious sentiments of the ancients, Greeks and Romans, which preferred the love of country and public good, and the care of posterity, to fortune and even to life. Our public guides, as the English call them, excessively distrust, and are no more so faithful, and will be still less while the least views of these men promise only one principle, which they call *amour*, a principle which only keeps them from not doing what they deem a low action, while they openly laugh at the love of country which those who are sensible for public ends—and when a well-intentioned man asks what will become of these posterity? they reply, 'Then, as now.' But it may happen to their posterity themselves to have to endure those evils which they believe are reserved for

* *Public spirit, and public spirit*, were about the year 1700 household words with us. Leibnitz was struck by their significance, but it might now puzzle us to find it necessary, or even to explain the very terms themselves.

on that of property." Harrington, in this contracted view of human nature, had dropped out of his calculation all the stirring passions of ambition and party, and the vacillations of the multitude. A similar error of a great genius occurs in De Foe. "Child," says Mr. George Chalmers, "foreseeing from experience that men's conduct must finally be decided by their principles, FORETOLD the colonial revolt. De Foe, allowing his prejudices to obscure his sagacity, reprobated that suggestion, because he deemed *interest* a more strenuous prompter than *enthusiasm*." The predictions of Harrington and De Foe are precisely such as we might expect from a petty calculator—a political economist, who can see nothing farther than immediate results; but the true philosophical predictor was Child, who had read the *past*. It is probable that the American emancipation from the mother country of England was foreseen, twenty or thirty years before it occurred, though not perhaps by the administration. Lord Orford, writing in 1754 under the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, blames "The instructions to the governor of New York, which seemed better calculated for the latitude of Mexico, and for a Spanish tribunal, than for a free British settlement, and in such opulence and such haughtiness, that *suspicions had long been conceived of their meditating to throw off the dependence on their mother country*." If this was written at the time, as the author asserts, it is a very remarkable passage, observes the noble editor of his memoirs. The prognostics or presages of this revolution, it may now be difficult to recover; but it is evident that Child, before the time when Lord Orford wrote this passage, predicted the separation on true and philosophical principles.

Even when the event does not always justify the prediction, the predictor may not have been the less correct in his principles of divination. The catastrophe of human life, and the turn of great events, often prove accidental. Marshal Biron, whom we have noticed, might have ascended the throne instead of the scaffold; Cromwell and De Retz might have become only the favourite general, or the minister of their sovereigns. Fortuitous events are not comprehended in the reach of human prescience; such must be consigned to those vulgar superstitions which presume to discover the issue of human events, without pretending to any human knowledge. There is nothing supernatural in the prescience of the philosopher.

Sometimes predictions have been condemned as false ones, which, when scrutinised, we can scarcely deem to have failed: they may have been accomplished, and they may again revolve on us. In 1749 Dr. Hartley published his "Observations on Man;" and predicted the fall of the existing governments and hierarchies in two simple propositions; among others—

PROP. 81. It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned.

PROP. 82. It is probable that the present forms of church-government will be dissolved.

Many were alarmed at these predicted falls of church and state. Lady Charlotte Wentworth asked Hartley when these terrible things would happen? The answer of the predictor was not less awful:

"I am an old man, and shall not live to see them; but you are a young woman, and probably will see them." In the subsequent revolutions of America and of France, and perhaps now of Spain, we can hardly deny that these predictions had failed. A fortuitous event has once more thrown back Europe into its old corners; but we still revolve in a circle, and what is now dark and remote may again come round, when time has performed its great cycle. There was a prophetic passage in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, regarding the church, which long occupied the speculations of its expounders. Hooker indeed seemed to have done what no predictor of human events should do; he fixed on the period of its accomplishment. In 1597, he declared that it would "peradventure fall out to be threescore and ten years, or if strength do awe, into fourscore." Those who had outlived the revolution in 1641, when the long parliament pulled down the ecclesiastical establishment, and sold the church lands,—a circumstance which Hooker had contemplated—and were afterwards returned to their places on the Restoration, imagined that the prediction had not yet been completed, and were looking with great anxiety towards the year 1677, for the close of this extraordinary prediction! When Bishop Barlow, in 1675, was consulted on it, he endeavoured to dissipate the panic, by referring to an old historian, who had reproached our nation for their proneness to prophecies! The prediction of the venerable Hooker in truth had been fully accomplished, and the event had occurred without Bishop Barlow having recurred to it; so easy it seems to forget what we dislike to remember! The period of time was too literally taken; and seems to have been only the figurative expression of man's age in scriptural language, which Hooker had employed; but no one will now deny that this prescient sage had profoundly foreseen the results of that rising party, whose designs on church and state were clearly depicted in his own luminous view.

The philosophical predictor in foretelling a crisis, from the appearances of things, will not rashly assign the period of time; for the crisis which he anticipates is calculated on by that inevitable march of events which generate each other in human affairs; but the period is always dubious, being either retarded or accelerated by circumstances of a nature incapable of entering into this moral arithmetic. It is probable, that a revolution, similar to that of France, would have occurred in this country, had it not been counteracted by the genius of Pitt. In 1618, it was easy to foretell, by the political prognostics, that a mighty war throughout Europe must necessarily occur. At that moment, observes Bayle, the house of Austria aimed at an universal monarchy; the consequent domineering spirit of the ministers of the emperor and the king of Spain, combined with their determination to exterminate the new religions, excited a reaction to this imperial despotism; public opinion had been suppressed, till every people grew impatient; while their sovereigns, influenced by national feeling, were combining against Austria. But Austria was a vast military power, and her generals were the first of their class. The efforts of Europe would then be

often repulsed! This state of affairs prognosticated a long war—and when at length it broke out, it lasted thirty years! The approach and the duration of the war might have been predicted, but the period of its termination could not have been foreseen.

There is, however, a spirit of political vaticination which presumes to pass beyond the boundaries of human prescience, it has been often ascribed to the highest source of inspiration by enthusiasts, but since "the language of prophecy" has ceased, such pretensions are not less impious than they are unphilosophical. Knox the reformer possessed an extraordinary portion of this awful prophetic confidence, he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are told, that, condemned to a galley at Rochelle, he predicted that "within two or three years, he should preach the gospel at Saint Guen's in Edinburgh," an improbable event, which happened. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced, that "as the king, for the queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord, in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow." Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Edinburgh, where he was assassinated, occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that the prophet Knox had received an immediate communication from Heaven. A Spanish friar and amanuensis predicted, in clear and precise words, the death of Henry the Fourth of France, and Pierec, though he had no faith in the vain science of astrology, yet, alarmed at whatever menaced the life of a beloved monarch, consulted with some of the king's friends, and had the Spanish friar spread his own fame in a new emanack. I have been occasionally struck at the Jeremiahs of honest George Withers, the vaticinating poet of our civil wars, some of his works afford many solemn predictions. We may account for many predictions of this class, without the intervention of any supernatural agency. Among the busy spirits of a revolutionary age, the heads of a party, such as Knox, have frequently secret communications with spies or with friends. In a constant source of concealed information, a shrewd, confident, and enthusiastic temper will find ample matter for mysterious prescience. Knox exercised that deep sagacity which took in the most enlarged views of the future, as appears by his Machiavelian foresight on the barbarous destruction of the monasteries and the cathedrals—"The best way to keep the rooks from returning, is to pull down their nests." In the case of the prediction of the death of Henry the Fourth, by the Spanish friar, it resulted either from his being acquainted with the plot, or from his being made an instrument for their purpose by those who were. It appears that rumours of Henry's assassination were rife in Spain and Italy, before the event occurred. Such vaticinators as George Withers will always rise in those disturbed times, which his own prosaic metre has forcibly depicted.

"It may be on that darkness, which they find
Within their hearts, a sudden light hath shined
Making reflections of some things to come,
Which leave within them musings troublesome
To their weak spirits, or too intricate
For them to put in order, and relate.
They act as men in extasies have done—
Striving their cloudy visions to decide—
And I, perhaps, among these may be one
That was set loose for service to be done:
I blunder out what worldly-prudent men
Count madness."—P. 7.

Separating human prediction from inspired prophecy, we only ascribe to the faculties of man that acquired prescience which we have demonstrated that some great minds have unquestionably exercised. We have discovered its principles in the necessary dependence of effects on general causes, and we have shown that, impelled by the same motives, and circumscribed by the same passions, all human affairs revolve in a circle, and we have opened the true source of this yet imperfect science of moral and political reasoning, in an intimate, but a discriminative, knowledge of the past.

Authority is sacred, when experience affords parallels and analogies. If much which may overwhelm when it shall happen, can be foreseen, the present statesman and moralist may provide defensive measures to break the waters, whose streams they cannot always direct, and venerable Hooker has profoundly observed, that "the best things have been overthrown, not so much by puissance and might of adversaries, as through defect of council in those that should have upheld and defended the same."⁴

The philosophy of history tends the past with the present, and combines the present with the future, each is but a portion of the other. The actual state of a thing is necessarily determined by its antecedent, and thus progressively through the chain of human existence, while "the present is always full of the future," as LEBNITZ has happily expressed the idea.

A new and beautiful light is thus thrown over the annals of mankind, by the analogies and the parallels of different ages in succession. How the seventeenth century has influenced the eighteenth, and the results of the nineteenth, as they shall appear in the twentieth, might open a source of

"A Dark Lanthorne, offering a dim Discovery,
Intermix'd with Remembrances, Predictions, &c.
1692."

Hooker wrote this about 1560, and he wrote before the *Siecle des Revolutions* had begun, even among ourselves! He penetrated into this important principle merely by the force of his own meditation. At this moment, after more practical experience in political revolutions, a very intelligent French writer in a pamphlet, entitled, "M. de Valéle," says "Experience proclaims a great truth—namely, that revolutions themselves cannot succeed, except when they are favoured by a portion of the Government." He illustrates the axiom by the different revolutions which have occurred in his nation within these thirty years. It is the same truth traced to its source by another road,

PREDICTIONS, to which, however difficult it might be to affix their dates, there would be none in exploring into causes, and tracing their inevitable effects.

The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the PRESENT; the learned, busied with the PAST, can only trace whence, and how, all comes; but he who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the FUTURE!

DREAMS AT THE DAWN OF PHILOSOPHY.

MODERN philosophy, theoretical or experimental, only amuses while the action of discovery is suspended or advances: the interest ceases with the inquirer when the catastrophe is ascertained, like the romance whose *dénouement* turns on a mysterious incident, which, once unfolded, all future agitation ceases. But in the true infancy of Science, philosophers were as an imaginative race as poets: marvels and portents, undemonstrable and undefinable, with occult fancies, perpetually beginning and never ending, were delightful as the shifting cantos of Ariosto. Then science entranced the eye by its thaumaturgy: when they looked through an optic tube, they believed they were looking into futurity; or, starting at some shadow darkening the glassy globe, beheld the absent person; while the mechanical inventions of art were toys and tricks, with sometimes an automaton, which frightened them with life.

The earlier votaries of modern philosophy only witnessed, as Gaffarel calls his collection, "Unheard-of Curiosities." This state of the marvellous, of which we are now for ever deprived, prevailed among the philosophers and the *virtuosi* in Europe, and with ourselves, long after the establishment of the Royal Society. Philosophy then depended mainly on authority—a single one was sufficient: so that when this had been repeated by fifty others, they had the authority of fifty honest men—whoever the first man might have been! They were then a blissful race of children, rambling here and there in a golden age of innocence and ignorance, where at every step each gifted discoverer whispered to the few some half-concealed secret of nature, or played with some toy of art; an invention which, with great difficulty performed what, without it, might have been done with great ease. The cabinets of the lovers of mechanical arts formed enchanted apartments, where the admirers feared to stir or look about them; while the philosophers themselves half imagined they were the very thaumaturgi, for which the world gave them too much credit, at least for their quiet! Would we run after their shadows in this gleaming land of moonshine, or sport with these children in the fresh morning of science, ere Aurora had scarcely peeped on the hills, we must enter into their feelings, view with their eyes, and believe all they confide to us; and out of these bundles of dreams sometimes pick out one or two for our own dreaming. They are the fairy tales and the Arabian Nights' Entertain-

ments of Science. But if the reader is stubbornly mathematical and logical, he will only be holding up a great torch against the muslin curtain, upon which the fantastic shadows playing upon it must vanish at the instant. It is an amusement which can only take place by carefully keeping himself in the dark.

What a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived this enviable epithet from his surname *De Groot*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his "Admirable Secrets," delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most precious preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may be! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; as that of gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope, with all its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand, for two centuries, in Baptista Porta's "Natural Magic." The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend these leaves fell into the unworthy hands of the prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man! Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his "Steganographia," and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at *secret writing*; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds, by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the "Opus Majus" of our "Doctor Mirabilis." Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences," intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Psellus, Plotinus, Jamblichus—and on better, were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarm with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was everywhere avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon! This was a great black dog, whom he suffered to

stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of fire and faggot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than what he appeared! "I believe," says he, "that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I wonder how authors of such great character should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how!" But as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and cast together the qualities of his materials under certain constellations, which threw such a spirit into his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head, expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked the head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, "word never spake more." This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophecy, was indeed a subject of profound inquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future: with the past and the present they seemed totally unacquainted, so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful and obscure—even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that "These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken the head for anything more that you could have got out of it. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved, as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?"

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass

speak, since a doll can whisper, a statue play chess, and brass ducks have performed the whole process of digestion? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason. A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and he, particularly, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose, by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick. The same magical story might have been told of Dr. Franklin, who finding that under his window the passengers had discovered a spot which they made too convenient for themselves, he charged it with his newly-discovered electrical fire. After a few remarkable incidents had occurred, which at a former period had lodged the great discoverer of electricity at the Inquisition, the modern magician succeeded just as well as the ancient, who had the advantage of conning over the books of Hermes. Instead of ridiculing these works of magic, let us rather become magicians ourselves!

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chemists: nor is even their grand operation despaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls "apertness;" a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authentic accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear, and was never afterwards heard of.

In the "*Liber Patris Sapientiae*" this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work of the alchemist Norton, who counsels,

"Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or
done.
Trust not thy friend too much wheresoe'er thou
go,
For he thou trustest best, sometime may be thy
foe,"

Ashmole observes, that "Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not to let any one know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself: and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

"When men disputed of *colours of the rose*,
He would not speak, but kept himself full close!"

We regret, that by each leaving all his knowledge to "his good angel and himself," it has happened that "the good angels" have kept it all to themselves!

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies'

faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would "have his bread whiter than the finest wheaten." Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which for a good while he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought he had; for he raised something aerial from spa-water, which mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; and which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost! Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself should have prevented taking place. When a philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Egmond, lamenting the brevity of life, which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that "he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs." And when his death was announced to the world, the abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible; and at length insisted, that if it had occurred, it must have been owing to some mistake of the philosopher's.

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity the recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full-grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison—on the vivifying principle by which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr. Farmer's sale the leaf which preserved this recipe for making a fairy, forcibly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain from its creation. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of engendering creatures, which "at their full growth shall not exceed the size of a mouse;" but he adds that "they are only pretty little dogs to play with." Were these akin to the fairies of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines showed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to be rich in silver. A metallic spirit at one sweep annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The

fact was unquestionable; and the safety-lamp was undiscovered!

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The semina of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted: unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into its primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower, arise: it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produced this resurrection—as in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy reanimation, when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom, and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night, after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a "peradventure." A more satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for, as Dr. More forcibly says, "That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchymist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off

for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged a true gold and silver in the world."

The Pharmacopœia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent, and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have now disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering, perhaps that which he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small-pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on "fair" plants became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans ever possessed any such occult virtues: Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and Naudé's paradox is, indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true because it is so generally told! "It leads one to suspect," says he, "as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any one place." Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—"As if, because of the great number of battles that Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them." The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies entirely with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting "*Curiosités inouïes*," is a most authentic historian of unparalleled events, even in his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down "*petites bestioles*," little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies!

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions of our early virtuosi were the baby-houses of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of "The Society of Arts," instead of flying in the air, collecting "A wing of the phoenix, as tradition goes;" or catching the disjointed syllables of an old doting astrologer. But these early diletanti had not derived the same pleasure from the

useful inventions of the aforesaid "Society of Arts," as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls "things vain and superfluous, invented to no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure." Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the *Academia de Gli Oziosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *Di Secreti*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some secret; for, in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still show; but it was his misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and, what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his Holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hindrances to the study of the Bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying. Porta's genius was now limited, to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti*. On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment a magical landscape burst on him, with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or sometimes banquets, battles, and hunting-parties, were in the same apartment. "All these spectacles my friends have witnessed!" exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When he drank wine out of the same cup, his friends were mortified with wonder; for he drank wine, and they only water! or on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or, on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves, in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Albertus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius—and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *De Secretis Mulierum*, and *De Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, the winter changed to summer, and the speaking head as—two infamous flams! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sanctity of Albertus,—after three centuries, the body of Albert the Great remained as sweet as ever!

Whether such "Enchauntments," as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were "by craft or by nygromancye, I wot nere." But that they were not unknown to Chaucer, appears in his "Frankleyn's Tale," where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of "the Tregetoure," or "Jogelour." Chaucer ascribes the miracle to "naturall magique;" in which, however, it was not yet settled that "the Prince of Darkness" was not a party concerned.

"For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken divers apparences
Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures play.
For oft at festes have I wel herd say
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down.
Sometime hath semed come a grim leoun,
And sometime floures spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight."

Bishop Wilkins's museum was visited by Evelyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of science. "Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance;" a circumstance which, perhaps, they were not then aware revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys, and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *fleurs de lis* from its shaggy breast. And another philosopher, who had a spinnet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-stuffed child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into daylight, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Everything was full of devices, which showed art and mechanism in perfection: his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fireplace and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clock-work. Another of these virtuosi, who is described as "a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knick-knackatory," valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in "sowing salads in the morning, to be cut for dinner." The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked

aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden, by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself, when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the arbour. What was passing at the "Royal Society" was also occurring at the "Académie des Sciences" at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger, would point to his legs, to show the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visitor never failed finding the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visitor was going down stairs, this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window: so that he proved, that if a man of science cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr. Plott, in a magnificent project of journeying through England, for the advantage of "Learning and Trade," and the discovery of "Antiquities and other Curiosities," for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: "Next I shall inquire of animals; and first of strange people."—"Strange accidents that attend corporations or families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Brereton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world." And such remarkable as "Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her." This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an edition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to "the Spa." The wood about that place was haunted not only by "freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oft-times but one." They were called *loups-garoux*; and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of *λυκανθρωποι*, men-wolves; witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. "We sawe a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the eare was rather cut than bitten off." Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of "witch-wolves;" for Hall saw at Limburgh "one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form." They would probably have found it difficult to have summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: "It would aske a large volume to scan this problem of *lycanthropy*." He had laboriously collected all the evidence, and had added his reason-

sage, the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle.*

Men of science and art then, passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will furnish a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the remoteness of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. "My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr Henry More an account of the Barnstable apparition—Lord Kington North would take it hardly from you—give a night of this letter from Barnstable to Dr Whitecourt." He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by storm into France, but the purpose of his present letter is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Glastonbury, "to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas day." The original thorn had been cut down by a military man in the civil wars, but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several, "by grafting and inoculation." He promises to send these "berries," but requests Aubrey to inform "that person of quality who had rather have a bush, that it was impossible to get one for him." I am told," he adds, "that there is a prison about Glastonbury who hath a nursery of them, which he will for a crown a piece," but they are supposed not to be "of the right kind."

The main object of this letter is the writer's "suspicion of gold in this country," for which he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrippa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes, secondly, that "an honest man" had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold, and that he himself "had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold," and thirdly, "there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a dust into a hole, that when any wanted money they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time once by good luck or otherwise gave her assistance, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country

'When all our Daws be gone and dead,
Then
Hill shall shine gold red.'

My fancy is, that this relates to an ancient family

* Hall's postulate is, that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all internal powers, but "Here the devil plays the double sophister, the sorcerer with sorcerers. Hee both divides the witch's conceit and the beholder's eye." In a word, Hall believes in what he cannot understand. Yet Hall will not believe one of the Catholic miracles of "the Virgin of Lorraine," though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate "the golden," as Hall sarcastically calls her, and who was told, with great indignation, in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had just looked at over, he flung it down, saying, "Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it!"

of this name, of which there is now but one man left, and he not likely to have any more." There are no three reasons, and some curious have perhaps been opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous, for he tells Aubrey that "he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in th. library, so famous in former time, but as I have learned and so dispute our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich man in the hill, formerly in use, and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my land about it, to have advice, &c. In the mean time it will be best to keep all private for his majesty's service, his knowledge, and perhaps some private person's benefit." But he has also positive evidence. "A man not long ago coming to the center of the abbey for a freestone, and seeing it, out came down pieces of gold of 3/4 the value of ancient coins. The stone belonged to some chimney-work, the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near." This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-pot, which he had accounted for very rationally, seems only to confirm his dream, that they were coined out of the gold of the mine in the hill, and he becomes more urgent for "a private search into those mines, which I have, I think, a way to." In the postscript he adds an account of a well, which by washing wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. "I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have relating to your loss."

This promised idea of Aubrey may be found in his MSS. under the title of "The Idea of Universal Education." Moreover philosophical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these philosophical dreams, who, from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called "The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society." Many pleasant nights were "privately" enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondents about the "Mines in the Hill." Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious industry!—But I start in my dreams! deprecating the reader may also have fallen asleep!

"Measure is most excellent," says one of the oracles, "to which also we bring in like manner persuaded, O most friendly and pious Archimedes, here finish!"—the dreams at the dawn of philosophy!

ON FUCE THE COMMENTATOR.

LITURGICAL forgery recently have been frequently indulged in, and it is urged that they are of an innocent nature, but impostures more easily justified than detected leave their mark on the mind, to take effect at a distant period, and as I shall show, may contrain even the judicious! It may require no high exertion of genius, to draw up a gross account of an ancient playwright whose name has never reached us, or give an extract from a volume inaccessible to our inquiries, and, as delusions is no proof of apocryphism, forgery, in these, mix with authentic documents.

We have ourselves witnessed versions of Spanish and Portuguese poets, which are passed on their

unsuspicious readers without difficulty, but in which no parts of the pretended translations can be traced in their originals; and to the present hour, whatever antiquaries may affirm, the poems of Chatterton and Ossian are veiled in mystery!

If we possessed the secret history of the literary life of GEORGE STEEVENS, it would display an unparalleled series of arch deception, and malicious ingenuity. He has been happily characterised by Mr. Gifford, as "the Puck of Commentators!" STEEVENS is a creature so spotted over with literary forgeries and adulterations, that any remarkable one about the time he flourished may be attributed to him. They were the habits of a depraved mind, and there was a darkness in his character many shades deeper than belonged to Puck; even in the playfulness of his invention, there was usually a turn of personal malignity, and the real object was not so much to raise a laugh, as to "grin horribly a ghastly smile," on the individual. It is more than rumoured, that he carried his ingenious malignity into the privacies of domestic life; and it is to be regretted, that Mr. Nichols, who might have furnished much secret history of this extraordinary literary forger, has, from delicacy, mutilated his collective vigour.

GEORGE STEEVENS usually commenced his operations by opening some pretended discovery in the evening papers, which were then of a more literary cast; the St. James's Chronicle, the General Evening Post, or the Whitehall, were they not dead, would now bear witness to his successful efforts. The late Mr. Boswell told me, that Steevens frequently wrote notes on Shakespeare, purposely to mislead or entrap Malone, and obtain for himself an easy triumph in the next edition! STEEVENS loved to assist the credulous in getting up for them some strange new thing, dancing them about with a Will o' th' wisp—now alarming them by a shriek of laughter! and now like a grinning Pigwigin sinking them chin-deep into a quagmire! Once he presented them with a fictitious portrait of Shakespeare, and when the brotherhood were sufficiently divided in their opinions, he pounced upon them with a demonstration, that every portrait of Shakespeare partook of the same doubtful authority! He usually assumed the *nom de guerre* of Collins, a pseudo-commentator, when he explored into "a thousand notable secrets" with which he has polluted the pages of Shakespeare! The marvellous narrative of the upas-tree of Java, which Darwin adopted in his plan of "enlisting imagination under the banner of science," appears to have been another forgery which amused our "Puck." It was first given in the London Magazine, as an extract from a Dutch traveller, but the extract was never discovered in the original author, and "the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described, or painters delineated," is perfectly chimerical! A splendid flim-flam! When Dr. Berkenhout was busied in writing, without much knowledge or skill, a history of our English authors, STEEVENS allowed the good man to insert a choice letter by George Peele, giving an account of "a merry meeting at the Globe," wherein Shakespeare and Ben Jon-

son and Ned Alleynes are admirably made to perform their respective parts. As the nature of the "Biographia Literaria" required authorities, STEEVENS ingeniously added, "Whence I copied this letter I do not recollect." However he well knew it came from "The Theatrical Mirror," where he had first deposited the precious original, to which he had unguardedly ventured to affix the date of 1600; unluckily, Peele was discovered to have died two years before he wrote his own letter! The date is adroitly dropped in Berkenhout! STEEVENS did not wish to refer to his original, which I have often seen quoted as authority.

One of the sort of inventions which I attribute to STEEVENS has been got up with a deal of romantic effect, to embellish the poetical life of Milton; and unquestionably must have sadly perplexed his last matter-of-fact editor, who is not a man to comprehend a flim-flam!—for he has sanctioned the whole fiction, by preserving it in his biographical narrative! The first impulse of Milton to travel in Italy is ascribed to the circumstance of his having been found asleep at the foot of a tree in the vicinity of Cambridge, when two foreign ladies, attracted by the loveliness of the youthful poet, alighted from their carriage, and having admired him for some time as they imagined unperceived, the youngest, who was very beautiful, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines, put the paper with her trembling hand into his own! But it seems, for something was to account how the sleeping youth could have been aware of these minute particulars, unless he had been dreaming them,—that the ladies had been observed at a distance by some friends of Milton, and they explained to him the whole silent adventure. Milton, on opening the paper, read *four verses* from Guarini, addressed to those "human stars" his own eyes! On this romantic adventure, Milton set off for Italy, to discover the fair "incognita," to which undiscovered lady we are told we stand indebted for the most impassioned touches in the Paradise Lost! We know how Milton passed his time in Italy, with Dati, and Gaddi, and Prescobaldi, and other literary friends, amidst its academies, and often busied in book-collecting. Had Milton's tour in Italy been an adventure of knight-errantry, to discover a lady whom he had never seen, at least he had not the merit of going out of the direct road to Florence and Rome, nor of having once alluded to this *Dame de ses pensées*, in his letters or inquiries among his friends, who would have thought themselves fortunate to have introduced so poetical an adventure in the numerous *canzoni* they showered on our youthful poet.

This *historiette*, scarcely fitted for a novel, first appeared where generally STEEVENS's literary amusements were carried on, in the General Evening Post, or the St. James's Chronicle: and Mr. Todd, in the improved edition of Milton's Life, obtained this spurious original, where the reader may find it; but the more curious part of the story remains to be told. Mr. Todd proceeds, "The preceding highly-coloured relation, however, is *not singular*; my friend, Mr. Walker, points out to me a counterpart in the extract from the preface to *Poésies de Marguerite-Eleanore Clotilde, depuis*

Madame de Surville, Petit Poucet du XV. siècle. Paris, 1863.

And true enough we find among "the family traditions" of the same Clitilde, that Justine de Léves, great-grandmother of this unknown person of the sixteenth century, walking in a forest, witnessed the same beautiful spectacle which the Unknown Unknown had at Cambridge, never was such an impression to be effaced, and she could not avoid leaving her tablets by the side of the beautiful sleeper, declaring her passion in her tablets by *four Italian verses*. The very number our Milton had noted to him! Oh! those *four verses* they are as fatal to their author as the dose of Peter's letter proved to George Stevens! Something will escape in the most ingenious fabrication which serves to decompose the material. It is well our voracious historian dropped all mention of Quercus—the that would have given the *royal de grâce* a fatal smothering! However, his invention supplied him with more originality than the adoption of this story and the *four verses* would lead us to infer. He tells us how Petrarch was passion of the greatest of his Clitilde's grandmother, and how even pointed out a sonnet which, "among the traditions of the family," was addressed to her! He narrates that the gentleman, when he forty years, and had read the "four verses," set off for Italy, which he ran over till he found Justine, and Justine loved him as a tournament at Modena! This parallel adventure discovered our two great English critics they find a tale which they surely judge improbable, and because they disagree the tale copied, they conclude that "it is not singular." This knot of periphrasis is, however, easily cut through, if we substitute, which we are fully justified in, for "Poète du XV. siècle" — "du XIV. siècle." The "Poèmes" of Clitilde are as genuine a fabrication as Chatterton's, subject to the same objections, having many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language of the time they are pretended to have been composed, and exhibiting many imitations of Voltaire and other poets. The present story in the *Petit Poucet*, and the beautiful sleeper, would be quite sufficient evidence of the authenticity of "the family traditions" of Clitilde, depuis Madame de Surville, and also of Monsieur de Surville himself, a pretended editor, who is said to have found by mere accident the precious manuscript, and while he was copying for the press, in 1753, these pretty poems, for such they are, of his grande tante, was shot in the reign of terror, and so completely expired, that no one could ever trace his existence! The real editor, who we must presume to be the poet, published them in 1863.

Such, then, is the history of a literary forgery! A Puck composes a short romantic adventure, which is quietly thrown out to the world in a newspaper or a magazine, more collector, such as the late Mr. Bradley, who procured for Mr. Todd his original, as idle, at least, as he is curious, knows the fiction better and it enters into literary history! A French Chatterton picks up the obscure tale, and behold, announces the literary inquirer of the very country whence the imposture sprung! But the *four Italian verses*, and the sleeping Youth! Oh! Monsieur Vander-

bourg! for that gentleman is the estimable editor of Clitilde's poems of the sixteenth century, with ingenious persons are unready in this world! Perhaps one day we may yet discover that this "romantic adventure" of Milton and Justine de Léves is not so original as it seems—it may be hid in the *Annals of D'Urbé*, or some of the long cornucopia of the Académie, whence the English and the French Chattertons may have drawn it. To such literary impostors we say with Swift:

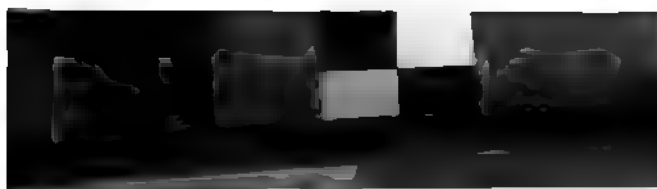
"Such are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks!"

Will it be credited that for the enjoyment of a temporary piece of notice, Stevens would even risk his own reputation as a poetical critic? Yet this he ventured by throwing out of his edition the poems of Shakespeare, with a remarkable hypocritism, that "the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel compliance into their service." Not only he denounced the names of Shakespeare, but the names itself, with an absurd question, "What has truth or nature to do with women?" The secret history of this unscrupulous mutilation of a great author by his editor was, as I was informed by the late Mr. Bowdler, merely done to spite his rival commentator Malone, who had taken extraordinary pains in this edition. Stevens himself had humbly repeated them, but when Malone claimed for himself one very line of a commentator's pride, behold, Stevens in a rage would annihilate even Shakespeare himself, he considered Malone! In the same spirit, but with more caustic pleasure, he opened a controversy with Malone respecting Shakespeare's wife! It seems that the poet had forgotten to mention his wife in his copious will, and his recollection of Mrs. Shakespeare seems to mark the night when of his regard, for he only introduced by an interpolation a legacy to her of his "second best bed with the furniture" — and nothing more! Malone naturally inferred that "the poet had forgot her, and so neglected her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her. He had already, as it is vulgarly expressed, cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed." All this seems judicious, till Stevens smites the conjugal affection of the bard, tells us that the poet having, when in health, provided for her by settlement, or knowing that her father had already done so (circumstances entirely conjectural), he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely an old piece of furniture, but, *perhaps*, as a mark of particular tenderness,

"The very bed that on his bridal night
Received him to the arms of Petrarcha!"

Stevens's severity of satire marked the deep malice of his heart, and Murphy has strongly portrayed him in his address to the *Malade*.

Such another Puck was Henry's William! The King of Prussia's "Letter" to Rousseau, and "The Memorial" pretended to have been signed by noblemen and gentlemen, were fabrications, as he contended, only to make mischief! It well became him, whose happier invention, the Castle of Otranto, was brought forward in the name of forgery, to have so unflinchingly repudiated the innocent invention of a Chatterton.



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We have Picas buried among our contemporaries, whoever shall discover their history will find it copious though intricate, the malignity at least will exceed, tenfold, the merriment.

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THE preceding article has reminded me of a subject by no means unknown to the lovers of literature. A large volume might be composed on literary impostures, their modes of deception, however, were frequently repetitions, particularly those at the restoration of letters, when there prevailed a mania for burying spurious antiquities, that they might afterwards be brought to light to confound their contemporaries. They even perplexed us at the present day. More unskillful forgeries have been performed by Scotchmen, of whom Archibald Bower, Lauder, and Macpherson, are well known.

Even harmless impostures by some unexpected accident have driven an unwary inquirer out of the course. George Stevens must again make his appearance for a moment, played on the antiquary Gough. This was his famous tombstone on which was engraved the drinking horn of Hardknute to indicate his last fatal carouse, for this royal Dane died drunk! To prevent any doubt, the name, in Saxon characters, was sufficiently legible. Steeped in pickle to hasten a process us antiquaries, it was then consigned to the corner of a hawker's shop, where the antiquarian eye of Gough often peered on the venerable odds and ends, if perfectly succeeded on the judicious "Director of the Antiquarian Society." He purchased the relic for a trifle, and immediately set down to a dissertation of a due size for the *Archæologia*. Gough never forgave himself nor Stevens for this flagrant act of ineptitude. On every occasion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* when come to notice this notorious imposture, he always struck out his own name, and muffled himself up under his literary office of "The Director." Gough never knew that this "modern antiquary" was only a piece of retaliation. In reviewing Master's tale of Baker he found two heels, one scratched down from painted glass by George Stevens, who would have passed it off for a portrait of one of our kings. Gough, on the watch to have a thing at George Stevens, attacked his graphic performance, and reproached a portrait which had nothing human in it. Stevens vowed, that wretched as Gough deemed his pencil to be, it should make "The Director" ashamed of his own eyes, and he fairly taken in by something scratched much worse. Such was the origin of this fragment of a chimney-slab, which I have seen, and with a better judge wondered at the judgment of antiquaries, who could have been duped by the slight and ill-formed scratches, and even with a false spelling of the name, which Stevens succeeded in passing off as a genuine Saxon inscription, but he had counted on his man! The

trick is not so original as it seems. One De Gramma had engraved on marble the epitaph of a mule, which he buried in his vineyard. Some time after, having ordered a new plantation on the spot, the diggers could not fail of discovering what lay ready for them. The inscription imported that one Publius Gramma had raised this monument to his mule! De Gramma gave it out as an odd coincidence of names, and a prophecy about his own mule! It was a simple joke! The marble was thrown by, and no more thought of. Several years after it rose into celebrity, for with the erudite it then passed for an ancient inscription, and the antiquary Poterach inserted the epitaph in his work on "Burials." Thus De Gramma and his mule, equally respectable, would have come down to posterity, had not the story by some means got wind! An incident of this nature is recorded in Portuguese history, connected with the intention to keep up the national spirit, and diffuse hopes of the new enterprise of Vasco de Gama, who had just sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Indies. Three stones were discovered near Liria, bearing, in ancient characters, a Latin inscription, a sibylline oracle addressed prophetically "To the inhabitants of the West," stating that when these three stones should be found, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Tagus should exchange their commodities! This was the pious fraud of a Portuguese poet, with the approval of the king. When the stones had lain a sufficient time in the damp earth, so as to become apparently antique, our poet invited a number of poets to a dinner at his country house, in the midst of the entertainment a peasant rushed in, announcing the sudden discovery of this treasure! The inscription was placed among the royal collections as a sacred curiosity. The prophecy was as published, and the oracle was long considered genuine!

In such cases no mischief resulted, the annals of mankind were not confused by spurious dynasties and fabulous chronologies, but when literary forgeries are published by those whose credit hardly admits of a suspicion that they are themselves the impostors, the difficulty of ascertaining a motive only increases that of forming a decision, to adopt or to reject them may be equally dangerous!

In this class we must place Annals of Viterbo, who published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while the originals had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm its authority, by passages from known authors. These at first were eagerly accepted by the learned, the blunders of the presumed editor, one of which mistook the right name of the historian he forged, were gradually detected, till at length the imposture was apparent! The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed 171 pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery, while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the rest. In favour of Annals, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, and his declaration that he had recovered some of these frag-

* The stone may be found in the British Museum. HARDKNVT is the reading on the *Harthacnut* stone; but the true orthography of the name is *HARDAENVT*.

ments at Mantua, and that others had come from Ancona, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was kindled. Nicotri has distinguished between two parties engaged in this conflict: One party denied the whole of the collection as gross forgeries, another obstinately supported their authenticity, a third decided that they were forgeries before Annus passed them, who was only credulous, while a fourth party considered them as partly authentic, and attributed their blunders to the interpolations of the editor, to increase their importance. Such as they were, they scattered confusion over the whole face of history. The false Strucius opens his history before the druggs, when, according to him, the Chaldeans through preceding ages had faithfully preserved their historical evidences! Annus hints, in his commentators, at the archæm and public libraries of the Palæstrina; the days of Noah comparatively altered modern history with the dreaming editor; some of the fanciful writers of Italy were duped likewise, to delight the Pænestine scholars, recommended them with a new title of antiquity to their ancestor Noah, *Isophrates e Isophrates delle genti, e così e così in quelle parti*. The Spaniards complained that in imitating those fabulous origins of different nations, a new series of fables from the ark of Noah had been introduced by some of their academical historians: so justice the sources of their history. Badius's valuable works are considerably injured by Annus's supposititious discoveries. One historian died of grief, for having raised his elaborate speculation on these fabulous originals, and there credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignora and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred to their works to the pretended writers of Annus! Yet, to the present hour, these pretended forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved—what the nature of the respectable Annus, in regard to the forgers, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchiathion, as preserved by Eusebius, may be claimed among their ancient writings, or Iugurthæ, and has been equally rejected and defended.

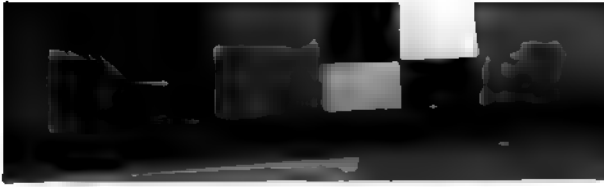
Another literary forgery, supposed to have been grafted on them of Annus, involved the Lucianæ family. It was by digging in their grounds that they discovered a number of Strucian antiquities, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar æra. The character on the marbles were the ancient Strucian, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annus. They were collected and embodied in a magnificent folio by Curtius Iugurthæ, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the evolution of the forger, these monuments of antiquity attracted their modern readers. These were social letters which no one knew, but those were said to be undeciphered ancient Strucian characters, it was more difficult to defend the small plain letters, for they were not said to be the gift assigned to them; besides that there were data

on the latter, a custom not practiced till the seventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Palæm and the Strucian; but Iugurthæ discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Strucians and the Melæres, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants! Of Noah the chronicle details speeches and anecdotes!

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Strucian, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Strucian antiquities. Lucianæ replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Strucian sagæ, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives, and who, it would seem, was the only reader who has favoured posterity with so much secret history. It was urged in favour of the authenticity of these Strucian monuments, that Lucianæ was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them, and that, when fresh remarks were made on the spot, other ancient monuments were also discovered, where evidently they had long lain, the whole affair, however, contrived, was confined to the Iugurthæ family. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture! Iugurthæ, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication, the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Valerius, the family estate of the Iugurthæ, and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the best ages of history.

It was probably such imposture, and those of the false decretals of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight hundred years formed the fundamental basis of the canon law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity, which led to the monstrous Pythæonism of Father Massonius, who, with immense credulity, had persuaded himself that, excepting the Bible and Homer, Herodotus, Plutarch, Piny the elder, with fragments of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, all the remains of classical literature were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! In two dissertations he imagined that he had proved that the *Æneid* was not written by Virgil, nor the *Odin* of Horace by that poet. Massonius was one of those un-ghastly men, who once having fallen into a delusion, whatever afterwards occurs only tends to strengthen it. He died in his own faith! He seems not to have been aware, that by ascribing such prodigious impostures to Plutarch, Theophrastus, Livy, Tacitus, and other historians, to the time he did, he was raising up an unparalleled age of learning and genius whom thanks could only ever

* The volume of these pretended Antiquities is entitled *Strucianæ Antiquitatum Fragmenta* &c. Paris 1637. That which Iugurthæ published to defend their authenticity is in Italian, *Strucianæ Antiquitatum Fragmenta* &c. Antivæ, 1645.



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meagre chronicle, while learning and genius themselves lay in an enchanted chamber with a suspension of all their vital powers.

There are numerous instances of the forgery of smaller documents. The Prayer-Book of Columbus, presented to him by the Pope, which the great discoverer of a new world bequeathed to the Genoese republic, has a codicil in his own writing, as one of the latest testifies, but as volume composed against its authenticity deny. The famous description in Petrarch's *Virgil*, so often quoted, of his first encounter with Laura in the church of St Clair on a Good Friday, 6 April, 1327, it has been recently attempted to be shown is a forgery. By calculation, it appears that the 6 April, 1327, fell on a Monday! The Good Friday seems to have been a blunder of the manufacturer of the note. He was entrapped by reading the second sonnet, as it appears in the printed editions!

*Ben il giorno ch' al sol di scolorato
Fur lo portò del suo letargo i rei.*

"It was on the day when the rays of the sun were obscured by compassion for his Maker." The forger imagined this description alluded to Good Friday and the eclipse at the Crucifixion. But how stands the passage in the MS. in the imperial library of Vienna, which Abbe Containing has found?

*Ben il giorno ch' al sol di color rose
Fur lo portò del suo letargo, al rei
Quand lo fu preso, e non fu guardai
Che ben i suoi occhi dentro mi legaro.*

"It was on the day that I was captured, devotion for its Maker appeared in the rays of a brilliant sun, and I did not well consider that it was your eyes that enchained me."

The first meeting, according to the Abbe Containing, was not in a church, but in a meadow—as appears by the first sonnet. The Laura of fable was not the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura de Bona, unmarried, and who died young, residing in the vicinity of Vaucluse. Petrarch had often viewed her from his own window, and often enjoyed her society amidst her family. If the Abbe Containing's discovery be confirmed, the good name of Petrarch is freed from the idle romantic passion for a married woman. It would be curious if the famous story of the first meeting with Laura in the church of St Clair originated in the blunder of the forger's misconception of a passage which was incorrectly printed, as appears by existing manuscripts!

Literary forgeries have been introduced into bibliography, dates have been altered, fictitious titles added; and books have been reprinted, either to leave out, or to interpolate whole passages. I forbear entering minutely into this part of the history of literary forgery, for this article has already grown voluminous. When we dis-

cover, however, that one of the most magnificent of amateurs, and one of the most critical of bibliographers, were concerned in a forgery of this nature, it may be useful to spread an alarm among collectors. The Duke de la Vallière, and the Abbe de St Leger, once concerted together to supply the eager purchaser of literary rarities with a copy of *De Tribus Impastoribus*, a book, by the date, pretended to have been printed in 1568, though, probably, a modern forgery of 1668. The title of such a work had long excited in rumour, but never was a copy seen by man! Works printed with this title have all been proved to be modern fabrications. A copy, however, of the *incertus* odd original was sold at the Duke de la Vallière's sale! The history of this volume is curious. The duke and the abbe having manufactured a text, had it printed in the old Gothic character, under the title *De Tribus Impastoribus*. They proposed to put the great bibliographer, De Bure, in good humour, whom agency would sanction the imposture. They were afterwards to distribute copies at twenty-five sous each, which would have been a reasonable price for a book which no one ever saw! They invited De Bure to dinner, flattered and captivated him, and, as they imagined, at a moment they had wound him up to their pitch, they exhibited their manufacture, the keen-eyed glance of the renowned catalogue of the "Bibliographie instructive" instantly shot like lightning over it, and like lightning, destroyed the whole edition. He not only discovered the forgery, but reprobated it! He refused his sanction, and the forger, duke and abbe, in confusion, suppressed the *brève introductoire*, but they owed a grudge to the honest bibliographer and attempted to write down the work whence the De Bure derive their line.

Among the extraordinary literary impostures of our age, if we except Lalou, who, detected by the skilful pen of Bishop Douglas, lived to make his public recantation of his audacious forgeries, and Chastelain, who has buried his inexplicable story in his own grave; a tale, which seems but half told; we must place a man well known in the literary world under the assumed name of Gervais PALMARAZZAR. He composed his autobiography as the preface of a collection, not to be published till he was no more, when all human motives have ceased which might cause his veracity to be suspected. The life is tedious; but I have carefully traced the progress of the mind in an ingenuous imposture, which is worth perusal. The present literary forgery consisted of personating a converted wanderer of Portinno; a place then little known, but by the reports of the Jesuits, and constructing a language and a history of a new people, and a new religion, entirely of his own invention! This man was evidently a native of the south of France, educated in some provincial college of the Jesuits, where he had heard much of their discoveries of Japan; he had looked over their maps, and listened to their comments. He forgot the manner in which the Japanese wrote, but supposed, like orientals, they wrote from the right to the left, which he found difficult to manage. He set about recognizing an alphabet, but actually forgot to give names to his letters, which afterwards baffled him before literary men.

* I draw this information from a little new year's gift which my learned friend, the Rev. S. Weston, presented to his friends in 1826, entitled, "A Voyage to Vaucouze." He derives his account from, apparently, a curious publication of L'Abbe Containing de Puigner d'Avignon, which I have not, but have been able to procure.

He fell into gross blunders; having inadvertently affirmed that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually, he persisted in not lessening the number. It was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island, without occasioning a depopulation. He had made it a principle in this imposture never to vary when he had once said a thing. All this was projected in haste, fearful of detection by those about him.

He was himself surprised at his facility of invention, and the progress of his forgery. He had formed an alphabet, a considerable portion of a new language, a grammar, a new division of the year into twenty months, and a new religion! He had accustomed himself to write his language; but being an inexperienced writer with the unusual way of writing backwards, he found this so difficult, that he was compelled to change the complicated forms of some of his letters. He now finally quitted his home, assuming the character of a Formosan convert, who had been educated by the Jesuits. He was then in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. To support his new character, he practised some religious mummeries; he was seen worshipping the rising and setting sun. He made a prayer-book, with rude drawings of the sun, moon, and stars, to which he added some gibberish prose and verse, written in his invented character, muttering or chanting it, as the humour took him. His using himself to feed on raw flesh seemed to assist his deception more than the sun and moon.

In a garrison at Sluys he found a Scotch regiment in the Dutch pay; the commander had the curiosity to invite our Formosan to confer with Innes, the chaplain to his regiment. This Innes was probably the chief cause of the imposture being carried to the extent it afterwards reached. Innes was a clergyman, but a disgrace to his cloth. As soon as he fixed his eye on our Formosan, he hit on a project; it was nothing less than to make Psalmanaazaar the ladder of his own ambition, and the stepping-place for him to climb up to a good living! Innes was a worthless character; as afterwards appeared, when by an audacious imposition Innes practised on the Bishop of London, he avowed himself to be the author of an anonymous work, entitled "A modest Enquiry after Moral Virtue;" for this he obtained a good living in Essex: the real author, a poor Scotch clergyman, obliged him afterwards to disclaim the work in print, and to pay him the profit of the edition which Innes had made! He lost his character, and retired to the solitude of his living; if not penitent, at least mortified.

Such a character was exactly adapted to become the foster-father of imposture. Innes courted the Formosan, and easily won on the adventurer, who had in vain hitherto sought for a patron. Meanwhile no time was lost by Innes to inform the unsuspecting and generous Bishop of London of the prize he possessed—to convert the Formosan was his ostensible pretext; to procure preferment his concealed motive. It is curious enough to observe, that the ardour of conversion died away in Innes, and the most marked neglect of his convert prevailed, while the answer of the bishop was protracted or doubtful. He had at first proposed to our Formosan impostor to procure his discharge, and convey him to England: this was eagerly

consented to by our pliant adventurer. A few Dutch schellings, and fair words, kept him in good humour; but no letter coming from the bishop, there were fewer words, and not a stiver! This threw a new light over the character of Innes to the inexperienced youth. Psalmanaazaar sagaciously now turned all his attention to some Dutch ministers; Innes grew jealous lest they should pluck the bird which he had already in his net. He resolved to baptize the impostor—which only the more convinced Psalmanaazaar that Innes was one himself; for before this time Innes had practised a stratagem on him, which had clearly shown what sort of a man his Formosan was.

The stratagem was this: he made him translate a passage in Cicero, of some length, into his pretended language, and give it him in writing: this was easily done, by Psalmanaazaar's facility of inventing characters. After Innes had made him construe it, he desired to have another version of it on another paper. The proposal, and the arch manner of making it, threw our impostor into the most visible confusion. He had had but a short time to invent the first paper, less to recollect it; so that in the second transcript not above half the words were to be found which existed in the first. Innes assumed a solemn air, and Psalmanaazaar was on the point of throwing himself on his mercy, but Innes did not wish to unmask the impostor; he was rather desirous of fitting the mask closer to his face. Psalmanaazaar, in this hard trial, had given evidence of uncommon facility, combined with a singular memory. Innes cleared his brow, smiled with a friendly look, and only hinted in a distant manner, that he ought to be careful to be better provided for the future! An advice which Psalmanaazaar afterwards bore in mind, and at length produced the forgery of an entire new language; and which, he remarkably observes, "by what I have tried since I came into England, I cannot say but I could have compassed it with less difficulty than can be conceived had I applied closely to it." When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, which was submitted to the judgment of the first scholars, it appeared to them grammatical, and was pronounced to be a real language, from the circumstance that it resembled no other! and they could not conceive that a stripling could be the inventor of a language. If the reader is curious to examine this extraordinary imposture, I refer him to that literary curiosity, "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with Accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a Native of the said Isle," 1704; with numerous plates, wretched inventions! of their dress! religious ceremonies! their tabernacle and altars to the sun, the moon, and the ten stars! their architecture! the viceroy's castle! a temple! a city house! a countryman's house! and the Formosan alphabet! In his conferences before the Royal Society with a Jesuit just returned from China, the Jesuit had certain strong suspicions that our hero was an impostor! The good father remained obstinate in his own conviction, but could not satisfactorily communicate it to others; and Psalmanaazaar, after politely asking pardon for the expression, complains of the Jesuit that



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"as had most impudently," monster impudent doings! Dr Mead absolutely insisted Palmanaggar was a Dutchman or a German, some thought him a Jesuit to disguise, a sort of the non-juror, the Catholics thought him bribed by the Protestants to expiate their church, the Presbyterians that he was paid to expiate their doctrine, and cry up episcopacy! This fabulous history of Palmanaggar seems to have been projected by his ardent promoter Isaac, who put Vassier into Palmanaggar's hands to assist him, trumpeted forth in the domestic and foreign papers an account of this converted Peruvian, mislabeled the bookstallers to hurry the author, who was scarcely allowed two months to produce this extraordinary volume, and in the former accounts the public purchased of this island were full of monstrous absurdities and contradictions, there amidst the present imposture. Our paper revealed to describe new and surprising things so they had done, but rather studied to clash with them, probably that he might have an opportunity to pretend to correct them. The first edition was immediately sold, the world was more decided than ever in opinion in a second edition he prefixed a vindication, the unhappy paper got about twenty guineas for an imposture, whose delusion spread far and wide! Some years afterwards Palmanaggar was engaged in a second imposture, one man had persuaded him to deliver a whole composition called the *Peruvian paper*, which was to be sold at a high price! It was curious for its whiteness, but it had its faults. The project failed, and Palmanaggar considered the misarrangement of the whole *Peruvian paper* as a providential warning to repent of all his impostures of Peruvia!

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An honest historian at times will have to suffer severe strokes on his forehead. This has fallen to my lot, for in the course of my researches, I have to record that we have both fingers and pointers, as well as other more obvious impostors, in the republic of letters! The present article descends to relate anecdotes of some contrivances to pass our literary curiosities by other means than by purchase, and the only apology which can be alleged for the *spindling periculis*, as St Austin calls the virtues of the heathens, of the present innocent criminals, is their excuse passed by literature, and otherwise the respectability of their names. According to Oron's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," we have had celebrated *scholars*, both in the learned and vulgar schools. But one of them, who too had more reason to be tender on this point, distinguished this mode of completing his collections, not by book-stealing, but by book-buying. On other occasions, in mercy we must allow of well-known names. Were not the Spartans allowed to steal from one another, and the hangings only punished?

It is said that Pausanias made occasional additions to his literary treasures sometimes by his skill in an art which lay much more in the hand than in the head; however, as Pausanias never sternal out of his

native city but once in his lifetime, when the plague drove him from home, his skill of a lion was so restricted, that we can hardly conclude that he could have been so great an extorter in this way. No one can have lost these characters by this sort of exercise in a confined circle and be allowed to ponder! A light-hearted Mercury would hardly haunt the same spot, however, this is as it may be! It is probable that we owe to this species of accumulation many precious manuscripts in the Cottonian collection. It appears by the manuscript notebook of Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief justice of the King's Bench from the second to the seventh year of Charles the First, that Sir Robert Cotton had in his library, records, evidences, judge books, original letters, and other state papers belonging to the king, for the attorney-general of that time, to prove this, desired a copy of the *periculis* which Sir Robert had obtained from King James for *substantive records*, &c.

George has more than intimated that Rantzen and his friend Underhill, "he under very strong suspicion," and he asserts that the collector of the *William treasure* made as free as Dr Mead with his friend's coin. But he has also put forth a declaration relating to Bishop Hare, the famous collector, that "the bishop collected his library by plundering things of the clergy in his diocese, some he paid with arrears or more modern hands, others, less civilly, only with a good *discretion* *libra*!" This plundering then consisted rather of *capturing* others out of what they knew not how to value, and this is an advantage which every skillful lover of books must enjoy over those whose apprenticeship he has not expired. I have myself been plundered by a very dear friend of some such literary curiosities, on the day of my innocence and of his precocity of knowledge. However, it does appear that Bishop Hare did actually lay violent hands in a snug corner on some irretrievable little character, which we gather from a precaution adopted by a friend of the bishop, who one day was found torn in *riding his own books*, and looking up as merry as he could. On being asked the reason of this odd occupation, the bibliopolist ingeniously replied, "The Bishop of Ely dined with me to-day." This fact is quite clear, and here is another an indisputable. Sir Robert Boyle writing to Sir Robert Cotton, appointing an interview with the founder of the Bodleian Library, cautions Sir Robert, that "if he find any book so dear as that he could be loath to lose it, he should not let Sir Thomas out of his sight, but not 'the book' and his forehead." A surprise and detection of this nature has been revealed in a piece of secret history by Amiel de la Housaye, which terminated in very important political consequences. He assures us that the personal dislike which Pope Innocent II bore to the French had originated in his youth when cardinal, from having been detected in the library of an eminent French collector, of having purchased a most rare volume. The detection of a rare, but the page overcame even French politeness, the French man not only openly accused his illustrious culprit, but was required that he should not quit the library without replacing the precious volume from whence

* Landow's mss. 885, in the former printed catalogue, art 79.



action and denial both resolved to try their strength; but in this literary wrestling-match the book dropped out of the cardinal's palm:—and from that day he hated the French—at least their more curious collectors!

Even as author on his dying bed, at this awful moment, should a collector be by his side, may not be considered secure from his too curious hands. Sir William Douglas purchased the minutes of King James's life, written by Camden, till within a fortnight of his death, as also Camden's own life, which he had from Racket, the author of the false life of Bishop Williams—who, adds Ashmole, "did fetch it from Mr. Camden, as he lay a dying." He afterwards corrects his information, in the name of Dr. Thorndike, which, however, equally answers our purpose, to prove that even dying authors may dread such collectors!

The medals here, I suspect, born more predatory than those subtraction of our literary treasures, not only from the faculty of their conveyance, but from a peculiar contrivance which of all those things who's admit of being secretly purloined, can only be practised in this department—for they are small and no human hand can search them with any probability of detection—they can put a cabinet and swallow the curious things, and transport them with perfect safety, to be deposited at their leisure. An adventure of this kind happened in Baron Bunsen, the famous antiquary—it was in looking over the gems of the royal cabinet of medals, that the keeper perceived the loss of one, his place, his person, and his reputation were at stake, and he insisted that Baron Bunsen should be most minutely examined—in this dilemma, forced to confession, the erudite collector assured the keeper of the royal cabinet, that the strictest search would not avail—"Alas, or! I have it here within," he said, pointing to his breast. An erudite was suggested by the learned practitioner himself probably from some former experiment. This was not the best time that such a natural cabinet had been invented, Peter Vassant, when attacked at sea by an Algerine, remained so shrouded a whole series of British kings, when he landed at Lyons, groaning with his concealed treasure, he bestowed in his friend, his physician, and his brother antiquary Dubour, who at first was only anxious to relieve of his patient, whether the medals were of the higher empire? Vassant showed two or three, of which nature had kindly relieved him. A collection of medals was left to the care of Dubour, and the donor soon passed the request by a clause in his will, that should a certain antiquary, his old friend and rival, be discovered examining the coins, he should be watched by two persons, one on each side. La Croix informs us in his life that the learned Charles Patin, who has written a work on medals, was one of the present race of collectors. Patin offered the curators of the public library at Rome to draw up a catalogue of the cabinets of Amerbach there preserved, containing a great number of medals—but they would have been more numerous, had the catalogue-keeper not diminished both them and his labour, by sequestering some of the same race, which was not discovered till this plunderer of antiquity was far out of their reach.

When Gough touched on this odd subject in the first edition of his "British Topography," "An

Academic" in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1772, intimated that this charge of literary pilfering was only a peculiar one, on which Gough, in his second edition, observed that this was not the case, and that "one might point out enough light-angled antiquaries in the present age, to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones." The most extraordinary part of this slight history is, that our public denounces many times affect proved himself to be one of these "light-angled antiquaries," the deed itself, however, was more singular than disgraceful. At the disinterment of the remains of Edward the First, around which, thirty years ago, assembled our most erudite antiquaries, Gough was observed, as Sturges used to relate, in a wrapping great-coat of unusual dimensions, that witty and malicious "Puck," so capable himself of increasing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much on the lining parts of antiquity, as on the cloth. In the art of closing up the relics of royalty, there was indeed wanting in entire footage of Edward the First; and as the hole was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when "Puck" directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great-coat, from whence, too much, was extracted Edward the First's great forefinger!—so that "the light-angled antiquary" was recognised ten years after he had disinterred the race, when he came to "try his hand."

OF LORD BACON AT HOME.

The house of Lord Bacon would be that of the intellectual faculties; and a theme so worthy of the philosophical biographer remains yet to be written. The personal narrative of this master-genius or inventor must for ever be separated from the *realia intellectus*: he was perpetually ascending, and the domestic history of this creative mind must be consigned to the most humiliating chapter in the volume of human life, a chapter already sufficiently enlarged, and which has irrefragably proved how the greatest minds are not freed from the infirmities of the most vulgar.

The power of our philosophy is now to be considered in a new light, one which others do not appear to have observed. My researches into contemporary sources of Bacon have often convinced me that his philosophical works, in his own days and among his own countrymen, were not only not comprehended, but often ridiculed, and sometimes reproached, that they were the occasion of many slights and mortifications which this depressed man endured, but that from a very early period in his life, in that last record of his feelings which appears in his will, the "warrant of posterity," as he prophetically called himself, sustained his mighty spirit with the confidence of his own posthumous greatness. Bacon cast his views through the mists of ages, and perhaps amidst the sceptics and the rejectors of his plans, may have left at times all that idolatry of *comet*, which has now consecrated his philosophical work.

At college, Bacon discovered how "that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the peripatetic philosophy," and the scholastic babble, could not serve the ends

and purposes of knowledge; that syllogisms were not things, and that a new logic might teach us to invent and judge by induction. He found that theories were to be built upon experiments. When a young man, abroad, he began to make those observations on nature, which afterwards led on to the foundations of the new philosophy. At sixteen, he philosophised; at twenty-six, he had framed his system into some form; and after forty years of continued labours, unfinished to his last hour, he left behind him sufficient to found the great philosophical reformation.

On his entrance into active life, study was not, however, his prime object. With his fortune to make, his court connexions and his father's example opened a path for ambition. He chose the practice of common law as his means, while his inclinations were looking upwards to political affairs as his end. A passion for study, however, had strongly marked him; he had read much more than was required in his professional character, and this circumstance excited the mean jealousies of the minister Cecil, and Coke the attorney-general. Both were mere practical men of business, whose narrow conceptions and whose stubborn habits assume, that whenever a man acquires much knowledge foreign to his profession, he will know less of professional knowledge than he ought. These men of strong minds, yet limited capacities, hold in contempt all studies alien to their habits.

BACON early aspired to the situation of solicitor-general: the court of Elizabeth was divided into factions; Bacon adopted the interests of the generous Essex, which were inimical to the party of Cecil. The queen, from his boyhood, was delighted by conversing with her "young lord-keeper," as she early distinguished the precocious gravity and the ingenious turn of mind of the future philosopher. It was unquestionably to attract her favour, that BACON presented to the queen his "Maxims and Elements of the Common Law," not published till after his death. Elizabeth suffered her minister to form her opinions on the legal character of BACON. It was alleged that BACON was addicted to more general pursuits than law, and the miscellaneous books which he was known to have read confirmed the accusation. This was urged as a reason why the post of solicitor-general should not be conferred on a man of speculation, more likely to distract than to direct her affairs. Elizabeth, in the height of that political prudence which marked her character, was swayed by the vulgar notion of Cecil, and believed that BACON, who afterwards filled the situation both of solicitor-general and lord chancellor, was "A man rather of show than of depth." We have been recently told by a great lawyer, that "Bacon was a master."

On the accession of James the First, when BACON still found the same party obstructing his political advancement, he appears, in some momentary fit of disgust, to have meditated on a retreat into a foreign country: a circumstance which has happened to several of our men of genius, during a fever of solitary indignation. He was for some time thrown out of the sunshine of life, but he found its shade more fitted for contemplation; and, unquestionably, philosophy was benefited by

his solitude of Gray's Inn. His hand was always on his work, and better thoughts will find an easy entrance into the mind of those who feed on their thoughts, and live amidst their reveries. In a letter on this occasion, he writes, "My ambition now I shall only put upon MY PEN, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit, of THE TIMES SUCCEEDING." And many years after, when he had finally quitted public life, he told the king, "I would live to study, and not study to live: yet I am prepared for *date obolum* Belisario; and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet."

Ever were THE TIMES SUCCEEDING in his mind. In that delightful Latin letter to Father Fulgentio, where, with the simplicity of true grandeur, he takes a view of all his works, and in which he describes himself as "one who served posterity," in communicating his past and his future designs, he adds, that "they require some ages for the ripening of them." There, while he despairs of finishing what was intended for the sixth part of his Instauration, how nobly he despairs! "Of the perfecting this I have cast away all hopes; but in future ages, perhaps, the design may bud again." And he concludes by avowing, that the zeal and constancy of his mind in the great design, after so many years, had never become cold and indifferent. He remembers how, forty years ago, he had composed a juvenile work about those things, which with confidence, but with too pompous a title, he had called *Temporis Partus Maximus*; the great birth of time! Besides the public dedication of his *Novum Organum* to James the First, he accompanied it with a private letter. He wishes the king's favour to the work, which he accounts as much as a hundred years' time; for, he adds, "I am persuaded *the work will gain upon men's minds in AGES.*"

In his last will appears his remarkable legacy of fame. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen, AFTER SOME TIME BE PARSED OVER." Time seemed always personated in the imagination of our philosopher, and with Time he had to wrestle with a consciousness of triumph.

I shall now bring forward sufficient evidence to prove how little Bacon was understood, and how much he was even despised, in his philosophical character.

In those prescient views by which the genius of Verulam has often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, there was one important object which even his foresight does not appear to have contemplated. Lord BACON did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country should at length possess a national literature of its own, and that it should exult in classical compositions which might be appreciated with the finest models of antiquity. His taste was far unequal to his invention. So little he esteemed the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and he was anxious to have what he had written in English preserved in that "universal language which may last as long as books last." It would have surprised BACON to have been told, that the most learned men in Europe have studied English authors to learn to

think and to write. Our philosopher was surely somewhat mortified, when in his dedication of the *Essays* he observed, that "of all my other works my *Essays* have been most current, for that, as it seems, they come home to men's business and business." It is too much to hope to find in a vast and profound *opere* a writer also who has more immortality in his language. The English language is the only object in his great survey of art and of nature, which even nothing of its excellence to the genius of Bacon.

He had reason indeed to be mortified at the reception of his philosophical works; and Dr Rawley, even some years after the death of his illustrious master, had occasion to observe, that "his fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad than at home in his own nation, thereby verifying that divine sentence, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house." Even the men of genius, who ought to have comprehended this new source of knowledge thus opened to them, reluctantly entered, so repugnant are we suddenly to give up ancient errors which time and habit have made a part of ourselves. Harvey, who himself experienced the sluggish obduracy of the learned, which repelled a great but a novel discovery, could however in his turn deride the amazing novelty of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. Harvey said to Aubrey, that "Bacon was a great philosopher; he writes philosophy like a lord chancellor."

Bacon found but small encouragement for his new learning among the most eminent scholars, to whom he submitted his early discoveries. A very curious letter by Sir Thomas Bodley on Bacon's desiring him to return the manuscript of the *Cogitata et Fata*, some portions of the *Novum Organum*, has come down to us, it is replete with objections to the new philosophy. "I am one of that crew," says Sir Thomas, "that say we possess a far greater burden of errors in the sciences than you will seem to acknowledge." He gives a hint too that Bodleyan complained "of the infinite making of books in his time," that all Bacon delivers is only "by agreement without other force of argument, to disclaim all our axioms, maxims, &c. left by tradition from our elders unto us, which have passed all professions of the sharpest wit that ever were," and he concludes, that the end of all Bacon's philosophy is "a fresh creating new principles of sciences, would be to be disprisoned of the learning we have," and he fears that it would require so many ages as have marched before us that knowledge should be perfectly achieved. Bodley truly compares himself to "the carrier's horse which cannot blanch the beaten way in which I was trained."

Bacon did not lose heart by the tardiness of "the carrier's horse," a smart sarcastic note in return shows his quick apprehension.

"As I am going to my house in the country, I shall want my papers, which I beg you therefore to return. You are skilful, and you help me nothing, so that I am held in respect you affect not the argument, for myself I know well

you love and affect. I can say no more but *omnes sententias veritas, respondent omnes veritas*. If you be not of the judgment chalked up, whereof I speak in my preface, I am but to pass by your dissent. But if I had you a fortnight at Gorbamouth, I would make you tell another tale; or else I would add a capitulum against libraries, and be revenged on you that way."

A keen but playful retort of a great author too conscious of his own errors to be angry with his critics! The *lodging*, chalked up in some carcass which we must supply from our own conception; but the threatened capitulum against libraries must have tingled Bodley's cheek.

Let us now turn from the whole to the men of the world, and we shall see what sort of nation these critics entertained of the philosophy of Bacon. Chamberlain writes, "This work the lord chancellor hath set forth his new work, called *Instauratio magna*, or a kind of new organum of all philosophy. In reading it to the king, he wrote that he wished his majesty might be so long in reading it as he hath been in composing and publishing it, which is well near thirty years. I have read no more than the bare title, and am not greatly encouraged by Sir Cuthbert's judgment,* who having long since perused it, gave this comment, that a fool could not have written such a work, and a wise man would not." A month or two afterwards we find that "the king cannot forbear sometimes in reading the lord chancellor's last book to say, that it is like the *prose of God*, that surpasseth all understanding."

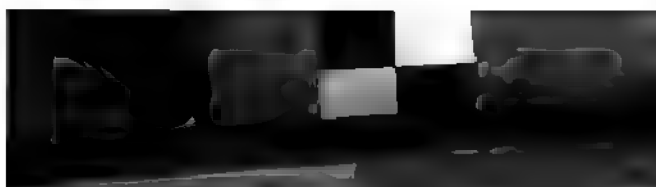
Two years afterwards the same letter-writer proceeds with another literary paragraph about Bacon. "This lord knows himself altogether about books, and hath set out two lately, *De Senectute*, and *de Vita et Morte*, with promise of more. I have yet seen neither of them, because I have not leisure, but if the life of Henry the Eighth (the Seventh, which they say he is about, might come out after his own manner) (meaning his literal Essay, I should find time and means enough to read it." When this history made its appearance, the same writer observes, "My Lord Verulam's history of Henry the Seventh is come forth, I have not read much of it, but they say it is a very pretty book."

Bacon, in his last survey of human knowledge, included even its humblest provinces, and considered to form a collection of apophthegms. His lordship regretted the loss of a collection made by Julius Cæsar, whose Photarch indiscriminately drew much of the drops. The man, who could not always comprehend his plans, ridiculed the sage. I shall now quote a contemporary poet, whose words, for he shows us there may assume that distinction, were never published. A Dr Andrews waited a sportive pen on fugitive events; but though not always decorous in humour and wit, such is the freedom of his writings, that they will not often admit of quotation. The following

* Henry Cuthbert, secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, and executed, being concerned in his treason. A man noted for his classical acquaintance and his genius, who provided cards in life.

* Chamberlain adds the price of this moderate-sized folio, which was six shillings.

* This letter may be found in *Reliquie Bodleyane*, p. 169.



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is indeed but a strange pun on Bacon's title, derived from the town of St Albans and his collection of apophthegms :

ON LORD BACON PUBLISHING APOPTHEGMS.

When learned BACON wrote essays,
He did deserve and hath the praise,
But now he writes his apophthegms
Surely he dozes or he dreams,
One said, *St Albans* now is grown unable,
And is in the high-road-way—to *Dunstable*.
[i.e. *Duns-table*]

To the close of his days were Lord BACON's philosophical pursuits still disregarded and depreciated by ignorance and envy, in the forms of friendship or rivalry. I shall now give a remarkable example. Sir Edward Coke was a mere great lawyer, and, like all such, had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge, that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties, and the whole of his philosophy lay in the statutes. In the library at Holkham there must be found a presentation copy of Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the *Instauratio Magna*, 1620. It was given to Coke, for it bears the following note on the title-page in the writing of Coke.

Edw. Coke. *En dono auctoris, auctori tantum
Instaurare parat veterum documenta sophorum
Instaura leges, iustitiamque prius.*

The verses not only reprove BACON for going out of his profession, but must have alluded to his character as a prerogative lawyer, and his corrupt administration of the Chancery. The book was published in October, 1620, a few months before the impeachment. And so far one may easily excuse the causticity of Coke; but how he really valued the philosophy of Bacon appears by this: in this first edition there is a device of a ship passing between Hercules's pillars; the *plus ultra*, the proud exultation of our philosopher. Over this device Coke has written a miserable distich in English, which marks his utter contempt of the philosophical pursuits of his illustrious rival. This ship passing between the columns of Hercules he sarcastically conceits as "The Ship of Fools," the famous satire of the German Sebastian Brandt, translated by Alexander Barclay:

*It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.*

Such then was the fate of Lord BACON; a history not written by his biographers, but which may serve as a comment on that obscure passage dropped from the pen of his chaplain, and already quoted, that he was more valued abroad than at home.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessor of the throne themselves during their lifetime; and that there is

every reason to believe this mighty transfer of three kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament; Queen ELIZABETH and the Protector CROMWELL. CROMWELL probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, whom he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was probably as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects that Cromwell was "so discomposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one is to me uncertain." All that we know is the report of the Secretary Thurlow and his chaplains, who, when the protector lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had CROMWELL been in his senses, he would have probably fixed on Henry, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on Richard, or possibly had not chosen either of his sons!

ELIZABETH, from womanish infirmity, or from state-reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of whom had their favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth would not speak him into existence! This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harassed the queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the queen still retained so much of the woman, that she could never overcome her perverse dislike to name a successor, so that according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her great character—and as it is ascertained that the queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is, therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude, that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts, as well as the anxieties of her ministers; and that she would not have left the throne in the same unsettled state at her death as she had persevered in during her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she bequeath it at all?

In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Aikin has observed, that "the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and pursued her to the grave." The last days of Elizabeth were, indeed, most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies and even nourishment. But in all the published accounts, I can nowhere discover how she con-

ducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present inquiry. The most detailed narrative, or as Gray the poet calls it, "the Earl of Monmouth's odd account of Queen Elizabeth's death," is the one most deserving notice, and there we find the circumstance of this inquiry introduced. The queen, at that moment, was reduced to no end a state, that it is doubtful whether her majesty was at all sensible of the unquiet put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, "On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by sign, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her." Such a sign as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous title of the right of the Scotch monarch to the English throne. The "odd" but very early account of Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the enactment of a duty something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of Elizabeth by this authentic story: it appears that she had confided her state-secret of the succession to the lord admiral, the Earl of Nottingham, and when the earl found the queen almost at her extremity, he recommended her majesty's secret to the council, who entrusted the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and the secretary, to wait on her majesty, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest to learn her pleasure in reference to the succession. The queen was then very weak, and answered them with a faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a royal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. When the secretary requested her to caption herself, the queen said, "I would have a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?" Here this state-convulsion was put an end to by the interference of the archbishop advising her majesty to turn her thoughts to God. "Be ye," she replied, "has my mind wandered from him?"

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new monarch, yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact Barrow who draws his information from the letters of the French ambassador, Valart, information which it appears the English ministers had conveyed to this ambassador, and we get no distinct idea from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could not transcribe the account of Cary. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the queen fell speechless on Wednesday, 23rd of March, on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of Cary's Memoirs (the Earl of Cock and Overy), has observed, that "the speeches made for Elizabeth on her death-bed are all forged. Richard, Bapin, and a long string of historians, make her say faintly, so faintly indeed that it could not possibly be heard, 'I will that a king succeed me, and who should that

be but my nearest kinsman the king of Scots?' A different account of this matter will be found in the following narrative. "She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief councillors of state were called into her bedchamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and were could hear or understand one, they named the king of Scots to her, a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak. She put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. She here, was interpreted her sign just as they pleased, were immediately convinced that the union of her hand to her head was a declaration of James the sixth as her successor. What was this but the unanimous interpretation of persons who were adorning the rising sun?"

This is lively and plausible; but the noble editor did not recollect that "the speeches made by Elizabeth on her death-bed," which he deems "forged," in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's Memoirs, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Richard, &c. I am now to correct the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstances related by Cary, describing the sign of the queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday, 23rd. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on the preceding day, when the queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that solemnity and concision which was the natural style of this queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Peter, and willingly lay it on a handwriting. I do not doubt its authenticity and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that sad scene, probably Cecil. The document is entitled,

"Account of the last Words of Queen Elizabeth about her Succession."

"On the Tuesday before her death, being the twenty-third of March, the admiral being on the right side of her bed, the lord keeper on the left, and Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, at the head's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:

"I told you my self had born the seed of boys, and I will have no child to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?"

"The lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking one on the other, at length Mr. Secretary boldly asked her what the intent by those words, that no child should succeed her. Whereunto she replied, that her meaning was, that a king should succeed, and who, with this, should that be but our cousin of Scotland?"

"They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? whereunto she answered, I pray you trouble me no more for I will have none but him, with which answer they departed."

"Whereupon, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being

Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other divines, had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? but not being able to speak, was asked by Mr. Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the king of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us:' whereat, *suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown*; whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate: after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the lords, as well of the council as other noblemen that were at the court, came from Richmond to Whitehall by six o'clock in the morning, where other noblemen that were in London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors and matters of state, at length the admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late queen had spoken to him, and to the lord keeper, and Mr. Secretary (Cecil), with the manner thereof; which they being asked, did affirm to be true, upon their HONOUR."

Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and besides this, the remarkable expression of "rascal" is found in the letter of the French ambassador. There were two interviews with the queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last on Wednesday, when the queen lay speechless. Elizabeth all her life had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments. The second interview of her ministers may seem to us quite super-numerary; but Cary's "putting her hand to her head," too meanly describes the "joining her hands in manner of a crown."

JAMES THE FIRST, AS A FATHER AND A HUSBAND.

CALUMNIES and sarcasms have reduced the character of James the First to contempt among general readers; while historians, who have to relate facts in spite of themselves, are in perpetual contradiction with their own opinions. Perhaps no sovereign has suffered more by that art, which is described by an old Irish proverb, of "killing a man by lies." The surmises and the insinuations of one party, dissatisfied with the established government in church and state, and the misconceptions of more modern writers, who have not possessed the requisite knowledge, aided by anonymous libels, sent forth at a particular period to vilify the Stuarts, the philosopher cannot treasure up as the authorities of history. It is at least more honourable to resist popular prejudice than to yield to it a passive obedience; and what we can ascertain, it would be a dereliction of truth to conceal. Much can be substantiated in favour of

the domestic affections and habits of this pacific monarch; and those who are more intimately acquainted with the secret history of the times will perceive how erroneously the personal character of this sovereign is exhibited in our popular historians, and often even among the few, who, with better information, have re-echoed these preconceived opinions.

Confining myself here to his domestic character, I shall not touch on the many admirable public projects of this monarch, which have extorted the praise, and even the admiration, of some who have not spared their pens in his disparagement. James the First has been taxed with pusillanimity and foolishness; this monarch cannot, however, be reproached with having engendered them! All his children, in whose education their father was so deeply concerned, sustained through life a dignified character, and a high spirit. The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature. Of the king's paternal solicitude, even to the hand and the letter-writing of Prince Henry when young, I have preserved a proof in the article of "The History of Writing-masters." Charles the First, in his youth more particularly designed for a studious life, with a serious character, was, however, never deficient in active bravery, and magnanimous fortitude. Of Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, tried as she was by such vicissitudes of fortune, it is much to be regretted that her interesting story remains untold; her buoyant spirits rose always above the perpetual changes, of a princely to a private state—a queen to an exile! The father of such children derives some distinction for capacity, in having reared such a noble offspring; and the king's marked attention to the formation of the minds of his children was such as to have been pointed out by Ben Jonson, who, in his "Gipsies Metamorphosed," rightly said of James, using his native term,—

"You are an honest, good man, and have care of
YOUR BEARNS" (hairs).

Among the flouts and gibes so freely bespattering the personal character of James the First, is one of his coldness and neglect of his queen. It would, however, be difficult to prove by any known fact, that James was not as indulgent a husband, as he was a father. Yet even a writer so well informed as Daines Barrington, who, as a lawyer, could not refrain from lauding the royal sage during his visit to Denmark, on his marriage, for having borrowed three statutes from the Danish code, found the king's name so provocative of sarcasm, that he could not forbear observing, that James "spent more time in those courts of judicature than in attending upon his destined consort."—"Men of all sorts have taken a pride to gird at me," might this monarch have exclaimed. But everything has two handles, saith the ancient adage. Had an austere Puritan chosen to observe that James the First, when abroad, had lived jovially; and had this historian then dropped silently the interesting circumstance of the king's "spending his time in the Danish courts of judicature," the fact would have borne him out in his reproof; and Francis Osborne, indeed, has censured James for giving marks of his uxoriousness! There



was no deficient gallantry in the conduct of James the First to his queen, the very circumstance, that when the Princess of Denmark was driven by a storm back to Norway, the king resolved to hasten to the princess, and consummate his marriage in Denmark was itself as romantic an expedition as afterwards was that of his son's into Spain, and betrays no mark of that tame pusillanimity with which he stands overcharged.

The character of the queen of James the First is somewhat obscure in our public history, for she makes no prominent figure there, while in secret history she is more apparent. Anne of Denmark was a spirited and enterprising woman, and it appears from a passage in Sully, whose authority should weigh with us, although we ought to recollect that it is the French minister who writes, that she seems to have raised a court faction against James, and inclined to favour the Spanish and Catholic interests, yet it may be alleged as a strong proof of James's political wisdom, that the queen was never suffered to head a formidable party, though she ardently might have engaged Prince Henry in that court-opposition. The *doctrines* of the king, on this subject, expressed with a simplicity of style, which, though it may not be royal, is something better, appears in a letter to the queen, which has been preserved in the appendix to Sir David Dalrymple's collections. It is without date, but written when in Scotland to quiet the queen's suspicions, that the Earl of Murray, who had the care of Prince Henry, and whom she wished to take out of his hands, had insinuated to the king that her majesty was strongly disposed to any "Popish or Spanish course." This letter confirms the representation of Sully; but the extract is remarkable for the manly simplicity of style which the king uses.

"I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions, for I thank God, I carry that love and respect unto you, which, by the law of God and nature, I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children, but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for whether ye were a king's daughter, or a cook's daughter, ye must be a like to me, since my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you, but the love and respect I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me (that is not pertinent). God is my witness, I ever preferred you to for, my harms, much more than to a subject."

In an ingenious historical dissertation, but one perfectly theoretical, respecting that mysterious transaction the Gowrie conspiracy, Mr. Pinkerton has attempted to show that Anne of Denmark was a lady somewhat inclined to intrigue, and that "the king had cause to be jealous." He confesses that "he cannot discover any positive charge of adultery against Anne of Denmark, but merely of coquetry." To what these accusations amount

it would be difficult to say. The progeny of James the First sufficiently bespeak their family resemblance. If it be true, that "the king had ever reason to be jealous," and yet that no single criminal act of the queen's has been recorded, it must be confessed that one or both of the parties were singularly discreet and decent, for the king never complained, and the queen was never accused, if we except this burden of an old Scottish ballad,

O the bonny Earl of Murray,
He was the queen's love

Whatever may have happened in Scotland, the queen in England appears to have lived occupied chiefly by the amusements of the court, and not to have interfered with the *arcana* of state. She appears to have indulged a passion for the elegancies and splendour of the age, as they were shown in those gorgeous court masques with which the taste of James harmonised, either from his gallantry for the queen or his own poetic sympathy. But this taste for court masques could not escape the sur and scandal of the puritanic, and these "high-flying fancies" are thus recorded by honest Arthur Wilson, whom we summon into court as an indubitable witness of the mutual cordiality of this royal couple. In the spirit of his party, and like Milton, he censures the taste, but like it. He says, "The court being a court used *masquerade*, where she the queen and her ladies, like so many sea nymphs or Nereides, appeared often in various dresses to the rashment of the beholders; the king himself not being a little delighted with such fluent elegancies as made the night more glorious than the day." This is a direct proof that James was by no means cold or negligent in his attentions to his queen, and the letter which has been given is the picture of his mind. That James the First was kindly indulgent to his queen, and could perform an act of chivalric gallantry with as the generosity of passion, and the agency of an elegant mind, a pleasing anecdote which I have discovered in an unpublished letter of the day will show. I give it in the words of the writer.

"August, 1613.

"At their last, being at Theolodus, about a fortnight ago, the queen, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed *Jessie*, the king's most principal and special hound, at which he stormed exceedingly awhile, but after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as a legacy from a *lead dog*. Love and kindness increase daily betwix them."

Such is the history of a contemporary living at court, very opposite to that representation of coldness and neglect with which the king's temper has been so freely aspersed, and such too is the true portrait of James the First in domestic life. His first sensations were thoughtless and impetuous; and he would ungraciously thunder out an oath, which a Puritan would set down in his "tables," while he omitted to note that this king's forgiveness and forgetfulness of personal injuries was sure to follow the heat of their impression.

* This historical dissertation is appended to the first volume of Mr. Malcolm Laing's "History of Scotland," who thinks that "it has placed that obscure transaction in its genuine light."

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

MR. MAURICE, in his animated memoirs, has recently acquainted us with a fact which may be deemed important in the life of a literary man. He tells us, "We have been just informed that Sir William Jones *invariably* read through every year the works of Cicero, whose life indeed was the great exemplar of his own." The same passion for the works of Cicero has been participated by others. When the best means of forming a good style were inquired of the learned Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin but a French style: "In that case," replied Arnauld, "you must still read Cicero."

A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste: accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favourite, we may possibly resemble him in this intimacy. It is to be feared, that if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author, will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who even sleeps in armour, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact, *Cave ab homine unius libri*: Be cautious of the man of one book.

Pliny and Seneca give very safe advice on reading; that we should read much, but not many books—but they had no "monthly lists of new publications!" Since their days others have favoured us with "Methods of Study," and "Catalogues of Books to be read." Vain attempts to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself! The multiplicity of books is an evil for the many; for we now find an *helluo librorum*, not only among the learned, but, with their pardon, among the unlearned; for those who, even to the prejudice of their health, persist only in reading the incessant book-novelties of our own time, will after many years acquire a sort of learned ignorance. We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than not to read them: such an art is practicable. But amidst this vast multitude still let us be "the man of one book," and preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with that great author with whose mode of thinking we sympathise, and whose charms of composition we can habitually retain.

It is remarkable that every great writer appears to have a predilection for some favourite author; and, with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect mastery of his style, he recopied his history eight times; while Brutus not only was in a constant perusal of Polybius even

amidst the most busy periods of his life, but was abridging a copy of that author on the last awful night of his existence, when on the following day he was to try his fate against Antony and Octavius. Selim the Second had the Commentaries of Caesar translated for his use; and it is recorded that his military ardour was heightened by the perusal. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one, and the portrait-painting of the other: he records this circumstance in a letter. Voltaire had usually on his table the *Athalie* of Racine, and the *Petit Catechisme* of Massillon; the tragedies of the one were the finest model of French verse, the sermons of the other of French prose. "Were I obliged to sell my library," exclaimed Diderot, "I would keep back Moses, Homer, and Richardson;" and by the *éloge* which this enthusiastic writer composed on our English novelist, it is doubtful, had the Frenchman been obliged to have lost two of them, whether Richardson had not been the elected favourite. Monsieur Thomas, a French writer, who at times displays high eloquence and profound thinking, Herault de Sechelles tells us, studied chiefly one author, but that author was Cicero; and never went into the country unaccompanied by some of his works. Fénelon was constantly employed on his Homer; he left a translation of the greater part of the *Odyssey*, without any design of publication, but merely as an exercise for style. Montesquieu was a constant student of Tacitus, of whom he must be considered a forcible imitator. He has, in the manner of Tacitus, characterised Tacitus: "That historian," he says, "who abridged everything, because he saw everything." The famous Bourdaloue reperused every year Saint Paul, Saint Chrysostom, and Cicero. "These," says a French critic, "were the sources of his masculine and solid eloquence." Grotius had such a taste for Lucan, that he always carried a pocket edition about him, and has been seen to kiss his handbook with the rapture of a true votary. If this anecdote be true, the elevated sentiments of the stern Roman were probably the attraction with the Batavian republican. The diversified reading of Leibnitz is well known; but he still attached himself to one or two favourites: Virgil was always in his hand when at leisure, and Leibnitz had read Virgil so often, that even in his old age he could repeat whole books by heart; and Barclay's *Argenis* was his model for prose. When he was found dead in his chair, the *Argenis* had fallen from his hands. Quevedo was so passionately fond of the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, that often in reading that unrivalled work he felt an impulse to burn his own inferior compositions: to be a sincere admirer and a hopeless rival is a case of authorship the hardest imaginable. Few writers can venture to anticipate the award of posterity; yet perhaps Quevedo had not even been what he was without the perpetual excitement he received from his great master. Horace was the friend of his heart to Malherbe; he laid the Roman poet on his pillow, took him in the fields, and called his Horace his breviary. Plutarch, Montaigne, and Locke were the three authors constantly in the

hands of Bozman, and he has drawn from them the groundwork of his ideas in his *Emile*. The former author of the great Earl of Chatham was Barrow, on his style he had formed his eloquence, and had read his great master so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate sermons from memory. The great Lord Burlington always carried Tully's Offices in his pocket; and Devila was the perpetual study of Hampden. He seemed to have discovered in that historian of civil wars those which he anticipated in the land of his fathers.

These facts sufficiently illustrate the recorded circumstance of Sir William Jones's invincible habit of reading his Cicero through every year, and exemplify the happy result for him, who, amidst the multiplicity of his authors, still continues in this way to be "the man of one book."

A BIBLIOGOSTE.

A SYMBOLIC literary prophecy, recently sent forth from our oracular literature, threatens the annihilation of PUBLIC LIBRARIES, which are one day to moulder away!

Listen to the "prophetess": "As conservatories of mental treasures, their value in times of darkness and barbarism was incalculable, and even in these happier days, when men are invited to explore new regions of thought, they command respect, as depots of methodical and well-ordered references for the researches of the curious. But what in one state of society is invaluable, may at another be worthless, and the progress which the world has made within a very few centuries has considerably reduced the estimation which is due to such establishments. We will say more—more than enough to terrify the bibliographical reader with the idea of striking into dust "the god of his idols," the Dagon of his devotion, and viewing the bond harvest pulling down the pillars of his temple!

This future universal foundation of books, the superiority of knowledge, in letters and sciences, overwhelms the imagination! It is now about four hundred years since the art of multiplying books has been discovered, and an arithmetician has attempted to calculate the incalculable of these four ages of typography, which he discovers have actually produced 3,461,980 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning only each impression to consist of three hundred copies, which is too little, the actual amount from the press of Europe will give in 1816 32,778,000 volumes! each of which being an inch thick, if placed on a line, would cover *impossibilities*! We are, however, indebted to the patriotic endeavours of our grocers and trunkmakers, alchemists of literature! they annihilate the great hoards without injuring the finer spirits. We are still more indebted to that neglected race, the bibliogostes!

The science of books, for so occasionally it is sometimes called, may deserve the gratitude of a public, who are yet insensible of the useful seal of these book-practitioners, the nature of whose labours is yet so imperfectly comprehended. One

would, however, like to know who is this veterinarian of the institutions of public libraries. Is he a *bibliogoste*, or a *bibliography*, or a *bibliomane*, or a *bibliophile*, or a *bibliopole*? A *bibliomane*, or a *bibliopole*, the prophet cannot be, for the *bibliomane* is too delightfully biased among his shelves, and the *bibliopole* is too profitably concerned in furnishing perpetual additions, to admit of this hyperbolical terror of annihilation!

We have unwisely dropped into that professional jargon which was chiefly taught by one who, though styled in "the corner's chair," was the Thaumaturgus of books and manuscripts. The Abbe De La Rivé had acquired a singular taste and curiosity, not without a reverting dash of singular *charlatanerie*, in bibliography: the little volumes he occasionally put forth are things which but few hands have touched. He knew well, that for minor books to be moved about, they should not be read: this was one of those recondite mysteries of his, which we may have occasion farther to reveal. This bibliographical hero was librarian to the most magnificent of book-collectors, the Duke de la Vallière. De La Rivé was a strong but ungovernable brute, rabid, swift, but *tres mordant*. His master, whom I have discovered to have been the partner of the cur's tricks, would often put him; and when the bibliogoste and the *Abbonimus* were in the heat of contest, let his "bull-dog" loose among them, as the duke affectionately called his librarian. The "bull-dog" of bibliography appears, too, to have had the taste and appetite of the tiger of politics, but he hardly lived to join the festival of the guillotine. I judge of this by an expression he used to one complaining of his parish priest, when he advised to give "une main dans la Chaise aux Bibliographes et aux Antiquaires mal avis," and asked Cash with his brothers! All Europe was to receive from him new ideas concerning books and manuscripts. Yet all his mighty promises failed away in projects, and though he appeared for ever correcting the blunders of others, the French Rivon left enough of his own to afford him a choice of revenge.

De La Rivé was one of those men of letters, of whom there are not a few, who pass all their lives in preparations. Mr. Dibden, once the above was written, has witnessed the confusion of the mind, and the gigantic industry, of our *bibliogoste*, which consisted of many trunks full of memoranda. The description will show the reader to what hard hunting these book hunters voluntarily doom themselves, with little hope of obtaining game! "In one trunk were about six thousand notices of new or old age. In another were wedged about twenty thousand descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian, numbered with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Frenchman*. In a fourth was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches connected with the invention of arts and sciences, with pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between two and three thousand cards, written upon each side, respecting a collection of prints. In a sixth trunk were contained his papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects." This *Don Quixote* of the bibliog-

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxvii. 384.



A BIBLIOGOSTE.

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phical tribe, who was, as Mr. Bibbia observes, "the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron," is said to have been in private a very different man from his public character. All which may be true, without affecting a shade of that public character. The French revolution showed how men, mild and even kind in domestic life, were ungovernable and ferocious to their public.

The rabid De La Rive glared in terrifying, without enlightening his rivals; he caustic that he was devoting to "the rule of criticism and the laughter of Europe the *bibliothèque*," or dealers in books, who would not get by heart his "Catechisme" of a thousand and one questions and answers; it broke the stumblers of honest De Bure, who had found that life was already too short for his own "Bibliographie instructive."

De La Rive had contrived to catch the shade of the applicatives necessary to discriminate book-smugglers; and of the first term he is acknowledged to be the inventor.

A *bibliomane*, from the Greek, is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions; the place and year when printed; the press whence issued; and all the minutiae of a book.

A *bibliographe* is a describer of books and other literary arrangements.

A *bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained, and *paris-happy*!

A *bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *bibliophile* buries his books, by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass cases.

I shall catch one *bibliomane* in the hour of book-rapture! It will produce a collection of bibliographical writers, and show to the second-sighted Edinburgher what human contrivances have been framed by the art of more painful writers than himself—either to postpone the day of universal annihilation, or to preserve for our posterity those centuries hence, the knowledge which now so busily occupies us, and to transmit to them something more than what Bacon calls "Invention" of our literary treasures.

"Museums, and literary *bibliothèques* (or *bibliothèques*), will always present to us," says De La Rive, "an immense harvest of errors, till the authors of such catalogues shall be fully impressed by the importance of their art; and, as it were, reading in the most distant ages of the future the literary good and evil which they may produce, force a triumph from the pure devotion to truth, in spite of all the dangers which their professional tasks involve, still patiently enduring the heavy chains which bind down those who give themselves up to this pursuit, with a passion which overcomes heaven."

"The catalogues of *bibliothèques* (or critical, historical, and classified accounts of writers) have engendered that enormous system of bibliographical errors, which have spread their roots, in greater or less quantities, to all our bibliographers." He has here furnished a long list, which I shall preserve in the note.*

* GRESPEL—GIBLIN—BELLARMIN—L'ABBE—MILLON—MONTMAGNON—MOREL—BAYLE—BAIL-

The list, though curious, is by no means complete. Such are the men of whom De La Rive speaks with more respect than his accustomed courtesy. "If such," says he, "cannot escape from errors, who shall? I have only marked them out to prove the importance of bibliographical history. A writer of this sort must occupy himself with more regard for his reputation than his own profit, and yield himself up entirely to the study of books."

The mere knowledge of books, which has been called an evolution of title-pages, may be sufficient to occupy the life of some; and while the wits and "the willow" are ridiculing these hunters of editions, who force their passage through secluded spots, as well as course in the open fields, it will be found that this art of book-knowledge may turn out to be a very philosophical pursuit, and that men of great name have devoted themselves to labours, more frequently contrived than comprehended. APOSTOLIS ZENI, a poet, a critic, and a true man of letters, considered it as no small portion of his glory, to have annotated FORSTNER, who, himself an eminent poet, had passed his life in forming his *Bibliothèque italienne*. ZENI did not consider that to correct errors and to enrich by information the catalogue of Italian writers was a mean task.

The enthusiasm of the Abbé Rive considered bibliography as a sublime pursuit, exclaiming on ZENI's Commentary on Postumini—"He chained together the knowledge of whole generations for posterity, and he read in future Ages."

There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by a classified catalogue, with dates of the first publication of books, even the relative prices of books at different periods, their doctrine and then their use, and again their fall, form a chapter in this history of the human mind. We become critics even by the literary chronology, and this appreciation of auctioneers. The favourite book of every age is a certain picture of the people. The gradual depreciation of a great author marks a change in knowledge or in taste.

But it is imagined that we are not interested in the history of indifferent writers, and scarcely in that of the secondary ones. If none but great originals should claim our attention, in the course of two thousand years we should not count twenty authors! Every book, whatever be its character, may be considered as a new experiment made by the human understanding; and as a book is a sort of individual representation, not a solitary volume exists but may be perished, and de-

LAY—NICERON—DUPIN—CAVE—WARTON—CARLWIS—OCCHE—LE LON—GOUJET—WOLFF—JOHN ALBERT—FACCHINI—ABBEY—TIRABOSCHI—NICHOLAS—APPROBIO—WALCHING—STREVIUS—BAYLER—SCHUCHER—LIPPMAN—BROUWER—HALLER—ABADON—MARCY—KATZER—KLOY—DOWGLAS—WIGLES—MILLMORRE—MORTIMER—LALLAGE—BAILLY—QUADRO—MOREL—STOLLER—FONCIES—SCHLAGER—BOWLS—BETTER—GERSHWIN—VOUTS—FRATTAS—DAVID—CLERMONT—CHAVILLER—MARTYRE—OBLADON—POMPER—MACHARD—SCHUCHER—DE BURE—ABBE—BAILLER—DE SAINT LIEON.

scribed as a human being. Hints start discoveries : they are usually found in very different authors who could go no further ; and the historian of obscure books is often preserving for men of genius indications of knowledge, which, without his intervention, we should not possess ! Many secrets we discover in bibliography. Great writers, unskilled in this science of books, have frequently used defective editions, as Hume did the castrated Whitelocke ; or like Robertson, they are ignorant of even the sources of the knowledge they would give the public ; or they compose on a subject which too late they discover had been anticipated. Bibliography will show what has been done, and suggest to our invention what is wanted. Many have often protracted their journey in a road which had already been worn out by the wheels which had traversed it : bibliography unrolls the whole map of the country we purpose travelling over—the post-roads, and the by-paths.

Every half-century, indeed, the obstructions multiply ; and the Edinburgh prediction, should it approximate to the event it has foreseen, may more reasonably terrify a far-distant posterity. MAZZUCHELLI declared after his laborious researches in Italian literature, that one of his more recent predecessors, who had commenced a similar work, had collected notices of forty thousand writers—and yet, he adds, my work must increase that number to ten thousand more ! MAZZUCHELLI said this in 1753 ; and the amount of a century must now be added, for the presses of Italy have not been inactive. But the literature of Germany, of France, and of England, has exceeded the multiplicity of the productions of Italy, and an appalling population of authors swarm before the imagination. Hail then the peaceful spirit of the literary historian, which trims the sepulchral lamps of the human mind ! Hail to the literary Reaumur, who makes even the minute interesting, and, provided his glasses be true, will open to us the world of insects ! These are guardian spirits, who at the close of every century standing on its ascent, trace out the old roads we had pursued, and with a lighter line indicate the new ones which are opening, from the imperfect attempts, and even the errors of our predecessors !

SECRET HISTORY OF AN ELECTIVE MONARCHY.

A POLITICAL SKETCH.

POLAND, once a potent and magnificent kingdom, when it sunk into an elective monarchy, became "venal thrice an age." That country must have exhibited many a diplomatic scene of intricate intrigue, which although they could not appear in its public, have no doubt been often consigned to its secret history. With us the corruption of a rotten borough has sometimes exposed the guarded proffer of one party, and the dexterous chaffering of the other : but a masterpiece of diplomatic finesse and political invention, electioneering viewed on the most magnificent scale, with a kingdom to canvass for votes, and a crown to be won and lost, or lost and won in the course of a single day, exhibits a political drama, which, for

the honour and happiness of mankind, is of rare and strange occurrence. There was one scene in this drama, which might appear somewhat too large for an ordinary theatre ; the actors apparently were not less than fifty to a hundred thousand ; twelve vast tents were raised on an extensive plain, a hundred thousand horses were in the environs—and palatines and castellans, the ecclesiastical orders, with the ambassadors of the royal competitors, all agitated by the ceaseless motion of different factions during the six weeks of the election, and of many preceding months of preconcerted measures and vacillating opinions, now were all solemnly assembled at the diet.—Once the poet, amidst his gigantic conception of a scene, resolved to leave it out ;

"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain—
Then build a new, or act it in a plain !"

exclaimed "La Mancha's knight," kindling at a scene so novel and so vast !

Such an electioneering negotiation, the only one I am acquainted with, is opened in the "Discours" of Choisin, the secretary of Montluc, bishop of Valence, the confidential agent of Catharine de Medicis, and who was sent to intrigue at the Polish diet, to obtain the crown of Poland for her son the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. This bold enterprise at the first seemed hopeless, and in its progress encountered growing obstructions ; but Montluc was one of the most finished diplomatists the genius of the Gallic cabinet ever sent forth. He was nicknamed in all the courts of Europe, from the circumstance of his limping, "le Boiteux ;" our political bishop was in cabinet intrigues the Talleyrand of his age, and sixteen embassies in Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and Constantinople, had made this "Connoisseur en hommes" an extraordinary politician !

Catharine de Medicis was infatuated with the dreams of judicial astrology : her pensioned oracles had declared that she should live to see each of her sons crowned, by which prediction probably they had only purposed to flatter her pride and her love of dominion. They, however, ended in terrifying the credulous queen ; and she, dreading to witness a disputed throne in France, among fratricides, anxiously sought for a separate crown for her three sons. She had been trifled with in her earnest negotiations with our Elizabeth ; twice had she seen herself baffled in her views in the Dukes of Alençon and of Anjou. Catharine then projected a new empire for Anjou, by incorporating into one kingdom Algiers, Corsica, and Sardinia ; but the other despot, he of Constantinople, Selim II., dissipated this brilliant speculation of our female Machiavel. Charles IX. was sickly, jealous, and desirous of removing from the court the Duke of Anjou, whom two victories had made popular, though he afterwards sunk into a Sardanapalus. Montluc penetrated into the secret wishes of Catharine and Charles, and suggested to them the possibility that the diadem of Poland might encircle the brows of Anjou, the Polish monarch being in a state of visible decline. The project was approved ; and like a profound politician, the bishop prepared for an event which might be remote, and always problematical, by



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sending into Poland a natural son of his, Salagor, as a disguised agent, his youth, his humble rank, and his love of pleasure, would not create any alarm among the neighbouring powers, who were able on the whole to match the expected agent, but as it was necessary to have a more determined politician behind the curtain, he recommended his secretary Chomnin as a brooding tutor to a youth who appeared to want one.

Salagor proceeded to Poland, where, under the veil of dissipation, and in the midst of splendid festivities, with his trusty assistants, this hare-brained lay of rovery began to weave those intrigues which were afterwards to be knitted, or untied, by Montius himself. He had contrived to be on little suspected, that the agent of the emperor had often discussed important secrets to his young and amiable friend. On the death of Augustus Augustus, Salagor, having Chomnin harboured to trumpet forth the virtues of Anjou, hastened to Paris to give an account of all which he had seen or heard. But poor Chomnin found himself in a disagreeable position, that who had so long listened to his perogues on the humanity and goodness of character of the Duke of Anjou, for the news of St Bartholomew's massacre had travelled faster than the post, and Chomnin complained that he was now treated as an independent bar, and the French prince as a monster. In vain he assured them that the whole was an exaggerated account, a mere insurrection of the people, or the effects of a few private enmities, praying the important Paris to suspend their decision till the bishop came. "Attendes le Bossuet" cried he in agony.

Meanwhile, at Paris, the choice of a proper person for this embassy had been difficult to settle. It was a business of intrigue, more than of force, and required an orator to make speeches and address in a sort of popular assembly; for though the people, stirred, had no concern in the fact, yet the greater and the lesser nobles and gentlemen, all factions, were reckoned at our hundred thousand. It was supposed, that a lawyer who could negotiate in good Latin, and one, as the French proverb runs, who could *aller et venir*, would more effectively pass their heads, and satisfy their consciences to vote for his client, Catharine at last had on Montius himself, from the reputation, pyroclastic, which, however, in this case accorded with philosophical experience, that Montius had ever been lucky in his negotiations. Montius hastened his departure from Paris, and it appears that our political bishop had, by his skilful perogues into the French cabinet, foreseen the horrible catastrophe which occurred very shortly after he had left it, for he had warned the Count of Rochefort to abort himself, but this lord, like so many others, had no suspicion of the perogues projects of Catharine and her cabinet. Montius, however, had not long been on his journey, ere the news reached him, and it seemed insurmountable obstacles to his progress, which even his sagacity had not calculated on. At Strasbourg he had appeared in meet with some able conspirators, among whom was the famous Joseph Salagor; but they were so terrified by the *Maitre Parolier*, that Salagor flew to Geneva, and would not budge out of this

safe corner: and the others ran home, not imagining that Montius would venture to pass through Germany, where the Protestant indignation had made the roads too hot for a Catholic bishop. But Montius had set his cast on the die. He had already passed through several heart-felt scenes from the stratagems of the Guise faction, who more than once attempted to hang or drown the bishop, when they cried out was a Calvinist, the fears and passions of the Guise had been roused by this political monster. Amongst them troubles and delays, Montius was most affected by the rumour that the election was on the point of being made, and that the plague was universal throughout Poland; so that he must have felt that he might be too late for the one, and too early for the other.

At last Montius arrived, and found that the whole weight of this negotiation was so laid on his single shoulders, and further, that he was to keep every night on a pillow of thorns. Our bishop had not only to ally the fervour of the popular spirit of the Evangelists, as the Protestants were then called, but even of the more extreme Catholics of Poland. He had also to face those haughty and feudal lords, of whom each considered himself the equal of the sovereign whom he created, and whom sacred principle was, and many were incensed, that these abuses of a sovereign should be regulated solely by the public interest, and it was hardly to be expected that the emperor, the king, and the King of Sweden, would prove unscrupulous rivals to the cruel, and voluptuous, and bigoted Duke of Anjou, whose political interests were too remote and novel to have raised any faction among them independent of him.

The crafty politician had the art of dressing himself up in all the winning charms of civility and loyalty, a secret flow of kind words melted on his lips, while his heart, cold and unmovable as a rock, stood unchanged amidst the most on-favourable difficulties.

The emperor had not to work the Abbe Cve in a sort of ambiguous character, as room for the secret, so he acknowledged or disavowed as was convenient, and by his activity he obtained considerable influence among the Lithuanians, the Wiltshires, and nearly all Prussia, in favour of the Archduke Ernest. Two Bohemians, who had the advantage of speaking the Polish language, had served with a state and magnificence as if they had come as kings rather than as ambassadors. The Muscovite had written letters full of golden promises to the nobility, and was supported by a palace of high character, a perpetual peace between two such great neighbours was an undying a project not to find advocates, and the party, Chomnin himself, appeared at last the most to be feared. The King of Sweden was a close neighbour who had married the sister of the late emperor, and his son urged his family claims as emperor in those of Sweden. Among these parties was a patriotic one, who were desirous of a hole for their country, a king of their fatherland, speaking their mother-tongue, one who would not make of the independence of his country, but preserve its integrity from the stranger. This popular party was even agreeable to several of the foreign powers themselves, who

did not like to see a rival power strengthening itself by an direct union with Poland; but in the choice of a sovereign from among themselves, there were at least thirty lords who equally thought that they were the proper ones of which king might be carved out. The Poles therefore could not agree on the man who deserved to be a *Poia*, an odious title for a native monarch, which originated in the name of the family of the *Poia*, who had reigned happily over the Polish people for the space of five centuries! The remuneration of their virtues resulted in the minds of the honest Poles in this odious title, and their party were called the *Poia*.

Montluc had been deprived of the assistance he had depended on from many able persons, within the measure of St. Bartholomew had frightened away from every French political connection. He found that he had himself only to depend on. We are told that he was not provided with the usual means which are considered most efficient in elections, nor possessed the interest nor the splendour of his powerful competitors. He was to derive all his resources from diplomatic intrigue. The various ambassadors had hard and distant sentences, that they might not hold too close an intercourse with the Polish nobles. Of all things, he was desirous to obtain an access to these chiefs, that he might observe, and that they might listen. He who could induce by his own ingenuity must come in contact with the object he would corrupt. Yet Montluc permitted in not approaching them without being sought after, which improved his purpose at the end. One fortunate argument which our Talleyrand had at his disposal, was to show that all the benefits which the different competitors had promised to the Poles were accompanied by other circumstances which could not fail to be ruinous to the country, while the offer of his master, whose interests were remote, could not be adverse to those of the Polish nation, in that much good might be expected from him, without any fear of accompanying evil. Montluc procured a clever Frenchman to be the bearer of his first despatch, in Latin, to the diet, which had hardly assembled ere suspicions and jealousies were already breaking out. The emperor's ambassadors had offended the pride of the Polish nobles by travelling about the country without leave, and answering to the nobles, and besides, in some intercepted letters the Polish nation was disappointed in great particulars of great import. "I do not think that the said letter was really written by the said ambassador, who were stoutly men prone to employ such unguarded language," very much usually writes the secretary of Montluc. However, it was a blow levelled at the imperial ambassador, while the letter of the French bishop, composed "in a humble and modest style, began to melt their proud spirits, and two thousand copies of the French bishop's letter were eagerly spread.

"But this good fortune did not last more than four and twenty hours," mournfully writes our foreign secretary, "for suddenly the news of the fatal day of St. Bartholomew arrived, and every Frenchman was deterred."

Montluc, in this distress, published an apology for his *Motives Particuliers*, which he reduced to some essence of the people, the result of a con-

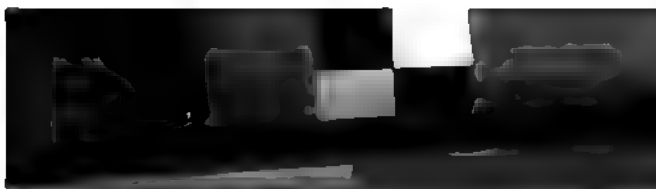
spiracy plotted by the Potentates; and he adroitly introduced in a passage his master Angon, declaring that "he wished to appear a party whom he had so often conquered with sword in hand." This pamphlet, which still exists, must have cost the good bishop some invention; but in elections the use of the moment was a purpose; and although Montluc was in due time bitterly recomended on, still the apology served to divide public opinion.

Montluc was a whole cabinet to himself—he displayed another tract in the character of a Polish gentleman, in which the French interests were urged by such arguments, that the leading chiefs never met without disputing, and Montluc now found that he had succeeded in creating a Polish party. The Austrian then employed a real Polish gentleman to write for his party; but this was too genuine a production, for the writer wrote too much in earnest, and in politics we must not be in a passion.

The mutual jealousies of each party united the votes of one candidate, they would side with him against each other. The archbishop and the ear opposed the Turk, the Muscovite could not endure that Sweden should be aggrandized by this new crown, and Denmark was still more wary. Montluc had discovered how every party had its vulnerable point, by which it could be managed. The cards had now got fairly shuffled, and he depended on his usual grand play.

Our bishop got hold of a painting to write for the French cause in the vernacular tongue, and appears to have held a more mysterious intercourse with another painter, Albert Lasky. Mutual accusations were made in the open diet, the Poles accused some Lithuanian lords of having contracted certain engagements with the czar, these in return accused the Poles, and particularly this Lasky, with being corrupted by the gold of France. Another circumstance afterwards arose, the Spanish ambassador had lately threatened that he would be soon, but which never passed the frontier, as this fresh supply arrived too late for the election. "I believe," writes our secretary with great simplicity, "that this money was only designed to distribute among the trumpeters and the labourers." The usual expenditure in contested elections was now extremely introduced, our secretary acknowledging that Montluc daily acquired new supporters, but that he did not attempt to gain them over easily by promises—trusting his whole cause on this argument, that the interest of the nation was concerned in the French election.

Still would all fortune come out really politician when everything was proceeding smoothly. The measure was rendered with more damaging particulars, some letters were forged, and others were but too true—all parties, with great interests, were carrying on a complete scene of deception. A rumour spread that the French king disavowed his accredited agent, and apologized to the emperor for having yielded to the importunities of a political speculator, whom he was now resolved to recall. This somewhat paralysed the exertions of those painters who had involved themselves in the intrigues of Montluc, who was now forced patiently to wait for the



arrival of a courier with renewed testimonials of his diplomatic character from the French court. A great object was cast on the French in the course of this negotiation by a distribution of prints, which exposed the most inventive cruelties practiced by the Catholics on the reformed, such as women (cleaved in half, in the act of attempting to smother their children from their breasts), while Charles the Ninth, and the Duke of Angoulême, were hideously represented as their persecutors, and as spectators of such horrid tragedies, with words written in tablets, complaining that the executioners were not zealous enough in this holy work. These prints, accompanied by black and by colored caricatures, inflamed the popular indignation, and more particularly the women, who were affected to tears, as if these horrid scenes were passing before their eyes.

Montmorin replied to the sheets as fast as they appeared, while he skilfully introduced the most elaborate panegyrics on the Duke of Angoulême, and in return for the caricatures, he distributed two portraits of the king and the duke, to show the ideas, if not the facts, that neither of these princes had such ferocious and inhuman faces. Such are the small means by which the politician contrives to work his great designs, and the very means by which he conceives thought they should ruin his cause, Montmorin actually turned to his own advantage. Anything of instant occurrence served countervailing purposes, and Montmorin eagerly seized the favorable occasion to exhibit his imagination on an ideal sovereign, and in hazard, with address, anecdotes, whose authenticity he could never have proved, till he persuaded even opposing minds to be uncertain whether that intemperate and inhuman duke was not the most humane and most merciful of princes. It is probable that the Frenchman showed even for the sake of the French king, but a subtle Pole told Montmorin that he was always amplifying his duke with such ideal greatness, and contributing to him such extravagant points of acuteness, that it was inferred there was no man in Poland who could possibly equal him, and that his declaration, that the duke was not desirous of reigning over Poland to possess the wealth and the grandeur of the kingdom, and that he was ambitious of the honour to be the head of such a great and virtuous nation, had offended many lords, who did not believe that the duke thought the Polish crown merely to be the covering of a virtuous people.

These Polish statements appear, indeed, to have been more enlightened than the subtle politician perhaps calculated on. For when Montmorin was over anxious to expatriate the Duke of Angoulême from having been an actor in the Porten massacre, a subtle Pole observed, "That he need not lose his time of framing any apologies, for if he could prove that it was the interest of the country that the duke ought to be elected their king, it was all that was required. His country were at war, would be no reason to prevent his election, for we have nothing to dread from it, since in one kingdom, he will have more reason to fear us than we him, should he ever attempt our lives, our property, or our liberty."

Another Polish lord, whose scraps were as

poor as his patriotism was suspicious, however observed that, in his conference with the French bishop, the bishop had never once mentioned God, whom all parties ought to implore to touch the hearts of the electors on their choice of God. "answered" Montmorin might have felt himself unexpectedly embarrassed at the religious scruples of the lord, but the politician was never at a fault. "Speaking to a man of letters, as his lordship was," replied the French bishop, "it was not for him to remind his lordship what he so well knew, but once he had touched on the subject, he would, however, say, that were a sick man desirous of having a physician, the friend who undertook to procure one would not do his duty should he say it was necessary to call in one whom God had chosen to restore his health, but another who should say that the most learned and skilful in him whom God has chosen, would be doing the best for the patient, and evince a more judicious. By a party of reason we must believe that God will not send an angel to point out the man whom he would have his anointed, sufficient in us that God has given us a knowledge of the reputation of a good king, and if the Polish gentlemen choose such a sovereign, it will be him whom God has chosen." This shrewd argument enlightened the Polish lord, who repeated the story in different companies, to the honour of the bishop. "And in this manner," adds the secretary with great secret, "did the war, strengthened by good arguments, change his opinion, which was reversed by many, and run head long to hand."

Montmorin had his inferior triumph over. He had to expose the opposite interests of the Catholics and the Protestants, or the reformed. It was nothing less and more virtuous suffering them to him, or to extinguish one another. When the imperial ambassador gave *festin* to the highest society only, they consequently offended the lower. The Frenchmen gave no banquets, but his house was open to all at all times, who were equally welcome. "You will see that the *festin* of the imperialists will do them more harm than good," observed Montmorin to his secretary.

Having gained over by every possible contrivance a number of the Polish nobles, and showed his readiness on those of the inferior orders, at length the critical moment approached, and the finishing hand was to be put to the work. Poland, with the appearance of a popular government, was a singular structure of a hundred thousand elements, consisting of the higher and the lower nobles, and the gentry, the people had no concern with the government. Yet still it was to be treated by the politician as a popular government, where those who possessed the greatest influence over such large assemblies were critics, and he who delivered himself with the utmost sincerity, and the most perfect of arguments, would infallibly break every heart to the point he wished. The French bishop depended greatly on the effect which his oration was to produce when the ambassadors were respectively to be heard before the assembled diet. The great and concluding act of so many tedious and intricate negotiations—"which had cost me many," writes the ingenious secretary, "in months daily

and nightly labour, he had never been assisted or comforted by any but his poor servants; and in the course of these six months had written ten toms of paper, a thing which for forty years he had not used himself to."

Every ambassador was now to deliver an oration before the assembled electors, and thirty-two copies were to be printed to present one to each palatine, who, in his turn, was to communicate it to his lords. But a fresh difficulty occurred to the French negotiator; as he trusted greatly to his address influencing the multitude, and creating a popular opinion in his favour, he regretted to find that the imperial ambassador would deliver his speech in the Bohemian language, so that he would be understood by the greater part of the assembly; a considerable advantage over Montier, who could only address them in Latin. The inventive genius of the French bishop revolved on two things which had never before been practised; first, to have his Latin translated into the vernacular idiom; and secondly, to print an edition of fifteen hundred copies in both languages, and then to obtain a vast advantage over the other ambassadors with their thirty-two manuscript copies, of which each copy was used to be read to 100 persons. The great difficulty was to get it secretly translated and printed. This fell to the management of Chomson, the secretary. He set off to the castle of the palatine, Biskakala, who was deep in the French interest. Biskakala dispatched the version in six days. Meanwhile with the previous one, to Chomson, Chomson flew to a trusty printer, with whom he was connected, the sheets were deposited every night at Chomson's lodgings, and at the end of the fortnight, the elegant secretary conducted the 1500 copies in secret triumph to Warsaw.

Yet this glorious labour was not ended. Montier was in no haste to deliver his wonder-working oration, on which the fate of a crown seemed to depend. When his turn came to be heard, he suddenly fell sick; for the fact was, that he wished to speak last, which would give him the advantage of replying to any objection raised by his rivals, and admit also of an attack on their weak points. He contrived to obtain copies of these burlesques, and discovered five poems which struck at the French interest. Our poor bishop had now to sit up through the night to re-write five hours of his printed oration, and cancel five which had been printed, and water! he had to get them by heart, and to have them translated and corrected, by employing twenty women day and night. "It is scarcely credible what my master went through about this time," with the historian of his "gambles."

The council or diet was held in a vast plain. Twelve persons were chosen to receive the Polish nobility and the ambassadors. One of a circular form was supported by a single mast, and was large enough to contain four persons, without any one approaching the mast nearer than by twenty steps, leaving this space void to preserve silence. The different orders were placed around the archbishop and the bishops, the palatines, the castellans, each according to their rank. During the six weeks of the sittings of the diet, ten thousand

hunts were in the forests, yet fatigue and every sort of privation abounded. There were no disturbances, and a single quarrel occurred, although there wanted not in that meeting for numbers of long standing. It was strange, and even awful, to see such a mighty assembly preserving the greatest order, and every one seriously intent on the distant occasion.

At length the elaborate oration was delivered; it lasted three hours, and Chomson arose to read a single auditor left weary. "A cry of joy broke out from the tent, and was re-echoed through the plain, when Montier ceased it was a public acclamation, and had the electors been fixed for that moment, where all hearts were warm, surely the duke had been chosen without a dissenting voice." Thus arose, in rapture, the negotiator's secretary, and in the spirit of the times communicated a delightful augury attending this speech, by which evidently was foreseen its happy termination. "Those who doubt all things will take this to be a mere invention of mine," says honest Chomson; "but true it is, that while the said orator delivered his harangue, a lark was seen all the while upon the mast of the pavilion, singing and warbling, which was remarked by a great number of lords, because the lark is accustomed only to rest itself on the earth. The most impartial confirmed this to be a good augury." Also it was observed, that when the other ambassadors were speaking, a hare, and at another time a hog, ran through the tent, and when the Swedish ambassador spoke, the great tent fell half way down. This lark singing all the while, did no little good to our cause; for many of the nobles and prelates noted this curious particular, because when a thing which does not commonly happen occurs in a public affair, such appearances give rise to hopes either of good or of evil."

The winging of this lark in favour of the Duke of Anjou is not so evident, as the cunning trick of the other French agent, the political bishop of Valence, who now reaped the full advantage of his 1500 copies over the thirty-two of his rivals. Every one had the French one in hand, or read it to his friends, while the others, in manuscript, were confined to a very narrow circle.

The period from the 10th of April to the 14th of May, when they proceeded to the election, proved to be an interval of inactive perpetration, troubling, and activity. It is probable that the secret history of this period of the negotiations was never written. The other ambassadors were for protracting the election, perceiving the French interest prevalent; but delay would not serve the purpose of Montier, he not being so well provided with friends and means on the spot as the others were. The public opinion which he had succeeded in creating, by some uniform circumstance might change.

During this interval, the bishop had to put several agents of the other parties *hors de combat*. He got rid of a formidable adversary in the Car-

* Our honest secretary remarking one of a passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who says, "at this place an eagle spoke while the wall of the town was building, and, indeed, I should not have failed transmitting the speech in poetry, had I thought it true in the rest of the history."

dinal Commendon, an agent of the pope's, whom he proved ought not to be present at the election, and the cardinal was ordered to take his departure. A bullying colonel was set upon the French negotiator, and went about from tent to tent with a list of the debts of the Duke of Anjou, to show that the nation could expect nothing profitable from the ruined spendthrift. The page of a Polish count flew to Montluc for protection, entreating permission to accompany the bishop on his return to Paris. The servants of the count pursued the page; but this young gentleman had so insinuated himself into the favour of the bishop, that he was suffered to remain. The next day the page desired Montluc would grant him the full liberty of his religion, being an Evangelist, that he might communicate this to his friends, and thus fix them to the French party. Montluc was too penetrating for this young political agent, whom he discovered to be a spy, and the pursuit of his fellows to have been a farce: he sent the page back to his master, the evangelical count, observing, that such tricks were too gross to be played on one who had managed affairs in all the courts of Europe before he came into Poland.

Another alarm was raised by a letter from the grand vizier of Selim II., addressed to the diet, in which he requested that they would either choose a king from among themselves, or elect the brother of the king of France. Some zealous Frenchman at the Sublime Porte had officiously procured this recommendation from the enemy of Christianity; but an alliance with Mahometanism did no service to Montluc, either with the Catholics or the Evangelists. The bishop was in despair, and thought that his handiwork of six months' toil and trouble was to be shook into pieces in an hour. Montluc being shown the letter, instantly insisted that it was a forgery, designed to injure his master the duke. The letter was attended by some suspicious circumstances; and the French bishop, quick at expedients, snatched at an advantage which the politician knows how to lay hold of in the chapter of accidents. "The letter was not sealed with the golden seal, nor enclosed in a silken purse or cloth of gold; and farther, if they examined the translation," he said, "they would find that it was not written on Turkish paper." This was a piece of the *sieur's* good fortune, for the letter was not forged; but owing to the circumstance that the boyar of Wallachia had taken out the letter, to send a translation with it which the vizier had omitted, it arrived without its usual accompaniments; and the courier, when inquired after, was kept out of the way: so that, in a few days, nothing more was heard of the great vizier's letter. "Such was our fortunate escape," says the secretary, "from the friendly but fatal interference of the sultan, than which the *sieur* dreaded nothing so much."

Many secret agents of the different powers were spinning their dark intrigues; and often, when discovered or disconcerted, the creatures were again at their "dirty work." These agents were conveniently disavowed or acknowledged by their employers. The Abbé Cyre was an active agent of the emperor's, and though not publicly accredited, was still hovering about. In Lithuania he had contrived matters so well as to have gained

over that important province for the archduke; and was passing through Prussia to hasten to communicate with the emperor, but "some honest men," *quelques bons personages*, says the French secretary, and, no doubt, some good friends of his master, "took him by surprise, and laid him up safely in the castle of Mariembourg, where truly he was a little uncivilly used by the soldiers, who rifled his portmanteau and sent us his papers, when we discovered all his foul practices." The emperor, it seems, was angry at the arrest of his secret agent; but as no one had the power of releasing the Abbé Cyre at that moment, what with receiving remonstrances and furnishing replies, the time passed away, and a very troublesome adversary was in safe custody during the election. The dissensions between the Catholics and the Evangelists were always on the point of breaking out; but Montluc succeeded in quieting these inveterate parties by terrifying their imaginations with sanguinary civil wars, and invasions of the Turks and the Tartars. He satisfied the Catholics with the hope that time would put an end to heresy, and the Evangelists were glad to obtain a truce from persecution. The day before the election Montluc found himself so confident, that he despatched a courier to the French court, and expressed himself in the true style of a speculative politician, that *des douze tables du Damiér nous en avions les Neufs assurés*.

There were preludes to the election; and the first was probably in acquiescence with a saturnal humour prevalent in some countries, where the lower orders are only allowed to indulge their taste for the mockery of the great at stated times and on fixed occasions. A droll scene of a mock election, as well as combat, took place between the numerous Polish pages, who, saith the grave secretary, are still more mischievous than our own: these elected among themselves four competitors, made a senate to burlesque the diet, and went to loggerheads. Those who represented the archduke were well beaten, the Swede was hunted down, and for the *Piastis*, they seized on a cart belonging to a gentleman, laden with provisions, broke it to pieces, and burnt the axletree, which in that country is called a *piasti*, and cried out, *The piasti is burnt!* nor could the senators at the diet that day command any order or silence. The French party wore white handkerchiefs in their hats, and they were so numerous, as to defeat the others.

The next day however opened a different scene; "the nobles prepared to deliberate, and each palatine in his quarters was with his companions on their knees, and many with tears in their eyes chanting a hymn to the Holy Ghost: it must be confessed, that this looked like a work of God," says our secretary, who probably understood the manœuvring of the mock combat, or the mock prayers, much better than we may. Everything tells at an election, burlesque or solemnity.

The election took place, and the Duke of Anjou was proclaimed king of Poland—but the troubles of Montluc did not terminate. When they presented certain articles for his signature, the bishop discovered that these had undergone material alterations from the proposals submitted to him before the proclamation; these alterations referred to a disavowal of the Parisian massacre; the punish-



ment of its authors, and toleration in religion. Montius refused to sign, and cross-examined his Polish friends about the original proposals, one party agreed that some things had been changed, but that they were too trivial to lose a crown for; others declared that the alterations were necessary to allay the fears, or secure the safety of the people. One Gallic diplomatist was convinced, and after all his intrigues and cunning, he found that the crown of Poland was only to be delivered on conditional terms.

In this dilemma, with a crown depending on a stroke of his pen,—remonstrating, estimating, arguing, and still delaying, like Pinel swallowing his lock, he witnessed with alarm, with preparation for a new election, and his rivals on the watch with their pistols. Montius, in despair, signed the conditions—"assured, however," says the secretary, who greets over the *fauteuil*, "that where the elected monarch should arrive, the states would easily be induced to correct them, and place things in *status quo*, as before the proclamation. I was not a witness, being then dispatched to Paris with the joyful news, but I heard that the *star évêque* it was thought would have died in this agency, of being reduced to the hard necessity either to sign, or to lose the fruits of his labours. The conditions were afterwards for a long while disputed in France." De Thou informs us in his life of his history, that Montius after signing these conditions wrote to his master, that he was not bound by them, because they did not concern Poland in general, and that they had compelled him to sign, what at the same time he had informed them his instructions did not authorize. Such was the true Jesuitic conduct of a great-hearted politician, who at length found, that honest plans were could embarrass and finally ruin the creature of the cabinet, the artificial genius of diplomatic humors.

The secretary, however, knew nothing but his master's glory in the issue of this most difficult negotiation, and the triumph of Anjou over the youthful archduke, whom the Poles might have moulded to their will, and over the King of Sweden, who claimed the crown by his queen's side, and had offered to unite his part of Livonia with that which the Poles possessed. He laboured hard to prove that the palatium and the castles were not *protégés*, i. e. their votes bought up by Montius, as was reported, from their number and their opposite interests, he confesses that the *star évêque* kept little, while in Poland, and that he only gained over the hearts of men by that natural gift of God, which acquired him the title of the *happy ambassador*. He rather seems to regret that France was not prodigal of her purchase-money, than to affirm that all palatiums were alike unpropitious of their honour.

One more fact may clear this political sketch, a lesson of the nature of court gratitude! The French court affected to receive Choumou with favour, but their suppressed discontent was revealed by "the happy ambassador." Affairs had changed, Charles IX. was dying, and Catharine de Medici in despair for a son, to whom she had married all; while Anjou, already immersed in the wilderness of youth and pleasure, considered his elevation to the throne of Poland as an exile

which separated him from his dearest enjoyments. Montius was rewarded only by increasing disgrace, Catharine de Medici and the Duke of Angoumois looked coldly on him, and exposed their dislike of his marvellous mission. "The mother of kings," as Choumou designated Catharine de Medici, to whom he addressed his memorials, with the hope of swaying her meditations of the soul, the groves, and the mien of his old master, had no longer any use for her favourite; and Montius found, on the commencement of Choumou's exposure in few words, an important truth in political morality, that "at court the interest of the moment is the measure of its affection and its hatred."

BUILDINGS IN THE METROPOLIS, AND RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

It is not more than one of our learned judges from the bench perhaps imagined these notions by impressing them with an old-fashioned notion of reading more on their estates than the fashionable mode of life, and the *esprit de société*, now overpowering all other cares, will ever admit. These opinions excited my attention to this curious circumstance in the history of our monarchs—the great anxiety of our government, from the days of Elizabeth till much later than those of Charles II., to preserve the kingdom from the evil of an overgrown metropolis. The people themselves indeed participated in the same alarm at the growth of the city, while, however, they themselves were perpetrating the grievance which they complained of.

It is amusing to observe, that although the government was frequently employing even their most forcible acts to restrict the limits of the metropolis, the suburbs were gradually incorporating with the city, and Westminster at length united itself to London. Since that happy marriage, their fertile progress have so blended together, that little London are no longer distinguishable from the ancient parent; we have succeeded in spreading the capital into a county, and have revised the prediction of James the First, that "England will shortly be London, and London England."

"I think it a great object," said Justice Best, in delivering his opinion in *l'arrêt de la Grande Loi*, "that gentlemen should have a temptation to reside in the country, amongst their neighbours and tenants, whose interests must be materially advanced by such a circumstance. The links of society are thereby better preserved, and the mutual advantages and dependence of the higher and lower classes on one another are better maintained. The beneficial effects of our present system we have lately seen in a neighbouring country, and an anonymous French writer has lately shown the ill consequences of it on the Continent."

* I have drawn up this article, for the courtesy of its subject and its details, from the "Discours au vray de tout ce qui s'est fait et passé pour l'union de la République de l'Electeur de Bavière de Pologne, depuis en trois livres par Jehan Choumou de Chateaufort, négociant Secrétaire de M. F. de Vintzen de Valence, 1734."

† Morning Chronicle, January 21, 1836.

These sentiments of a living luminary of the Law afford some reason of policy for the dread which our government long entertained on account of the perpetual growth of the metropolis; the nation, like an hypochondriac, was ludicrously terrified that their head was too monstrous for their body, and that it drew all the moisture of life from the middle and the extremities. Proclamations warned and exhorted; but the very interference of a royal prohibition seemed to render the crowded city more charming. In vain the statute against new buildings was passed by Elizabeth; in vain during the reigns of James the First, and both the Charleses, we find proclamations continually issuing to forbid new erections.

James was apt to throw out his opinions in these frequent addresses to the people, who never attended to them: his majesty notices "those swarms of gentry, who through the instigation of their wives, or to new-model and fashion their daughters (who if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and if married, lost them), did neglect their country hospitality, and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom."—He addressed the Star-chamber to regulate "the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lacqueys, and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians; but the honour of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants." Once conversing on this subject, the monarch threw out that happy illustration, which has been more than once noticed, that "Gentlemen resident on their estates were like ships in port; their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated."

A manuscript writer of the times complains of the breaking up of old family establishments, all crowding to "upstart London."—"Every one strives to be a Diogenes in his house, and an emperor in the streets; not caring if they sleep in a tub, so they may be hurried in a coach: giving that allowance to horses and mares, that formerly maintained houses full of men; pinching many a belly to paint a few backs, and burying all the treasures of the kingdom into a few citizens' coffers; their woods into wardrobes, their leases into laces, and their goods and chattels into guarded coats and gaudy toys." Such is the representation of an eloquent contemporary; and however contracted to his own age might be his knowledge of the principles of political economy, and of that prosperity which a wealthy nation is said to derive from its consumption of articles of luxury, the moral effects have not altered, nor has the scene in reality greatly changed.

The government not only frequently forbade new buildings within ten miles of London, but sometimes ordered them to be pulled down—after they had been erected for several years. Every six or seven years proclamations were issued. In Charles the First's reign, offenders were sharply prosecuted by a combined operation, not only against *houses*, but against *persons*.* Many

of the nobility and gentry, in 1632, were informed against for having resided in the city, contrary to the late proclamation. And the attorney-general was then fully occupied in filing bills of indictment against them, as well as ladies, for staying in town. The following curious "information" in the Star-chamber will serve our purpose.

The attorney-general informs his majesty, that both Elizabeth and James, by several proclamations, had commanded that "persons of livelihood and means should reside in their counties, and not abide or sojourn in the city of London, so that counties remained unserved." These proclamations were renewed by Charles the First, who had observed "a greater number of nobility and gentry, and abler sort of people, with their families, had resorted to the cities of London and Westminster, residing there, contrary to the ancient usage of the English nation"—"by their abiding in their several counties where their means arise, they would not only have served his majesty according to their ranks, but by their *house-keeping in those parts the meaner sort of people formerly were guided, directed, and relieved*." He accuses them of wasting their estates in the metropolis, which would employ and relieve the common people in their several counties. The loose and disorderly people that follow them, living in and about the cities, are so numerous, that they are not easily governed by the ordinary magistrates: mendicants increase in great number—the prices of all commodities are highly raised, &c. The king had formerly proclaimed that all ranks who were not connected with public offices, at the close of forty days' notice, should resort to their several counties, and with their families continue their residence there. And his majesty further warned them "Not to put themselves to unnecessary charge in providing themselves to return in winter to the said cities, as it was the king's firm resolution to withstand such great and growing evil." The information concludes with a most copious list of offenders, among whom are a great number of nobility, and ladies and gentlemen, who were accused of having lived in London for several months after the given warning of forty days. It appears that most of them, to elude the grasp of the law, had contrived to make a show of quitting the metropolis, and, after a short absence, had again returned; "and thus the service of *your majesty* and *your people* in the several counties have been neglected and undone."

Such is the substance of this curious information, which enables us, at least, to collect the ostensible motives of this singular prohibition. Proclamations had hitherto been considered little more than the news of the morning, and three days afterwards were as much read as the last week's newspapers. They were now, however, resolved to stretch forth the strong arm of law, and to terrify by an example. The constables were commanded to bring in a list of the names of strangers, and the time they proposed to fix their residence in their parishes. A remarkable victim on this occasion was a Mr. Palmer, a Sussex gentleman, who was brought, *ore tenus*, into the Star-chamber for disobeying the proclamation for living in the country. Palmer was

* Rushworth, vol. ii. p. 288.

a squire of 1000*l.* per annum, then a considerable income. He appears to have been some rich bachelor; for in his defence he alleged that he had never been married, never was a house-keeper, and had no house fitting for a man of his birth to reside in, as his mansion in the country had been burnt down within two years. These reasons appeared to his judges to aggravate rather than extenuate his offence; and after a long reprimand for having deserted his tenants and neighbours, they heavily fined him in one thousand pounds.*

The condemnation of this Sussex gentleman struck a terror through a wide circle of sojourners in the metropolis. I find accounts, pathetic enough, of their "packing away on all sides for fear of the worst;" and gentlemen "grumbling that they should be confined to their houses:" and this was sometimes backed too by a second proclamation, respecting "their wives and families, and also widows," which was "*durus sermo* to the women. It is nothing pleasing to all," says the letter-writer, "but least of all to the women." "To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country," says another letter-writer, "all game-fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are this day by proclamation forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inn." Here we discover the argument realised in favour of the game-laws of Mr. Justice Best.

It is evident this severe restriction must have produced great inconvenience to certain persons who found a residence in London necessary for their pursuits. This appears from the manuscript diary of an honest antiquary, Sir Symonds D'Ewes: he has preserved an opinion which, no doubt, was spreading fast, that such prosecutions of the attorney-general were a violation of the liberty of the subject. "Most men wondered at Mr. Noy, the attorney-general, being accounted a great lawyer, that so strictly *took away men's liberties at one blow, confining them to reside at their own houses*, and not permitting them freedom to live where they pleased within the king's dominions. I was myself a little startled upon the first coming out of the proclamation; but having first spoken with the Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal, at Islington, when I visited him; and afterwards with Sir William Jones, one of the king's justices of the bench, about my condition and residence at the said town of Islington, and they both agreeing that I was not within the letter of the proclamation, nor the intention of it neither, I rested satisfied, and thought myself secure, laying in all my provisions for housekeeping for the year ensuing, and never imagined myself to be in danger, till this unexpected censure of Mr. Palmer passed in the Star-chamber; so, having advised with my friends, I resolved for a remove, being much troubled not only with my separation from Records, but with my wife, being great with child, fearing a winter journey might be dangerous for her."† He left Islington and the records in the Tower to return to his country-seat, to the great disturbance of his studies.

* From a manuscript letter from Sir George Gresley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Nov. 1632.

† Harl. MSS. 6. fo. 152.

It is, perhaps, difficult to assign the cause of this marked anxiety of the government for the severe restriction of the limits of the metropolis, and the prosecution of the nobility and gentry to compel a residence on their estates. Whatever were the motives, they were not peculiar to the existing sovereign, but remained transmitted from cabinet to cabinet, and were even renewed under Charles the Second. At a time when the plague often broke out, a close and growing metropolis might have been considered to be a great evil; a terror expressed by the manuscript writer before quoted, complaining of "this deluge of building, that we shall be all poisoned with breathing in one another's faces." The police of the metropolis was long imbecile, notwithstanding their "strong watches and guards" set at times; and bodies of the idle and the refractory often assumed some mysterious title, and were with difficulty governed. We may conceive the state of the police, when "the London apprentices," growing in number and insolence, frequently made attempts on Bridewell, or pulled down houses. One day the citizens, in proving some ordnance, terrified the whole court of James the First with a panic, that there was "a rising in the city." It is possible that the government might have been induced to pursue this singular conduct, for I do not know that it can be paralleled, of pulling down new-built houses by some principle of political economy which remains to be explained, or ridiculed, by our modern adepts.

It would hardly be supposed that the present subject may be enlivened by a poem, the elegance and freedom of which may even now be admired. It is a great literary curiosity, and its length may be excused for several remarkable points.

AN ODE,

BY SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon Occasion of his Majesty's Proclamation in the Year 1630, commanding the Gentry to reside upon their Estates in the Country.

Now war is all the world about,
And everywhere Brynnis reigns;
Or of the torch so late put out

The stench remains.

Holland for many years hath been
Of Christian tragedies the stage,
Yet seldom hath she play'd a scene

Of bloodier rage:

And France that was not long compos'd,
With civil drums again resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd,

Receives new wounds.

The great Gustavus in the west
Plucks the imperial eagle's wing,
Than whom the earth did ne'er invest

A fiercer king.

Only the island which we sow,
A world without the world, so far
From present wounds, it cannot show

An ancient scar.

White peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spread her downy wings
Over the nest.

As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle,
Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now ;
Yet we, as if some foe were here,
Leave the despised fields to clowns,
And come to save ourselves, as 'twere,
In walled towns.
Hither we bring wives, babes, rich clothes,
And gems—till now my sovereign
The growing evil doth oppose :
Counting, in vain,
His care preserves us from annoy
Of enemies his realms to invade,
Unless he force us to enjoy
The peace he made,
To roll themselves in envied leisure ;
He therefore sends the landed heirs,
Whilst he proclaims not his own pleasure
So much as theirs.
The sap and blood of the land, which fled
Into the root, and chok'd the heart,
Are bid their quick'ning power to spread
Through every part.
O 'twas an act, not for my muse
To celebrate, nor the dull age,
Until the country air infuse
A purer rage.
And if the fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as seed,
They will to 'quite so great a love
A Virgil breed.
Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
But think them blest they may do so.
Who would pursue
The smoky glory of the town,
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
Of his own hearth,
Free from the griping scriveners' bands,
And the more biting mercers' books ;
Free from the bait of oiled hands,
And painted looks ?
The country too even chops for rain ;
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full shower.
And you bright beauties of the time,
That waste yourselves here in a blaze,
Fix to your orb and proper clime
Your wandering rays.
Let no dark corner of the land
Be unembellish'd with one gem,
And those which here too thick do stand
Sprinkle on them.
Believe me, ladies, you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all town-toys.
Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feather'd with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove.

There you shall hear the nightingale,
The harmless syren of the wood,
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.
The lyric lark with all beside
Of Nature's feather'd quire, and all
The commonwealth of flowers in 'ts pride,
Behold you shall.
The lily queen, the royal rose,
The gillyflower, prince of the blood !
The courtier tulip, gay in clothes,
The regal bud ;
The violet, purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state,
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.
Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be serv'd
To your clean boards, and the fairest fruit
To be preserv'd ;
And learn to use their several gums ;
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricocks, and plums,
To be imbrued.

ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

THE satires and the comedies of the age have been consulted by the historian of our manners, and the features of the times have been traced from those amusing records of folly. Daines Barrington enlarged this held of domestic history, in his very entertaining "Observations on the Statutes." Another source, which to me seems not to have been explored, is the PROCLAMATIONS which have frequently issued from our sovereigns, and were produced by the exigencies of the times.

These proclamations, or royal edicts, in our country were never armed with the force of laws—only as they enforce the execution of laws already established ; and the proclamation of a British monarch may become even an illegal act, if it be in opposition to the laws of the land. Once, indeed, it was enacted, under the arbitrary government of Henry the Eighth, by the sanction of a pusillanimous parliament, to give to the king's proclamations the force of acts of parliament ; and at a much later period, the chancellor Lord Ellesmere was willing to have advanced the king's proclamations into laws, on the sophistical maxim, that "all precedents had a time when they began ;" but this chancellor argued ill, as he was told with spirit by Lord Coke, in the presence of James the First,* who probably did not think so ill of the chancellor's logic. Blackstone, who on this occasion I could not fail to turn to, observes, on the statute under Henry the Eighth, that it would have introduced the most despotic tyranny, and must have proved fatal to the liberties of this kingdom had it not been luckily repealed in the minority of his successor, whom he elsewhere calls an amiable prince—all our young princes, we discover, were amiable ! Black-

* The whole story is in 12 Co. 746. I owe this curious fact to the author of Eunomus, ii. 116.

stone has not recorded the subsequent attempt of the Lord Chancellor under James the First, which tended to raise proclamations to the nature of an ukase of the autocrat of both the Russias. It seems that our national freedom, notwithstanding our ancient constitution, has had several narrow escapes.

Royal proclamations, however, in their own nature are innocent enough; for if the manner, time, and circumstances of putting laws in execution must frequently be left to the discretion of the executive magistrate, a proclamation that is not adverse to existing laws need not create any alarm: the only danger they incur is that they seem never to have been attended to, and rather testified the wishes of the government than the compliance of the subjects. They were not laws, and were therefore considered as sermons or pamphlets, or anything forgotten in a week's time!

These proclamations are frequently alluded to by the letter-writers of the times, among the news of the day, but usually their royal virtue hardly kept them alive beyond the week. Some on important subjects are indeed noticed in our history. Many indications of the situation of affairs, the feelings of the people, and the domestic history of our nation, may be drawn from these singular records. I have never found them to exist in any collected form, and they have been probably only accidentally preserved.

The proclamations of every sovereign would characterise his reign, and open to us some of the interior operations of the cabinet. The despotic will, yet vacillating conduct of HENRY the Eighth, towards the close of his reign, may be traced in a proclamation to abolish the translations of the Scriptures, and even the reading of Bibles by the people; commanding all printers of English books and pamphlets to affix their names to them, and to forbid selling any English books printed abroad. When the people were not suffered to publish their opinions at home, all the opposition flew to foreign presses, and their writings were then smuggled into the country where they ought to have been printed. Hence many volumes printed in a foreign type at this period are found in our collections. The king shrunk in dismay from that spirit of reformation which had only been a party-business with him, and making himself a pope, decided that nothing should be learnt but what he himself deigned to teach!

The antipathies and jealousies, which our populace too long indulged by their incivilities to all foreigners, are characterised by a proclamation issued by MARY, commanding her subjects to behave themselves peaceably towards the strangers coming with King Philip; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance by mimicking them, &c." The punishment not only "her grace's displeasure, but to be committed to prison without bail or main-prise."

The proclamations of EDWARD the Sixth curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the reformation, where the rites and ceremonies of Catholicism were still practised by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on an eternal

separation from Rome, were avowing doctrines which afterwards consolidated themselves into Puritanism, and others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently shocked the nation with those monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country! In one proclamation the king denounces to the people "those who despise the sacrament by calling it *idol*, or such other vile name." Another is against such "as innovate any ceremony," and are described as "certain private preachers and other laimen who rashly attempt of *their own and singular wit and mind*, not only to persuade the people from the old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in *new and strange orders according to their phantasies*. The which, as it is an evident token of pride and arrogancy, so it tendeth both to confusion and disorder." Another proclamation, to press "a godly conformity throughout his realm," where we learn the following curious fact, of "divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others that a man may have *two wives or more* at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law; so that by such evil and phantastical opinions some have not been afraid indeed to marry and keep *two wives*." Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, spread out in the following century; the Nonconformists branching out into their various sects; and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who, in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome, desperately submitted to the liberty of having "two wives or more!" There is a proclamation to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays; exhorted on the principle, not only that "men should abstain on those days, and forbear their pleasures and the meats wherein they have more delight, to the intent to subdue their bodies to the soul and spirit, but also for *worldly policy*. To use *fish* for the benefit of the commonwealth, and profit of many who be *fishers* and men using that trade, unto the which this realm, in every part environed with the seas, and so plentiful of fresh waters, be increased the nourishment of the land by saving flesh." It did not seem to occur to the king in council that the butchers might have had cause to petition against this monopoly of two days in the week granted to the fishmongers, and much less that it was better to let the people eat flesh or fish as suited their conveniency. In respect to the religious rite itself, it was evidently not considered as an essential point of faith, since the king enforces it on the principle "for the profit and commodity of his realm." Burnet has made a just observation on religious fasts.*

A proclamation against excess of apparel, in the reign of ELIZABETH, and renewed many years after, shows the luxury of dress, which was indeed excessive: I shall shortly notice it in another article. A curious one against the *iconoclasts, or image-breakers and picture-destroyers*, for which the antiquary will hold her in high reverence. Her

* History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 96, folio.

majesty informs us, that "several persons, ignorant, malicious, or covetous, of late years, have spoiled and broken ancient monuments, erected only *to show a memory to posterity*, and not to nourish any kind of *superstition*." The queen laments, that what is broken and spoiled would be now hard to recover, but advises her good people to repair them; and commands them in future to desist from committing such injuries. A more extraordinary circumstance than the proclamation itself was the manifestation of her majesty's zeal, in subscribing her name with her own hand to every proclamation dispersed throughout England! First appeared these image-breakers in Elizabeth's reign; it was afterwards that they flourished in all the perfection of their handicraft, and have contrived that these monuments of art shall carry down to posterity the *memory of their shame and of their age*. These image-breakers, so famous in our history, had already appeared under Henry the Eighth, and continued their practical zeal, against all proclamations and remonstrances, till they accomplished their work. In 1641, an order was published by the commons, that they should "take away all scandalous pictures out of churches:" but more was intended than was expressed; and we are told, that the people did not at first carry their barbarous practice against all art, to the lengths they afterwards did, till they were instructed by *private information*! Dowsing's Journal has been published, and shows what the order meant. He was their giant destroyer! Such are the Machiavelian secrets of revolutionary governments; they give a *public* order in moderate words, but the *secret* one, for the *deeds*, is that of extermination! It was this sort of men who discharged their prisoners, by giving a secret sign to lead them to their execution!

The proclamations of JAMES the First, by their number, are said to have sunk their value with the people. He was fond of giving them gentle advice; and it is said by Wilson that there was an intention to have this king's printed proclamations bound up in a volume, that better notice might be taken of the matters contained in them. There is more than one to warn the people against "speaking too freely of matters above their reach," prohibiting all "undutiful speeches." I suspect that many of these proclamations are the composition of the king's own hand; he was often his own secretary. There is an admirable one against private duels and challenges. That curious one respecting Cowell's "Interpreter" is a sort of royal review of some of the arcana of state: I referred to the quotation in Calamities of Authors, ii. 46.

I will preserve a passage of a proclamation "against excess of lavish and licentious speech." James was a king of words!

"Although the commixture of nations, confluence of ambassadors, and the relation which the affairs of our kingdoms have had towards the business and interests of foreign states, have caused, during our regiment (government), a greater openness and liberty of discourse, even concerning MATTERS OF STATE (which are *no themes or subjects fit for vulgar persons or common meetings*) than hath been in former times used or permitted; and although in our own nature and judgment we do well allow of *convenient freedom of speech*, esteem-

ing any over-curious or restrained hands carried in that kind rather as a weakness, or else over-much severity of government than otherwise; yet for as much as it is come to our ears, by common report, that there is at this time a more licentious passage of *lavish discourse and bold censure in matters of state* than is fit to be suffered: We give this warning, &c., to take heed *how they intermeddle by pen or speech with causes of state and secrets of empire*, either at home or abroad, but contain themselves within that modest and reverent regard of matters above their reach and calling; nor to give any manner of applause to such discourse, without acquainting one of our privy council within the space of twenty-four hours."

It seems that "the bold speakers," as certain persons were then denominated, practised an old artifice of lauding his majesty, while they severely arraigned the counsels of the cabinet; on this JAMES observes, "Neither let any man mistake us so much as to think that by giving fair and specious attributes to our person, they cover the scandals which they otherwise lay upon our government, but conceive that we make no other construction of them but as fine and artificial glosses, the better to give passage to the rest of their imputations and scandals."

This was a proclamation in the eighteenth year of his reign; he repeated it in the nineteenth, and he might have proceeded to "the crack of doom" with the same effect!

Rushworth, in his second volume of Historical Collections, has preserved a considerable number of the proclamations of CHARLES the First, of which many are remarkable; but latterly they mark the feverish state of his reign. One regulates access for cure of the king's evil—in which his majesty, it appears, "hath had good success therein;" but though ready and willing as any king or queen of this realm ever was to relieve the distresses of his good subjects, "his majesty commands to change the seasons for his 'sacred touch' from Easter and Whitsuntide to Easter and Michaelmas, as times more convenient for the temperature of the season," &c. Another against "departure out of the realm without license." One to erect an office "for the suppression of cursing and swearing," to receive the forfeitures; against "libellous and seditious pamphlets and discourses from Scotland," framed by factious spirits, and republished in London—this was in 1640; and Charles, at the crisis of that great insurrection in which he was to be at once the actor and the spectator, fondly imagined that the possessors of these "scandalous" pamphlets would bring them, as he proclaimed, "to one of his majesty's justices of peace, to be by him sent to one of his principal secretaries of state!"

On the Restoration, CHARLES the Second had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which one would think reflected on his favourite companions, and strongly marks the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against "vicious, debauched, and profane persons!" who are thus described.

"A sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their

time in taverns, tipping-bowls and debauches; giving no other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our health, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own exclusive temper; and who, in truth, have more derided our cause, by the license of their manners and lives, than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage. We hope all persons of honour, or in place and authority, will as far as in them lies, discountenance such men, that their discretion and shame will persuade them to reform what their conscience would not, and that the discipline of good men towards them may supply what the law have not, and, it may be, cannot well provide against, there being by the licence and corruption of the times, and the depraved nature of man, many enormities, scandals, and impieties in practice and manners, which laws cannot well deter, and consequently not enough provide against, which may, by the example and severity of virtuous men, be easily discountenanced, and by degrees suppressed."

Surely the gravity and moral severity of Charles dictated this proclamation, which must have afforded some nourish to the gay, debauched circle, the loose circles of royalty!

It is curious that in 1666 CHARLES the Second issued a long proclamation for the strict observance of Lent, and alleges for it the same reasons as we found in Edward the Sixth's proclamation, "for the good it produces in the employment of labour." His ordinances, taverns, &c., to make any supper on Friday nights, either in Lent or out of Lent.

CHARLES the Second issued proclamations "to repress the excess of gilding of coaches and chariots," to restrain the waste of gold, which, as they supposed, by the excessive use of gilding, had grown scarce. Against "the exportation and the buying and selling of gold and silver at higher rates than in our mint," alluding to a statute made in the ninth year of Edward the Third, called the Statute of Money. Against building in and about London and Westminster in 1661. "The inconveniences daily growing by increase of new buildings are, that the people increasing in such great numbers, are not well to be governed by the wonted officers; the prices of victuals are enhanced; the health of the subject inhabiting the cities much endangered, and many good towns and boroughs unprovided, and in their trades much decayed - frequent fires occasioned by timber buildings. It orders to build with brick and stone, which would beautify, and make an uniformity in the buildings, and which are not only more durable and safe against fire, but by experience are found to be of little more of not less charge than the building with timber." We must infer that by the general use of timber, it had considerably raised the cost, while brick and stone were then being generally used, became as cheap as wood.

The most remarkable proclamations of CHARLES the Second are those which concern the regulations of coffee-houses, and another for putting them down, to restrain the spreading of false news, and licentious talking of state and government, the speakers and the hearers were made alike punishable. This was highly resented as an illegal act by

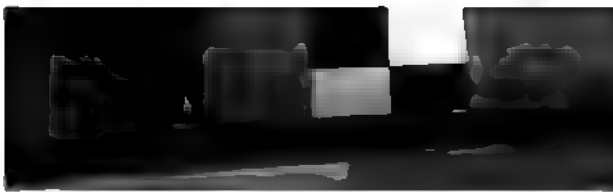
the friends of civil freedom; who, however, succeeded in obtaining the freedom of the coffee-houses, under the promise of not sanctioning treasonable speeches. It was urged by the court lawyers, as the high Tory, Roger North, tells us, that the retaining coffee might be an innocent trade, when not used in the nature of a common assembly to discourse of matters of state news and great persons, as a means "to discountenance the people," on the other side Erskine asserted that the discontent caused before they met at the coffee-houses, and that the proclamation was only intended to suppress an evil which was not to be prevented. At this day we know which of them two historians exercised the truest judgment. It was not the coffee-houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever government sanction effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only willing means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress.

TRUE SOURCES OF SECRET HISTORY.

THIS is a subject which has been hitherto but imperfectly comprehended even by some historians themselves, and has too often incurred the satire, and even the contempt, of those satiric spirits who play about the superficies of truth, and want the industry to view it on more than one side; and those superficial readers who imagine that every tale is told when it is written!

SECRET HISTORY is the supplement of History itself, and its great corrector, and the combination of secret with public history has in itself a perfection, which each taken separately has not. The popular historian romances a plausible rather than an accurate tale, remarks too fully detailed would mislead the just proportions, or crowd the bold design of the elegant narrative; and facts, presented as they occurred, would not adapt themselves to those theoretical writers of history who arrange events not in a natural, but in a systematic order. But in secret history we are more busied in seeing what passes than in being told of it. We are transformed into the contemporaries of the writers, while we are standing on "the vantage ground" of their posterity; and thus what to them appeared ambiguous, to us has become unquestionable, what was secret to them has been revealed to us. They mark the beginnings, and we the ends. From the fulness of their accounts we recover much which had been lost to us in the general views of history, and it is by this more intimate acquaintance with persons and circumstances that we are enabled to correct the less distinct, and sometimes the fallacious appearances in the page of the popular historian. He who only views things in masses will have no distinct notion of any one particular; he may be a fanciful or a passionate historian, but he is not the historian who will enlighten while he charms.

But in secret history appears to deal in minute things, its connexion with great results is not usually suspected. The circumstantiality of its story, the changeable shadows of its characters, the redundancy of its conversations, and many careless imperfections which egotism or vanity may throw



out, even usually confounded with that small-tall familiarly termed gossiping. But the perusal of a profound politician, or a voracious observer, in one of these letters, or in these memoirs, often, by a spontaneous stroke, reveals the individual, or by a simple incident unriddles a mysterious event. We may discover the value of those pictures of human nature, with which secret history abounds, by an observation which occurred between two statesmen in office. Lord Kable, our ambassador, apologized to Lord Basingbroke, then secretary of state, for troubling him with the minute circumstances which occurred in his conferences; in reply, the minister requests the ambassador to continue the same manner of writing, and alleges as excellent reason: "Those minute circumstances give very great light to the general scope and design of the persons negotiated with. And I own that nothing pleases me more in that valuable collection of the Cardinal D'Ostet's letters, than the narrow descriptions which he gives of the looks, gestures, and even tones of voice, of the persons he conferred with." I regret to have to record the opinions of another noble father, who repeatedly has thrown out some degrading notions of secret history, and particularly of the historian. I would have infinite pains by a vulgar writer, superficial, prejudiced, and uninformed, but as so many are yet deficient in correct notions of secret history, it is but justice that their representations should be heard before they are condemned.

His lordship says, that "Of late the appetite for remains of all kinds has surprisingly increased. A novel repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting-woman to Lord Rochester's valet forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian, and you may hear of an assembly of scholars and authors discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper. It is a matter of the greatest interest to see the letters of every busy trifler. Yet who dares not laugh at such men?" This is the attack! but as if some half-truth and some half-truths, like light through the clouds, or a dark room just dented in a stream of storm, this same school of secret history reflects and concludes: "It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining and here and there among the rubbish we find hints that may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better edition of the human mind than a whole library of metaphysics!" The philosopher may well object all intercourse with wit! because the faculty of judgment is usually quenched with them; in their organs they furiously deny what in their sober senses they are eagerly fond! Let me inform his lordship, that "the waiting-woman and the valet" of eminent persons are sometimes no unimportant personages in history. By the *Memoires de Louis De la Porte, premier valet de chambre de Louis XIV.*, we learn what before "the valet" wrote had not been known—the shameful art with Madame allowed to be practiced, to give a husband education to the prince and to manage him by depriving him talents. Madame De Montesville in her Memoirs, "the waiting-woman" lady of our Memoirs, has preserved for our own English his-

tory some facts which have been found to essential to the narrative, that they are referred to by our historians. One lady, the humble dependant of Cardinal De Retz, we find an unconscious, but an useful commissioner on the Memoirs of his master, and the most affecting personal anecdotes of Charles the First have been preserved by Berchot, his gentleman in waiting, as Cleri, the valet of Louis XIV. with pathetic foolishness has done as the man, in the monarch whom he served!

Of many sources there are obviously two species, it is positive, or it is relative. It is positive, when the facts are first given to the world, a sort of knowledge which can only be drawn from our own personal experience or from their contemporary documents preserved in their manuscript state in public or in private collections, so it is relative, in proportion to the knowledge of those to whom it is communicated, and will be more or less valued, according to the questions of the reader, and this superior species of secret history is drawn from rare and obscure books and other published authorities, often as scarce as manuscripts.

Some experience I have had in these literary searches, where curiosity, ever watchful and vigilant, discovers among contemporary manuscripts new facts, illustrations of old ones, and sometimes detects, but not only by conjecture, the concealed causes of many events, often opens a scene in which some well known personage is exhibited in a new character, and thus presenting beyond their generalising representations which assist the superficial, and often cover the page of history with delusion and fiction.

It is only since the late invention of national libraries, that those immense collections of manuscripts have been formed, with so they are an unnumberable variety, usually claimed under the vague title of "state papers." The instructions of ambassadors, but more particularly those of dispatches, charters and chronicles drawn with accuracy, which preserved a world which had been close shut for us, like the one before the deluge, serve upon some of private correspondence, among which we discover the most confidential communications, designed by the writers to have been destroyed by the hand which received them, memoirs of individuals by themselves or by their friends, such as are now published by the pomp of vanity, or the foolishness of their publishers, and the miscellaneous collections formed by all kinds of persons, chosen terms of all countries and of all ages, materials for the history of man!—records of the lives or of the fortunes of the human understanding, and still the monuments of their passions!

The original collectors of these dispersed manuscripts were a race of ingenious men, whose benefactions of mankind, in which justice has not yet been fully awarded, but in their service of accumulation, everything in a manuscript state bore its price, acquisition was the one point aimed at by our early collectors, and to this their searching spirits sacrificed those fortunes, time, ease, and three days but his would have been too short to have decided on the intrinsic value of the manuscripts flowing in a stream to the collectors, and suppresses, even of the dignified reserves of mad-

men, or the sensible madness of projectors, might have been indulging a capricious taste, or what has proved more injurious to historical pursuits, that party feeling which has frequently annihilated the memorials of their adversaries!

These manuscript collections now assume a formidable appearance; a toilsome march over these "Alps rising over Alps;" a voyage in "a sea without a shore!" has turned away most historians from their severer duties; those who have grasped at early celebrity have been satisfied to have given a new form to, rather than contributed to the new matter of history. The very sight of these masses of history has terrified some modern historians. When Père Daniel undertook a history of France, the learned Boivin, the king's librarian, opened for his inspection an immense treasure of charters, and another of royal autograph letters, and another of private correspondence; treasures, reposing in fourteen hundred folios! The modern historian passed two hours impatiently looking over them, but frightened at another plunge into the gulf, this Curtius of history would not immolate himself for his country! He wrote a civil letter to the librarian for his "supernumerary kindness," but insinuated that he could write a very readable history without any further aid of such *paperasses* or "paper rubbish." Père Daniel, therefore, "quietly sat down to his history," copying others—a compliment which was never returned by any one: but there was this striking novelty in his "readable history," that according to the accurate computation of Count Boulainvilliers, Père Daniel's history of France contains ten thousand blunders! The same circumstance has been told me by a living historian of the late Gilbert Stuart; who, on some manuscript volumes of letters being pointed out to him when composing his history of Scotland, confessed that "what was already printed was more than he was able to read!" and thus much for his theoretical history, written to run counter to another theoretical history, being Stuart versus Robertson! They equally depend on the simplicity of their readers, charmed by their style! Another historian, Anquetil, the author of *L'Esprit de la Ligue*, has described his embarrassment at an inspection of the contemporary manuscripts of that period. After thirteen years of researches to glean whatever secret history printed books afforded, the author, residing in the country, resolved to visit the Royal Library at Paris. Monsieur Melot receiving him with that kindness, which is one of the official duties of the public librarian towards the studious, opened the cabinets in which were deposited the treasures of French history.—"This is what you require! come here at all times, and you shall be attended!" said the librarian to the young historian, who stood by with a sort of shudder, while he opened cabinet after cabinet. The intrepid investigator repeated his visits, looking over the mass as chance directed, attacking one side, and then flying to another. The historian, who had felt no weariness during thirteen years among printed books, discovered that he was now engaged in a task, apparently always beginning, and never ending! The "*Esprit de la Ligue*" was however enriched by labours, which at the moment appeared so barren.

The study of these *paperasses* is not perhaps so

disgusting as the impatient Père Daniel imagined; there is a literary fascination in looking over the same papers which the great characters of history once held and wrote on; catching from themselves their secret sentiments; and often detecting so many of their unrecorded actions! By habit the toil becomes light; and with a keen inquisitive spirit, even delightful! For what is more delightful to the curious, than to make fresh discoveries every day? Addison has a true and pleasing observation on such pursuits. "Our employments are converted into amusements, so that even in those objects which were indifferent, or even displeasing to us, the mind not only gradually loses its aversion, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for them." Addison illustrates this case by one of the greatest geniuses of the age, who by habit took incredible pleasure in searching into rolls and records, till he preferred them to Virgil and Cicero! The faculty of curiosity is as fervid, and even as refined in its search after Truth, as that of Taste in the objects of Imagination, and the more it is indulged, the more exquisitely it is enjoyed!

The popular historians of England and of France have, in truth, made little use of manuscript researches. Life is very short for long histories; and those who rage with an avidity of fame or profit will gladly taste the fruit which they cannot mature. Researches too remotely sought after, or too slowly acquired, or too fully detailed, would be so many obstructions in the smooth texture of a narrative. Our theoretical historians write from some particular and preconceived result; unlike Livy, and De Thou, and Machiavel, who describe events in their natural order, these cluster them together by the fanciful threads of some political or moral theory, by which facts are distorted, displaced, and sometimes altogether omitted! One single original document has sometimes shaken into dust their palladian edifice of history. At the moment Hume was sending some sheets of his History to press, Murdin's State Papers appeared. And we are highly amused and instructed by a letter of our historian to his rival, Robertson, who probably found himself often in the same forlorn situation. Our historian discovered in that collection what compelled him to retract his preconceived system—he hurries to stop the press, and paints his confusion and his anxiety with all the ingenuous simplicity of his nature. "We are all in the wrong!" he exclaims. Of Hume I have heard, that certain manuscripts at the State Paper Office had been prepared for his inspection during a fortnight, but he never could muster courage to pay his promised visit. Satisfied with the common accounts, and the most obvious sources of history, when librarian at the Advocates' Library, where yet may be examined the books he used, marked by his hand; he spread the volumes about the sofa, from which he rarely rose to pursue obscure inquiries, or delay by fresh difficulties the page which every day was growing under his charming pen. A striking proof of his careless happiness I discovered in his never referring to the perfect edition of Whitelocke's Memorials of 1732, but to the old truncated and faithless one of 1682.

Dr. Birch was a writer with no genius for composition, but to whom British history stands more

indebted than to any superior author; his incredible love of labour, in transcribing with his own hand a large library of manuscripts from originals dispersed in public and in private repositories, has enriched the British Museum by thousands of the most authentic documents of genuine secret history. He once projected a collection of original historical letters, for which he had prepared a preface, where I find the following passage. "It is a more important service to the public to contribute *something not before known* to the general fund of history, than to give new form and colour to what we are already possessed of, by superadding refinement and ornament, which too often tend to *disguise the real state of the facts*; a fault not to be atoned for by the pomp of style, or even the fine eloquence of the historian." This was an oblique stroke aimed at Robertson, to whom Birch had generously opened the stores of history, for the Scotch historian had needed all his charity; but Robertson's attractive inventions, and highly-finished composition, seduced the public taste; and we may forgive the latent spark of envy in the honest feelings of the man, who was profoundly skilled in delving in the native beds of ore, but not in fashioning it; and whose own neglected historical works, constructed on the true principle of secret history, we may often turn over to correct the erroneous, the prejudiced, and the artful accounts of those who have covered their faults by "the pomp of style, and the eloquence of the historian."

The large manuscript collections of original documents, from whence may be drawn what I have called *positive secret history*, are, as I have observed, comparatively of modern existence. Formerly they were widely dispersed in private hands; and the nature of such sources of historic discovery but rarely occurred to our writers. Even had they sought them, their access must have been partial and accidental. Lord Hardwicke has observed, that there are still many untouched manuscript collections within these kingdoms, which, through the ignorance or inattention of their owners, are condemned to dust and obscurity; but how valuable and essential they may be to the interests of authentic history and of sacred truth, cannot be more strikingly demonstrated than in the recent publications of the Marlborough and the Shrewsbury papers by Archdeacon Coxe. The editor was fully authorised to observe, "It is singular that those transactions should either have been passed over in silence, or imperfectly represented by most of our national historians." Our modern history would have been a mere political romance, without the astonishing picture of William and his ministers, exhibited in those unquestionable documents. Burnet was among the first of our modern historians who showed the world the preciousness of such materials, in his History of the Reformation, which he largely drew from the Cottonian Collection. Our earlier historians only repeated a tale ten times told. Milton, who wanted not for literary industry, had no fresh stores to open for his History of England; while Hume despatches, comparatively in a few pages, a subject which has afforded to the fervent diligence of my learned friend Sharon Turner volumes precious to the antiquary, the lawyer, and the philosopher.

To illustrate my idea of the usefulness, and of the absolute necessity of SECRET HISTORY, I fix first on a *public event*, and secondly on a *public character*; both remarkable in our own modern history, and both serving to expose the fallacious appearances of popular history by authorities indisputably genuine. The event is the Restoration of Charles the Second: and the character is that of Mary, the queen of William the Third.

In history the Restoration of Charles appears in all its splendour—the king is joyfully received at Dover, and the shore is covered by men on their knees—crowds of the Great hurry to Canterbury—the army is drawn up, in number and with a splendour that had never been equalled—his enthusiastic reception is on his birthday, for that was the lucky day fixed on for his entrance into the metropolis—in a word, all that is told in history describes a monarch the most powerful and the most happy. One of the tracts of the day, entitled "England's Triumph," in the mean quaintness of the style of the times, tells us, that "The soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs* trump, resolve now to enthrone the *king of hearts*." Turn to the faithful memorialist, who so well knew the secrets of the king's heart, and who was himself an actor behind the curtain; turn to Clarendon, in his own life; and we shall find that the power of the king was then as dubious as when he was in exile; and his feelings were strained so much on the rack, that he had nearly resolved on a last flight.

Clarendon, in noticing the temper and spirit of that time, observes, "Whoever reflects upon all this composition of contradictory wishes and expectations, must confess that the king was not yet the master of the kingdom, nor his *authority* and *security* such as the *general noise and acclamation, the bells and the bonfires, proclaimed it to be*."—"The first mortification the king met with was as soon as he arrived at Canterbury, within three hours after he landed at Dover." Clarendon then relates how many the king found there, who while they waited with joy to kiss his hand, also came with importunate solicitations for themselves; forced him to give them present audience, in which they reckoned up the insupportable losses undergone by themselves or their fathers; demanding some grant, or promise of such or such offices; some even for more! "pressing for two or three with such confidence and importunity, and with such tedious discourses, that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them; that he no sooner got into his chamber, which for some hours he was not able to do, than he lamented the condition to which he found he must be subject; and did, in truth, from that minute, contract such a prejudice against some of those persons." But a greater mortification was to follow, and which had nearly put the king in despair.

General Monk had from the beginning to this instant acted very mysteriously, never corresponding with nor answering a letter of the king's, so that his majesty was frequently doubtful whether the general designed to act for himself or for the king; an ambiguous conduct which I attribute to the power his wife had over him, who was in the opposite interest. The general, in his rough way, presented him a large paper, with about seventy

names for his privy council, of which not more than two were acceptable. "The king," says Clarendon, "was in more than ordinary confusion, for he knew not well what to think of the general, in whose absolute power he was—so that at this moment his majesty was almost alarmed at the demand and appearance of things." The general afterwards undid this unfavourable appearance, by acknowledging that the list was drawn up by his wife, who had made him promise to present it; but he permitted his majesty to act as he thought proper. At that moment General Monk was more king, than Charles.

We have not yet concluded. When Charles met the army at Blackheath, 50,000 strong, "he knew well the ill constitution of the army, the distemper and murmuring that was in it, and how many diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to; that *how united soever their inclinations and acclamations seemed to be at Blackheath, their affections were not the same—and the very countenances there of many officers, as well as soldiers, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service they were not delighted in. The old soldiers had little regard for their new officers; and it quickly appeared, by the select and affected mixtures of sullen and melancholic parties of officers and soldiers*"—And then the chancellor of human nature adds, "And in this melancholic and perplexed condition the king and all his hopes stood, *when he appeared most gay and exalted, and wore a pleasantness in his face that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as was possible to put on.*" It is imagined that Louis the Eighteenth would be the ablest commentator on this piece of secret history, and add another *twin* to Pierre de Saint Julien's "*Gemelles ou Pareilles*," an old French treatise of histories which resemble one another; a volume so scarce, that I have never met with it.

Burnet informs us, that when Queen Mary held the administration of government during the absence of William, it was imagined by some, that as "every woman of sense loved to be meddling, they concluded that she had but a small portion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs." He praises her exemplary behaviour; "regular in her devotions, much in her closet, read a great deal, was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in anything rather than matters of state. Her conversation was lively and obliging; everything in her was easy and natural. The king told the Earl of Shrewsbury, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would, and that we should all be very happy under her." Such is the miniature of the queen which Burnet offers; we see nothing but her tranquillity, her simplicity, and her carelessness amidst the important transactions passing under her eye: but I lift the curtain from a larger picture. The distracted state amidst which the queen lived, the vexations, the secret sorrows, the agonies and the despair of Mary in the absence of William, nowhere appears in history! and, as we see, escaped the ken of the Scotch bishop! They were reserved for the curiosity and the instruction of posterity; and were found by Dalrymple, in the letters of Mary to her husband, in King William's

cabinet. It will be well to place under the eye of the reader the suppressed cries of this afflicted queen, at the time when "everything in her was so easy and natural, employing her time and thoughts in anything rather than matters of state—often busy at work!"

I shall not dwell on the pangs of the queen for the fate of William—or her deadly suspicions that many were unfaithful about her: a battle lost might have been fatal; a conspiracy might have undone what even a victory had obtained; the continual terrors she endured were such, that we might be at a loss to determine who suffered most, those who had been expelled from, or those who had ascended, the throne.

So far was the queen from not "employing her thoughts" on "matters of state," that every letter, usually written towards evening, chronicles the conflicts of the day; she records not only events, but even dialogues and personal characteristics; hints her suspicions, and multiplies her fears: her attention was incessant.—"I never write but what I think others do not:" and her terrors were as ceaseless.—"I pray God, send you back quickly, for I see all breaking out into flames." The queen's difficulties were not eased by a single confidential intercourse. On one occasion she observes, "As I do not know what I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be."—"I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you.—It seems to me that every one is afraid of themselves.—I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for it's a great constraint to think and be silent; and there is so much matter, that I am one of Solomon's fools, who am ready to burst. I must tell you again how Lord Monmouth endeavours to frighten me, and indeed things have but a melancholy prospect." She had indeed reason to fear Lord Monmouth, who, it appears, divulged all the secrets of the royal councils to Major Wildman, who was one of our old republicans; and, to spread alarm in the privy council, conveyed in lemon-juice all their secrets to France, often on the very day they had passed in council! They discovered the fact, and every one suspected the other as the traitor! Lord Lincoln even once assured her, that "the Lord President and all in general, who are in trust, were rogues." Her council was composed of factions, and the queen's suspicions were rather general than particular; for she observes on them, "Till now I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but now I see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body."—For a final extract, take this full picture of royal misery—"I must see company on my set days; I must play twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will: I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least, it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but then I

never can be quite alone, neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. Besides, I must hear of business, which being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more, and not ease my heart."

Thus different from the representation of BURNET was the actual state of Queen Mary; and I suspect that our warm and vehement bishop had but little personal knowledge of her majesty, notwithstanding the elaborate character of the queen he has given in her funeral eulogium.—He must have known that she did not always sympathise with his party-feelings; for the queen writes, "The bishop of Salisbury has made a long thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire to print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him." BURNET (whom I am very far from calling what an inveterate Tory, Edward Earl of Oxford, does in one of his manuscript notes, "that lying Scot,") unquestionably has told many truths in his garrulous page; but the cause in which he stood so deeply engaged, with his warm sanguine temper, may have sometimes dimmed his sagacity, so as to have mistaken, as in the present case, a mask for a face, particularly at a time when almost every individual appears to have worn one!

Both these cases of Charles the Second and Queen Mary show the absolute necessity of researches into SECRET HISTORY, to correct the appearances and the fallacies which so often deceive us in PUBLIC HISTORY.

"The appetite for Remains," as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and often infuse a freshness into a story which, after having been copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time! Thus are the sources of SECRET HISTORY unsuspected by the idler and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts—that subterranean history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperienced, and confound the injudicious, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike form the open documents of history; like feed advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case: they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will witness how many characters we have mistaken; they will be told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginnings; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity,

because they will judge without our passions; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the SECRET HISTORY of the last two ages! *

LITERARY RESIDENCES.

MEN of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest, under the roof of a garret; and few literary characters have lived, like Pliny and Voltaire, in a villa or *château* of their own. It has not therefore often happened, that a man of genius could raise local emotions by his own intellectual suggestions. Ariosto, who built a palace in his verse, lodged himself in a small house, and found that stanzas and stones were not put together at the same rate: old Montaigne has left a description of his library; "over the entrance of my house, where I view my court-yards, and garden, and at once survey all the operations of my family!"

There is, however, a feeling among literary men of building up their own elegant fancies, and giving a permanency to their own tastes: we dwell on their favourite scenes as a sort of portraits, and we eagerly collect those few prints, which are their only vestiges. A collection might be formed of such literary residences chosen for their amenity and their retirement, and adorned by the objects of their studies. From the younger PLINY, who called his villa of literary leisure by the endearing term of *villula*, to CASSIODORUS, the prime minister of Theodoric, who has left so magnificent a description of his literary retreat, where all the elegancies of life were at hand; where the gardeners and the agriculturists laboured on scientific principles; and where, amidst gardens and parks, stood his extensive library, with scribes to multiply his manuscripts;—to TYCHO BRAHE, who built a magnificent astronomical house on an island, which he named after the sole objects of his musings, Uranienburgh, or the castle of the Heavens;—to EVELYN, who first began to adorn Wotton, by building "a little study," till many years after he dedicated the ancient house to contemplation, among the "de-

* Since this article has been sent to press, I rise from reading one in the Edinburgh Review on Lord Orford's and Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. This is one of the very rare articles which could only come from the hand of a master, long exercised in the studies he criticises. The critic, or rather the historian, observes, that of a period remarkable for the establishment of our present system of government, no authentic materials had yet appeared. Events of public notoriety are to be found, though often inaccurately told, in our common histories; but the secret springs of action, the private views and motives of individuals, &c., are as little known to us, as if the events to which they relate had taken place in China or Japan. The clear, connected, dispassionate, and circumstantial narrative, with which he has enriched the stores of English history, is drawn from the sources of SECRET HISTORY; from published memoirs and contemporary correspondence.

licious streams and venerable woods, the gardens, the fountains, and the groves most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse; and indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegance since so much in vogue;—to POPE, whose little garden seemed to multiply its scenes by a glorious union of nobility and literary men conversing in groups;—down to lonely SHENSTONE, whose “rural elegance,” as he entitles one of his odes, compelled him to mourn over his hard fate, when

—EXPENSE

Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
CONVENIENCE to perplex him, ART to pall,
POMP to deject, and BEAUTY to displease.

We all have by heart the true and delightful reflection of Johnson on local associations, when the scene we tread suggests to us the men or the deeds, which have left their celebrity to the spot. We are in the presence of their fame, and feel its influence!

A literary friend, whom a hint of mine had induced to visit the old tower in the garden of BUFFON, where that sage retired every morning to compose, passed so long a time in that lonely apartment, as to have raised some solicitude among the honest folks of Montbar, who having seen “the Englishman” enter, but not return, during a heavy thunderstorm which had occurred in the interval, informed the good mayor, who came in due form, to notify the ambiguous state of the stranger. My friend is, as is well known, a genius of that cast, who could pass two hours in the TOWER OF BUFFON, without being aware that he had been all that time occupied by suggestions of ideas and reveries, which such a locality may excite in some minds. He was also busied by his hand; for he has favoured me with two drawings of the interior and the exterior of this *old tower in the garden*: the nakedness within can only be compared to the solitude without. Such was the studying-room of BUFFON, where his eye, resting on no object, never interrupted the unity of his meditations on Nature.

In return for my friend's kindness, it has cost me, I think, two hours, in attempting to translate the beautiful picture of this literary retreat, which Vicq D'Azyr has finished with all the warmth the subject inspired. “At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden, is seen an antique tower: it was there that BUFFON wrote the history of Nature, and from that spot his fame spread through the universe. There he came at sunrise, and no one, however importunate, was suffered to trouble him. The calm of the morning hour, the first warbling of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all at that moment which touched the senses, recalled him to his model. Free, independent, he wandered in the walks; there was he seen with quickened or with slow steps, or standing rapt in thought, sometimes with his eyes fixed on the heavens in the moment of inspiration, as if satisfied with the thought that so profoundly occupied his soul; sometimes, collected within himself, he sought what would not always be found; or at the moments of producing, he wrote, he effaced, and re-wrote to efface once more; thus he harmonised, in silence, all the parts of his composition, which he frequently repeated to himself,

till, satisfied with his corrections, he seemed to repay himself for the pains of his beautiful prose, by the pleasure he found in declaiming it aloud. Thus he engraved it in his memory, and would recite it to his friends, or induce some to read it to him. At those moments he was himself a severe judge, and would again recompose it, desirous of attaining to that perfection which is denied to the impatient writer.”

A curious circumstance, connected with local associations, occurred to that extraordinary oriental student FOURMONT. Originally he belonged to a religious community, and never failed in performing his offices; but he was expelled by the superior for an irregularity of conduct, not likely to have become contagious through the brotherhood—he frequently prolonged his studies far into the night, and it was possible that the house might be burnt by such superfluity of learning. Fourmont retreated to the college of Montaigne, where he occupied the very chambers which had formerly been those of Erasmus; a circumstance which contributed to excite his emulation, and to hasten his studies. He who smiles at the force of such emotions, only proves that he has not experienced what are real and substantial as the scene itself—for those who are concerned in them. POPE, who had far more enthusiasm in his poetical disposition than is generally understood, was extremely susceptible of those literary associations with localities: one of the volumes of his Homer was begun and finished in an old tower over the chapel at Stanton Harcourt; and he has perpetuated the event, if not consecrated the place, by scratching with a diamond on a pane of stained glass this inscription:

*In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope
Finished HERE
The fifth volume of Homer.*

It was the same feeling which induced him one day, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, to desire Harte to enter a little shop, where going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, “In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign!” Nothing less than a strong feeling impelled the poet to ascend this garret—it was a consecrated spot to his eye; and certainly a curious instance of the power of genius contrasted with its miserable locality! Addison, whose mind had fought through “a campaign” in a garret, could he have called about him “the pleasures of imagination,” had probably planned a house of literary repose, where all parts would have been in harmony with his mind.

Such residences of men of genius have been enjoyed by some; and the vivid descriptions which they have left us convey something of the delightfulness which charmed their studious repose.

The Italian PAUL JOVIUS has composed more than three hundred concise eulogies of statesmen, warriors, and literary men of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; but the occasion which induced him to compose them is perhaps more interesting than the compositions.

JOVIUS had a country-house, situated on a peninsula, bordered by the lake of Como. It was

built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny, and in his time the foundations were still visible. When the surrounding lake was calm, the sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan, were still viewed in its lucid bosom. JOVIUS was the enthusiast of literature, and the leisure it loves. He was an historian, with the imagination of a poet, and a Christian prelate, almost a worshipper of the sweet fictions of pagan mythology; and when his pen was kept pure from satire or adulation, to which it was too much accustomed, it becomes a pencil. He paints with rapture his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake; the shade and freshness of his woods; his green slopes, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence and calm of his solitude! A statue was raised in his gardens to Nature! In his hall stood a fine statue of Apollo, and the Muses around, with their attributes. His library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects, dedicated to the Graces! Such was the interior! Without, the transparent lake here spread its broad mirror, and there voluminously winding by banks covered with olives and laurels; in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevation of the Alps, covered with woods and pasture, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

It was in a central spot of this enchanting habitation that a cabinet or gallery was erected, where JOVIUS had collected, with prodigal cost, the PORTRAITS of celebrated men; and it was to explain and to describe the characteristics of these illustrious names that he had composed his eulogies. This collection became so remarkable, that the great men, his contemporaries, presented our literary collector with their own portraits, among whom the renowned Fernandez Cortes sent Jovius his before he died, and probably others who were less entitled to enlarge the collection; but it is equally probable that our caustic Jovius would throw them aside. Our historian had often to describe men more famous than virtuous; sovereigns, politicians, poets, and philosophers, men of all ranks, countries, and ages, formed a crowded scene of men of genius or of celebrity: sometimes a few lines compress their character, and sometimes a few pages excite his fondness. If he sometimes adulates the living, we may pardon the illusions of a contemporary; but he has the honour of satirising some by the honest freedom of a pen which occasionally broke out into premature truths.

Such was the inspiration of literature and leisure which had embellished the abode of JOVIUS, and had raised in the midst of the lake of Como a CABINET OF PORTRAITS; a noble tribute to those who are "the salt of the earth."

We possess prints of RUBENS's house at Antwerp. That princely artist perhaps first contrived for his *studio* the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light,—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una*

stanza rotonda con un solo occhio in cima; the *solo occhio* is what the French term *œil de bœuf*; we ourselves want this *single eye* in our technical language of art. This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome: but the walls did not yield in value; for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, and even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of RUBENS, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet, great as was the mind, and splendid as were the habits of life of RUBENS, he could not resist the entreaties, or the hundred thousand florins of our Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of this *studio*. The great artist could not, however, abandon for ever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

Of this feeling of the local residences of genius, the Italians appear to have been, not perhaps more susceptible than other people, but more energetic in their enthusiasm. Florence exhibits many monuments of this sort. In the neighbourhood of *Santa Maria Novella*, Zimmerman has noticed a house of the celebrated VIVIANI, which is a singular monument of gratitude to his illustrious master GALILEO. The front is adorned with the bust of this father of science, and between the windows are engraven accounts of the discoveries of GALILEO; it is the most beautiful biography of genius! Yet another still more eloquently excites our emotions—the house of MICHAEL ANGELO: his pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, have ornamented it with all the leading features of his life: the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a contemporary!

WHETHER ALLOWABLE TO RUIN ONESELF?

THE political economist replies that it is!

One of our old dramatic writers, who witnessed the singular extravagance of dress among the modellers of fashion, our nobility, condemns their "superfluous bravery," echoing the popular cry,

"There are a sort of men, whose coining heads
Are mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom, by superfluous
bravery,
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war
Or a long famine. *All the treasure by
This foul excess is got into the merchants',
Embroiderers', silk-men's, jewellers', tailors
hands,
And the third part of the land too; the nobility
Engrossing titles only.*"

Our past might have been started at the reply of our political economist. If the nobility in former such as Rome, only possessed their "tithes," while their "lands" were dispersed among the industrious classes, the people were not idle. The silly victims blaming themselves by their excessive luxury, or their costly dress, as it appears would do, was an evil which, left to its own course, must check itself, if the rich did not spend, the poor would starve. Luxury in the cure of that unsoundable evil in society—great inequality of fortune! Political economists therefore tell us, that any regulations would be ridiculous which, as Lord Bacon expresses it, should serve for "the restraining of waste and excess by compulsory laws." Adam Smith is not quite indulgent at "sumptuary laws," but agrees, with a democratic instance of style, that "it is the highest impudence and presumption in kings and ministers to pretend to interfere over the economy of private people, and to restrain their expense by compulsory laws. They are themselves always the greatest spendthrifts in the society. Let them look well after their own expenses, and they may safely trust private people with theirs. If their own extravagance does not ruin the state, that of their subjects never will." We must therefore allow, that governments, by extravagance, may ruin a state, but that individuals enjoy the remarkable privilege of ruining themselves, without injuring society! Adam Smith afterwards distinguishes two sorts of luxury, the one, exhausting itself in "durable consumption, as in buildings, furniture, books, statues, pictures," and incurs "the expense of a nation," but of the other, wasting itself on dress and equipage, in frivolous ornaments, jewels, horses, trinkets, &c., he acknowledges "no trace or vestige would remain," and the effects of ten or twenty years' prodigality would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed! There is, therefore, a greater and a lesser evil in this important subject of the equable, unrestricted by any law, sustaining his whole generation.

Where "the wealth of nations" is made the solitary standard of its prosperity, it becomes a fertile source of errors in the science of morals, and the happiness of the individual is then too frequently sacrificed to what is called the prosperity of the state. If an individual, in the pride of luxury and idleness, annihilates the fortunes of his whole generation, annihilated by the laws as a criminal, he leaves behind him a race of the debilitated and the indolent, who, having sunk in the scale of society, have to rise from their degradation by industry and in humilation, but for the work of industry their habits have made them unsuited, and to humilation, their very rank presents a perpetual obstacle.

Sumptuary laws, as often enacted, and as often repealed, and always eluded, were the perpetual, but ineffectual, attempts of all governments, to restrain what, perhaps, cannot be restrained criminal folly! And to punish a man for having ruined himself would usually be to punish a most contemptible person!

It is not surprising that before "private vices were considered as public benefits," the governors of nations inflicted sumptuary laws—for the passion for pageantry, and an incredible prodigality

in dress were continually impoverishing great numbers—more equality of wealth has now either subdued the force of private vice than laid this evil domestic spirit. The marvellous expenditure, and the blaze of splendour, of our aristocracy, may startle the incredulity of our despots. We had men of rank exhausting their wealth, purchasing their castles, and desperately coming from them, heaven for a crumb, or brigands for their neighbourhood!—and this frequently from the simple circumstance of having for a short time maintained some gorgeous chivalric festival on their own estates, or meeting thousands of acres with cloth of gold, which have left their sons to beg their bread on the estates which they were to have inherited.

It was when the remains of chivalry still charmed the world by its seductive splendour, towards the close of the fifteenth century, that I find an instance of this kind occurring in the *Pas de Sandre-court*, which was held in the neighbourhood of the seat of that name. It is a memorable affair, not only for its curious inquiries after manners and morals, but for the whole family of the Sandre-courts, for though the mad story is now forgetting the immortality we breathe on him, and to down, who presided in that magnificent page of chivalry, was industriously granted, yet the year after was the last of Sandre-court's reign—and all for a short, romantic three months!

The story of the chivalric period may amuse. A *pas d'armes*, though consisting of military exercises and deeds of gallantry, was a sort of festival distinct from a tournament. It required a *pas* or passage to be contested by one or more knights against all comers. It was necessary that the road should be such that it could not be passed without encountering some guardian knight. The chivalry who disputed the *pas* being their blessed shields on iron, plate, or on points raised for this purpose. The aspirants after chivalric honours would strike with their lance one of these shields, and when it rang instantly it commenced the contest to the challenge. A bridge or a road would sometimes serve for this military sport, for such it was intended to be, wherever the heat of the realm proved not too earnest. The seat of Sandre-court was a fine domain of Irish chivalry, and in the neighbourhood of his castle he fancied that he saw a very spot adapted for every game. There was one admirably fitted for the barrier of a tilting-match, another contributed by a military pastime, another which was called the *meadow of the thorn*, there was a *carrefour*, where, in four roads, four knights might meet, and, above all, there was a forest called *devoyle*, having no path, so favourably for event knights, who might there enter for strong adventures, and, as chance directed, encounter others as bewildered as themselves. Our chivalric Sandre-court found one young aspirant of the court of Charles the Eighth of France who answered all his wishes. To sanction this glorious feat it was necessary to obtain leave from the king, and a herald of the Duke of Orleans to distribute the *carrel* or challenge all over France, announcing, that from such a day, any young lords would stand ready to combat, in those different places, in the neighbourhood of Sandre-court's abode. The names of the flower

of chivalry have been faithfully registered, and they were such as instantly to throw a spark into the heart of every lover of arms! The world of fashion, that is, the chivalric world, were set in motion. Four bodies of assailants soon collected, each consisting of ten combatants. The herald of Orleans having examined the arms of these gentlemen, and satisfied himself of their ancient lineage, and their military renown, admitted their claims to the proffered honour. Sandricourt now saw with rapture, placed on the sides of his portals, the numerous shields of the assailants, corresponding with those of the challengers which hung above them. Ancient lords were elected judges of the feats of the knights, accompanied by the ladies, for whose honour only they declared they combated.

The herald of Orleans tells the history in no very intelligible verse; but the burthen of his stanza is still

Du pas d'armes du chateau Sandricourt.

He sings, or says,

"Oncques, depuis le temps du roi Artus,
Ne furent tant les armes exaulcées—
Maint chevaliers et preux entreprenans—
Princes plusieurs ont terre déplacées
Pour y venir donner coups et poussées
Qui ont été là tenus si de court
Que par force n'ont prises et passées
Les barrières, entrées, et passées
Du pas des armes du chateau Sandricourt."

Doubtless, there many a Roland met with his Oliver, and could not pass the barriers. Cased as they were in steel, *de pied en cap*, we presume that they could not materially injure themselves; yet, when on foot, the ancient judges discovered such symptoms of peril, that on the following day they advised our knights to satisfy themselves by fighting on horseback. Against this prudential counsel for some time they protested, as an inferior sort of glory. However, on the next day, the horse combat was appointed in the *carrefour*, by the pine-tree. On the following day they tried their lances in the meadow of the thorn; but, though on horseback, the judges deemed their attacks were so fierce, that this assault was likewise not without peril; for some horses were killed, and some knights were thrown, and lay bruised by their own mail; but the barbed horses, wearing only *des chancreins*, head-pieces magnificently caparisoned, found no protection in their ornaments. The last days were passed in combats of two to two, or in a single encounter, a-foot, in the *forêt dévoyable*. These jousts passed without any accident, and the prizes were awarded in a manner equally gratifying to the claimants. The last day of the festival was concluded with a most sumptuous banquet. Two noble knights had undertaken the humble office of *maîtres d'hôtel*; and while the knights were parading in the *forêt dévoyable* seeking adventures, a hundred servants were seen at all points, carrying white and red hypocras, and juleps, and *sirap de violars*, sweetmeats, and other spices, to comfort these wanderers, who, on returning to the *chateau*, found a grand and plenteous banquet. The tables were crowded in the court-apartment, where some held

one hundred and twelve gentlemen, not including the *dames* and the *demoiselles*. In the halls, and outside of the *chateau*, were other tables. At that festival more than two thousand persons were, free of every expense, magnificently entertained; their attendants, their armourers, their *plumassiers*, and others. *La Dame de Sandricourt*, "fut moult aise d'avoir donné dans son chateau si belle, si magnifique, et gorgiasse fête." Historians are apt to describe their personages as they appear, not as they are: if the lady of the Sieur de Sandricourt really was "moult aise" during these gorgeous days, one cannot but sympathise with the lady, when her loyal knight and spouse confessed to her, after the departure of the mob, of two thousand visitors, neighbours, soldiers, and courtiers,—the knights challengers, and the knights assailants, and the fine scenes at the pine-tree; the barrier in the meadow of the thorn; and the horse-combat at the *carrefour*; and the jousts in the *forêt dévoyable*; the carousals in the castle-halls; the jollity of the banquet-tables, the morescoes danced till they were reminded "How the waning night grows old!"—in a word, when the costly dream had vanished,—that he was a ruined man for ever, by immortalising his name in one grand chivalric festival! The Sieur de Sandricourt, like a great torch, had consumed himself in his own brightness; and the very land on which the famous *Pas de Sandricourt* was held—had passed away with it! Thus one man sinks generations by that wastefulness, which a political economist would assure us was committing no injury to society!—The moral evil goes for nothing in financial statements!

Similar instances of ruinous luxury we may find in the prodigal costliness of dress through the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First. Not only in their massy grandeur they outweighed us, but the accumulation and variety of their wardrobe displayed such a gaiety of fancy in their colours and their ornaments, that the drawing-room in those days must have blazed at their presence, and changed colour as the crowd moved. But if we may trust to royal proclamations, the ruin was general among some classes. Elizabeth issued more than one proclamation against "the excess of apparel!" and among other evils which the government imagined this passion for dress occasioned, it notices "the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen, otherwise serviceable; and others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, allured by the vain show of these things, they not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts, as they cannot live out of danger of laws, without attempting of unlawful acts." The queen bids her own household "to look unto it for good example to the realm; and all noblemen, archbishops and bishops, all mayors, justices of peace, &c., should see them executed in their private households." The greatest difficulty which occurred to regulate the wear of apparel was ascertaining the incomes of persons, or, in the words of the proclamation, "finding that it is very hard for any man's state of living and value to be truly understood by other persons." They were to be regulated, as they appear "scanned in the subsidy books." But if persons chose to be more

magnificent in their dress, they were allowed to justify their means: in that case, if allowed, her majesty would not be the loser; for they were to be rated in the subsidy books according to such values as they themselves offered as a qualification for the splendour of their dress!

In my researches among manuscript letters of the times, I had frequent occasion to discover how persons of considerable rank appear to have carried their acres on their backs, and with their ruinous and fantastical luxuries sadly pinched their hospitality. It was this which so frequently cast them into the nets of the "goldsmiths," and other trading usurers. At the coronation of James the First, I find a simple knight whose cloak cost him five hundred pounds; but this was not uncommon. At the marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First, "Lady Wotton had a gown of which the embroidery cost fifty pounds a yard. The Lady Arabella made four gowns, one of which cost 1500*l.* The Lord Montacute (Montague) bestowed 1500*l.* in apparel for his two daughters. One lady, under the rank of baroness, was furnished with jewels exceeding one hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her," says the letter-writer. "All this extreme cost and riches makes us all poor," as he imagined! I have been amused in observing grave writers of state-despatches jocular on any mischance or mortification to which persons are liable, whose happiness entirely depends on their dress. Sir Dudley Carleton, our minister at Venice, communicates, as an article worth transmitting, the great disappointment incurred by Sir Thomas Glover, "who was just come hither, and had appeared one day like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold, but had all his expectations marred on a sudden, by the news of Prince Henry's death." A similar mischance, from a different cause, was the lot of Lord Hay, who made great preparations for his embassy to France, which, however, were chiefly confined to his dress. He was to remain there twenty days; and the letter-writer maliciously observes, that "He goes with twenty special suits of apparel for so many days' abode, besides his travelling robes; but news is very lately come that the French have lately altered their fashion, whereby he must needs be out of countenance, if he be not set out after the last edition!" To find himself out of fashion, with twenty suits for twenty days, was a mischance his lordship had no right to count on!

"The glass of fashion" was unquestionably held up by two very eminent characters, RAWLEIGH and BUCKINGHAM; and the authentic facts recorded of their dress will sufficiently account for the frequent "Proclamations" to control that servile herd of imitators—the smaller gentry!

There is a remarkable picture of Sir Walter, which will at least serve to convey an idea of the gaiety and splendour of his dress. It is a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white ribbon. Oldys, who saw this picture, has

thus described the dress of Rawleigh. But I have some important additions; for I find that Rawleigh's shoes on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of six thousand six hundred pounds; and that he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; whose value was not so easily calculated. Rawleigh had no patrimonial inheritance; at this moment he had on his back a good portion of a Spanish galleon, and the profits of a monopoly of trade he was carrying on with the newly-discovered Virginia. Probably he placed all his hopes in his dress! The virgin queen, when she issued proclamations against "the excess of apparel," pardoned, by her looks, that promise of a mine which blazed in Rawleigh's; and, parsimonious as she was, forgot the three thousand changes of dresses, which she herself left in the royal wardrobe.

Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cœur*; for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hat-hands, cock-ades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls.—This was, however, but for ordinary dances. "He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, beside a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and spurs.* In the masques and banquets with which Buckingham entertained the court, he usually expended, for the evening, from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money; the sums of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.

If, to provide the means for such enormous expenditure, BUCKINGHAM multiplied the grievances of monopolies, and pillaged the treasury for his eighty thousand pounds' coat; and RAWLEIGH was at length driven to his last desperate enterprise, to relieve himself of his creditors, for a pair of six thousand pounds' shoes—in both these cases, as in that of the chivalric SANDRICOURT, the political economist may perhaps acknowledge that *there is a sort of luxury highly criminal*. All the arguments he may urge, the statistical accounts he may calculate, and the healthful state of his circulating medium among "the merchants, embroiderers, silk-men, and jewellers"—will not alter such a moral evil, which leaves an eternal taint in "the wealth of nations!" It is the principle that "private vices are public benefits," and that men may be allowed to ruin their generations without committing any injury to society.

* The Jesuit Drexelius, in one of his religious dialogues, notices the fact; but I am referring to an Harleian manuscript, which confirms the information of the Jesuit.



DISCOVERIES OF SECLUDED MEN.

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THOSE who are unaccustomed to the labours of the closet are unacquainted with those secret and silent triumphs obtained in the pursuits of studious men. That aptitude, which in poetry is sometimes called inspiration, in knowledge we may call sagacity, and it is probable, that the more vehement one does not excite more pleasure than the mild tranquillity of the other. They are both, according to the strict signification of the Latin term from whence we have borrowed ours of *inspiration*, a finding out, the result of a combination which no other has formed but ourselves.

I will produce several remarkable instances of the fecundity of this aptitude of the learned in making discoveries which could only have been effected by an uninterrupted intercourse with the objects of their studies, making things remote and dispersed familiar and present.

One of ancient date is better known to the reader than those I am preparing for him. When the magistrates of Syracuse were showing to Cicero the curiæ of the place, he desired to visit the tomb of Archimedes; but, to his surprise, they acknowledged that they knew nothing of any such tomb, and desired that it had ever existed. The learned Cicero, convinced by the authorities of ancient writers, by the rumour of the inscription which he remembered, and the circumstance of a sphere with a cylinder being engraven on it, requested them to assist him in the search. They conducted the obstinate but illustrious stranger to their most sacred burying-ground amidst the number of sepulchres, they observed a small column overhung with ivy-leaves—Cicero, looking on while they were clearing away the rubbish, suddenly exclaimed, "Here is the thing we are looking for!" No eye had caught the geometrical figure on the tomb, and the inscription soon confirmed his conjecture. Cicero long after exulted in the triumph of this discovery—"Thus," he says, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and ingenious citizen, had it not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum."

The great French antiquary Pansac exhibited a singular combination of learning, patience of thought, and a luminous sagacity, which could reason on "any thing" to "a local habitation and a name." There was found on an *amethyst*, and the next afterwards discovered on the front of an ancient temple, a number of marks, or ideata, which had long perplexed inquirers, more particularly as similar marks or ideata were frequently observed in ancient monuments. It was agreed on, as no one could understand them, and all would be wiser, that they were never hieroglyphics. It occurred to Pansac, that these marks were nothing more than keys for small keys, which had formerly fastened little letters, and he represented to many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw from him one hole to another, and he beheld the *amethyst* reveal the name of the sculptor and the words of the temple the name of the god! This curious discovery has been since frequently

applied, but it appears to have originated with this great antiquary, who by his learning and sagacity captured a supposed hieroglyphic, which had been locked up in the silence of secreted centuries.

Learned men, confined to their study, have often rectified the errors of travellers, they have done more, they have found out paths for them to explore, or opened men for them to navigate. The situation of the vale of Tempe had been mistaken by modern travellers, and it is singular, observes the Quarterly Reviewer, yet not so singular as it appears to that elegant critic, that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece. ARTHUR BOWEN, a man of letters of Trinity College, Dublin—it is gratifying to quote an Irish philosopher and man of letters, from the esthetic rarity of the character—was the first to detect the inconsistency of Ptolemy and Borchgrevink, and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the declivity between Ossa and Olympus; a discovery subsequently realised. When Dr. Clarke discovered an inscription purporting that the poem of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, Mr. Walpole, with equal felicity, detected, in Caesar's History of the Civil War, the name and the mission of this very person.

A living geographer, to whom the world stands deeply indebted, does not read Herodotus in the original, yet, by the exercise of his extraordinary aptitude, it is well known that he has often corrected the Greek historian, and explained a tradition in a text which he never read, by his own happy conjectures, and confirmed his own discoveries by the subsequent knowledge which modern travellers have afforded.

Claude's perseverance in studying the geography of India and of Persia, at a time when our country had no immediate interests with those ancient empires, by a cynical observer, would have been placed among the curious whimsies of a mere man of letters. Those studies were indeed prosecuted, as Mr. Mathias observes, "on the disinterested principle of liberal investigation, not on that of policy, not of the regulation of trade, nor of the extension of empire, nor of permanent establishments, but simply and solely on the grand view of what is, and of what is past. They were the amusement of a solitary scholar in academical retirement." Since the time of Livy, there very persons have been carried on by two consummate geographers, Messrs. BARRAUD and Dr. VINCENT, who have opened to the classical and the political reader all he wished to learn, at a time when India and Persia had become objects interesting and important to us. The fruits of Quær's learning, long after their author was no more, became valuable!

The studies of "the solitary scholar" are always

* The curious reader may view the marks, and the manner to which the Greek characters were made out, in the preface to Messrs. "Curiosum Dacorum." The *amethyst* proved more difficult than the temple, from the circumstance, that in engraving on the stone the letters must be reversed.

useful to the world, although they may not always be timed to its present wants; with him, indeed, they are not merely designed for this purpose. GRAY discovered India for himself; but the solitary pursuits of a great student, shaped to a particular end, will never fail being useful to the world; though it may happen, that a century shall elapse between the periods of the discovery and its practical utility.

HALLEY's version of an Arabic ms. on a mathematical subject offers an instance of the extraordinary sagacity I am alluding to; it may also serve as a demonstration of the peculiar and supereminent advantages possessed by mathematicians, observes Mr. Dugald Stewart, in their fixed relations, which form the objects of their science, and the correspondent precision in their language and reasonings: as matter of literary history, it is highly curious. Dr. Bernard accidentally discovered in the Bodleian Library an Arabic version of Apollonius *de Sectione Rationis*, which he determined to translate in Latin, but only finished about a tenth part. HALLEY, extremely interested by the subject, but with an entire ignorance of the Arabic language, resolved to complete the imperfect version! Assisted only by the manuscript which Bernard had left, it served him as a key for investigating the sense of the original; he first made a list of those words wherever they occurred, with the train of reasoning in which they were involved, to decipher, by these very slow degrees, the import of the context; till at last HALLEY succeeded in mastering the whole work, and in bringing the translation, without the aid of any one, to the form in which he gave it to the public; so that we have here a difficult work translated from the Arabic, by one who was in no manner conversant with the language, merely by the exertion of his sagacity!

I give the memorable account, as Boyle has delivered it, of the circumstances which led HARVEY to the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

"I remember that when I asked our famous HARVEY, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way."

The reason here ascribed to Harvey seems now so very natural and obvious, that some have been disposed to question his claim to the high rank commonly assigned to him among the improvers of science! Dr. William Hunter has said, that after the discovery of the valves in the veins, which HARVEY learned while in Italy from his master, Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the remaining step might easily have been made by any

person of common abilities. "This discovery," he observes, "set Harvey to work upon the use of the heart and vascular system in animals; and in the course of some years, he was so happy as to discover, and to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, the circulation of the blood." He afterwards expresses his astonishment that this discovery should have been left for Harvey, though he acknowledges it occupied "a course of years;" adding, that "Providence meant to reserve it for him, and would not let men see what was before them, nor understand what they read." It is remarkable that when great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus!

It is said that a recent discovery, which ascertains that the Niger empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, was really anticipated by the geographical acumen of a student at Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and examination of African captives; and had actually constructed, for the inspection of government, a map of Africa, on which he had traced the entire course of the Niger from the interior.

FRANKLIN conjectured the identity of lightning and of electricity, before he had realised it by decisive experiment. The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very promising cloud had passed over it without any effect. Just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect, and to avoid one another, just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this promising appearance, he immediately presented his knuckle to the key! And let the reader judge of the exquisite pleasure he must have felt at that moment when the discovery was complete! We owe to Priestley this admirable narrative—the strong sensation of delight which FRANKLIN experienced as his knuckle touched the key, and when he felt that a new world was opening, might have been equalled, but it was probably not surpassed, when the same hand signed the long-disputed independence of his country!

When LEIBNITZ was occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his *Law of Continuity*, his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a discovery which afterwards was realised—he imagined the necessary existence of the polypus!

It has been remarked of NEWTON, that several of his slight hints, some in the modest form of queries, have been ascertained to be predictions, as among others was that of the inflammability of the diamond; and many have been eagerly seized upon as indisputable axioms. A hint, at the close of his *Optics*, that "If natural philosophy should be continued to be improved in its various branches, the bounds of moral philosophy would be enlarged also," is, perhaps, among the most important of human discoveries—it gave rise to Hartley's *Physiological Theory of the Mind*. The queries, the hints, the conjectures of NEWTON, display the most creative sagacity; and demonstrate in what manner the discoveries of retired



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men, while they bequeath their legacies to the world, afford to themselves a frequent source of secret and silent triumphs.

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A PEDAGOGICAL critic, probably one of the juniors, has thrown out a startling observation. "There is," says this literary orator, "something morbid in the study of biography, because it is—a history of the dead!" A truce and a fainty mixed up together, is the temptation with some modern critics to commit that darling sin of theirs—society and originality! But we really cannot console with the readers of Plutarch for their deep melancholy, we who feel our spirits refreshed amidst the mediocrity of society, when we are recalled back to the men and the women who were illustrious in every glory! Biography with us is a reunion with human existence in its most excellent state, and we find nothing dead in the past, while we retain the sympathies which only require to be awakened.

It would have been more reasonable had the critic discovered that our country has not yet had her Plutarch, and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation.

In this study of biography there is a species which has not yet been distinguished—biographies composed by some domestic friend, or by some enthusiast who works with love. A term is unquestionably wanted for this distinct class. The Germans seem to have invented a picturesque one, drawn from the Greek, *psyché*, or the soul, for they call this the *psychological life*. Another attempt has been made, by giving it the scientific term of *discovery*, to denote a peculiarity of disposition. I would call it *sentimental biography*.

It is distinct from a *chronological biography* for it searches for the individual's feelings amidst the ascertained facts of his life; so that facts, which occurred remotely from each other, are here brought at once together. The detail of events which completes the chronological biography contains a story which are not connected with the peculiarity of the character itself. The *sentimental* is also distinct from the *autobiography*, however this may worth a part of it. Whether a man be entitled to lavish his panegyric on himself, I will not decide, but it is certain that he risks everything by appealing to a solitary and suspected witness.

We have two lives of DANTE, by Boccaccio and by LEONARDO AERTINO, both interesting; but Boccaccio's is the *sentimental life*.

AERTINO, indeed, finds fault, but with all the tenderness possible, with Boccaccio's affectionate sketch, *Origine, Vita, Studi e Costumi del chiarissimo DANTE*, &c. "Origine, Life, Studies, and Manner of the illustrious DANTE," &c. "It seems to me," he says, "that our Boccaccio, *dolcissimo e carissimo* name, sweet and delightful man! has written the life and manners of this sublime poet, as if he had been composing the *Fiducia*, the *Fiducia*, or the *Panemite*—the romance of Boccaccio—for all breath of love and sighs, and is covered with warm tears, as if a man were born in this world only to live among the em-

powered ladies and the gallant youths of the ten amorous days of his hundred years."

AERTINO, who wanted not all the feeling requisite for the delightful "costume study" of Boccaccio's Dante, modestly requires that his own life of Dante should be considered as a supplement to, not as a substitute for Boccaccio's. Pathetic with all the sorrow, and eloquent with all the reminiscence of a fellow-citizen, who, while he wept, hung with anger over his country's shame in its apathy for the honour of its long-injured exile. Catching inspiration from the bewailing pages of Boccaccio, it inclines one to wish that we possessed two biographies of an illustrious favourite character, the one strictly and fully historical, the other fraught with the very feelings of the departed, which we may have to seek in vain in the circumstantial and chronological biographies. Boccaccio, indeed, was overcome by his feelings. He either knew not, or he forgot the substantial incidents of Dante's life, while his imagination threw a romantic tinge on occurrences raised on slight, perhaps on no foundation. Boccaccio narrates a dream of the mother of Dante so fancifully poetical, that probably Boccaccio forgot that none but a dreamer could have told it. Seated under a high laurel-tree, by the side of a vast fountain, the mother dreams that she gave birth to her son; she saw him nourished by its fruit, and rebrued by those clear waters, she soon bearded him a shepherd, approaching to pluck the boughs, she saw him fall! When he ran he had ceased to be a man, and was transformed into a parrot! Disturbed by her admiration, she suddenly awoke; but when the father found that he really had a son, in allusion to the dream he called him DANTE—or *grasso*—a mortificante, *perché si chiamava, come si vede procedendo, segno al nome l'effetto*—and deservedly! for greatly, as we shall see, the effect followed the name. At most years of age, on a May-day, whose joyous festival Boccaccio beautifully describes, when the mistress of the heavens re-adorned the earth with its mingled flowers, waved the green boughs, and made all things smile, Dante mixed with the boys and girls in the house of the good citizens who on that day gave the feast, bearded little Bruce, as she was familiarly called, but named Beatrice. The little Dante might have seen her before, but he loved her then, and from that day never ceased to love, and thus DANTE *nella pargolezza oia fatto d'amore fortissimo servivola*, an fervent a servant to Love in an age of childhood! Boccaccio appeals to Dante's own account of his long passion and his constant sighs, in the *Vita Nuova*. No look, no word, no sign, could the purity of his passion; but in her twenty-fourth year died "la bellissima Beatrice." Dante is then described as more than inconsolable; his eyes were long two abundant fountains of tears, carolus of life, he let his beard grow wildly, and to others appeared a savage meagre man, whose aspect was so changed, that while this weeping life lasted, he was hardly recognized by his friends, all looked on a man so entirely transformed, with deep compassion. Dante, worn over by those who could console the inconsolable, was at length solicited by his relations to marry a lady of his own con-

dium in life; and that as the departed lady had occasioned him such heavy grief, the one who might open a source of delight. The relatives and friends of Dante gave him a wife that his tears for Beatrice might cease.

It is supposed that this marriage proved unhappy. Boccaccio, like a pathetic lover rather than a biographer, exclaims, "*Oh menti cecata! Oh credens infelix! Oh argenti vana di melle merita quanta non le valenti in animi non conseruere a morte erant!*" &c. Oh blind men! Oh dark minds! Oh vain arguments of mortal mortals, how often are the results contrary to our advice! Frequently it is like leading one who breathes the soft air of Italy to refresh himself in the eternal shades of the Elysian mountains. What physician would expect a burning fever with fire, or put in the starved marrow of the bones snow and ice? So certainly shall it fare with him, who, with a new love, thinks to outgrow the old. Those who believe thus know not the nature of love, nor how much a second passion adds to the first. In vain would we assist or advise this forced passion, if it has struck its root near the heart of him who long has loved.

Boccaccio has beguiled my pen for half an hour with all the love and fancy which spring out of his own affectionate and romantic heart. What airy stuff has he woven into the "Vita" of Dante! this sentimental biography! Whether he knew but little of the personal history of the great man whom he adored, or whether the dream of the mother and the May-day interview with the little Beatrice, and the rest of the children and the effusions on Dante's marriage, were grounded on tradition, one would not hardly expect such brother secrets.* But let it not be imagined that the heart of Boccaccio was only susceptible to sweetest impressions—births of enthusiasm and eloquence, which only a man of genius is worthy of receiving, and only a man of genius is capable of bestowing—floods the masculine patriotism of his mind, independent spirit!

Half a century had elapsed since the death of Dante, and still the Florentines showed no sign of repentance for their ancient hatred of their persecuted patriot, nor any wear of the memory of the crumb of their language, whose immortality had become a portion of their own glory. Boccaccio, impassioned by all his generous nature, though he regrets he could not raise a statue to Dante, has writ down to posterity more than marble, in the "life." I venture to give the lofty and bold apostrophe to his fellow-citizens, but I feel that even the genius of our language is tame by the side of the harmonious eloquence of this great votary of Dante.

* "A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante," in English, printed in Italy, has just reached me. I am delighted to find that this biography of Love, however romantic, is true! In his stock year, Dante was a lover and a poet! The tender man! free from all obscurity, which he computed on to strike, is preserved in the above singular volume. There can be no longer any doubt of the story of Beatrice; but the mist and the passion must be "classed among curious natural phenomena."

"Ungrateful country! what madmen urged thee, when thy dearest citizens, thy chief benefactors, thy only poet, with unaccounted cruelty was driven to flight! If this had happened in the general terror of that time, coming from evil counsel, thou mightest stand excused, but when the passions ceased, didst thou repent? didst thou recall him? Bear with me, nor deem it trifling from me, who am thy son, that thou I collect what just indignation prompts me to speak, as a man more desirous of witnessing your amendment, than of beholding you punished! Beasts fit to you glorious, proud of so many men and of such men, that the one whom like no neighbouring city can show, you have chosen to chase from among you! With what triumph, with what glorious citizens are you sprinkled? Your wealth is a removable and uncertain thing; your fragile beauty will grow old, your delicacy is shameful and feminine, but these make you noticed by the faint judgments of the populace! Do you glory in your merchants and your artists? I speak imprudently, but the one are tenaciously attached to their servile trade, and art, which once was so noble, and became a sacred nature, struck by the same arrow, is now as corrupted, and nothing worth! Do you glory in the lawyers and the holiness of their offices, who, because their ancestors are remembered, attempt to run up among you a nobility to govern you, ever by robbery, by treachery, by falsehood! Ah! miserable wretch! open those eyes, cast them with some remorse on what thou hast done, and blush, at least, repented war on those art, to have had in your error so fatal a choice! Why not rather imitate the acts of those cities who so boldly disposed merely for the honour of the birthplace of the divine Homer? Mantua, our neighbour, counts as the greatest fame which remains for her, that Vergil was a Mantuan! and holds his very name in such reverence, that not only in public places, but in the most private, we see his sculptured image! You only, while you were made famous by illustrious men, you only have shown no care for your great poet. Your Dante Alighieri died in exile, to which you unjustly, envious of his greatness, destined him! A crime not to be remembered, that the mother should bear an eternal malignity to the cradle of a son! How cease to be unjust! He cannot do you that, now dead, which living, he never did do to you! He lies under another sky than yours, and you never can use him again, but on that day, when all your citizens shall view him, and the great Remembrancer shall examine, and shall punish! If anger, hatred, and enmity are buried with a man, as it is believed, begin them to return to yourself, begin to be ashamed to have acted against your ancient humanity, begin, then, to wish to appease a mother, and not a cold, malignant step-dame. Yield your term to your son, yield your maternal pity to him whom once you repulsed, and, living, cast away from you! At least think of possessing him dead, and restore your citizenship, your award, and your grace, to his memory. He was a son who held you in reverence, and through long an exile, he always called himself, and would be called, a Florentine! He held you ever above all others; ever he loved you! What will you



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then do? Will you commit suicide in jealousy? Will you practice less humanity than the barbarians? You wish that the world should believe that you are the son of Isidore Troy, and the daughter of Rome; assuredly the children should resemble their fathers and their ancestors. Prætor, in his misery, thought the corpse of Hector worth gold, and Rome would purchase the bones of the first heroes, and removed them from Lethæum, which, dying, as justly he had deserved her. Such claim to be the true guardian of your Deane, claim him! show this humane feeling, claim him! you may securely do this. I am certain he will not be returned to you, but thus at once you may betray some mark of compassion, and, not having him again, will enjoy your ancient virtue! Alas! what comfort can I bring you? I cannot believe, that if the dead could feel, the body of Deane would not try to return to you, for he is lying in Elysium, where hallowed and everywhere covered with the ashes of saints. Would Deane quit this blessed company to mingle with the remains of those harlots and sinners which gove him up rent in his? The sins of Deane, even among the houses of emperors and of martyrs, and of their Christian ancestors, is prized as a treasure, for there his works are looked on with admiration, those works of which you have not yet known to make yourselves worthy. His birth place, his origin, remains for you, spot of your ingratitude! and this Elysium calls you, while the stones in your bosom which she has watched from you through ages yet to come."

Such was the deep emotion which opened Buccacini's heart in this sentimental biography, and awake even shame and confusion in the minds of the Florentines; they blushed for their old hatreds, and, with weakened sympathies, they hastened to honour the memory of their great bard. By order of the city the *Divina Commedia* was publicly read and explained to the people. Buccacini, then working under the influence of age, round his departing genius still was there marrow in the bones of the aged man, and he engaged in the task of composing his celebrated Commentary on the *Divina Commedia*.

In this class of sentimental biography I would place a species which the historian Cæsar noticed in his travels on the continent, in pursuit of his historical design. He found, preserved among a rural obscure families of France, their domestic annals. "With a warm, patriotic spirit, worthy of emulation, they have often carefully preserved in their families the acts of their ancestors." A custom which we have not adopted, but we may be content that many a name has not been inscribed on the roll of national glory, only from wanting a few drops of ink! The delight and pride of the modern Greek in the great and good deeds of their ancestors, preserved in domestic archives, will be ascribed to their folly or vanity; yet in that folly there is so much wisdom, and in that vanity there is so much greatness, that the one will amply reward the other.

The nation has but many a noble example of men and women acting a great part on great occasions, and then retreating to the shade of privacy. Such domestic annals may yet be viewed

in the lands records at Appleton Castle. Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was a glorious woman, the descendant of two potent southern families, the Yvetings and the Cliftons. She lived in a state of regal magnificence and independence, inhabiting her castle, yet though her magnificent spirit poured itself out in her extended charities, and though her independence raised that of monarchs, yet she herself, in her domestic habits, lived as a hermit in her own castle, and though she acquired with her native language, she had cultivated her mind in many parts of learning, and in Danish, in her way otherwise, she knew how to converse of everything, from predilection to herself. Her favourite dream was to have materials collected for the history of those two potent northern families to whom she was allied, and at a considerable expense employed learned persons to make collections for this purpose, from the records in the Tower the Rolls, and other repositories of documents; and these, we are informed by Gulpin, he had with him transcribed in three large volumes. Anecdotes of a great variety of characters, who had exerted themselves on very important occasions, comprise these family records—and induce one to wish that the public were in possession of such annals of the domestic life of heroes and of sages, who have only failed in obtaining an historian!

A biographer of moment of this nature, which has passed through the press, will sufficiently prove the utility of this class of sentimental biography. It is the life of Robert Peck, a Welsh lawyer, and an ancestor of the gentleman whose ingenuity, in our days, has refined the principles of the picturesque in art. This life is announced as "printed by the appointment of the Society," but it must not be considered merely as a tribute of private affection, and how we are at this day interested in the actions of a Welsh lawyer in the reign of William the Third, whose name has probably never been conjoined to the page of history, remains to be told.

Robert Peck, after having married Charles the Second, lived liberally in the several times of William the Third. He was probably of Tory principles, for on the arrival of the Dutch prince, he was removed from the attorney-generalship of Oldenburg. The new monarch has been accused of fanaticism, and of an eagerness in discovering contraband grounds on which his foreignness, which man raised a formidable opposition in the patriot spirit of Englishmen. The great favourite, William III. himself, after being raised to the title of Earl of Portland, had a grant bestowed on him of three lordships, in the county of Devon. The patron of his native country—a title which the Welsh had already conferred on Robert Peck—then rose to assert the rights of his fatherland, and his speeches are so admirable for their knowledge and their spirit. "The submitting of 1500 freeholders to the will of a Dutch lord was," as he sarcastically declared, "putting them in a worse posture than their former estate, when under William the Conqueror and his Norman lords. England must not be tributary to strangers—we must, like patriots, stand by our country—otherwise, when God shall send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him,

as a Pope did to King John, who was married *Jane Ferris*, and was by his father made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a crown of peacock's feathers, in derogation of his power, and the poverty of his country." Robert Price asserted that the king could not, by the Bill of Rights, alien or give away the inheritance of a Prince of Wales, without the consent of parliament. He concluded a copious and patriotic speech, by proposing that an address be presented to the king, to put an immediate stop to the grant now passing to the Earl of Portland for the lordships, &c.

This speech produced such an effect, that the address was carried unanimously, and the king, though he highly resented the speech of Robert Price, sent a civil message to the Commons, declaring that he should not have given Lord Portland those lands, had he imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned. "I will therefore recall the grant." On receiving the royal message, Robert Price drew up a resolution to which the house assented, that "to procure or pass exorbitant grants by any member of the privy council, &c., was a high crime and misdemeanour." The speech of Robert Price contained truths too numerous and too bold to suffer the light during that reign, but this speech against foreigners was printed the year after King William's death, with this title, "*Gloria Cambria, or the speech of a bold Briton in parliament, against a Dutch prince of Wales*," with this motto, *Opusculum Fidei*. Such was the great character of Robert Price, that he was made a Welsh judge by the very sovereign whose favourite plans he had so patriotically opposed.

Another marked event in the life of this English patriot was a second noble stand he made against the royal authority, which in opposition to the public good. The secret history of a quarrel between George the First and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, on the birth of a son, appears in this life, and when the prince in disgrace left the palace, his royal highness proposed taking his children with him and the prince, but the king detained the children, claiming the care of the royal offspring as a royal prerogative. It now became a legal point to ascertain "whether the education of his majesty's grandchildren, and the care of their marriages, &c., belonged of right to his majesty as king of this realm, or not?" Ten of the judges obsequiously allowed of the prerogative to the full. Robert Price and another judge decided that the education, &c., was the right of the father, although the marriage was that of his majesty as king of this realm, yet not exclusive of the prince, their father. He assured the king, that the ten obsequious judges had no authority to support their precipitate opinion, all the banks and precedents cannot form a prerogative for the king of this realm to have the care and education of his grandchildren during the life and without the consent of their father—a prerogative unknown to the laws of England! He pleaded for the rights of a father, with the spirit of one who loves them, as well as with legal acumen, and currency of historical knowledge.

Such were the two great incidents in the life of

this Welsh judge! Yet had the family and blood one to commemorate these memorable events in the life of their ancestor, we had but the noble picture of a constitutional interpreter of the laws, an independent country gentleman, and an Englishman jealous of the excessive predominance of ministerial or royal influence.

Another claim of this *unarmoured biography* was projected by the late Elizabeth Hamilton. This was to have consisted of a series of what she called *comparative biography*, and an ancient character was to have been paralleled by a modern one. Occupied by her historical romance with the character of Agrippina, she sought in modern history for a partner of her own sex, and "one who, like her, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune," and she found no one better qualified than the pious paleontologist, *Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First*. Her next life was to have been that of *Romana* with "the scenes and persons of which her life of Agrippina had furnished her," and the contrast (or the parallel) was to have been *Luck*, which, well managed, she thought, would have been sufficiently striking. It seems to me, that it would rather have afforded an evidence of her invention! Such a biographical project reminds one of *Plutarch's Parallels*, and might incur the danger of displaying more ingenuity than truth. The age of Chironius must often have racked his invention to help out his parallel, bending together the most unconnected events and the most distinct persons, to make them similar, and, to keep his parallel in two straight lines, he probably made a free use of argumentative and disingenuous to help out his part, who might have been equal, and yet not able!

We were once promised that the patriotic optimism of Mr. Southey's prize would not fail to realize the very ideal of *biographical monument*—our fatherland is prodigal of immortal names, or names which might be made immortal! It would be that sort of work which Gibbon once contemplated with complacency, and of which we may regret that he has only left the project. "I have long retained in my mind a volume of biographical writing; the lives or rather the characters of the most eminent persons in arts and arms, in church and state, who have flourished in Britain, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. The subject would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, and powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman."

LITERARY PARALLELS.

An opinion on this subject in the preceding article has led me to a further investigation. It may be right to acknowledge that so attractive is this critical and moral amusement of comparing great characters with one another, that, among others, Bishop H. has once proposed to write a *book of Parallels*, and has furnished a specimen in that of *Petrarch and Ronsard*, and intended for another that of *Boissieu with Cicero*. It is amusing to observe how a lively and subtle mind can strike out resemblances, and make contrast accord, and at the same time show the peaching

difficulties through which a parallel is pushed, till it ends in a paradox.

Hurd says of Petrarch and Rousseau—"Both were impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards different objects: Petrarch's towards the glory of the Roman name, Rousseau's towards his idol of a state of Nature; the one religious, the other *un esprit fort*; but may not Petrarch's spite to Babylon be considered, in his time, as a species of free-thinking?"—and concludes, that "both were mad, but of a different nature." Unquestionably there were features much alike, and almost peculiar to these two literary characters; but I doubt if Hurd has comprehended them in the parallel.

I now give a specimen of those parallels which have done so much mischief in the literary world, when drawn by a hand which covertly leans on one side. An elaborate one of this sort was composed by Longolius or Longueil, between BUDÆUS and ERASMUS.* This man, though of Dutch origin, affected to pass for a Frenchman, and, to pay his court to his chosen people, gives the preference obliquely to the French Budæus; though, to make a show of impartiality, he acknowledges that Francis the First had awarded it to Erasmus; but probably he did not infer that kings were the most able reviewers! This parallel was sent forth during the lifetime of both these great scholars, who had long been correspondents, but the publication of the parallel interrupted their friendly intercourse. Erasmus returned his compliments and thanks to Longolius, but at the same time insinuates a gentle hint, that he was not over-pleased. "What pleases me most," Erasmus writes, "is the just preference you have given Budæus over me; I confess you are even too economical in your praise of him, as you are too prodigal in mine. I thank you for informing me what it is the learned desire to find in me; my self-love suggests many little excuses, with which, you observe, I am apt to favour my defects. If I am careless, it arises partly from my ignorance, and more from my indolence; I am so constituted, that I cannot conquer my nature; I precipitate rather than compose, and it is far more irksome for me to revise than to write."

This parallel between ERASMUS and BUDÆUS, though the parallel itself was not of a malignant nature, yet disturbed the quiet, and interrupted the friendship of both. When Longolius discovered that the Parisian surpassed the Hollander in Greek literature and the knowledge of the civil law, and wrote more learnedly and laboriously, how did this detract from the finer genius and the varied erudition of the more delightful writer? The parallelist compares Erasmus to "a river swelling its waters and often overflowing its banks; Budæus rolled on like a majestic stream, ever restraining its waves within its bed. The Frenchman has more nerve and blood, and life, and the Hollander more fulness, freshness, and colour."

This taste for *biographical parallels* must have reached us from Plutarch; and there is something malicious in our nature which inclines us to form

* It is noticed by Jortin, in his *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 160.

comparative estimates, usually with a view to elevate one great man at the cost of another, whom we would secretly depreciate. Our political parties at home have often indulged in these fallacious parallels, and Pitt and Fox once balanced the scales, not by the standard weights and measures which ought to have been used, but by the adroitness of the hand that pressed down the scale. In literature these comparative estimates have proved most prejudicial. A finer model exists not than the *parallel of Dryden and Pope*, by Johnson; for, without designing any undue preference, his vigorous judgment has analysed them by his contrasts, and rather shown their distinctness than their similarity. But literary *parallels* usually end in producing *parties*; and, as I have elsewhere observed, often originate in undervaluing one man of genius, for his deficiency in some eminent quality possessed by the other man of genius; and not unfrequently proceed from adverse tastes, with the concealed design of establishing their own favourite one. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this folly. Virgil probably was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and the *Homerians* combated with the *Virgilians*. Modern Italy was long divided into such literary sects: a perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the *Ariostoists* and the *Tassoists*; and feuds as dire as those between two Highland clans were raised concerning the *Petrarchists* and the *Chiabrerists*. Old Corneille lived to bow his venerable genius before a parallel with Racine; and no one has suffered more unjustly by those arbitrary criticisms than Pope, for a strange unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the *Drydenists* and the *Papists*. Two men of great genius should never be depreciated by the misapplied ingenuity of a parallel; on such occasions we ought to conclude, that they are *magis pares quam simile*

THE PEARL BIBLES, AND SIX THOUSAND ERRATA.

As a literary curiosity, I notice a subject which might rather enter into the history of religion. It relates to the extraordinary state of our English Bibles, which were for some time suffered to be so corrupted, that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata.

These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary commissions, interpolated passages, and meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of some half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission, of texts—the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine-merchants, contrived to accommodate "the waters of life" to their customers' peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in as contracted a form as they possibly could, for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no Bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his "*Mixt Contemplations on better Times*," alluding to this circumstance, with not one of his

back's quibbles, observes, "The small price of the Bible hath caused the small price of the Bible."

The extraordinary attempt on the English Bible began even before Charles the First's dethronement, and probably arose from an unusual demand for Bibles, as the sectarian fanaticism was increasing. Printing of English Bibles was an article of open trade; every one printed at the lowest price, and so fast as their presses would allow. Even those who were dignified as "his Majesty's Printers" were among these manufacturers, for we have an account of a scandalous omission by them of the important negative in the seventh commandment! The printers were summoned before the court of High Commission, and this act served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds! A prior circumstance, indeed, had occurred, which induced the government to be more vigilant on the Bible press. The learned Usher, one day hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, as booksellers were then called, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press, and, says the manuscript writer of this narrative, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers about the right of printing Bibles.*

The next bibliographical history of these times would show the extraordinary state of the press in this new trade of Bibles. The writer of a curious pamphlet exposes the combination of those called the king's printers, with these contrivances to keep up the price of Bibles, their correspondence with the booksellers of Scotland and Dublin, by which means they retained the privilege in their own hands, the king's London printers got Bibles printed cheaper at Edinburgh. In 1629, when Irish Bibles were wanted, the Cambridge printers sold them at ten shillings in quires, on this the Londoners set six printing hours at work, and, to annihilate the Cambridgeans, printed a similar folio Bible, but sold with it five hundred quarto Roman Bibles, and five hundred quarto English, at five shillings a hark, which proved the ruin of the Irish Bibles, by keeping them down under the cost price. Another competition arose among those who printed English Bibles in Holland, in *dramma*, with an English colophon, for half the price even of the lowest in London. Twelve thousand of these *dramma* Bibles, with notes, fabricated in Holland, usually by our fugitive sectarians, were seized by the king's printers, as contrary to the statute? Such was the shameful

war of Bibles—folios, quartos, and *drammas*, even in the days of Charles the First. The public spirit of the rising sect was the real occasion of these increased demands for Bibles.

During the civil wars they carried on the same open trade and competition, besides the private ventures of the smuggled Bibles. A large impression of these Dutch English Bibles was burnt by order of the Assembly of Divines, for these three errors—

Gen. xxvi. 34.—This is that as that found rulers in the wilderness—for unto.

Ruth iv. 13.—The Lord gave her *corruption*—for *conception*.

Luke xxi. 31.—Look up, and lift up your hands, for your redemption draweth nigh—for redemption.

These errors were none of the printers; but, as a writer of the times expresses it, "careless blasphemy, and damnable errors" of some sectarian, or some Belgian editor of that day!

The printing of Bibles at length was a privilege conceded to one William Bentley, but he was opposed by Miles and Field, and a paper war arose, in which they mutually recommended one another, with equal truth.

Field printed in 1633 what was called the *PLAIN* Bible, shewing, I suppose, to that divine's eye to printing, for it could not derive its name from its worth. It is a twenty-four, but to contract the mighty books into this dwarfishness, all the original Hebrew text preface to the Psalms, explaining the occasion and the subject of their composition, is wholly expunged. This *Pearl* Bible, which may be inspected among the great criterion of our English Bibles at the British Museum, is set off by many notable errors, of which these are noticed—

Romans vi. 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of righteousness unto us—for *unrighteousness*.

First Corinthians vi. 9.—Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God?—for shall not inherit.

This *erratum* served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine, for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible, against the reproach of a *device*.

This Field was a great lawyer, and it is said that he received a present of *Acipon* from the *Independents* to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible, it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we*, so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles. The only account I recollect of this extraordinary state of our Bibles is a happy allusion in a box of Butler—

Religion spurn'd a various rout
Of pretious, capricious worth,
THE MASTERS OF CORRUPT TEXTS.

In other Bibles by Miles and Field we may find such abundant errors, reducing the text to nonsense or to blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible in the multitude, who came to pray, and not to scorn.

It is affirmed, in the manuscript account already referred to, that one Bible swarmed with six thou-

* Hist. no. 6305.

† "Acipilla, or a Light broken into dark Warr-houses, of mine Printers, sleeping Stationers, and combing Bookellers, in which is only a touch of their forestalling and ingrossing of Books in Patterns, and raising them to excessive prices. Left to the consideration of the high and honourable House of Parliament, now assembled. London. So where to be sold, but where to be given. 1641."



and faults? Indeed, from another source, we discover that "Steuart, a solid scholar, was the first who annimé up the three thousand and six hundred faults, that were in our printed Bibles of London."* If one book can be made to contain near four thousand errors, little ingenuity was required to reach to six thousand; but perhaps this is the best time so remarkable an incident in the history of literature has ever been chronicled. And that famous edition of the Vulgate by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, a memorable book of blunders, which commands such high prices, ought now to fall in value before the GREAT BIBLE, in twenty-four, of Brown, Mills and Field.

Mr. Field, and his worthy competitor, seem to have carried the favour of the reigning powers over their opponents; for I find a piece of their secret history. They engaged to pay £300 per annum to some, "whose names I forbear to mention," warmly observes the manuscript writer; and above £100 per annum to Mr. Marchmont Nedham and his wife, out of the profits of the sales of their Bibles, deriving, imitating, and triumphing over others, out of their confidence in their great friends and purse, as if they were lawless and free, both from offence and punishment? This Marchmont Nedham is sufficiently notorious, and his secret history is probably true; for in a *Mercurius Politicus* of the unprincipled Cobbett of his day, I found an elaborate puff of an edition published by the attorney-general to this Worthy and his Wife!

Not only had the Bible to suffer their indignation of use and price, but the Prayer-book was once printed in an illegible and worn-out type; on which the printer being complained of, he stoutly replied, that "it was as good as the price afforded; and being a book which all persons ought to have by heart, it was no matter whether it was read or not, so that it was worn out in their hands." The Puritans seem not to have been so nice for the source of purity itself!

These hard labours of the sectarians, with their six thousand errors, like the false Decem, covered their crafty delinquency with a fair raiment; for when the great Seiden, in the assembly of divines, delighted to console them in their own hearing, he would say, as Whitelocke reports, when they had cited a text to prove their assertion, "Perhaps in your little pocket-bibles with gilt leaves," which they would often pull out and read, "the translation may be so, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies thus."

While these transactions were occurring, it appears that the authentic translation of the Bible, such as we now have it, by the learned translators in James the First's time, was suffered to be neglected in manuscript! The manuscript copy was in the possession of two of the King's printers, who, from cowardice, consent, and compliance, suppressed the publication, considering that a Bible full of errors, and often, probably, accommodated to the notions of certain sectarians, was more valuable than one authenticated by the

hierarchy! Such was the state of the English Bible till 1688.¹⁰

The proverbial expression of chapter and verse seems peculiar to ourselves, and, I suspect, originated in the puritanic period, probably just before the civil war under Charles the First, from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions, practised by those whom South calls "those mighty men at chapter and verse." With a sort of religious coquetry, they were vain of perpetually opening their gilt pocket Bibles, they puffed them up with such self-sufficiency and perfect ignorance of the original, that the learned Seiden found considerable amusement in going to these "assembly of divines," and puzzling or confuting them, as we have ordered. A ludicrous anecdote on one of these occasions is given by a contemporary, which shows how admirably that learned man amused himself with this "assembly of divines!" They were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or of sacred geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for this strange reason, that he was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Seiden observed, that "possibly the sub in question was asked," and mirrored these acute disputants.

It would probably have greatly disappointed them "chapter and verse" men, to have informed them that the Scriptures had neither chapter nor verse! It is by no means clear how the holy writings were anciently divided, and still less how quoted or referred to. The manner of the introduction of the present arrangement of the Scriptures is ascribed to Robert Stephens, in his own, in the preface to his Concordance, a task which he performed during a journey on horseback, from Paris to London, in 1551, and whether it was done at York or London, on his way, or in his intermediate days, he has received all possible thanks for this employment of his time. Two years afterwards he concluded with the Bible. But that the honour of every invention may be disputed, Sanctus Pagninus's Bible, printed at Lyons in 1529, seems to have led the way to these convenient divisions; Stephens however improved on Pagninus's mode of paragraphical marks and marginal verses; and our present "chapter and verse," more numerous and more commodiously subjoined, were the project of this learned printer, to recommend his edition of the Bible; trade and learning were once combined! Whether in this arrangement any disturbance of the continuity of the text has followed, is a subject not fitted for my inquiry!

VIEW OF A PARTICULAR PERIOD OF THE STATE OF RELIGION IN OUR CIVIL WARS.

LOOKING over the manuscript diary of Sir Byrmond D'Ewes, I was struck by a picture of the domestic religious life which at that period was prevalent among families. For D'Ewes was a sober antiquary, heated with an Israelitish zeal!

* O. Gurnard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford vol. I. p. 261.
† Hist. 22. 350.

* See the London Printer's Lamentation on the Press oppressed, Hist. Coll. III. 580.

discussed in his Diary that he was a visionary in his constitution, marinating his body by private fasts, and spiritualizing in search of *veritas* again. These ascetic penances were afterwards succeeded in the nation by an era of hypocritical sanctity, and we may trace it in its last stage of insanity and of immorality, closing with imposture. This would be a dreadful picture of religion, if for a moment we supposed that it were religion, that constitutory power which has its source in our limitations, and according to the derivation of its respective term, binds men together. With us it was sectarian, when origin and cause we shall not now touch on, which broke out into so many monstrous shapes, when every pretended reformer was guided by his own peculiar fancies: we have lived to prove that folly and wickedness are nearly coextensive.

The age of the Dymonds & Swin, who lived through the times of Charles the First, was religious, for the character of this monarch had all the seriousness and purity not found in the Commonwealth, and cautious indecision of his father, whose manners of the Scottish court were disdained on the question of the French, from the ancient intercourse of the French and Scottish provinces. But this religious age of Charles the First presents a strange contrast with the Commonwealth, which subsequently prevailed among the people there seems to be a secret communion between a religious and an irreligious period, the love of popular feeling is driven to and fro by its reaction, where men have been once taught to content his mere humanity, his abstract fancies open a secret by path to his presumed elevation: he wanders till he is lost. He trembles till he falls in satisfaction: he rises till truth itself is no longer insupportable. The transition to a very opposite state is equally rapid and vehement. Such is the history of man in religion with unobstructed feelings, and such too is that reaction so constantly operating in all human affairs.

The order of the diary did not belong to those Nonconformists who arranged themselves in hostility to the established religion and political government of our country. A private gentleman and a phlegmatic countryman, Sir Dymonds withdrew from a seclusion Church of England Protestant. Yet amidst the mystical allusions of an age of religious conservatism, we are there: clear in the stream we are about to open, and had the quiet gentleman fortifying himself and his lady, by watching for "certain evidence marks and signs of an assurance for a better life," with I know not how many distant sorts of "Grace."

I give an extract from the manuscript diary.

"I spent this day chiefly in private fasting, prayer and other religious exercises. This was the first time that I ever practised this duty, having always before declined it, by reason of the Papist superstitious abuse of it. I had partaken formerly of public fasts, but never knew the use and benefit of the same duty performed alone in secret, or with others of more or less family in private. In those particulars, I had my knowledge much enlarged by the religious converse I enjoyed at Allbury Lodge, for there also I shortly after entered upon *fructus* an evidence of marks and signs for my assurance of a better life.

"I found much benefit of my secret fasting, from a learned discourse on fasting by Mr Henry Moore, and observed his rule, that Christians ought to sit sometimes apart for their ordinary humiliation and fasting, and so intend to continue the same course as long as my health will permit me. Yet did I vary the times and duration of my fasting. At first, before I had finished the marks and signs of my assurance of a better life, which ordinary and secret fasts me many strenuous days of fasting, I performed it sometimes twice in the space of five weeks, then once each month, or a little sooner or later, and then also I sometimes ended the duties of the day, and took some little food about three of the clock in the afternoon. But for three years last past, I constantly abstained from all food the whole day. I fasted till supper-time, about six in the evening, and spent ordinarily about eight or nine hours in the performance of religious duties, one part of which was prayer and confession of sins, to which end I wrote down a catalogue of all my sins once, weekly. These were all sins of infirmity. For, through God's grace, I was so far from allowing myself in the practice and commission of any actual sin, as I do not take upon me any carnal, sensual sin, as envy, hatred, pride, thirst, and the like, because I was so much over judgment persuaded they were unlawful. Till I had learned my assurance first in English and afterwards in Latin, with a large and an elaborate preface in Latin also to it, I spent a great part of the day at that work, &c.

"Saturday, December 1, 1639, I devoted to my usual course of secret fasting, and drew down signs of my assurance of a better life, from the grove of repentance, having before gone through the grove of knowledge, faith, hope, love, zeal, patience, humility, and joy, and drawing several marks from them on the days of humiliation for the greater part. My dear wife beginning also to draw most certain signs of her own future happiness after death from several graces.

"January 19, 1640. Saturday I spent in secret humiliation and fasting, and finished my whole assurance to a better life, consisting of twelve marks and six proofs, or marks drawn from several graces. I made some small alterations on those signs afterwards, and when I turned them into the Latin tongue, I enriched the margin with further proofs and assurances. I found much comfort and refreshment of spirit from them, which shows the sweet simplicity of the Papists, Anabaptists, and pseudo-Lotharans, and profane atheists, who say that assurance brings little presumption, and a careless wicked life. True, when men pretend to the end, and not on the means.

"My wife joined with me in a private day of fasting, and drew several signs and marks by wit, help and assistance, for her assurance to a better life."

This was an era of religious diaries, particularly among the Nonconformists, but they were, as we saw, used by others. Of the Countess of Warwick, who died in 1638, we are told, that "she kept a diary, and took counsel with two persons, whom she called her *confidants*." She called prayer *heart's son*, for such she found them. "Her own

lord, knowing her *hours of prayers*, once conveyed a godly minister into a *secret place* within hearing, who, being a man very able to judge, much admired her humble fervency; for in praying she prayed; but when she did not with an audible voice, her sighs and groans might be heard at a good distance from the closet." We are not surprised to discover this practice of religious diaries among the more Puritanic sort: what they were we may gather from the description of one. Mr. John Janeway "kept a diary, in which he wrote down *every evening* what the *frame of his spirit* had been *all that day*; he took notice what *incomes* he had, what *profit* he received in his spiritual traffic; what *returns* came from that far country; what *answers* of prayer, what deadness and flatness of spirit, &c." And so we find of Mr. John Carter, that "He kept a *day-book*, and *cast up his accounts* with God every day." To these worldly notions had they humiliated the spirit of religion: and this style, and this mode of religion, has long been continued among us, even among men of superior acquisitions; as witness the "Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies" of a learned physician of our own times, Dr. Rutt, which is a great curiosity of this kind.*

Such was the domestic state of many well-meaning families: they were rejecting with the utmost abhorrence every resemblance to what they called the idolatry of Rome, while, in fact, the gloom of the monastic cell was settling over the houses of these melancholy Puritans. Private fasts were more than ever practised; and a lady, said to be eminent for her genius and learning, who outlived this æra, declared, that she had nearly lost her life through a prevalent notion that *no fat person could get to Heaven*; and thus spoiled and wasted her body through excessive fastings. A Quaker, to prove the text that "Man shall not live *by bread alone*, but by the word of God," persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died by a metaphor. This Quaker, however, was not the only victim to the letter of the text; for the famous Origen, by interpreting in too literal a way the 12th verse of the 19th of St. Matthew, which alludes to those persons who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven, armed himself with his own hands against himself, as is sufficiently known. "*Retournons à nos moutons.*" The parliament afterwards had both periodical and occasional fasts; and Charles the First opposed "the hypocritical fast of every Wednesday in the month, by appointing one for the second Friday:" the two unhappy parties, who were hungering and thirsting for each other's blood, were fasting in spite one against the other.

Without inquiring into the causes, even if we thought that we could ascertain them, of that frightful dissolution of religion which so long prevailed in our country, and of which the very corruption it has left behind still breeds in monstrous shapes, it will be sufficient to observe, that the destruction of the monarchy and the ecclesiastical order was a moral earthquake, overturning all

minds, and opening all changes.—A theological logomachy was substituted by the sullen and proud ascetics who ascended into power. These, without wearying themselves, wearied all others, and triumphed over each other by their mutual obscurity. The two great giants in this theological war were the famous Richard Baxter and Dr. Owen. They both wrote a library of books; but the endless controversy between them was the extraordinary and incomprehensible subject, whether the death of Christ was *solutio ejusdem*, or only *tantundem*; that is, whether it was a payment of the very thing, which by law we ought to have paid, or of something held by God to be equivalent. Such was the point on which this debate lasted without end, between Owen and Baxter!

Yet these metaphysical absurdities were harmless, compared to what was passing among the more hot fanatics, who were for acting the wild fancies which their melancholy brains engendered; men, who from the places into which they had thrust themselves, might now be called "the higher orders of society!" These two parties alike sent forth an evil spirit to walk among the multitude. Every one would become his own law-maker, and even his own prophet; the meanest aspired to give his name to his sect. All things were to be put into motion according to the St. Vitus's dance of the last new saint. "Away with the Law! which cuts off a man's legs and then bids him walk!" cried one from his pulpit. "Let believers sin as fast as they will, they have a fountain open to wash them," declared another teacher. We had the *Brownists*, from Robert Brown, the *Vaneists*, from Sir Harry Vane, till we sink down to Mr. Traske, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Robinson, and H. N., whose name has never been revealed, besides Mrs. Hutchinson, and the Grindletonian family, who preferred "motions to motives," and conveniently assumed, that "their spirit is not to be tried by the Scripture, but the Scripture by their spirit." Edwards, the author of "*Gangræna*," the adversary of Milton, whose work may still be preserved for its curiosity, though immortalised by the scourge of genius, has furnished a list of about two hundred of such sects in these times. A divine of the church of England observed to a great sectary, "You talk of the idolatry of Rome; but each of you, whenever you have made and set up a calf, will dance about it."

This confusion of religions, if, indeed, these pretended modes of faith could be classed among religions, disturbed the consciences of good men, who read themselves in and out of their vacillating creed. It made, at last, even one of the Puritans themselves, who had formerly complained that they had not enjoyed sufficient freedom under the bishops, cry out against "this cursed intolerable toleration." And the fact is, that when the Presbyterians had fixed themselves into the government, they published several treatises against toleration! The parallel between these wild notions of reform, and those of another character, run closely together. About this time well-meaning persons, who were neither enthusiasts from the ambition of founding sects, nor of covering their immorality by their impiety, were infected with the *religiosa insania*. One case may

* The Lives of sundry eminent Persons in this later Age; by Samuel Clarke. Fo. 1683. A rare volume, with curious portraits.

stand the many. A Mr. Greenwood, a gentleman of Warwickshire, whom a Brownist had by degrees enticed from his parish church, was afterwards persuaded to return to it—but he returned with a changed mind, and lost in the previous theological contents. A house of his father's acquaintance shut him out, as it were, from his parents and retiring into his own house, with his children, he came to communion with the living world. He had to food put in at the window, and when his children lay sick, he admitted no one for their relief. His house, at length, was forced open, and they found two children dead, and the father confined to his bed. He had mangled his Bible, and cut out the titles, contents, and everything but the very best itself, for it seems that he thought that everything human was sinful, and he conceived that the titles of the books, and the contents of the chapters, were to be cut out of the sacred Scriptures, as having been composed by man.

More terrible it was when the insanity, which had hitherto been more confined to the better classes, burst forth among the common people. Were we to dwell minutely on this period, we should start from the picture with horror. We might, perhaps, compare ourselves with a doctor of his trade, had the drug bitter in the mouth we must sometimes suffer to digest. To observe the extent to which the populace can proceed, disfranchised of law and religion, will almost leave a memorable recollection.

What occurred in the French Revolution had happened here—an age of impiety! Society itself seemed dissolved, for every tie was unloosed of private affection and of public duty. Every nation was strongly united. From the first opposition to the devious government of the national church, by the simple Puritans, the next stage was that of ridicule, and the last of obloquy. They began by calling the surplice a horn rag on the back; baptism a Christ-eaten on a baby's face, and the organ was referred to the bottom, the grout, and the harking of the respective an-sons. They actually baptised human in churches at the fairs, and the pen of that day was, that the Reformation was over a thorough end in England, since our human went to church. St Paul's cathedral was turned into a market, and the altar, the communion table, and the altar, served for the foulest purposes. The liberty which every one now

enjoyed of delivering his own opinions led to such an extent, that I can find no parallel for them except in the mad times of the French Revolution. Some maintained that there existed no distinction between moral good and moral evil, and that every man's actions were prompted by the Creator. Punitiveness was professed as a religious act, a glazer was declared to be a prophet, and the woman he embraced with was said to be ready to die in the flames. A man married his father's wife. Murders of the most extraordinary nature were occurring; one woman crucified her mother, another sacrificed her child, in imitation of Abraham; we hear, too, of parricides. Amidst the slaughter of civil war, good and bad had accustomed the people to contemplate the most horrible crimes. One madman of the name, we find striking a health on his horse, in the midst of a town, to the devil! that it might be said that his family should not be extinct without doing some infamous act. A Scotchman, one Alexander Agnew, commonly called "Jack of broad Scotland," whom one cannot call an atheist, for he does not seem to deny the existence of the Creator, nor a future state, had a shrewdness of mind but not to his strange notions. Counting some offensive things, others so strange may exhibit the state to which the reaction of an hypocritical system of religion had driven the common people. Jack of broad Scotland had he was nothing in God's creation, for God had given him nothing, he was no more obliged to God than to the devil, for God was very greedy. Neither God nor the devil gave the fruits of the ground, the owner of the country gave him his meat. When asked wherein he believed, he answered, "He believed in white meat, water, and salt. Christ was not God, for he came into the world after it was made, and died as other men." He declared that "he did not know whether God or the devil had the greatest power, but he thought the devil was the greatest. When I die, let God and the devil strive for my soul, and let him that is strongest take it." He no doubt had been taught by the propensity to teach religious state, and when desired to give God thanks for his meat, he said, "Take a handful of prayer to the mill and grind them, and take your breakfast of them." To others he said, "I will give you a remembrance, and pray with a bowl of meat, and one stone of butter, fall from heaven through the house crying to you." When loved and chosen were laid on the ground by him, he said, "If I leave this, I will long cry to God before he give it me again." To others he said "Take a hammock, and break it in two, and lay down one-half thereof, and you will long pray to God before he put the other half to it again." He seems to have been an anti-creationist. He had he received everything from nature, which had ever reigned and ever would. He would not conform to any religious system, nor name the three Persons. At all these things I have long shaken my cap," he said. Jack of broad Scotland seems to have been one of those who imagine that God should have furnished them with hammocks ready baked.

The extravagant license then working in the minds of the people is marked by the story told by Clement Walker, of the soldier who carried a

* The Hypocrites discovered and cured, by Sam. Trenchard, 1740.

† There is a pamphlet which records a strange fact: "News from London, of the new Reformation of the Army, with a true Relation of a Coll that was made in the Cathedral Church of St Paul, in London, and how it was publicly baptised, and the same (become a bald Celt) was called Basil Rex! 1649." The water they sprinkled from the soldier's helmet on this occasion is described. The same occurred elsewhere. See Foster's History of the Plots, &c., of our pre-tended Saints. These men who baptised human and pigs in the name of the Trinity, sang psalms when they marched. One cannot easily comprehend the nature of insanity, except when we learn that they refused to pay rents!



church with a lantern and a candle burning in it, and in the other hand four candles not lighted. He said he came to deliver his message from God, and show it by these types of candles. Driven into the churchyard, and the wind blowing strong, he could not kindle his candles, and the new prophet was awkwardly compelled to conclude his fire denunciations, abolishing the Sabbath, tithes, ministers, magistrates, and, at last, the Bible itself, without putting out each candle, as he could not kindle them, observing, however, each time—"And here I should put out the first light, but the wind is so high that I cannot kindle it."

A perfect scene of the effects which this state of irreligious society produced among the lower orders, I am enabled to give from the manuscript life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotherham, who a little tediously, but with infinite *variété*, has told what happened to himself. This honest divine was puritanically inclined, but there can be no exaggeration in a plain detail of facts. He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel: some of the people appeared desirous of religious instruction, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite, and therefore pressed him to quit his situation at Lynton for a short period. He may now tell his own story.

"I found a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn, so as I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day, an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not. I informing him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered he could not tell. Yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who as he was man shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. Oh, sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendal, called Corpus-Christi's play, where there was a man on a tree and blood run down, &c. And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play."

The scenes passing in the metropolis, as well as in the country, are opened to us in one of the chronicle poems of George Withers. Our sensible rhymist wrote in November, 1652, "a Dark Lanthorne" on the present subject.

After noticing that God, to mortify us, had sent preachers from "the shopboards and the plough,"

—Such as we seem justly to condemn,

As making truths abhorred, which come from them.

he seems, however, inclined to think, that these self-styled "Teachers and Prophets" in their darkness might hold a certain light within them.

—Children, fools,
Women and madmen, we do can meet
Preaching, and threatening judgments in the street,

Yea by strange actions, postures, tones and cries
Themselves they refer to our ears and eyes
As signs unto this nation.

"They act, as men in extacies have done—

Striving their cloudy visions to declare,
Till they have lost the notions which they had,
And want but few degrees of being mad."

Such is the picture of the folly and of the wickedness, which after having been preceded by the piety of a religious age, were succeeded by a domination of hypocritical sanctity, and then closed in all the horrors of immorality and impiety. The parliament at length issued one of their ordinances for "punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions," and this was enforced with greater power than the sighted proclamations of James and Charles, but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that "men and women had lately discovered monstrous opinions, even such as tended to the dissolution of human society, and had abused, and turned into licentiousness, the liberty given in matters of religion." It punishes any person not distinguished in his brains, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God, or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures, or that God approves of them, or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil, &c.

In this disordered state was the public mind rendered, for this proclamation was only describing what was passing among the people. The subject of this subject embraces more than one point, which I leave for the meditation of the politician, as well as of the religiousist.

BUCKINGHAM'S POLITICAL COQUETRY WITH THE PURITANS

BUCKINGHAM, observes Hume, "in order to fortify himself against the resentment of James"—on the conduct of the duke in the Spanish match, when James was latterly hearing every day Buckingham against Bristol, and Bristol against Buckingham—"had affected popery, and entered into the cabals of the Puritans, but afterwards, being secure of the confidence of Charles, he had since abandoned this party, and on that account was the more exposed to their hatred and resentment."

The political coquetry of a minister coalescing with an opposition party when he was on the point of being disgraced, would doubtless open an involved scene of intrigue, and what are exacted, and the other was content to yield, towards the mutual commination, might add one more example to the large chapter on political infamy. Both workmen attempting to convert each other into tools, by first trying their respective malleability on the anvil, are liable to be disconcerted by even a slight accident, whenever that proves to perfect conviction, how little they can depend

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on each other, and that each party comes to cheat, and not to be cheated!

This piece of secret history is in part recoverable from good authority. The two great actors were the Duke of Buckingham and Dr Preston, the master of Richmond College, and the head of the Puritan party.

Dr Preston was an eminent character, who from his youth was not without ambition. His scholastic learning, the sublimity of his genius, and his more elegant accomplishments, had attracted the notice of James, at whose table he was perhaps more than once honoured as a guest, a suspicion of his Puritanic principles was perhaps the only obstacle to his court preferment, yet Preston unquestionably designed to play a political part. He retained the favour of James by the king's hope of withdrawing the duke from the opposition party, and commanded the favour of Buckingham by the fear of that minister, when, to employ the quaint style of Maclet, the duke foresees that "he might come to be tried in the furnace of the great council of parliament, and he had need to make the winners his friends." Most of these "winners" were the Puritan or opposition party. Appointed one of the chaplains of Prince Charles, Dr Preston had the advantage of being in frequent attendance, and at Maclet tells us, "this politic man felt the pulse of the court, and wanted not the intelligence of all dark undertakings through the back in his highness's back-chamber." A close conversation took place between the duke and Preston, who, as Maclet describes, was "a good crew to smelt cannon." He obtained an easy admission to the duke's chamber at least three a week, and these notable conferences Buckingham appears to have communicated to his confidential friends. Preston, intent on carrying all his points, shrewdly communicated with the smaller ones. He wooed the duke circumstantially,—he worked at him subreptitiously. This wary politician was too suspicious to suppose what he had at heart the outpouring of the hierarchy. The thunder of James's voice, "no bishop, no king!" in the conference at Hampton Court, still echoed in the ear of the Puritan. He assured the duke that the love of the people was his only anchor, which could only be secured by the most popular measures. A new sort of information was easy to circulate. Cathedral and collegiate churches maintained by vast wealth, and the lands of the chapter, only fed "fat, lazy, and unprofitable drudges." The dissolution of the foundations of dean and chapter would open an ample source to pay the king's debts, and restore the streams of patronage. "You would then become the darling of the commonwealth." I gave the words as I found them in Maclet. "Of a crew such in the throat of any commendable man that attempts an opposition, it will be easy to wash it down with manure, weeds, cockles, tythes, &c." It would be furnishing the wants of a number of gentlemen, and he quoted a Greek proverb, "that when a grea oak falls, every neighbour was ready for a log of it."

Dr Preston was willing to govern the part which James had acted in Scotland. He might be certain of a party to maintain his national religion of property, for he who calls out

"Murder" will ever find a gang. These acts of national injustice, so much detested by revolutionists, are never beneficial to the people; they never partake of the opinion, and the whole terminates in private rapacity.

It was not, however, easy to obtain such personal access to the minister, and at the same time escape from the watchful Archbishop Williams, the lord keeper, and influential hints from the king. And in a tedious conference with the duke, he wished to convince him that Preston had only offered him "dozen milt, out of which he should chuse nothing!" The duke was, however, smitten by the new project, and made a remarkable answer. "You have shown if in conversation make it out to me in particular, if you can that the mission you put at will find regular, and be baffled on the issue of economy. I know not how you bishops may struggle but I am much distressed if a great part of the laughter and merriment would not be glad to see this alteration." We are told on this, that Archbishop Williams took out a list of the members of the house of commons, and convinced the minister that an overwhelming majority would oppose the projected revolution, and that in consequence the duke gave it up.

But this anterior decision of the duke may be doubtful, were Preston well retained the high favour of the monarch, after the death of James. When James died at Theobalds, where Dr Preston happened to be in attendance, he had the honour of returning to town in the new king's coach with the Duke of Buckingham. The duke's ardent admiration of the minister gave even greater offence to the over-cautious Puritan. That he was at length dissatisfied is certain, but this was owing not to any declared subterfuge on the side of our politician, but to one of those subtle circumstances which have often put on end to temporary parties, and caused, by causing one party to discover what the other thinks of him.

I draw this curious fact from a manuscript preserved in the handwriting of the learned William Watson. When the Puritan party suddenly became jealous of the man who seemed to be working at root and branch for their purpose, they addressed a letter to Preston remonstrating with him for his secret attachment to the minister, on which he confidentially returned an answer, avowing them that he was as fully convinced of the vicious and profligate of the Duke of Buckingham's character as any man could be, but that there was no way to come at him but by the lowest flattery, and that it was necessary for the glory of God, that such instruments should be made use of as could be had, and for that reason, and that alone, he showed that respect to the reigning sovereign, and not for any real honour that he had for him. This letter proved fatal, some efficient hand conveyed it to the duke. When Preston came to quail, the duke took his opportunity of asking him what he had ever done to diminish him, that he should describe him to such black characters to his own party? Preston, in amazement, denied the fact, and poured forth sentiments of honour and gratitude. The duke showed him his own letter. Dr Preston instantaneously left a political spyglass; the labours of many years had been lost in a single

morning. The baffled politician was turned out of Wallingford House, never more to see the enraged minister! And from that moment Buckingham wholly abandoned the Puritans, and cultivated the friendship of Laud. This happened soon after James the First's death. Wotton adds, "This story I heard from one who was extremely well versed in the secret history of the time."*

SIR EDWARD COKE'S EXCEPTIONS AGAINST THE HIGH SHERIFF'S OATH.

A CURIOUS fact will show the revolutionary nature of human events, and the necessity of correcting our ancient statutes, which so frequently hold out punishments and penalties for objects which have long ceased to be criminal; as well as for persons against whom it would be barbarous to allow some unrepealed statute to operate.

When a political stratagem was practised by Charles the First to keep certain members out of the house of commons, by pricking them down as sheriffs in their different counties, among them was the celebrated Sir EDWARD COKE, whom the government had made High Sheriff for Bucks. It was necessary, perhaps, to be a learned and practised lawyer to discover the means he took, in the height of his resentment, to elude the insult. This great lawyer, who himself, perhaps, had often administered the oath to the sheriffs, and which had, century after century, been usual for them to take, to the surprise of all persons, drew up Exceptions against the Sheriff's Oath, declaring that no one could take it. COKE sent his Exceptions to the attorney-general, who, by an immediate order in council, submitted them to "all the judges of England." Our legal luminary had condescended only to some ingenious cavilling in three of his exceptions; but the fourth was of a nature which could not be overcome. All the judges of England assented, and declared, that there was one part of this ancient oath which was perfectly irreligious, and must ever hereafter be left out! This article was, "That you shall do all your pain and diligence to destroy and make to cease all manner of heresies, commonly called *Lollaries*, within your bailiwick, &c."† The Lollards were the most ancient of Protestants, and had practised Luther's sentiments; it was, in fact, condemning the established religion of the country! An order was issued from Hampton Court, for the abrogation of this part of the oath; and at present all high sheriffs owe this obligation to the resentment of Sir EDWARD COKE, for having been pricked down as Sheriff of Bucks, to be kept out of parliament! The merit of having the oath changed, *instantly*, he was allowed; but he was not excused

taking it, after it was accommodated to the conscientious and lynx-eyed detection of our enraged lawyer.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I. AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENTS.

THE reign of CHARLES THE FIRST, succeeded by the COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, forms a period unparalleled by any preceding one in the annals of mankind. It was for the English nation the great result of all former attempts to ascertain and to secure the just freedom of the subject. The prerogative of the sovereign, and the rights of the people, were often imagined to be mutual incroachments; and were long involved in contradiction, in an age of unsettled opinions and disputed principles. At length the conflicting parties of monarchy and democracy, in the weakness of their passions, discovered how much each required the other for its protector. This age offers the finest speculations in human nature; it opens a protracted scene of glory and of infamy; all that elevates, and all that humiliates our kind, wrestling together, and expiring in a career of glorious deeds, of revolting crimes, and even of ludicrous infirmities!

The French Revolution is the commentary of the English; and a commentary at times more important than the text which it elucidates. It has thrown a freshness over the antiquity of our own history; and, on returning to it, we seem to possess the feelings, and to be agitated by the interests, of contemporaries. The circumstances and the persons which so many imagine had passed away, have been reproduced under our own eyes. In other histories we accept the knowledge of the characters and the incidents on the evidence of the historian; but here we may take them from our own conviction, since to extinct names and to past events we can apply the reality which we ourselves have witnessed.

Charles the First had scarcely ascended the throne ere he discovered, that in his new parliament he was married to a sullen bride: the youthful monarch, with the impatience of a lover, warm with hope and glory, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours! The prediction of his father remained, like the handwriting on the wall; but, seated on the throne, Hope was more congenial to youth than Prophecy.

As soon as Charles the First could assemble a parliament, he addressed them with that earnestness, whose simplicity of words and thoughts strongly contrasted with the oratorical harangues of the late monarch. It cannot be alleged against Charles the First, that he preceded the parliament in the war of words. He courted their affections; and even in his manner of reception, amidst the dignity of the regal office, studiously showed his exterior respect by the marked solemnity of their first meeting. As yet uncrowned, on the day on which he first addressed the Lords and Commons, he wore his crown, and veiled it at the opening, and on the close of his speech; a circumstance to which the parliament had not been accustomed. Another ceremony gave still greater solemnity to the meeting; the king would not enter into

* Wotton delivered this memorandum to the literary antiquary, Thomas Baker; and Kennet transcribed it in his Manuscript Collections. Lansdowne MSS. No. 932—88. The life of Dr. Preston, in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, may be consulted with advantage.

† Rushworth's Historical Collections, vol. I. p. 199.

business till they had united in prayer. He commanded the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected command disconcerted the Catholic lords, of whom the less rigid party, and the moderate stood there was one started Papist who did nothing but cross himself.¹⁰

The speech may be found in Rushworth; the friendly tone must be shown here.

"I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain) I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly; but it was by your intercession—your engagement. I pray you remember, that this being my first action, and begun by your advice and entreaty, what a great dishonour it were to you and me that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me."

This reason excited no sympathy in the house. They voted not a seventh part of the expenditure necessary to proceed with a war, into which they themselves had forced the king, as a popular measure.

At Oxford the king again reminded them that he was engaged in a war "from their desire and advice." He expressed his disappointment at their insufficient grant, "be short to set forth the navy now preparing." The speech promises the same simple life.

But no echo of kindness responded in the house. It was, however, answered, in a vague and quibbling manner, that "though a former parliament did engage the king in a war, yet (if things were managed by a contrary design, so) the treasure unemployed; this parliament is not bound by another parliament" and they added a cruel mockery, that "the king should help the cause of the Palatinate with his own money." The foolish war, which James and Charles had so long bore their reproaches for having avoided as hopeless, but which the Puritan party, as well as others, had continually urged as necessary for the maintenance of the Protestant cause in Europe.

Still no supplies but promissions of duty, and petitions about grievances, which it had been difficult to specify. In their "Declaration" they style his Majesty "Our dear and dread sovereign," and themselves "his poor Commons" but they concede no point—they offer no aid! The king was not yet disposed to quarrel, though he had in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy, again reminding them, that "it was the first request that ever he made unto them." On the pretence of the plague at Oxford, Charles prorogued parliament, with a promise to reassemble in the winter.

There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to rebuke with the distresses of a youthful monarch, perplexed by a war which they themselves had raised. But others, of a more republican complexion, rejected "Necessity as a dangerous commission, which would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. If the king was in danger and necessitous, those ought to answer for it who have put both king and kingdom into this peril and if the state of things would not admit a redress

of grievance, there cannot be so much necessity for money."

The first parliament abandoned the king!

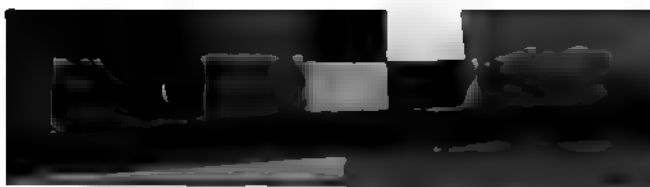
Charles now had no other means to despatch the army and fleet, in a bad season, but by borrowing money on private bonds: these were issued, where the loan exacted was so small as the style was humble. They specified, that "this loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public. Such private helps for public services, which cannot be deferred," the king promises had been often resorted to; but this "being the first time that we have required anything in this kind, we require but that some which few men would deny a friend." As far as I can discover, the highest sum advanced from grant parliaments was twenty pounds! The king was willing to suffer any mortification, except that one, of parliament! All donations were received, from ten pounds to five shillings: this was the number of an alms-bucket! Yet, with contributions and savings so trivial, and exacted with such a warm appeal to their feelings, was the king to send out a fleet with ten thousand men—to take Cadix!

This expedition, like so many similar attempts from the days of Charles the First to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own—concluded in a nullity! Charles, disappointed in this predatory attempt, in despair called his second parliament—so he says, "In the midst of his excitement—and to learn from them how he was to frame his course and counsels."

The Commons, so doubtless as ever, protest that "No king was ever dearer to his people, and that they really intend to assist his majesty in such a way, as may make him safe at home, and feared abroad"—but it was to be on condition, that he would be graciously pleased to accept "the information and advice of parliament, in discovering the causes of the great evils, and redress their grievances." The king accepted this "as a satisfactory answer," but Charles comprehended their drift—"You specially men at the Duke of Buckingham; what he hath done to change your minds I was not." The wife of the king now first betrays angry feelings, the secret cause of the unsatisfactory conduct of the Commons was hatred of the Loure—but the king saw that they designed to control the executive government, and he would excite their antipathy to Buckingham in the capriciousness of popular favour, for not long ago he had heard Buckingham hailed as "their saviour." In the zeal and firmness of his assertions, Charles always considered that he himself was aimed at, in the person of his confidant, his companion, and his minister!

Some of "the bold speakers," as the heads of the opposition are frequently designated in the manuscript letters, had now risen into notice. Sir John Elliot, Dr Turner, Sir Dudley Digges, Mr Clement Coke, poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say seditionary style, with invectives more daring than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons! The king now told them, "I come to show your errors, and, as I may call it, unparliamentary proceedings of parliament." The lead keeper then assured them, that "when the irregular humours of some particular persons were

¹⁰ From manuscript letters of the time.



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entitled, the king would hear and answer all just grievances: but the king would have them also to know, that he was equally jealous to the contempt of his royal rights, which his majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of parliamentary liberty. The king considered the parliament as his council; but there was a difference between counselling and controlling, and between liberty and the abuse of liberty. He finished, by noticing three extraordinary proceedings on their impeachment of Buckingham. The king, resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the parliament.

"How that you have all things according to your wisdom, and that I am so far engaged that you shall there is no retreat, when you begin to at the door, and make your own game! But I pray you be not deceived: it is not a parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a king. Mr. Clement Coke told you, 'It was better to be taken up by a foreign enemy than to be destroyed at home.' Indeed, I think it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy than to be despised by his own subjects."

The king concluded by asserting his privileges, to call or to forbid parliament.

The style of "the bold speech" appeared at least as early as 10 April, I trace their spirit in letters of the house, which furnish facts and circumstances that do not appear in our printed documents.

Among the earliest of our papers, and finally the great victim of his enemies, was Sir JOHN ELLIOT, vice-admiral, of Devonshire. He, in a tone which "rolled back to Lord's own halls," and startled even the writer who was himself named to the popular party, "made a rumour, I doubt whether a lunch speech." He adds, ELLIOT answered that "they come not thither either to do what the king should command them, nor to shew when he forbade them, they came to continue constant, and to maintain their privileges. They would not give their posterity a cause to come them for losing their privileges by restraint, which their forefathers had left them."

On the eighth of May, the impeachment of the duke was opened by Sir DUDLEY DUNSTON, who outstepped the duke in a manner exhibited out of printed matter. He was followed by GLEAVILLE, BAZON, and others. On the first day the duke sat out-facing his accusers and out-braving their accusations, which the more highly exaggerated the house. On the following day the duke was absent, when the evidence to this mighty peer was elaborately delivered by Sir JOHN ELLIOT, with a force of declamation, and a balance of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed in the history of the modern Jacobins.

ELLIOT, after expatiating on the freemasonry's ambition in procuring and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, and the means by which he had obtained them, drew a picture of "the covered character of the duke's mind." The duke's jealousy of office reminded him "of a chameleon's hum called by the ancient philosophers, so blarney, so spotted, so full of foul hum, that they knew not what to make of it! In sitting up himself he hath cut upon the

kingdom's revenues, the freedom of supply, and the nerves of the land—his intercept, consume, and exhaust the revenues of the crown; and, by emptying the veins the blood should run in, he hath cut the kingdom into a high consumption." He descends to censure the duke's magnificent tastes, he who had something of a regal nature, but ELLIOT was a man of low stature "had no sense of money, and more of land exceeding the value of money, contributions in parliament have been heaped upon him, and how have they been employed? Upon costly furniture, sumptuous trappings, and magnificent building, the visible evidence of the emperor's ostentation of the state!"

ELLIOT eloquently closes—

"Your lordships have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice, and have heard the effects. Bring such, what is he in reference to king and state, how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be styled the cashier in his treasure, in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel, but none were up like him as Brutus, who is described by Tacitus, *Andas, non obsequens, in alio crimine, justis adiutoris in superbia*. Brutus's pride was an excusable, in Tacitus' words, that he neglected all councils, mused his business and never with the power, seeming to confound their actions, and was often styled *imperatoris laborum animus*. Dost not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland, and Ireland—and they will tell you! Now lately and how often hath this man counteracted his actions in discussion with actions of the king's? My words! I have done—you are the man!"

The portrait of the duke with Brutus' epithets, the house, and, as we shall see, touched Charles on a sensitive nerve.

The king's conduct on this speech was the beginning of his troubles, and the first of his more open attempts to crush the popular party in the House of Lords the king defended the duke, and informed them, "I have thought it to take order for the punishing some insolent speeches, lately spoken." I find a piece of secret history enclosed in a letter, with a solemn injunction that it might be burnt. "The king this morning complained of Sir JOHN ELLIOT for comparing the duke to Brutus, in which he said, implicitly he must intend me for Titus." On that day the penitence and the epilogue orators, Sir Dudley Digges, who had opened the impeachment against the duke, and Sir John Elliot, who had closed it, were called out of the house by two messengers, who showed their warrants for committing them to the Tower.*

* Our printed historical documents, Burnet, Franklin, &c., are confused in their details, and facts seem misplaced for want of dates. They all equally copy Rushworth, the only source of our history of this period. Burnet's account is involved in the obscurity. The king's speech was on the eleventh of May. As Rushworth has not furnished dates, it would seem that the two orators had been sent to the Tower before the king's speech to the house.

* *Stowe MSS. 4177. Letter 381.*

On this memorable day a philosophical politician might have presciently marked the seed-plots of events, which not many years afterwards were apparent to all men. The passions of kings are often expatiated on; but, in the present anti-monarchical period, the passions of parliaments are not imaginable! The democratic party in our constitution, from the meanest of motives, their egotism, their vanity, and their audacity, hate kings; they would have an abstract being, a chimerical sovereign on the throne—as a statue, the mere ornament of the place it fills,—and insensible, like a statue, to the invectives they would heap on the pedestal!

The commons, with a fierce spirit of reaction for the king's "punishing some insolent speeches," at once sent up to the lords for the commitment of the duke! But when they learnt the fate of the patriots, they instantaneously broke up! In the afternoon they assembled in Westminster-hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members, in sadness and indignation.

The following day the commons met in their own house. When the speaker reminded them of the usual business, they all cried out, "Sit down! sit down!" They would touch on no business till they were "righted in their liberties!"* An open committee of the whole house was formed, and no member suffered to quit the house; but either they were at a loss how to commence this solemn conference, or expressed their indignation by a sullen silence. To soothe and subdue "the bold speakers" was the unfortunate attempt of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors; and who, having witnessed the despotic governments on the continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home. "I find," said the vice-chamberlain, "by the great silence in this house, that it is a fit time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience." Alluding to one of the king's messages, where it was hinted that, if there was "no correspondency between him and the parliament, he should be forced to use new counsels," "I pray you consider what these new counsels are and may be: I fear to declare those I conceive!" However, Sir Dudley plainly hinted at them, when he went on observing, that "when monarchs began to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their parliaments, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here only with us." Our old ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of despotic governments in that of France—"If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they

must pay the king for it; this is a misery beyond expression, and that which we are yet free from!" A long residence abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the high tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their privileges, which, though yet unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the commons of England. It was fated that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove!

Hume observes on this speech, that "these imprudent suggestions rather gave warning than struck terror." It was evident that the event, which implied "new counsels," meant what subsequently was practised—the king governing without a parliament! As for "the ghosts who wore wooden shoes," to which the house was congratulated that they had not yet been reduced, they would infer that it was the more necessary to provide against the possibility of so strange an occurrence! Hume truly observes, "The king reaped no further benefit from this attempt than to exasperate the house still further." Some words, which the duke persisted in asserting had dropped from Digges, were explained away, Digges declaring that they had not been used by him; and it seems probable that he was suffered to eat his words. ELLIOT was made of "sterner stuff;" he abated not a jot of whatever he had spoken of "that man," as he affected to call Buckingham.

The commons, whatever might be their patriotism, seem at first to have been chiefly moved by a personal hatred of the favourite; and their real charges against him amounted to little more than pretences and aggravations. The king, whose personal affections were always strong, considered his friend innocent; and there was a warm, romantic feature in the character of the youthful monarch, which seemed to sacrifice his faithful companion to his own interests, and to immolate the minister to the clamours of the commons. Subsequently, when the king did this in the memorable case of the guiltless Strafford, it was the only circumstance which weighed on his mind at the hour of his own sacrifice! Sir Robert Cotton told a friend, on the day on which the king went down to the House of Lords, and committed the two patriots, that "he had of late been often sent for to the king and duke, and that the king's affection towards him was very admirable, and no whit lessened. Certainly," he added, "the king will never yield to the duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he takes."* This authentic character of Charles the First by that intelligent and learned man, to whom the nation owes the treasures of its antiquities, is remarkable. Sir Robert Cotton, though holding no rank at court, and in no respect of the duke's party, was often consulted by the king, and much in his secrets. How the king valued the judgment of this acute and able adviser, acting on it in direct contradiction and to the mortification of the favourite, I shall probably have occasion to show.

* Frankland, an inveterate royalist, in copying Rushworth, inserts "their pretended liberties;" exactly the style of Catholic writers when they mention Protestantism, by "*la religion pretendue reformée*." All party writers use the same style!

* Manuscript letter.

The commons did not decline in the subtle spirit with which they had begun; they covertly aimed at once to subjugate the sovereign, and to expel the minister! A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage, which constituted half of the crown revenues; and a petition, "equivalent to a command," for removing Buckingham from his majesty's person and councils.* The remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against "the unbridled ambition of the duke," whom they class "among those vipers and pests to their king and commonwealth, as so expressly styled by your most royal father." They request that "he would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world."

The king hastily dissolved this *second* parliament; and when the lords petitioned for its continuance, he warmly and angrily exclaimed, "Not a moment longer!" It was dissolved in June, 1626.

The patriots abandoned their sovereign to his fate, and retreated home sullen, indignant, and ready to conspire among themselves for the assumption of their disputed or their defrauded liberties. They industriously dispersed their remonstrance, and the king replied by a declaration; but an attack is always more vigorous than a defence. The declaration is spiritless, and evidently composed under suppressed feelings, which, perhaps, knew not how to shape themselves. The "Remonstrance" was commanded everywhere to be burnt; and the effect which it produced on the people we shall shortly witness.

The king was left amidst the most pressing exigencies. At the dissolution of the first parliament, he had been compelled to practise a humiliating economy. Hume has alluded to the numerous wants of the young monarch; but he certainly was not acquainted with the king's extreme necessities. His coronation seemed rather a private than a public ceremony. To save the expenses of the procession from the Tower through the city to Whitehall, that customary pomp was omitted; and the reason alleged was, "to save the charges for more noble undertakings;" that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies! But now the most extraordinary changes appeared at court. The king mortgaged his lands in Cornwall to the aldermen and companies of London. A rumour spread that the small pension list must be revoked; and the royal distress was carried so far, that all the tables at court were laid down, and the courtiers put on board wages! I have seen a letter which gives an account of "the funereal supper at Whitehall, whereat twenty-three tables were buried, being from henceforth converted to board-wages;" and there I learn, that "since this dissolving of house-keeping, his majesty is but slenderly attended." Another writer, who describes himself to be only a looker-on, regrets, that while the men of the law spent ten thousand pounds on a single masque,

* Rushworth, I. 400. Hume, VI. 221, who enters widely into the views and feelings of Charles.

they did not rather make the king rich; and adds, "I see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor!" This strange poverty of the court of Charles seems to have escaped the notice of our general historians. Charles was now to victual his fleet with the savings of the board-wages! for this "surplusage" was taken into account.

The fatal descent on the isle of Rhé sent home Buckingham discomfited, and spread dismay through the nation. The best blood had been shed from the wanton bravery of an unskilful and romantic commander, who, forced to retreat, would march, but not fly, and was the very last man to quit the ground which he could not occupy. In the eagerness of his hopes, Buckingham had once dropped, as I learn, that "before Midsummer he should be more honoured and beloved of the commons than ever was the Earl of Essex;" and thus he rocked his own and his master's imagination in cradling fancies. This volatile hero, who had felt the capriciousness of popularity, thought that it was as easily regained as it was easily lost; and that a chivalric adventure would return to him that favour which at this moment might have been denied to all the wisdom, the policy, and the arts of an experienced statesman.

The king was now involved in more intricate and desperate measures; and the nation was thrown into a state of agitation, of which the page of popular history yields but a faint impression.

The spirit of insurrection was stalking forth in the metropolis and in the country. The scenes which I am about to describe occurred at the close of 1626: an inattentive reader might easily mistake them for the revolutionary scenes of 1640. It was an unarmed rebellion.

An army and a navy had returned unpaid, and sore with defeat. The town was scoured by mutinous seamen and soldiers, roving even into the palace of the sovereign. Soldiers without pay form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the duke's apartment as he sat at dinner; and when reminded by the duke of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers coming to court in troops, on pain of hanging, they replied, that "Whole companies were ready to be hanged with them! that the king might do as he pleased with their lives; for that their reputation was lost, and their honour forfeited, for want of their salary to pay their debts." When a petition was once presented, and it was inquired who was the composer of it? a vast body tremendously shouted, "All! all!" A multitude, composed of seamen, met at Tower-hill, and set a lad on a scaffold, who, with an "Oyes!" proclaimed that King Charles had promised their pay, or the duke had been on the scaffold himself! These, at least, were grievances more apparent to the sovereign than those vague ones so perpetually repeated by his unfaithful commons. But what remained to be done? It was only a choice of difficulties between the disorder and the remedy. At the moment, the duke got up what he called "The council of the sea;" was punctual at the first meeting, and appointed three days in a week to sit—but broke his appointment the

second day—they found him always otherwise engaged, and "the council of the ore" turned out to be one of those shadowy expedients which only last while it acts on the imagination. It is said that thirty thousand pounds would have quieted these dissipated troops; but the exchequer could not supply so mean a man. Buckingham, in despair, and profane of life, was planning a fresh expedition for the siege of Rochelle; a new army was required. He wrote, "If there was money in the kingdom, it should be had."

Now began that series of contrivances and artifices and provocations to levy money. Forced loans, or pretended free-gifts, kindled a resisting spirit. It was urged by the court party, that the sums required were, in fact, much less in amount than the usual grants of subsidies; but the cry, in return for "a subsidy," was always "A Parliament!" Many were heavily fined for declaring, that "They knew no law, besides that of parliament, to compel men to give away their own goods." The king ordered, that those who would not subscribe to the loans should not be forced, but it seems there were orders in council to specify these dissenting names who would not subscribe, and it further appears, that those who would not pay in pawn should be prison. Those who were pressed were sent to the *stocks*, but either the soldiers would not receive their good civilities, or they found easy means to return. Every mode which the government invented seems to have been easily frustrated, either by the intrepidity of the parties themselves, or by that general understanding which enabled the people to play into one another's hands. When the common council had suggested that an imposition should be laid, the citizens called the Guild hall the *Field of all*. And whenever they turned a shilling, in consequence of refusal to pay it, nothing was to be found but "Old ends, such as nobody cared for." Or if a severer officer acted on commendation, it was in vain to offer pennyworths where no customer was to be had. A wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a chamberlain, was summoned to appear before the privy council, and required to lend the king two hundred pounds, or else to go himself to the army, and serve it with cheer. It was not supposed that a merchant so aged and wealthy, would submit to resume his former mean trade; but the old man, in the spirit of the times, preferred the hard alternative, and buffed the new project of violence, by shipping himself with his chamber. At Mick's Hall the duke and the Earl of Dorset set to recover the loan, but the duke threatened, and the earl affected to treat with levity, men who came before them, with all the suppressed feelings of popular indignation. The Earl of Dorset asking a fellow, who pleaded inability to lend money, of what trade he was, and being answered, a tailor, said "Put down your name for such a man; our ship will make amends for all!" The tailor quoted scripture abundantly, and shook the bench with laughter or with rage by his metaphor, till he was put flat into a messenger's hands. This was one Ball, renowned through the parish of St. Clement; and not only a tailor, but a prophet. Twenty years after

tailors and prophets employed messenger themselves!

There are instances drawn from the inferior classes of society, but the same spirit actuated the country gentlemen. One instance represents many. George Catenby, of Northamptonshire, being committed to prison as a loan-convertant, alleged, among other reasons for his non-compliance, that "he considered that this loan might become a precedent, and that every parliament, he was told by the lord president, was a flower of the prerogative." The lord president told him that "he lied!" Catenby shook his head, observing, "I come not here to contend with your lordship, but to suffer!" Lord Suffolk then intervening, entreated the lord president would not too far urge his himman, Mr. Catenby. This country gentleman waved any kindness he might owe to blood, declaring, that "he would remain master of his own purse!" The prison was crowded with these loan-convertants, as well as with those who had issued in the freedom of their opinions. The country gentlemen lowered their popularity by their conduct, and many stout members of the house were returned in the following parliament against their own wishes.

* The Radicals of that day differed from ours in the means, though not in the end. They at least referred to their Bible, and rather more than was required, but superstition is as mad as atheism! Many of the Puritans confused their heads with the study of the Leviticus, believing Prince Henry to be prefigured in the Apocryphal, some prophesied that he should overthrow "the beast." Ball, our tailor, was this very prophet; and was as honest as to believe in his own prophecy. Others tell, that Ball put out money on adventure, i. e. to receive it back, double or treble, when King James should be elected pope! So that though he had no money for a loan, he had to spare for a prophecy.

This Ball has been confounded with a more ancient radical, Ball, a priest, and a principal mover in Wat Tyler's insurrection. Our Ball must have been very notorious, for Jonson has noticed his "admirable discourse." Mr. Osborn, without any knowledge of my account of this tailor-prophet, by his active sagacity has rightly indicated him.—see Jonson's Works, Vol. V. p. 241.

† It is curious to observe, that the Westminster elections, in the fourth year of Charles's reign, were exactly of the same turbulent character as those which we witness in our days. The duke had counted by his interest to bring in Sir Robert Pye. The contest was severe, but accompanied by some of those ludicrous electioneering scenes, which still amuse the mob. Whenever Sir Robert Pye's party cried—"A Pye! a Pye! a Pye!" the adverse party would cry—"A pudding! a pudding! a pudding!" and others—"A th! a th! a th!" This Westminster election, of nearly two hundred years ago, ended as we have seen ours; they rejected all who had urged the payment of the loans; and, passing by such men as Sir Robert Cotton, and their last representative, they fixed on a brewer and a grocer for the two members for Westminster.

The friends of these knights and country gentlemen flocked to their prisons; and when they petitioned for more liberty and air during the summer, it was policy to grant their request. But it was also policy that they should not reside in their own counties: this relaxation was only granted to those who, living in the south, consented to sojourn in the north; while the dwellers in the north were to be lodged in the south!

In the country the disturbed scenes assumed even a more alarming appearance than in London. They not only would not provide money, but when money was offered by government, the men refused to serve; a conscription was not then known: and it became a question, long debated in the privy council, whether those who would not accept press-money should not be tried by martial law. I preserve in the note a curious piece of secret information.* The great novelty and symptom of the times was the scattering of letters. Sealed letters, addressed to the leading men of the county, were found hanging on bushes; anonymous letters were dropt in shops and streets, which gave notice, that the day was fast approaching, when "Such a work was to be wrought in England, as never was the like, which will be for our good." Addresses multiplied "To all true-hearted Englishmen!" A groom detected in spreading such seditious papers, and brought into the inexorable star-chamber, was fined three thousand pounds! The leniency of the punishment was rather regretted by two bishops; if it was ever carried into execution, the unhappy man must have remained a groom who never after crossed a horse!

There is one difficult duty of an historian, which is too often passed over by every party-writer; it is to pause whenever he feels himself warming with the passions of the multitude, or becoming the blind apologist of arbitrary power! An historian must transform himself into the characters which he is representing, and throw

* Extract from a manuscript letter.—"On Friday last I hear, but as a secret, that it was debated at the council-table, whether our Essex-men, who refused to take press-money, should not be punished by martial law, and hanged up on the next tree to their dwellings, for an example of terror to others. My lord keeper, who had been long silent, when, in conclusion, it came to his course to speak, told the lords, that as far as he understood the law, *none were liable to martial law, but martial men*. If these had taken press-money, and afterwards run from their colours, they might then be punished in that manner; but yet they were no soldiers, and refused to be. Secondly, he thought a subsidy, new by law, could not be pressed against his will for a foreign service; it being supposed in law, the service of his purse excused that of his person, unless his own country were in danger; and he appealed to my lord treasurer, and my lord president, whether it was not so, who both assented it was so, though some of them faintly, as unwilling to have been urged to such an answer. So it is thought that proposition is dashed; and it will be tried what may be done in the Star Chamber against these refractories."

himself back into the times which he is opening; possessing himself of their feelings and tracing their actions, he may then at least hope to discover truths which may equally interest the honourable men of all parties.

This reflection has occurred from the very difficulty into which I am now brought. Shall we at once condemn the king for these arbitrary measures? It is, however, very possible that they were never in his contemplation! Involved in inextricable difficulties, according to his feelings, he was betrayed by parliament; and he scorned to barter their favour by that vulgar traffic of treachery—the immolation of the single victim who had long attached his personal affections; a man at least as much envied as hated! That hard lesson had not yet been inculcated on a British sovereign, that his bosom must be a blank of all private affection; and had that lesson been taught, the character of Charles was destitute of all aptitude for it. To reign without a refractory parliament, and to find among the people themselves subjects more loyal than their representatives, was an experiment—and a fatal one! Under Charles, the liberty of the subject, when the necessities of the state pressed on the sovereign, was matter of discussion, disputed as often as assumed; the divines were proclaiming as rebellious those who refused their contributions to aid the government; * and the law-sages alleged precedents for

* A member of the House, in James the First's time, called this race of divines "Spaniels to the court and wolves to the people." Dr. Mainwaring, Dr. Sibthorpe, and Dean Bargrave were seeking for ancient precedents to maintain absolute monarchy, and inculcating passive obedience. Bargrave had this passage in his sermon: "It was the speech of a man renowned for wisdom in our age, that if he were *commanded* to put forth to sea in a ship that had neither mast nor tackling, he would do it:" and being asked what wisdom that were, replied, "The wisdom must be in him that hath power to command, not in him that conscience binds to obey." Sibthorpe, after he published his sermon, immediately had his house burnt down. Dr. Mainwaring, says a manuscript letter-writer, "sent the other day to a friend of mine, to help him to all the ancient precedents he could find, to strengthen his opinion (for absolute monarchy), who answered him he could help him in nothing but only to hang him, and that if he lived till a parliament, or &c., he should be sure of a halter." Mainwaring afterwards submitted to parliament; but after the dissolution got a free pardon. The panic of Popery was a great evil. The divines, under Laud, appeared to approach to Catholicism; but it was probably only a project of reconciliation between the two churches, which Elizabeth, James, and Charles equally wished. Mr. Cosins a letter-writer censures for "superstition" in this bitter style: "Mr. Cosins has impudently made three editions of his prayer-book, and one which he gives away in private, different from the published ones. An audacious fellow, whom my Lord of Durham greatly admireth. I doubt if he be a sound Protestant: he was so blind at even-song on Candle-mass-day, that he could not see to read prayers in

raising supplies in the manner which Charles had adopted. Selden, whose learned industry was as vast as the amplitude of his mind, had to seek for the freedom of the subject in the dust of the records of the Tower—but the omnipotence of parliaments, if any human assembly may be invested with such supernatural greatness, had not yet awakened the hoar antiquity of popular liberty.

A general spirit of insurrection, rather than insurrection itself, had suddenly raised some strange appearances through the kingdom. "The remonstrance" of parliament had unquestionably quickened the feelings of the people; but yet the lovers of peace and the reverencers of royalty were not a few: money and men were procured, to send out the army and the fleet. More concealed causes may be suspected to have been at work. Many of the heads of the opposition were pursuing some secret machinations: about this time I find many mysterious stories—indications of secret societies—and other evidences of the intrigues of the popular party.

Little matters, sometimes more important than they appear, are suitable to our minute sort of history. In November, 1626, a rumour spread that the king was to be visited by an ambassador from "the President of the Society of the Rosy-cross." He was indeed an heteroclit ambassador, for he is described "as a youth with never a hair on his face;" in fact, a child who was to conceal the mysterious personage which he was for a moment to represent. He appointed Sunday afternoon to come to court, attended by thirteen coaches. He was to proffer to his majesty, provided the king accepted his advice, three millions to put into his coffers; and by his secret councils to unfold matters of moment and secrecy. A Latin letter was delivered to "David Ramsey of the clock" to hand over to the king: a copy of it has been preserved in a letter of the times; but it is so unmeaning, that it could have had no effect on the king, who, however, declared that he would not admit him to an audience, and that if he could tell where "the President of the Rosy-cross" was to be found, unless he made good his offer, he would hang him at the court-gates. This served the town and country for talk till the appointed Sunday had passed over, and no ambassador was visible! Some considered this as the plotting of crazy brains, but others imagined it to be an attempt to speak with the king in private, on matters respecting the duke. There was also discovered, by letters received from Rome, "a whole parliament of Jesuits sitting" in "a fair-hanged vault" in Clerkenwell: Sir John Cooke would have alarmed the parliament, that on St. Joseph's day these were to have occupied their

the minster with less than three hundred and forty candles, whereof sixty he caused to be placed about the high-altar; besides he caused the picture of our Saviour, supported by two angels, to be set in the choir. The committee is very hot against him, and no matter if they trounce him." This was Cosins who survived the revolution, and, returning with Charles the Second, was raised to the see of Durham: the charitable institutions he has left are most munificent.

places; ministers are supposed to have conspirators for "the nonce;" Sir Dudley Digges, in the opposition, as usual, would not believe in any such political necromancers; but such a party were discovered; Cooke would have insinuated that the French ambassador had persuaded Louis, that the divisions between Charles and his people had been raised by his ingenuity, and was rewarded for the intelligence; this is not unlikely. The parliament of Jesuits might have been a secret college of theirs; for, among other things seized on, was a considerable library.

When the parliament was sitting, a sealed letter was thrown under the door, with this superscription, *Cursed be the man that finds this letter, and delivers it not to the House of Commons.* The serjeant at arms delivered it to the speaker, who would not open it till the House had chosen a committee of twelve members to inform them whether it was fit to be read. Sir Edward Coke, after having read two or three lines, stopped, and, according to my authority, "durst read no further, but immediately sealing it, the committee thought fit to send it to the king, who they say, on reading it through, cast it into the fire, and sent the House of Commons thanks for their wisdom in not publishing it, and for the discretion of the committee in so far tendering his honour, as not to read it out, when they once perceived that it touched his majesty.*

Others besides the freedom of speech, introduced another form, "A speech without doors," which was distributed to the members of the House. It is in all respects a remarkable one, occupying ten folio pages in the first volume of Rushworth.

Some in office appear to have employed extraordinary proceedings of a similar nature. An intercepted letter written from the Archduchess to the King of Spain was delivered by Sir H. Martyn at the council-board on New-year's day, who found it in some papers relating to the navy. The duke immediately said he would show it to the king; and, accompanied by several lords, went into his majesty's closet. The letter was written in French; it advised the Spanish court to make a sudden war with England, for several reasons; his majesty's want of skill to govern of himself; the weakness of his council in not daring to acquaint him with the truth; want of money; disunion of the subjects' hearts from their prince, &c. The king only observed, that the writer forgot that the Archduchess writes to the King of Spain in Spanish, and sends her letters overland.

I have to add an important fact. I find certain

* I deliver this fact as I find it in a private letter; but it is noticed in the Journals of the House of Commons, 23 Junii, 4.^o Caroli Regis. "Sir Edward Coke reporteth that they find that, inclosed in the letter, to be unfit for any subjects' ear to hear. Read but one line and a half of it, and could not endure to read more of it. It was ordered to be sealed and delivered into the king's hands by eight members, and to acquaint his majesty with the place and time of finding it; particularly that upon the reading of one line and a half at most, they would read no more, but sealed it up, and brought it to the House."

evidence that the heads of the opposition were busily active in thwarting the measures of government. Dr. Samuel Turner, the member for Shrewsbury, called on Sir John Cage, and desired to speak to him privately; his errand was to entreat him to resist the loan, and to use his power with others to obtain this purpose. The following information comes from Sir John Cage himself. Dr. Turner "being desired to stay, he would not a minute, but instantly took horse, saying he had more places to go to, and time pressed; *that there was a company of them had divided themselves into all parts, every one having had a quarter assigned to him, to perform this service for the commonwealth.*" This was written in November, 1626. This unquestionably amounts to a secret confederacy watching out of parliament as well as in; and those strange appearances of popular defection exhibited in the country, which I have described, were in great part the consequences of the machinations and active intrigues of the popular party.

The king was not disposed to try a *third* parliament. The favourite, perhaps to regain that popular favour which his greatness had lost him, is said in private letters to have been twice on his knees to intercede for a new one. The elections however foreboded no good; and a letter-writer connected with the court, in giving an account of them, prophetically declared, "we are without question undone!"

The king's speech opens with the spirit which he himself felt, but which he could not communicate.

"The times are for action; wherefore, for example's sake, I mean not to spend much time in words!" If you, which God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, *use those other means* which God hath put into my hands, to save that, which the follies of some particular men may otherwise hazard to lose." He added, with the loftiness of ideal majesty—"Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals; but as an admonition from him, that, both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and prosperities:" and in a more friendly tone he requested them, "To remember a thing to the end that we may forget it. You may imagine that I come here with a doubt of success, remembering the distractions of the last meeting; but I assure you that I shall very easily forget and forgive what is past."

A most crowded house now met, composed of the wealthiest men; for a lord, who probably considered that property was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the upper-house, his majesty only excepted! The aristocracy of wealth had already begun to be felt. Some ill omens of the parliament appeared. Sir Robert Philips moved for a general fast: "We had one for the plague which it pleased God to deliver us from, and we have now so many plagues of the commonwealth about his majesty's person, that we have need of such an act of humiliation." Sir Edward Coke held it most necessary, "because there are, I fear, some devils that will not be cast out but by fasting and prayer."

Many of the speeches in "this great council of the kingdom" are as admirable pieces of composi-

tion as exist in the language. Even the court-party were moderate, extenuating rather than pleading for the late necessities. But the evil spirit of party, however veiled, was walking amidst them all: a letter-writer represents the natural state of feelings: "Some of the parliament talk desperately; while others, of as high a course to enforce money, if they yield not!" Such is the perpetual action and reaction of public opinion; when one side will give too little, the other is sure to desire too much!

The parliament granted subsidies—Sir John Cooke having brought up the report to the king, Charles expressed great satisfaction, and declared that he felt now more happy than any of his predecessors. Inquiring of Sir John by how many voices he had carried it? Cooke replied, But by one!—at which his majesty seemed appalled, and asked how many were against him? Cooke answered, "None! the unanimity of the House made all but *one voice*!" at which his majesty wept!* If Charles shed tears, or as Cooke himself expresses it, in his report to the House, "was much affected," the emotion was profound: for on all sudden emergencies Charles displayed an almost unparalleled command over the exterior violence of his feelings.

The favourite himself sympathised with the tender joy of his royal master; and, before the king, voluntarily offered himself as a peace-sacrifice. In his speech at the council-table, he entreats the king that he who had the honour to be his majesty's favourite, might now give up that title to them.—A warm genuine feeling probably prompted these words.

"To open my heart, please to pardon me a word more; I must confess I have long lived in pain, sleep hath given me no rest, favours and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows, to be thought the man of separation, and that divided the king from his people, and them from him; but I hope it shall appear they were some mistaken minds that would have made me the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people."†

Buckingham added, that for the good of his country he was willing to sacrifice his honours; and since his plurality of offices had been so strongly excepted against, that he was content to give up the master of the horse to Marquess Hamilton, and the warden of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Carlisle; and was willing that the parliament should appoint another admiral for all services at sea.

It is as certain as human evidence can authenticate, that on the king's side all was grateful affection; and that on Buckingham's there was a most earnest desire to win the favours of parliament; and what are stronger than all human evidence, those unerring principles in human nature itself,

* This circumstance is mentioned in a manuscript letter; what Cooke declared to the House is in Rushworth, vol. i. p. 525.

† I refer the critical student of our history to the duke's speech at the council table as it appears in Rushworth, i. 525; but what I add respecting his personal sacrifices is from manuscript letters. Sloane MSS. 4177. Letter 490, &c.

which are the secret springs of the heart. The king undoubtedly signed to meet parliament with the love which he had first professed, he declared, that "he should now rejoice to meet with his people often." Charles had no innate tyranny in his constitutional character, and Buckingham at times was incapable of misery should his great name, as I have elsewhere shown.* It could not have been imagined that the luckless favourite, on the present occasion, should have arrived in a pretence to act upon in motion the chain of evil! Can any candid mind suppose, that the king or the duke meditated the slightest insult on the patriotic party, or to the least would have disturbed the apparent reconciliation? Yet it so happened! Secretary Cooke, at the close of his report of the king's acceptance of the subsidies, mentioned that the duke had fervently beseeched the king to grant the house all their demands! Perhaps the mention of the duke's name was designed to agitate him into their irritation.

Mr John Eliot caught me at the very name of the duke, and vehemently checked the secretary for having dared to introduce it, declaring that "they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects. By intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message, he seemed to derogate from the honour and majesty of a king. How would it become any subject to hear himself in such a fashion, as if he were ought to descend from the king to the people, and any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only."

This speech was received by many with acclamations, some cried out, "Well spoken, Sir John Eliot!"† It marks the heated state of the political atmosphere, where even the lightest circumlocution of a hated name made it burst into flames!

I have often suspected that Sir John Eliot, by his vehement personality, must have borne a personal antipathy to Buckingham. I have never been enabled to ascertain the fact, but I find that he has left in manuscript a collection of satire, or "Verses, being chiefly satires against the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he bore a bitter and most inveterate enmity." Could we sometimes discover the motives of those who first head political revolutions, we should find how greatly personal hatreds have actuated them in deeds which have come down to us in the form of patriotism, and how often the revolutionary spirit disguises its private passions by its public conduct!‡

But the supplies, which had raised tears from

* See ante, p. 328.

† I find this speech, and an account of its reception, in manuscript letters; the fragment in Rushworth contains no part of it. I give it from MSS. 4177. Letter 499, &c.

‡ Modern history would afford more instances than perhaps some of us suspect I cannot pass over an illustration of my principle, which I shall take from two very notorious politicians—Wolsey, and Sir William Walworth.

Wolsey, when in arriere, had been beaten by his master, Richard Loyns, a great merchant of wines, and a sheriff of London. The contemptuous

the fervent gratitude of Charles, though veiled, were yet withheld. They removed that grievance and supplies go hand in hand. The commons entered deeply into constitutional points of the highest magnitude. The curious tradition of Belden and Coke was combined with the ardour of patriots who merit no inferior celebrity, though, not having consecrated their names by their labours in literature, we only discover them in the obscure annals of parliament. To our history, composed by writers of different principles, I refer the reader for the arguments of lawyers, and the spirit of the commons. My secret history is only its supplement.

The king's prerogative, and the subject's liberty, were points hard to distinguish, and established but by contest. Sometimes the king intimated that "the house pressed not upon the abuses of power, but only upon power itself." Sometimes the commons doubted whether they had anything of their own to give, while their property and their persons seemed equally insecure. Despotism seemed to stand on our side, and Liberty on the other—Liberty trembled!

The conference of the commons before the lords, on the freedom and person of the subject, was admirably conducted by Belden and by Coke. When the king's attorney affected to slight the learned arguments and precedents, pretending to consider them as mutilated out of the records, and so proving rather against the commons than for them, Sir Edward Coke rose, affirming to the house, upon his shield in the law, that "it lay not under Mr Attorney's cap to answer any one of these arguments." Belden declared that he had written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the king's Bench, with his own hand, and "would engage his head, Mr Attorney should not find on all these authorities a single precedent omitted." Mr Littleton said, that he had examined every one syllable, and wherever said they were mutilated spoke false! Of so ambiguous and delicate a nature was then the liberty of the subject, that it seems they considered it to depend on precedents!

Working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven, and when this radical assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried before him on the point of a spear! So Graham tells us, in the eternal obliquity of this arch-jacobin, who "was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace." I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel, yet there are secrets in history! Sir William Walworth, "the ever-daring mayor of London," as Shakespeare dignifies him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs, but when I discovered in Stowe's survey that Walworth was the landlord of the ale-house on the Bankside, which he turned out to the Dutch wren, and which Wal had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling has knocked down the story, and then thrust him through and through with his dagger, and that there was so much of personal vengeance in patriotism, which rained his arm to crush the stimulator of so much valuable property!

A startling message, on the 12th of April, was sent by the king, for despatch of business. The house, struck with astonishment, desired to have it repeated. They remained sad and silent. No one cared to open the debate. A whimsical, crack-brained politician, Sir Francis Nethersole, suddenly started up, entreating leave to tell his last night's dream. Some laughing at him, he observed, that "kingdoms had been saved by dreams!" Allowed to proceed, he said, "he saw two good pastures; a flock of sheep was in the one, and a bellwether alone in the other; a great ditch was between them, and a narrow bridge over the ditch."

He was interrupted by the speaker, who told him that it stood not with the gravity of the house to listen to dreams; but the house was inclined to hear him out.

"The sheep would sometimes go over to the bellwether, or the bellwether to the sheep. Once both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was who should go back, since both could not go on without danger. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bellwether go over their backs. The application of this dilemma he left to the house."* It must be confessed that the bearing of the point was more ambiguous than some of the important ones that formed the subjects of fierce contention. *Davus sum, non Œdipus!* It is probable that this fantastical politician did not vote with the opposition; for Elliot, Wentworth, and Coke protested against the interpretation of dreams in the house!

When the attorney-general motioned that the liberties of the subject might be moderated, to reconcile the differences between themselves and the sovereign, Sir Edward Coke observed, that "the true mother would never consent to the dividing of her child." On this, Buckingham swore that Coke intimated, that the king, his master, was the prostitute of the state. Coke protested against the misinterpretation. The dream of Nethersole, and the metaphor of Coke, were alike dangerous in parliamentary discussion.

In a manuscript letter it is said, that the House of Commons sat four days without speaking or doing anything. On the first of May Secretary Cooke delivered a message, asking, whether they would rely upon the *king's word*? This question was followed by a long silence. Several speeches are reported in the letters of the times, which are not in Rushworth. Sir Nathaniel Rich observed, that "confident as he was of the royal word, what did any indefinite word ascertain?" Pym said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England; what need we then take his word?" He proposed to move "Whether we should take the king's word or no." This was resisted by Secretary Cooke; "What would they say in foreign parts, if the people of England would not trust their king?" He desired the house to call Pym to order; on which Pym replied, "Truly, Mr. Speaker, I am just of the same opinion I was; viz. that the king's oath was as powerful as his word." Sir John Elliot moved that it be put to the question, "because they that would have it, do urge us to that point." Sir Edward Coke on

this occasion made a memorable speech, of which the following passage is not given in Rushworth.

"We sit now in parliament, and therefore must take his *majesty's word* no otherwise than in a *parliamentary way*; that is, of a matter agreed on by both houses—his majesty sitting on his throne in his robes, with his crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and in full parliament; and his royal assent being entered upon record, in *perpetuam rei memoriam*. This was the royal word of a king in parliament, and not a word delivered in a chamber, and out of the mouth of a secretary at the second hand; therefore I motion, that the House of Commons, *more majorum*, should draw a petition, *de droit*, to his majesty; which, being confirmed by both houses, and assented unto by his majesty, will be as firm an act as any. Not that I distrust the king, but that I cannot take his trust but in a parliamentary way."*

In this speech of Sir Edward Coke we find the first mention, in the legal style, of the ever-memorable "Petition of Right," which two days after was finished. The reader must pursue its history among the writers of opposite parties.

On Tuesday, June 5, a royal message announced, that on the 11th the present sessions would close. This utterly disconcerted the commons. Religious men considered it as a judicial visitation for the sins of the people; others raged with suppressed feelings; they counted up all the disasters which had of late occurred, all which were charged to one man: they knew not, at a moment so urgent, when all their liberties seemed at stake, whether the commons should fly to the lords, or to the king. Sir John Elliot said, that as they intended to furnish his majesty with money, it was proper that he should give them time to supply him with counsel: he was renewing his old attacks on the duke, when he was suddenly interrupted by the speaker, who, starting from the chair, declared, that he was commanded not to suffer him to proceed; Elliot sat down in sullen silence. On Wednesday Sir Edward Coke broke the ice of debate. "That man," said he of the duke, "is the grievance of grievances! As for going to the lords," he added, "that is not *via regia*; our liberties are impeached—it is our concern!"

On Thursday the vehement cry of Coke against Buckingham was followed up; as, says a letter-writer, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry. A sudden message from the king absolutely forbade them to asperse any of his majesty's ministers, otherwise his majesty would instantly dissolve them.

This fell like a thunderbolt; it struck terror and alarm; and at the instant, the House of Commons was changed into a scene of tragical melancholy! All the opposite passions of human nature—all the national evils which were one day to burst on the country, seemed, on a sudden, concentrated in this single spot! Some were seen weeping, some were expostulating, and some, in awful prophecy, were contemplating the future ruin of the kingdom; while others, of more ardent daring, were

* These speeches are entirely drawn from manuscript letters. Coke's may be substantially found in Rushworth, but without a single expression as here given.

* Manuscript letter.

representing the timid, quailing the terrified, and infusing resolution into the despairing. Many attempted to speak, but were so strongly affected, that their very utterance failed them. The venerable Coke, overcome by his feelings when he rose to speak, found his hoarse eloquence fail on his tongue; he sat down, and tears were seen on his aged cheeks. The name of the public enemy of the kingdom was repeated, till the speaker, with tears covering his face, declared he could no longer witness such a spectacle of war in the cushions of England, and requested leave of absence for half an hour. The speaker hastened to the king, to inform him of the state of the house. They were preparing a vote against the duke, for being an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to king and kingdom, and were bound on these "Remonstrances," when the speaker, on his return, delivered his majesty's message, that they should adjourn till the next day.

This was an awful interval of time; many trembled for the issue of the next morning. One letter-writer calls it, "that black and dreadful Thursday!" and another, writing before the house met, observes, "What we shall expect this morning, God of heaven knows, we shall meet to-morrow!"

Charles probably had been greatly affected by the report of the speaker, on the extraordinary state into which the whole house had been thrown, for on Friday the royal message imported, that the king had never any intention of "barrening them from their right, but only to avoid a scandal, that his subjects should not be accused for their counsel to him, and still he hoped that all Christendom might witness a sweet parting between him and his people." This message quivered the house, but did not suspend their preparations for a "Remonstrance," which they had begun on the day they were threatened with a dissolution.

On Saturday, while they were still occupied on the "Remonstrance," unexpectedly, at four o'clock, the king came to parliament, and the commons were called up. Charles spontaneously came to reconcile himself to parliament. The king now gave his second answer to the "Petition of Right." He said, "My maxim is, that the people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative, and the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. Read your petition, and you shall have an answer that I am sure will please you." They desired to have the secret form of their demands, "sent down last come if not delay," and not as the king had before given it, with any observations on it. Charles now granted this, declaring that his second answer to the petition is now as differed from his first, "but you now see how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands, I have done my part, therefore, if this parliament have not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours,—I am free from it."

Popular gratitude is, at least, as voracious as it is sudden. Both houses returned the king acclamations of joy, every one seemed to exult at the

happy change which a few days had effected in the fate of the kingdom. Everywhere the bells rung, bonfires were kindled, an universal holiday was kept through the town, and spread to the country; but an ominous circumstance has been remarked by a letter-writer, the common people, who had caught the contagious happiness, imagined that all this public joy was occasioned by the king's consenting to commit the duke to the Tower!

Charles has been censured, even by Rome, for his "evasions and delays," in granting his assent to the "Petition of Right," but now, either the parliament had concurred the royal unwillingness, or the king was suddenly inclined to reconciliation. Yet the joy of the commons did not outlast the bonfires in the streets, they resumed their debates as if they had never before touched on the subject: they did not account for the feelings of the man whom they addressed as the sovereign. They sent up a "Remonstrance" against the duke,* and introduced his mother into it, as a patroness of Popery. Charles declared, that after having granted the famous "Petition," he had not expected such a return as this "Remonstrance." "Now acceptable it is," he afterwards said, "every man may judge, no wise man can justify it." After the reading of the Remonstrance, the duke fell on his knees, desiring to answer for himself, but Charles no was released in showing his personal favour?

The duke was often charged with actions and with expressions of which, notwithstanding, he was not always guilty, and we can more fairly decide on some points, relating to Charles and the favourite, for we have a clearer notion of them than his contemporaries. The active spirits in the commons were resolved to hunt down the guilty to the death, for they now struck at, as the king calls it, "one of the chief maintainers of our cruelties, in tithings and proceedings, the levying of which, they now declared, was a violation of the liberties of the people. This subject again involved legal discussions, and another "Remonstrance." They were in the act of reading it, when the king suddenly came down to the house, went for the speaker, and prorogued the parliament. "I am forced to end this session," said Charles, "some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more Remonstrances, to which I must give a harsh answer." There was, at least, as much of sorrow as of anger in this closing speech.

Buckingham once more was to offer his life for the honour of his master—and to court popularity! It is well known with what exterior fortitude Charles received the news of the duke's condemnation, the imperturbable majesty of his mind—unconquerable it was not: never deserted him on many similar occasions. There was no indecision—no feebleness in his conduct, that extraordinary event was not suffered to delay the expedition. The king's personal industry attended all the men in office. One writer, that the king had done more in six weeks than in the duke's time had been done in six months. The death of Buckingham caused no change, the king left every man

* This last letter is printed in Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 609.

† The king's answer is in Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 613.

* This eloquent state paper is in Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 610.

† This interview is taken from manuscript letters.

to his own charge, but took the general direction into his own hands.* In private, Charles deeply mourned the loss of Buckingham; he gave no encouragement to his enemies: the king called him "his martyr," and declared, "the world was greatly mistaken in him; for it was thought that the favourite had ruled his majesty, but it was far otherwise; for that the duke had been to him a faithful and an obedient servant."† Such were the feelings and ideas of the unfortunate Charles the First, which it is necessary to become acquainted with to judge of; few have possessed the leisure or the disposition to perform this historical duty, involved, as it is, in the history of our passions. If ever the man shall be viewed, as well as the monarch, the private history of Charles the First will form one of the most pathetic of biographies.‡

All the foreign expeditions of Charles the First were alike disastrous; the vast genius of Richelieu, at its meridian, had paled our ineffectual star! The dreadful surrender of Rochelle had sent back our army and navy baffled and disgraced; and Buckingham had timely perished, to be saved from having one more reproach, one more political crime, attached to his name. Such failures did not improve the temper of the times; but the most brilliant victory would not have changed the fate of Charles, nor allayed the fiery spirits in the commons, who, as Charles said, "not satisfied in hearing complainers, had erected themselves into inquisitors after complaints."

Parliament met. The king's speech was conciliatory. He acknowledged that the exaction of the duties of the customs was not a right which he derived from his hereditary prerogative, but one which he enjoyed as the gift of his people. These duties had indeed not yet been formally confirmed by parliament to Charles, but they had never been refused to the sovereign. The king closed with a fervent ejaculation, that the session, begun with confidence, might end with a mutual good understanding.

The shade of Buckingham was no longer cast between Charles the First and the commons. And yet we find that "their dread and dear sovereign" was not allowed any repose on the throne.

A new demon of national discord, Religion, in a metaphysical garb, reared its distracted head. This evil spirit had been raised by the conduct of the court divines, whose political sermons, with their attempts to return to the more solemn ceremonies of the Romish church, alarmed some tender consciences; it served as a masked battery for the patriotic party to change their ground at will, without slackening their fire. When the king urged for the duties of his customs, he found that he was addressing a committee sitting for

religion. Sir John Elliot threw out a singular expression. Alluding to some of the bishops, whom he called "masters of ceremonies," he confessed that some ceremonies were commendable, such as "that we should stand up at the repetition of the creed, to testify the resolution of our hearts to defend the religion we profess, and in some churches they did not only stand upright, but *with their swords drawn*." His speech was a spark that fell into a well-laid train; scarcely can we conceive the enthusiastic temper of the House of Commons, at that moment, when, after some debate, they entered into a *vow* to preserve "the articles of religion established by parliament, in the *thirteenth year of our late Queen Elizabeth*!" and this *vow* was immediately followed up by a petition to the king for a *fast* for the increasing miseries of the reformed churches abroad. Parliaments are liable to have their passions! Some of these enthusiasts were struck by a panic, not perhaps warranted by the danger of "Jesuits and Arminians." The king answered them in good-humour; observing, however, on the state of the reformed abroad, "that fighting would do them more good than fasting." He granted them their fast, but they would now grant no return; for now they presented "a Declaration" to the king, that tonnage and poundage must give precedency to religion! The king's answer still betrays no ill temper. He confessed that he did not think that "religion was in so much danger as they affirmed." He reminds them of tonnage and poundage; "I do not so much desire it out of greediness of the thing, as out of a desire to put an end to those questions that arise between me and some of my subjects."

Never had the king been more moderate in his claims, or more tender in his style; and never had the commons been more fierce, and never, in truth, so utterly inexorable! Often kings are tyrannical, and sometimes parliaments: a body corporate, with the infection of passion, may perform acts of injustice, like the individual who abuses the power with which he is invested. It was insisted that Charles should give up the receivers of the customs, whom they denounced as capital enemies to the king and kingdom, and those who submitted to the duties as accessories. When Sir John Elliot was pouring forth invectives against some courtiers—however they may have merited the blast of his eloquence—he was sometimes interrupted and sometimes cheered, for the stinging personalities. The timid speaker refusing to put the question, suffered a severe reprimand from Selden; "If you will not put it, we must sit still, and thus we shall never be able to do anything!" The house adjourned in great heat; the dark prognostic of their next meeting, which Sir Symonds D'Ewes has marked in his diary as "the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that happened for five hundred years!"

On this fatal day,* the speaker still refusing to put the question, and announcing the king's command for an adjournment, Sir John Elliot stood up! The speaker attempted to leave the chair, but two members, who had placed themselves on

* Manuscript letters; Lord Dorset to the Earl of Carlisle.—Sloane MSS. 4178, Letter 519.

† Manuscript letter.

‡ I have already given the "Secret History of Charles the First, and his Queen," where I have traced the firmness and independence of his character. In another article will be found as much of the "Secret History of the Duke of Buckingham" as I have been enabled to acquire.

* Monday, 2nd of March, 1629.

each side, hastily kept him down. Elliot, who had prepared "a short Declaration," flung down a paper on the floor, crying out that it might be read! His party vociferated for the reading—others that it should not. A sudden tumult broke out; Cannon, a fervent patriot, struck another member, and many had their hands on their swords. "Shall we," and "no," he went home as we were last morning, torn off like scattered sheep!" The wretched, trembling speaker, still persisting in what he held to be his duty, was dragged to and fro by opposite parties; but neither he nor the clerk would read the paper, though the speaker was bitterly reproached by his kinsman, Sir Peter Maynard, "as the disgrace of his country, and a blot to a noble family." Elliot, leading the house so strongly divided, unobtrusively matching up the paper, said, "I shall then express that by my tongue which this paper should have done." Dr. John Hallam assumed the character of speaker, putting the question: it was returned by the acclamations of the party. The doors were locked, and the keys laid on the table. The king went for the scepter and sword, but the members could obtain no admittance—the order of the black and met no more regard. The king then ordered out his guard—in the meanwhile the proclamation was completed. The door was flung open; the rank of the members was so impetuous that the crowd carried away among them the scepter and the sword, amidst confusion and riot. Many of the members were struck by amazement and horror! Several of the patriots were committed to the Tower. The king, on doubting this lot of his parliamentists till the memorable "Long Parliament," gave us, at least, his idea of it. "It is far from me to judge all the house alike good, for there are as detestable subjects as any in the world; it being but some few open among them that did cast the most of undisturbance over most of their eyes."

Thus have I traced, step by step, the secret history of Charles the First and his early parliament. I have entered into their feelings, while I have supplied new facts, to make everything as present and as true as my faithful diligence could repeat the tale. It was necessary that I should sometimes judge of the first race of our patriots as some of their contemporaries did; but it was impossible to avoid correcting their notions by the more en-

* It was imagined out of doors that swords had been drawn. For a Welsh page running in great haste, when he heard the noise, to the door, cried out, "I pray you let him in! let him in! to give his master his sword!"—*Macaulay's letter.*

† At the time many undoubtedly considered that it was a mere fiction in the house. Sir Byrmond D'Ewes was certainly no politician—but, unquestionably, his ideas were not peculiar to himself. Of the last third parliament he delivers this opinion in his Diary: "Cannon doeth but the greater part of the house were morally honest men, but these were the least guilty of the fatal breach, being only misled by some other black-robed priests, who aimed at the liberty of the commonwealth, and by that means, in the name of their outward freedom, drew the votes of those good men to their side."

larged views of their posterity. This is the privilege of an historian and the philosophy of his art. There is no apology for the king, nor no declaration for the subject. Were we only to decide by the final result of this great contest, of which what we have here narrated is but its last beginning, we should confess that Sir John Elliot and his party were the first fathers of our political existence, and we should not withhold from them the inexpressible gratitude of a nation's freedom! But human infirmity mortifies us in the noblest persons of man; and we must be taught this pendulous and chattering wisdom. The story of our patriots is involved. Charles appears to have been lowering these high notions of his prerogative, which were not peculiar to him, and was throwing himself on the bosom of his people. The severe and unrelenting conduct of Sir John Elliot, his prompt eloquence and bold invective, well fitted him for the leader of a party. He was the backbone, scattering the magnetic efforts, to draw together the loose particles of iron. Never sparing the errors of the man in the monarch, never relinquishing his royal prey, Elliot contributed to make Charles disgusted with all parliament. Without any dangerous concessions, there was more than one moment when they might have reconciled the sovereign to themselves, and not have driven him to the fatal resource of attempting to reign without a parliament!

THE RUMP.

Text and commentary! and the French revolution abounds with wonderful "explanatory notes" on the English. It has cleared up many obscure passages—and in the political history of Man, both pages must be read together.

The opprobrious and ludicrous nickname of *THE RUMP*, signified a faction which played the same part in the English Revolution as the "Montagne" of the Jacobins did in the French. It has been imagined that our English Jacobins were impelled by a principle different from their modern rivals, but the madness of avowed atheism, and the frenzy of hypocritical sanctity, meet at the same point in the circle of error. These history books out of their useful parades where, with truth unerring and mathematical demonstration, we discover the identity of human nature. Semblance of imitation, and certain principles, producing similar passions and similar events, finally arrive in the same results. *THE RUMP*, so long as human nature exists, can be nothing but the Rump, however it may be thrown asunder.

The origin of this political byname has often been inquired; and it is somewhat curious, that though all parties consent to reprobate it, each assigns for it a different allusion. There is always a mixture of the ludicrous with the tragic in the history of political factions; but, except their modern brethren, no one, save the present, ever excused such a combination of extreme contempt and extreme horror.

Among the rival parties in 1649, the Loyalists and the Presbyterians acted as we may suppose the

Tories and the Whigs would in the same predicament; a secret reconciliation had taken place, to bury in oblivion their former jealousies, that they might unite to rid themselves from that tyranny of tyrannies, a hydra-headed government; or, as Hume observes, that "all efforts should be used for the overthrow of the Rump; so they called the parliament, in allusion to that part of the animal body." The sarcasm of the allusion seemed obvious to our polished historian; yet, looking more narrowly for its origin, we shall find among those who lived nearer the times, how indistinct were their notions of this nickname. Evelyn says that "the Rump Parliament was so called, as retaining some few rotten members of the other." Roger Coke describes it thus: "You must now be content with a piece of the Commons, called 'The Rump.'" And Carte calls the Rump "the carcase of a House," and seems not precisely aware of the contemptuous allusion. But how do "rotten members," and "a carcase," agree with the notion of "a Rump?" Recently the editor of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson has conveyed a novel origin. "The number of the members of the Long Parliament having been by seclusion, death, &c., very much reduced,"—a remarkable &c. this! by which our editor seems adroitly to throw a veil over the forcible transportation of two hundred members at one swoop, by the Rumpers,—*"the remainder was compared to the rump of a fowl which was left, all the rest being eaten."* Our editor even considers this to be "a coarse emblem;" yet "the rump of a fowl" could hardly offend even a lady's delicacy! Our editor, probably, was somewhat anxious not to degrade *too lowly* that antimonarchical party, designated by the opprobrious term. Perhaps it is pardonable in Mrs. Macaulay (an historical lady, and a "Rumper;" for she calls "the Levellers" "a brave and virtuous party"), to have passed over in *her* history any mention of the offensive term at all, as well as the ridiculous catastrophe which they underwent in the political revolution, which we must beg leave not to pass by.

This party coinage has been ascribed to Clement Walker, their bitter antagonist; who, having sacrificed no inconsiderable fortune to the cause of what he considered constitutional liberty, was one of the violently ejected members of the Long Parliament, and perished in prison, a victim to honest unbending principles. His "History of Independency" is a rich legacy bequeathed to posterity, of all their great misdoings, and their petty villanies, and, above all, of their secret history: one likes to know of what blocks the idols of the people are sometimes carved out.

Clement Walker notices "the votes and acts of this *sag end*; this RUMP of a parliament, with corrupt maggots in it."* This hideous, but descriptive image of "The Rump," had, however, got forward before; for the collector of "the Rump Songs" tells us, "If you asked who ramed it Rump, know 'twas so styled in an honest sheet of prayer, called 'The Bloody Rump,' written *before the trial* of our late sovereign; but the word obtained not *universal notice*, till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Brown, at a public

assembly in the days of Richard Cromwell." Thus it happens that a stinging nickname has been frequently applied to render a faction eternally odious; and the chance expression of a wit, when adopted on some public occasion, circulates among a whole people. The present nickname originated in derision on the expulsion of the majority of the Long Parliament, by the usurping minority. It probably slept; for who would have stirred it through the Protectorate? and finally awakened at Richard's restored, but fleeting "Rump," to witness its own ridiculous extinction.

Our RUMP passed through three stages in its political progress. Preparatory to the trial of the sovereign, the antimonarchical party constituted the minority in "the Long Parliament:" the very byname by which this parliament is recognised seemed a grievance to an impatient people, vacillating with chimerical projects of government, and now accustomed to pull down all existing institutions, from a wild indefinite notion of political equality. Such was the temper of the times, that an act of the most violent injustice, openly performed, served only as the jest of the day, a jest which has passed into history. The forcible expulsion of two hundred of their brother members, by those who afterwards were saluted as "The Rump," was called "Pride's Purge," from the activity of a colonel of that name, a military adventurer, who was only the blind and brutal instrument of his party; for when he stood at the door of the Commons, holding a paper with the names of the members, he did not personally know one! And his "Purge" might have operated a quite opposite effect, administered by his own unskilful hand, had not Lord Grey of Groby, and the doorkeeper—worthy dispersers of a British senate!—pointed out the obnoxious members, on whom our colonel laid his hand, and sent off by his men to be detained, if a bold member, or to be deterred from sitting in the house, if a frightened one. This colonel had been a drayman; and that contemptible knot of the Commons, reduced to fifty or sixty confederates, which assembled after his "Purge," were called "Colonel Pride's Dray-horses!"

It was this Rump which voted the death of the sovereign, and abolished the regal office, and the house of peers—as "unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous!" Every office in parliament seemed "dangerous" but that of the "Custodes libertatis Angliæ," the keepers of the liberties of England! or rather "the gaolers!" "The legislative half-quarter of the House of Commons!" indignantly exclaims Clement Walker—the "Montagne" of the French revolutionists!

"The Red-coats," as the military were nicknamed, soon taught their masters, "the Rumpers," silence and obedience: these having raised one colossal man for their own purpose, were annihilated by him at a single blow. Cromwell, five years after, turned them out of their house, and put the keys into his pocket. Their last public appearance was in the fleeting days of Richard Cromwell, when the comi-tragedy of "The Rump" concluded by a catastrophe as ludicrous as that of Tom Thumb's tragedy!

How such a faction used their instruments to gather in the common spoil, and how their instru-

* History of Independency, Part II. p. 32.

ments at length converted the hands which held them into instruments themselves, appears in their history. When "the Long Parliament" opposed the designs of Cromwell and Ireton, these chiefs cried up "the liberty of the people," and denied "the authority of parliament:" but when they effectuated their famous "purge," and formed a House of Commons of *THEMSELVES*, they abolished the House of Lords, crying up the supreme authority of the House of Commons, and crying down the liberty of the people. Such is the history of political factions, as well as of statesmen! Charles the Fifth at first made use of the pope's authority to subdue the Protestants of Germany, and then raised an army of Protestants to imprison the pope! A chain of similar facts may be framed out of modern history.

The "Rump," as they were called by every one but their own party, became a whetstone for the wits to sharpen themselves on; and we have two large collections of "Rump Songs," curious chronicles of popular feeling! Without this evidence we should not have been so well informed of the phases of this portentous phenomenon. "The Rump" was celebrated in verse, till at length it became "the Rump of a Rump of a Rump!" as Foulis traces them to their dwindled and grotesque appearance. It is portrayed by a wit of the times—

"The Rump's an old story, if well understood,
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a parliament's hood,
And like it—but the tail stands where the head
shou'd!

'Twould make a man scratch where it does not
itch!

They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the rump upwards; but he that advises
To live in that posture, is none of the wisest."

Cromwell's hunting them out of the house by military force is alluded to—

"Our politic doctors do us teach,
That a blood-sucking red coat's as good as a leech
To relieve the head, if applied to the breech."

In the opening scene of the Restoration, Mrs. Hutchinson, an honest republican, paints with dismay a scene otherwise very ludicrous. "When the town of Nottingham, as almost all the rest of the island, began to grow mad, and declared themselves in their desires of the king;" or, as another of the opposite party writes, "When the soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs trumps*, resolved now to turn up the *king of hearts* in their affections," the rabble in town and country vied with each other in "burning the Rump;" and the literal emblem was hung by chains on gallowses, with a bonfire underneath, while the cries of "Let us burn the Rump! Let us roast the Rump!" were echoed everywhere. The suddenness of this universal change, which was said to have maddened the wisest, and to have sobered the mad, must be ascribed to the joy at escaping from the yoke of a military despotism; perhaps, too, it marked the rapid transition of hope to a restoration which might be supposed to have implanted gratitude even in a royal breast! The feelings of the people expected to find an echo from the throne!

"The Rump," besides their general resemblance to the French anarchists, had also some minuter

features of ugliness, which Englishmen have often exulted have not marked an English revolution—sanguinary proscriptions! We had thought that we had no revolutionary tribunals! no Septemberers! no Noyades! no moveable guillotines awaiting for carts loaded with human victims! no infuriated republican urging, in a committee of public safety, the necessity of a salutary massacre!

But if it be true that the same motives and the same principles were at work in both nations, and that the like personages were performing in England the parts which these did afterwards in France, by an argument *à priori* we might be sure that the same revolting crimes and chimerical projects were alike suggested at London as at Paris. Human nature, even in transactions which appear unparalleled, will be found to preserve a regularity of resemblance not always suspected.

The first great tragic act was closely copied by the French; and if the popular page of our history appears unstained by their revolutionary axe, this depended only on a slight accident; for it became a question of "yea" and "nay!" and was only carried in the negative by *two voices* in the council! It was debated among "the bloody Rump," as it was hideously designated, "whether to massacre and to put to the sword *all the king's party*!"* Cromwell himself listened to the suggestion; and it was only put down by the coolness of political calculation—the dread that the massacre would be *too general*! Some of the Rump, not obtaining the blessedness of a massacre, still clung to the happiness of an immolation; and many petitions were presented, that "*two or three principal gentlemen* of the royal party in *EACH* COUNTRY might be sacrificed to justice, whereby the land might be saved from *blood-guiltiness*!" Sir Arthur Haslerigg, whose "passionate fondness of liberty" has been commended,† was one of the committee of safety in 1647—I, too, would commend "a passionate lover of liberty," whenever I do not discover that this lover is much more intent on the dower than on the bride. Haslerigg, "an absurd, bold man," as Clarendon, at a single stroke, reveals his character, was resolved not to be troubled with king or bishop, or any power in the state superior to "the Rump's." We may safely suspect that patriot who can cool his vehemence in spoliation. Haslerigg would have no bishops, but this was not from any want of reverence for church lands, for he heaped for himself such wealth as to have been nicknamed "the bishop of Durham." He is here noticed for a political crime different from that of plunder. When, in 1647, this venerable radical found the parliament resisting his views, he declared, that "Some heads must fly off!" adding, "the parliament cannot save England; we must look another way!"—threatening, what afterwards was done, to bring in the army! It was this "passionate lover of liberty" who, when Dorislaus, the parliamentary agent, was assassinated by some Scotchmen in Holland, moved in the house, that "Six royalists of the

* Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II. p. 130. Confirmed by Barwick in his Life, p. 163.

† The Rev. Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, I. 405.



best quality" should be immediately executed. When some northern counties petitioned the Commons for relief against a famine in the land, our Marxist observed, that "this was of food would best defend those coming from Scottish invasion!" The slaughter of Dringhda by Cromwell, and his frightening all London by what Walker calls "a butchery of apprentices," when he cried out to his soldiers, "to kill men, women, and child, and for the city!" may be placed among those cruelties which are committed to open a reign of terror—but Hugh Price's solemn thanksgiving to Heaven that "none were spared" was the true expression of the real feeling of these political demons. Cromwell was cruel from politics, others from constitution. Some were willing to be cruel without "blind-guileless." One Alexander Rigby, a radical lawyer, twice moved in the Long Parliament, that those lords and gentlemen who were "malignants" should be sold as slaves to the King of Algiers, or sent off to the new plantations in the West Indies. He had all things prepared, for it is added that he had contracted with two merchants to ship them off. There was a most bloody-minded "maker of washing balls," as one John Dugan is described, appointed a lecturer by the House of Commons, who always left out of the Lord's Prayer, "As we forgive them that trespass against us," and substituted, "Lord, since thou hast now drawn out thy sword, let it not be sheathed again till it be gashed in the hand of the malignant." I find too many examples of this kind. Could he be that death the work of the Lord, neophyte, and keepeth back his sword from blood?—was the cry of the wretch, who, when a celebrated actor and royalist had for quarter, gave no other reply than that of "letting the action in the word." These treatment of the Irish may possibly be admired by a true Machiavellist. "They permitted forty thousand of the Irish to enlist in the service of the kings of Spain and France—in other words, they expelled them at once, which, considering that our Rumpers effected such an obliteration of tyrants, may be considered as an act of mercy," assisting themselves only with dividing the forfeited lands of the aforesaid forty thousand among their own party by lot and other means. An universal conflagration, after all, is a bloodless massacre. They used the French soldiers, after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, a little differently—but equally efficaciously—for they sold their Scotch prisoners for slaves to the American planters.

The Robespierres and the Marats were no extraordinary beings, and in some respects the Frenchmen were working on a more enlarged scheme. These discovered, that "the generation which had witnessed the preceding one would always regret it, and for the security of the Revolution it was necessary that every person who was thirty years old in 1789 should perish on the scaffold!" The anarchists were intent on reducing the French

people to eight millions, and on destroying the great cities of France.

Such monstrous purposes and events are not credible—but this is no proof that they have not occurred. Many incredible things will happen.

Another damming feature in the English Rumpers was also observed in the French *Sans-culottes*—their hatred of literature and the arts. Hebert was one day directing his satellites towards the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, to put an end to all that human knowledge collected by centuries—a century—in one day! alleging of course some good reason. This hero was only diverted from the enterprise by being persuaded to postpone it for a day or two, when luckily the printing interrupted: the same circumstance occurred here. The burning of the records in the Tower was certainly proposed, a speech of Hebert's, which I cannot immediately turn to, put a stop to these incursions. It was debated in the Rump parliament, when Cromwell was general, whether they should destroy the *parliamentary*. They concluded that no university was necessary, that there were no ancient examples of such education, and that scholars in other countries did study at their own cost and charges, and therefore they looked on them as unnecessary, and thought them *not to be taken away for the public use*.—How these venerable sayings escaped from being sold with the king's pictures, as plate and lumber, and why these rich endowments were not shared among such inevitable ignorance and superstition, might claim some inquiry.

The Abbe Morellet, a great political economist, imagined that the source of all the crimes of the French Revolution was their violation of the sacred rights of property. The perpetual invasions of the *Sans-culottes* of France against proprietors and against property proceeded from demagogical beings, who formed panegyrics on all crimes—crimes to explain whose circumstances terms a new dictionary was required. But even these anarchists, in their mad expressions against property, and in their wildest notions of their "equality," have not gone beyond the daring of our own Rumpers.

Of these revolutionary journals of the parchment of 1789, which in spirit so strongly resemble the diurnal or hebdomadal effusions of the redoubtable French Heberts, Marats, and others of that stamp, one of the most remarkable is "The Moderate," impartially commencing martial affairs to the kingdom of England. The monarchist title our commonwealth-men had not yet had time to obliterate from their colloquial style. This writer called himself in his barbarous English *The Moderate*. It would be hard to conceive the manner and idiom by which the English language was reduced under the pen of the rabble-writers of those days, had we not witnessed in the present time a parallel to their composition. "The Moderate" was a title suggested on the principle on which Marat denominated himself *"l'ami du peuple"*. It is curious, that the most furious politicians usually assert their moderation. Robespierre, in his justification, declares that Marat is a monster even in the *Moderation*.

* Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II. 172.

* Walker, Part I. 166.

† Mercator's Rufficus, XII. 116. Barwick's Life, p. 42.

* Duménil's Histoire Philosophique de la Révolution de France, IV. 6.

The same actors, playing the same parts, may be always paralleled in their language and their deeds. This "Moderate" steadily pursued one great principle—the overthrow of all PROPERTY. Assuming that *property* was the original cause of *sin*—an exhortation to the people for this purpose is the subject of the present paper: * the illustration of his principle is as striking as the principle itself.

It is an apology for, or rather a defence of, robbery! Some moss-troopers had been condemned to be hanged, for practising their venerable custom of gratuitously supplying themselves from the flocks and herds of their weaker neighbours: our "Moderate" ingeniously discovers that the loss of these men's lives is to be attributed to nothing but *property*. They are necessitated to offend the laws, in order to obtain a livelihood!

On this he descants; and the extract is a political curiosity, in the French style! "*Property* is the original cause of any *sin* between party and party as to civil transactions. And since the *tyrant* is taken off, and the government altered *in nomine*, so ought it really to redound to the good of the people *in specie*: which though they cannot expect it in a few years, by reason of the *multiplicity of the gentry in authority*, command, &c., who drive on all designs for support of the old government, and consequently their own interest and the *people's slavery*, yet they doubt not, but *in time* the people will herein discern their own blindness and folly."

In September, he advanced with more depth of thought. "*Wars* have ever been clothed with the most gracious pretences—viz., reformation of religion, the laws of the land, the liberty of the subject, &c.; though the effects thereof have proved most destructive to every nation; making the sword, and not *the people*, the original of all authorities for many hundred years together, taking away *each man's birthright*, and settling upon a *few* A CURSED PROPRIETY; the ground of all civil offences, and the greatest cause of most sins against the heavenly Deity. *This tyranny and oppression* running through the veins of many of our predecessors, and being too long maintained by the sword upon a royal foundation, at last became so customary, as *is the vulgar it seemed most natural*—the only reason why the people of this time are so ignorant of their birthright, their only freedom," &c.

"The birthright" of citizen *Egalité* to "*a cursed propriety settled on a few*," was not, even among the French Jacobins, urged with more amazing force. Had things proceeded according to our "Moderate's" plan, "*the people's slavery*" had been something worse. In a short time the nation would have had more proprietors than property. We have a curious list of the spoliations of those members of the House of Commons, who, after their famous *self-denying ordinances*, appropriated among themselves sums of money, offices, and lands, for services "*done or to be done*."

The most innocent of this new government of "*the Majesty of the People*," were those whose

talents had been limited by nature to peddle and purloin; puny mechanics, who had suddenly dropped their needles, their hammers, and their lasts, and slunk out from behind their shop-counters; those who had never aspired beyond the constable of their parish, were now seated in the council of state; where, as Milton describes them, "*they fell to huckster the commonwealth*:" there they met a more rabid race of obscure lawyers, and discontented men of family, of blasted reputations; adventurers, who were to command the militia and navy of England,—governors of the three kingdoms! whose votes and ordinances resounded with nothing else but new impositions, taxes, excises, yearly, monthly, weekly sequestrations, compositions, and universal robbery!

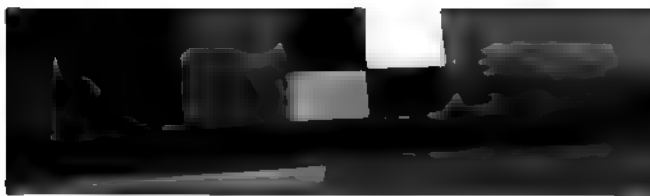
Baxter vents one deep groan of indignation, and presciently announces one future consequence of *Reform*! "In all this appeared the severity of God, the mutability of worldly things, and the fruits of error, pride, and selfishness, *to be charged hereafter upon reformation and religion*." As a statesman, the sagacity of this honest prophet was narrowed by the horizon of his religious views; for he ascribes the whole as "*prepared by Satan to the injury of the Protestant cause, and the advantage of the Papists*!" But dropping his particular application to the devil and the Papists, honest Richard Baxter is perfectly right in his general principle concerning "*Rumpers*,"—"Sansculottes,"—and "*Radicals*."

LIFE AND HABITS OF A LITERARY ANTIQUARY—OLDYS AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

SUCH a picture may be furnished by some unexpected materials which my inquiries have obtained of OLDYS. This is a sort of personage little known to the wits, who write more than they read, and to their volatile votaries, who only read what the wits write. It is time to vindicate the honours of the few whose laborious days enrich the stores of national literature, not by the duplicates but the supplements of knowledge. A literary antiquary is that idler whose life is passed in a perpetual *voyage autour de ma chambre*; fervent in sagacious diligence, instinct with the enthusiasm of curious inquiry, critical as well as erudite; he has to arbitrate between contending opinions, to resolve the doubtful, to clear up the obscure, and to grasp at the remote; so busied with other times, and so interested for other persons than those about him, that he becomes the inhabitant of the visionary world of books. He only counts his days by his acquisitions, and may be said to be the CREATOR OF FACTS, by his original discoveries, often exciting the gratitude of the literary world, while the very name of the benefactor has not always descended with his inestimable labours.

Such is the man whom we often find, when he dies, leaving his favourite volumes only an incomplete project! and few of this class of literary men have escaped the fate reserved for most of their brothers. Voluminous works have been usually left unfinished by the death of the authors; and it is with them as with the planting of trees, of

* The Moderate, from Tuesday, July 31, to August 7, 1649.



which Johnson has forcibly observed, "There is a delightful interval between the mud and timber." And he admirably remarks, what I cannot forbear applying to the labourer, "I am now to dig my grave." He that calculates the growth of trees has the immortality of the diamond of life down hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself, and when he refuses to see the steam run, is disposed to reason that another shall cut it down. The days of the patriotic Count Mazarin were freely given to his national literature, and an unshakable faith about the gigantic force of his immortal erudition; yet those only carry us through the letters A and B, and though Mazarin had finished for the poor other volumes, the topics of his descendants has defrauded Europe of her share. The Abbé Goujet, who had drafted a famous history of his national literature, in the eighteen volumes we possess, could only conclude that of the transients and commonplaces of the past; two other volumes in manuscript have perished. That great enterprise of the Benedictines, the "Museum Literaire de France," now consists of twelve large quartos, and the industry of its successors which have only been able to carry it to the twelfth century. David Clement designed the most extensive bibliography which had ever appeared, but the diligent labors of the writer could only proceed as far as M. The alphabetical order, which so many writers of this time have adopted, has given a justifying moment to human life! Truchet was an unfortunate as to complete his great national history of Italian literature. But, unhappily for us, Thomas Watson, after feeling his way through the darker ages of our poetry, to plough the map of the beautiful land, of which he had only a French night, exposed amidst his volumes. The most precious portion of Watson's history is but the fragment of a fragment.

Oliva, among the brotherhood, has met perhaps with a harder fate, his published works, and the numerous ones to which he contributed, are now highly appreciated by the lovers of books; but the larger portion of his literary labours have met with the sad fortune of dispersed, and probability of wasted manuscripts. Oliva's manuscripts, as it is as they are sometimes designated, are constantly referred to by every distinguished writer on our literary history. I believe that not one of them could have given us any positive account of the manuscripts themselves. They have indeed long served as the solitary source of information, but like the well at the way-side, too many have drawn their waters to thirst.

Oliva is chiefly known by the catalogue of the famous Count, a great document, both with pencil and with pen. It is a posthumous work, where Oliva deposited his skill and soul, and where there is perhaps not a single story which is not factual. Our lively antiquary, who cared more for rusty armour than for rusty volumes, would turn over them flimsy and quips to some confidential friend, to cull together a secret laugh at their literary intimacies. He came, however, who happened to be his brother-in-law, served up the parchment book to the public as "Oliva's Catalogue." The dissemination of Oliva's

manuscripts is sufficiently overcharged by "the name" first provided intimacy of Oliva, his love of companionship over too social a glass, broke him down to poverty in a grotesque attitude, and Mr. Alexander Chalmers, who has given us the fullest account of Oliva, has indicated as him something like a sermon, on "a state of intoxication."

Also—Oliva was an object of interest, and the utter simplicity of his heart was genuine as a child's—ever open to the deceptions. The noble spirit of a Duke of Norfolk once caused the long banishment of Rowley from the commencement of the Fleet, where probably he had earned his money by the world for his years. It was by an act of grace that the Duke later placed Oliva in the Navy College, in Warren King of Arms. But Oliva, like all the good retired men, had contracted peculiar habits and some attachments for a few, both those he could indulge at no distance. He lived in old associations in the park of the Fleet, where he frequently dined as "his Ruler," and there, as I have heard, with the gentleman whom a formal establishment "The Dragon Club" companionship with the poor man his unpurchased pleasure. Dined every morning among the departed with the learned of our country, some usage was reflected in them among his companions, in some secret history as yet untold, and some secret war, which, stirred of the east, seemed to him brilliant as the modern.

It is hard, however, for a literary antiquary to be caricatured, and for a friend to be ridiculed about an "anonymous" writing, with the consent of the Prince Consort, which looked somewhat on the common, to the great scandal of his brethren. A circumstance which could never have occurred at the burial of a prince or a princess, as the count is carried by Christianity, and not by Rome.

Mr. John Taylor, the son of Oliva's intimate friend, has furnished me with this interesting anecdote. "Oliva, as my father informed me, was many years in quiet retirement in the Fleet prison, but at last was stirred up to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oliva's letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The duke immediately commenced and the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy by that letter to find that he was alive. He then called for his gentleman (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in those days), and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet, to take money for the immediate need of Oliva, to procure an account of his debts, and discharge them. Oliva was, soon after, called by the duke's gift or interest, appeared before King of Arms, and I remember that his official regalia came into my father's hands at his death."

In the Life of Oliva, by Mr. A. Chalmers, the date of this promotion is not found. My accomplished friend the Rev. J. Delany has obligingly examined the records of the college, by which it appears that Oliva had been *anyhow* *and* *some* ordinary, but not belonging to the college, was appointed for Warren Henry King of Arms by patent May 21st, 1795.

Olivia's deep potations of ale, however, give me an opportunity of bestowing on him the honour of being the author of a popular Anacreontic song. Mr Taylor informs me that "Olivia always asserted that he was the author of the well-known song—

'Busy, curious, thirsty fly!'

and as he was a rigid lover of truth, I doubt not that he wrote it." My own researches confirm it; I have traced this popular song through a dozen of collections since the year 1740, the first in which I find it. In the later collections an original inscription has been dropped, which the accurate Ritson has restored, without, however, being able to discover the writer. In 1740 it is said to have been "Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale,"—the accustomed potion of poor Olivia!¹

Grove, however, though a great joker on the peculiarities of Olivia, was far from insensible to the extraordinary acquisitions of the man. "His knowledge of English books has hardly been exceeded," Grove, too, was struck by the delicacy of honour, and unwavering veracity which so strongly characterised Olivia, of which he gives a remarkable instance. We are concerned in ascertaining the moral integrity of the writer, whose main business is with history.

At a time when our literary history, excepting in the solitary labour of Anthony Wood, was a forest, with neither road nor pathway, Olivia, fortunately placed in the library of the Earl of Oxford, yielded up his entire days to researches concerning the books and the men of the preceding age. His labours were then valueless, their very nature not yet ascertained, and when he opened the treasures of our ancient lore, in "The British Librarian," it was closed for want of

* The beautiful simplicity of this Anacreontic has met the unusual fate of entirely losing its character, by an additional and incongruous stanza in the modern editions, by a gentleman who has put into practice the unallowable liberty of altering the poetical and dramatic compositions of acknowledged genius to his own notion of what he deems "morals," but in works of genius whatever is dull ceases to be moral. "The Fly" of Olivia may stand by "The Fly" of Gray for melancholy tenderness of thought; it consisted only of these two stanzas

1
Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

2
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
'Though repeated to thinecore!
Thinecore's summer when they're gone,
We'll appear as short as one!

public encouragement. Our writers then struggling to create an age of genius of their own forgot that they had had any progenitors; or while they were acquiring new modes of excellence, that they were losing others, to which their posterity or the national genius might return. To know, and to admire only, the literature and the tastes of our own age, is a species of elegant barbarism. Spenser was considered nearly as obsolete as Chaucer, Milton was veiled by oblivion, and Shakespeare's dramas were so imperfectly known, that in looking over the playbills of 1711, and much later, I find that whenever it chanced that they were acted, they were always announced to have been "written by Shakespeare." Minsinger was unknown; and Jonson, though called "immortal" in the old playbills, lay entombed in his two folios. The poetical era of Elizabeth, the eloquent age of James the First, and the age of wit of Charles the Second, were blanks in our literary history. Bysshe compiling an art of Poetry, in 1718, passed by in his collections "Spenser and the poets of his age, because their language is now become so obsolete, that most readers of our age have no ear for them, and therefore Shakespeare himself is so rarely cited in my collection." The best English poets were considered to be the moderns, a taste which is always obsolete!

All this was nothing to Olivia; his literary curiosity anticipated by half a century the fervour of the present day. This energetic direction of all his thoughts was sustained by that life of discovery, which in literary researches is starting novelties among old and unremembered things, contemplating some ancient tract as precious as a manuscript, or retelling in the volume of a poet, whose passport of fame was yet delayed in its way; or disintering the treasure of a mine included manuscript, whence he drew a virgin extract, or raising up a sort of domestic intimacy with the eminent in arms, in politics, and in literature, in this rambling life, life itself with Olivia was insensibly gliding away—its career almost unfelt!

The life of a literary antiquary partakes of the nature of those who, having no concern of their own, busy themselves with those of others. Olivia lived in the back-ages of England; he had crept among the dark passages of Time, till, like an old gentleman-widder, he seemed to be reporting the secret history of the courts which he had lived in. He had been charmed among their masques and revels, had eyed with astonishment their cumbersome magnificence, when knights and ladies carried on their mantles and their cloth of gold ten thousand pounds worth of ropes of pearls, and buttons of diamonds, or, descending to the gay court of the second Charles, he tattered merry tales, as in that of the first he had painfully watched, like a patriot or a lawyer, a dis-temperated era. He had lived so constantly with these people of another age, and had so deeply

* We have been taught to enjoy the two ages of Genius and of Taste. The literary public are deeply indebted to the editorial care, the taste and the enthusiasm of Mr. BROWN, for exquisite reprints of some valuable writers.

interested himself in their affairs, and so loved the wit and the learning which are often bright under the rust of antiquity, that his own uncourtly style is embrowned with the tint of a century old. But it was this taste and curiosity which alone could have produced the extraordinary volume of Sir Walter Rawleigh's life; a work richly inlaid with the most curious facts and the juxtaposition of the most remote knowledge; to judge by its fulness of narrative, it would seem rather to have been the work of a contemporary.*

It was an advantage in this primeval era of literary curiosity, that those volumes which are now not even to be found in our national library; where certainly they are perpetually wanted, and which are now so excessively appreciated, were exposed on stalls, through the reigns of Anne and two of her successors. OLDYS encountered no competitor, cased in the invulnerable mail of his purse, to dispute his possession of the rarest volume. On the other hand, our early collector did not possess our advantages; he could not fly for instant aid to a "Biographia Britannica," he had no history of our poetry, nor even of our drama. OLDYS could tread in no man's path, for every soil about him was unbroken ground. He had to create everything for his own purposes. We gather fruit from trees which others have planted, and too often we but "pluck and eat."

Nulla dies sine linea was his sole hope while he was accumulating masses of notes; and as OLDYS never used his pen from the weak passion of scribbling, but from the urgency of preserving some substantial knowledge, or planning some future inquiry, he amassed nothing but what he wished to remember. Even the minuter pleasures of settling a date, or classifying a title-page, were enjoyments to his incessant pen. Everything was acquisition. This never-ending business of research appears to have absorbed his powers, and sometimes to have dulled his conceptions. No one more aptly exercised the *tact* of discovery; he knew where to feel in the dark: but he was not of the race—that race indeed had not yet appeared among us—who could melt, into their Corinthian brass, the mingled treasures of Research, Imagination, and Philosophy!

We may be curious to inquire where our literary antiquary deposited these discoveries and curiosities which he was so incessantly acquiring. They were dispersed on many a fly-leaf in occasional memorandum-books; in ample marginal notes on his authors—they were sometimes thrown into what he calls his "parchment budgets" or "Bags of Biography—of Botany—of Obituary"—of "Books relative to London" and other titles and bags, which he was every day filling. Sometimes his collections seem to have been intended for a series of volumes, for he refers to "My first

* Gibbon once meditated a life of Rawleigh, and for that purpose began some researches in that "memorable era of our English annals." After reading Oldys's he relinquished his design, from a conviction that "he could add nothing new to the subject, except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment."

Volume of Tables of the eminent Persons celebrated by English Poets"—to another of "Poetical Characteristics." Among those manuscripts which I have seen, I find one mentioned, apparently of a wide circuit, under the reference of "My Biographical Institutions. Part third; containing a Catalogue of all the English Lives, with historical and critical Observations on them." But will our curious or our whimsical collectors of the present day endure, without impatience, the loss of a quarto manuscript, which bears this rich condiment for its title—"Of London Libraries; with Anecdotes of Collectors of Books; Remarks on Booksellers; and on the first Publishers of Catalogues?" OLDYS left ample annotations on "Fuller's Worthies," and "Winstanley's Lives of the Poets," and on "Langbaine's Dramatic Poets." The late Mr. Boswell showed me a *Fuller* in the Malone collection, with Steevens's transcription of *Oldys's notes*, which Malone purchased for 43*l.* at Steevens's sale; but where is the original copy of Oldys? The "Winstanley," I think, also reposes in the same collection, which, let us hope, is well preserved. The "Langbaine" is far-famed, and is preserved in the British Museum, the gift of Dr. Birch; it has been considered so precious, that several of our eminent writers have cheerfully passed through the labour of a minute transcription of its numberless notes. In the history of the fate and fortune of books, that of OLDYS's *Langbaine* is too curious to omit. OLDYS may tell his own story, which I find in the Museum copy, p. 336, and which copy appears to be a second attempt; for of the *first* *Langbaine* we have this account:

"When I left London, in 1724, to reside in *Yorkshire*, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, among many other books, goods, &c., a copy of this *Langbaine*, in which I had written several notes and references to further knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London, 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. T. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my *Langbaine* of a bookseller who was a great collector of plays and poetical books: this must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight, that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing in, the Notes I had collected in that."*

* At the Bodleian Library, I learn by a letter with which I am favoured by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, that there is an interleaved "Gibbon's Lives and Characters of the Dramatic Poets," with corrections, which once belonged to Coxeter, who appears to have intended a new edition. Whether Coxeter transcribed into his *Gibbon* the notes of Oldys's *first* *Langbaine*, is worth inquiry. Coxeter's conduct, though he had purchased Oldys's first *Langbaine*, was that of an ungenerous miser, who will quarrel with a brother, rather than share in any acquisition he can get into his own hands. To Coxeter we also owe much; he suggested Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and the first tolerable edition of Massinger.

There is a remarkable word in Oldys's note above. He could not have been employed in

This *first* Langhams, with additions by Coxeter, was bought, at the sale of his books, by Thomas Clibber, on the strength of those notes, he prefixed his name to the first collection of the "Lives of our Poets," which appeared in weekly numbers, and now form five volumes, written chiefly by Clibber, in synonymy of Dr Johnson. Which has been recently catalogued by Mr. Gifford.

These literary jobsbers nowhere distinguish Coxeter's and Clibber's curious matter from their own. Such was the fate of the *first* copy of Langhams, with *Oliver's* notes, but the *second* is more important. At an auction of some of *Oliver's* books and manuscripts, of which I have seen a printed catalogue, Dr Birch purchased this valuable copy for three shillings and sixpence. Such was the value attached to these original remarks concerning our poets, and which, to obtain only a transcript, very large sums have since been cheerfully given. This, which is now the Museum copy, is in *Oliver's* handwriting, not interlined, but overflowing with notes, written in a very small hand about the margins, and inserted between the lines: nor may the transcriber pass unperceived even its corners, otherwise he is here assured that he will lose some useful data, or the hint of some curious reference. The enthusiasm and diligence of *Oliver*, in undertaking a repetition of his first but labour, proved to be infinitely greater than the stress of his unrequited labours. Such is the history of the escapes, the changes, and the fate of a volume, which forms the groundwork of the most curious information concerning our elder poets, and to which we must still frequently refer.

In this variety of literary arrangements, which we must consider as single works in a progressive state, or as portions of one great work on our

Lord Oxford's library, as Mr Chalmers conjectures, about 1725, we have he mentions that he was in *Yorkshire* from 1724 to 1730. This period is a remarkable blank in *Oliver's* life. If he really went to *Yorkshire*, he departed in sudden haste, for he left all his books at his lodgings, and six years of rustication must have been an intolerable state for a lover of old books. It has sometimes occurred to me, that for *Yorkshire* we must understand the *Flint*. There we know he was; but the circumstance perhaps was so hateful to record, that he preferred to veil it, while writing, for the second time, his Notes on Langhams, he confesses, on his return to his lodgings, that he found he had lost everything, which he had left there.

This copy was lent by Dr Birch to the late Bishop of Dromore, who with his own hand carefully transcribed the notes into an interleaved copy of Langhams, divided into four volumes, which, as I am informed, narrowly escaped the flames, and was acquired by the water, at a fire at Northumberland House. His lordship, when he went to Ireland, left this copy with Mr Nichols, for the use of the projected editions of the *Tales*, the *Peepers*, and the *Guardian*, with notes and illustrations, of which I think the *Tales* only has appeared, and to which his lordship contributed some valuable communications.

modern literary history, it may, perhaps, be justly suspected that *Oliver*, in the delight of perpetual acquisition, impeded the happier labour of unity of design and completeness of purpose. He was not a *Thucydides*—nor even a *Herodotus*. He was sometimes chilled by neglect, and by "society and vexation of spirit," and we should not now have to count over a harvest of manuscript works, many of literary history, of which their existence is even doubtful.

In Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, we find frequent references to O. M. *Oliver's* manuscripts. Mr John Taylor, the son of the friend and executor of *Oliver*, has greatly obliged me with all his recollections of this man of letters, whose pursuits, however, were in no manner analogous to his, and whom he could only have known in youth. By him I learn, that on the death of *Oliver*, Dr Kippis, editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, looked over these manuscripts at Mr Taylor's house. He had been directed to this discovery by the late Bishop of Dromore, whose active zeal was very remarkable in every enterprise to enlarge our literary history. Kippis was one who, in more degree, might have estimated their literary value, but, employed by commercial men, and negotiating with persons who neither comprehended their nature, nor added any value to them, the editor of the *Biographia* found *Oliver's* Manuscripts an easy purchase for his employer, the late Mr Cadell; and the twenty guineas, perhaps, offered to buy these writers! Mr Taylor says, "The manuscripts of *Oliver* were not so many as might be expected from so undisciplined a writer. They consisted chiefly of short extracts from books, and minutes of dates, and were thought worth purchasing by the Doctor. I remember the manuscripts well, though *Oliver* was not the author, but rather recorder." Such is the statement and the opinion of a writer, whose effusions are of a gay sort. But the researches of *Oliver* must not be estimated by this standard with him a single line was the result of many a day of research, and a mass of scattered hints would supply more original knowledge than some octavos, labour-ed out by the hasty gliders and varnishes of modern literature. These *discovery* occupy small space to the eye; but large works are composed out of them. This very lot of *Oliver's* manuscripts was, indeed, so considerable in the judgment of Kippis, that he has described them as "a large and useful body of fragmentary materials, left by Mr *Oliver*." Were these the "Biographical Institutions" *Oliver* refers to among his manuscripts? "The late Mr Malone," continues Mr Taylor, "told me that he had seen all *Oliver's* manuscripts, as I presume they are in the hands of Cadell and Davies." Have they met with the fate of such oranges?—and how much of Malone may we owe to *Oliver*?

This information enabled me to trace the manuscripts of *Oliver* to Dr Kippis, but it cost me among the booksellers, who do not value manuscripts which no one can print. I discovered, by the late Mr Davies, that the direction of that hapless work in our literary history, with its whole treasure of manuscripts, had been consigned, by Mr Cadell, to the late George Robin-

son ; and that the successor of Dr. Kippis had been the late Dr. George Gregory. Again I repeat, the history of voluminous works is a melancholy office ; every one concerned with them no longer can be found ! The esteemed relict of Doctor Gregory, with a friendly promptitude, gratified my anxious inquiries, and informed me, that "She perfectly recollects a mass of papers, such as I described, being returned, on the death of Dr. Gregory, to the house of Wilkie and Robinson, in the early part of the year 1809." I applied to this house, who, after some time, referred me to Mr. John Robinson, the representative of his late father, and with whom all the papers of the former partnership were deposited. But Mr. John Robinson has terminated my inquiries, by his civility in promising to comply with them, and his pertinacity in not doing so. He may have injured his own interest in not trading with my curiosity.* It was fortunate for the nation, that George Vertue's mass of manuscripts escaped the fate of Oldys's ; had the possessor proved as indolent, Horace Walpole would not have been the writer of his most valuable work, and we should have lost the "Anecdotes of Painting," of which Vertue had collected the materials.

Of a life consumed in such literary activity we should have known more had the *Diaries* of OLDYS escaped destruction. "One habit of my father's old friend, William OLDYS," says Mr. Taylor, "was that of keeping a diary, and recording in it every day all the events that occurred, and all his engagements, and the employment of his time. I have seen piles of these books, but know not what became of them." The existence of such *diaries* is confirmed by a sale catalogue of Thomas Davies, the literary bookseller, who sold many of the books and *some manuscripts of Oldys*, which appear to have been dispersed in various libraries. I find Lot "3627, Mr. Oldys's Diary, containing several observations relating to books, characters, &c.;" a single volume, which appears to have separated from the "piles" which Mr. Taylor once witnessed. The literary diary of OLDYS would have exhibited the mode of his pursuits, and the results of his discoveries. One of these volumes I have fortunately discovered, and a singularity in this writer's feelings throws a new interest over such diurnal records. OLDYS was apt to give utterance with his pen to his most secret emotions. Querulous or indignant, his honest simplicity confided to the paper before him such extemporaneous soliloquies, and I have found him hiding in the very corners of his manuscripts his "secret sorrows."

* I know that not only this lot of *Oldys's manuscripts*, but a great quantity of *original contributions* of whole lives, intended for the *Biographia Britannica*, must lie together, unless they have been destroyed as waste-paper. These biographical and literary curiosities were often supplied by the families or friends of eminent persons. Some may, perhaps, have been reclaimed by their owners. I am informed there was among them an interesting collection of the correspondence of Locke ; and I could mention several lives which were prepared.

A few of these slight memorials of his feelings will exhibit a sort of *Silhouette* likeness traced by his own hand, when at times the pensive man seems to have contemplated on his own shadow. OLDYS would throw down in verses, whose humility or quaintness indicates their origin, or by some pithy adage, or apt quotation, or recording anecdote, his self-advice, or his self-regrets !

Oppressed by a sense of tasks so unprofitable to himself, while his days were often passed in trouble and in prison ; he breathes a self-reproach in one of these profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge, with the ambition of dispensing it to the world.

"I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
Is always whetting tools, but never works."

In one of the corners of his note-books I find this curious but sad reflection :—

"Alas ! this is but the apron of a fig-leaf—but the curtain of a cobweb."

Sometimes he seems to have anticipated the fate of that obscure diligence, which was pursuing discoveries reserved for others to use.

"He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

"Fond treasurer of these stores, behold thy fate
In Psalm the thirty-ninth, 6, 7, and 8."

Sometimes he checks the eager ardour of his pen, and reminds himself of its repose, in Latin, Italian, and English.

—Non vi, sed sæpe cādendo.

Assai presto si fa quel che si fa bene.

"Some respite best recovers what we need,
Discreetly baiting gives the journey speed."

There was a thoughtless kindness in honest OLDYS ; and his simplicity of character, as I have observed, was practised on by the artful or the ungenerous. We regret to find the following entry concerning the famous collector, James West.

"I gave above threescore letters of Dr. Davenant to his son, who was envoy at Frankfort in 1703 to 1708, to Mr. James West,* with one hundred and fifty more, about Christmas, 1746 ; but the same fate they found as grain that is sowed in barren ground."

Such is the plaintive record by which OLDYS relieved himself of a groan ! We may smile at the simplicity of the following narrative, where poor OLDYS received manuscripts in lieu of money !

"Old Counsellor Fane, of Colchester, who, *in forma pauperis*, deceived me of a good sum of money which he owed me, and not long after set up his chariot, gave me a parcel of manuscripts, and promised me others, which he never gave me,

* This collection, and probably the other letters, have come down to us, no doubt, with the manuscripts of this collector, purchased for the British Museum. The correspondence of Dr. Davenant, the political writer, with his son, the envoy, turns on one perpetual topic, his son's and his own advancement in the state.

not anything else, besides a barrel of verses, and a manuscript copy of Randolph's poems, an original, as he said, with many additions, being delivered to him at the poet's relation.

There was no end to his aids and contributions to every author or book-ster who applied to him, yet he had reason to complain of both while they were using his insatiable, but not valued, knowledge. Here is one of those diurnal entries:

"I lost the tragic lives and deaths of the famous poets, Ward and Danchev, etc. London, 1848, by John Dobson, alias Dobsoner, to Mr T. Lechard, when he was writing his *Moral History*, and he never returned it. See Howell's Letters of them."

In another, when his friend T. Hayward was collecting, for his "*British Museum*," the most exquisite commonplace of our old English dramatists, a compilation which must not be confounded with ordinary ones, Olcott not only assisted in the labour, but drew up a curious introduction, with a knowledge and love of the subject which none but himself possessed. But so little were these matters then understood, that we find Olcott, in a moment of venacious recollection, and in a corner of one of the margins of his *Laughing*, accidentally promising an extraordinary circumstance attending this curious dissertation. Olcott having completed the elaborate introduction, "the printer's publisher insisted on leaving out one third part, which happened to be the best matter in it, because he would have it contracted into one sheet." Poor Olcott never could forget the fate of the elaborate Dissertation on all the Collections of English Poetry, for, in a copy which was formerly Olcott's, and afterwards Thomas Warren's, and now my intelligent friend Mr Douce's, he has expressed himself thus: "In my historical and critical review of all the collections of this kind, it would have made a sheet and a half or two sheets, but they forarded gain, and to save a little expense on print and paper, got Mr John Camphell to crowd it and cramp it, and play the devil with it, till they appeared it was less readable than a sheet." This is a loss which we may never recover. The curious book-knowledge of this singular man of letters, those stores of which he was the fond treasure, as he says with such tenderness for his poems, were always ready to be cast into the form of a dissertation or an introduction, and when Morgan published his Collection of rare Tracts, the friendly hand of Olcott furnished "A Dissertation upon Pamphlets, in a Letter to a Nobleman," probably the Earl of Oxford, a great literary curiosity, and in the Marston Collection he has given a *Catalogue Raisonné* of six hundred. When Mrs. Couper at tempted "The House of the Stage," the first essay which influenced the national taste to return to our dramatic poets in our most poetical age, it was Olcott who only could have enabled this lady to perform her imperfect attempt. When Curd, the publisher, to help out one of his heavy compilations, a "*History of the Stage*," repeated, like all the world, in Olcott, whose kindness could not omit the importance of this busy publisher, he gave him a life of *Rich Quyns*, which at the same moment Olcott could not spare sending, is one of his most entries, an intended work on the stage, which we seem never to have had. "But *Love-*

stage's History of the Stage, and *Actors* is his own thing, for thirty or fifty years past, as he told me he had composed, or likely to prove, whenever it shall appear, a more perfect work." I might proceed with many similar gratuitous contributions with which he assisted his contemporaries. Olcott should have been consulted the reader for the nation. His *compos* reader of books and manuscripts are still held precious, but in vain his useful and curious talent had sought the public patronage. From one of his "*Diaries*," which has escaped destruction, I transcribe some interesting passages of wisdom.

The reader is here presented with a minute picture of these lucubral occupations which pass in the study of a man of letters. There are those who may be surprised, as well as amused, in discovering how all the business, even to the very disappointments and pleasures of active life, can be transferred to the silent chamber of a reclining student, but there are others who will not read without emotion the secret thoughts of him, who, being literature with its parent passion, scarcely repines at being defrauded of his just fame, and leaves his store for the afterglow of his most gifted hours. Thus we open one of Olcott's literary days.

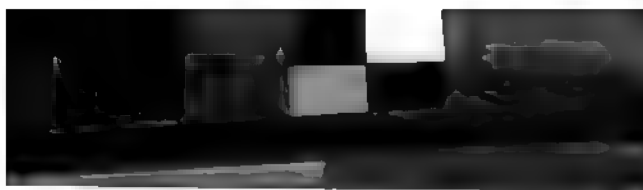
"I was informed this day by Mr Tho. Odell's daughter, that her father, who was deputy-inspector and keeper of the plays, died 24 Nov. 1796, at his house in Chappell-street, Westminster, aged 55 years. He was writing a history of the characters he had observed, and confessions he had had with many eminent persons he knew in his time. He was a great observer of everything curious in the conversations of his acquaintance, and his own conversation was a living chronicle of the remarkable intrigues, adventures, sayings, stories, writings, &c., of many of the quality, poets, and other authors, players, bookellers, &c., who flourished especially in the present century. Had been a popular man at elections, and sometime member of the parliament in Goodman's Fields, but latterly was forced to be reserved and retired by reason of his debts. He published two or three dramatic pieces, one was the *Patron*, on the story of Lord Rainsby.

"Q of his da. to remove the Eastern Budget's papers, and to get a sight of her father's.

"Have got the one, and seen the other.

"July 31.—Was at Mrs. Odell's; she returned me Mr Budget's papers. Saw some of her husband's papers, mostly poems in favour of the ministry, and against Mr Pope. One of them, printed by the late Mr Robert Walpole's encouragement, who gave him two guineas for writing, and as much for the expense of printing it, but through his advice it was never published, because it might hurt his interest with Lord Chichester, and some other noblemen, who favoured Mr Pope for his own gain. The next I liked best of his writings was the history of his playhouse in Goodman's Fields. (Remember that which was published against that playhouse, which I have entered in my London Catalogue. Letter to Mr Geo. Bruden, lord mayor, &c. Nov. 1796.)

"Saw nothing of the history of his conversations with ingenious men; his character, tales, &c.



and intrigues of them, of which no man was better furnished with them. She thinks she has some papers of them, and promises to look them out, and also to inquire after Mr. Ordis of the lord chamberlain's office, that I may get a search made about Spenser."

So intent was Oldys on these literary researches, that we are, by the last words of this entry, how in hunting after one sort of game, his undivided zeal kept its eye on another. One of his favourite subjects was the reckoning of original discoveries respecting Spenser and Shakespeare; of whom, perhaps, to our shame, as it is to our vexation, it may be said that two of our master-poets are those of whom we know the least! Oldys once flattered himself that he should be able to have given the world a life of Shakespeare. Mr. John Taylor informs me, that "Oldys had contracted to supply ten years of the life of Shakespeare unknown to the biographers, with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand; and as Oldys did not live to fulfil the engagement, my father was obliged to return to Walker twenty guineas which he had advanced on the work." That interesting narrative is now hopeless for us. Yet, by the solemn contract into which Oldys had entered, and from his strict integrity, it might induce one to suspect that he had made positive discoveries which are now irretrievable.

We may observe the manner of his anxious inquiries about Spenser:

"Ask Sir Peter Thompson, if it were improper to try if Lord Altingham Howard would procure the pedigree in the Herald's office, to be seen for Edward Spenser's parentage or family? or how he was related to Sir John Spenser of Althorpe in Northamptonshire? to three of whose daughters, who all married nobility, Spenser dedicated three of his poems."

"Of Mr. Varus, to examine Stowe's memorandum book. Look more carefully for the year when Spenser's monument was raised, or between which years the entry stands—1653 and 1666."

"See Clement Cottrell's book about Spenser. Capt. Power, to know if he has heard from Capt. Spenser about my letter of inquiries relating to Edward Spenser."

"Of Wharton, to examine if my remarks on Spenser are complete as to the press.—Yes."

"Remember, when I see Mr. W. Thompson, to inquire whether he has printed in any of his works any other character of our old poets than those of Spenser and Shakespeare,* and to get the liberty of a visit at Kenilworth Town, to see his Collection of Robt. Greene's Works, in about four large volumes in quarto. He commonly published a pamphlet every term, as his acquaintance Tom Nash informs us."

* William Thompson, the poet of "Stinkum," and other poems; a warm lover of our elder bards, and no vulgar imitator of Spenser. He was the rewriter of Bishop Hall's Satires, in 1753, by an edition which had been more fortunate if conducted by his friend Oldys, for the text is unfaithful, though the edition followed was one borrowed from Lord Oxford's library, probably by the aid of O. O. O.

Two or three other memoranda may excite a smile at his peculiar habits of study, and unceasing vigilance to draw from original sources of information.

"Dryden's dream at Lord Butler's, at Burleigh, while he was translating Virgil, as Eugene Verrio, then painting there, related it to the Yorkshire painter, of whom I had it, lies in the parchment book in quarto, designed for his life."

At a subsequent period Oldys inserts, "How entered therein." Malone quotes this very memorandum, which he discovered in Oldys's Longleaze, to show that Dryden had some confidence in Onirocriticism, and supposed that future events were sometimes prognosticated by dreams. Malone adds, "Where, either the *book* prophetic leaf, or the parchment book now in, I know not."

Unquestionably we have incurred a great loss in Oldys's collection, for Dryden's life, which were very extensive; such a mass of literary history cannot have perished unless by accident, and I suspect that many of Oldys's manuscripts are in the possession of individuals who are not acquainted with his handwriting, which may be easily verified.

"To search the old papers in on, of my large deal boxes for Dryden's letter of thanks to my father, for some communication relating to Mureth, while they and others were publishing a translation of Pindar's Lives, in five volumes, Bro. 1663. It is copied in the yellow book for Dryden's Life, in which there are about 150 transcriptions, in prose and verse, relating to the life, character, and writings of Mr. Dryden."—"In England's Remembrancer extracted out of my *other* (obituary) into my remarks on him in the *partial* bag."

"My extracts in the parchment budget about Denham's text and family in Surrey."

"My *white vellum* pocket-book, bordered with gold, for the extract from 'Gleanings of Great Britain' about Butler."

"See my account of the great yew in Tankersley's park while Sir R. Fanshawe was prisoner in the lodge there, especially Talbot's yew, which a man on horseback might turn about in, in my *botanical* budget."

"The Donald Lupton I have mentioned in my catalogue of all the books and pamphlets relative to London in folio, begun anno 1720, and in which I have now, 1746, entered between 300 and 400 articles, besides remarks, &c. Now, in June, 1748, between 400 and 500 articles. Now, in October, 1750, at hundred and thirty-six."

* Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 480.

? This is one of Oldys's Manuscripts, a thick folio of titles, which has been made to do its duty, with small thanks from those who did not care to press the service which they derived from it. It passed from Dr. Berkenhout to George Scriver, who lent it to Gough. It was sold for five guineas. The useful work of ten years of attention given to it! The antiquary Gough alludes to it with his usual discernment. "Among these titles of books and pamphlets about London are many *purely* historical, and many of *no* less a kind to rank under the head of topography and history." Thus the design of Oldys in forming this elaborate col-

There remains to be told an anecdote, which shows that Pope greatly regarded our literary antiquary. "Oldys," says my friend, "was one of the librarians of the Earl of Oxford, and he used to tell a story of the credit which he obtained as a scholar, by setting FORT right in a Latin quotation, which he made at the earl's table. He did not, however, as I remember, boast of having been admitted as a guest at the table, but as happening to be in the room." Why might not OLDYS, however, have been seated, at least, below the salt? It would do no honour to either party to suppose that OLDYS stood among the menials. The truth is, there appears to have existed a confidential intercourse between FORT and OLDYS; and of this I shall give a remarkable proof. In those fragments of OLDYS preserved as "additional anecdotes of Shakespeare," in Steevens' and Malone's editions, OLDYS mentions a story of Darnant, which he adds, "Mr. FORT told me at the Earl of Oxford's table!" And further relates a conversation which passed between them. Nor is this all; for in OLDYS's *Langbaine* he put down this memorandum in the article of *Shakespeare*—"Remember what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use out of Cowley's preface." Malone appears to have discovered this observation of Cowley's, which is curious enough and very ungrateful to that commentator's ideas; it is "to prune and lop away the old withered branches" in the new editions of Shakespeare and other ancient poets! "FORT adopted," says Malone, "this very unwarrantable idea; OLDYS was the person who suggested to FORT the singular course he pursued in his edition of Shakespeare." Without touching on the felicity or the danger of this new system of republishing Shakespeare, one may say that if many passages were struck out, Shake-

peare would not be injured, for many of those were never composed by that great bard! There not only existed a literary intimacy between OLDYS and FORT, but our poet adopting his suggestion on so important an occasion evinces how highly he esteemed his judgment; and unquestionably FORT had often been delighted by OLDYS with the history of his predecessors, and the curiosities of English poetry.

I have now introduced the reader to OLDYS sitting amidst his "poetical bays," his "parchment biographical budgets," his "catalogues," and his "diaries," often venting a solitary groan, or active in some fresh inquiry. Such is the *Silhouette* of this prodigy of literary curiosity!

The very existence of OLDYS's MANUSCRIPTS continues to be of an ambiguous nature, referred to, quoted, and transcribed; we cannot always turn to the originals. These masses of curious knowledge, dispersed or lost, have enriched an after-race, who have often picked up the spoil and claimed the victory, but it was OLDYS who had fought the battle!

OLDYS affords one more example how life is often closed amidst discoveries and acquisitions. The literary antiquary, when he has attempted to embody his multiplied inquiries, and to finish his scattered designs, has found that the *LABOR ABSCQUE LABORE*, "the labour void of labour," as the inscription on the library of Florence finely describes the researches of literature, has dissolved his days in the voluptuousness of his curiosity; and that too often, like the hunter in the heat of the chase, while he disdained the prey which lay before him, he was still stretching onwards to catch the fugitive!

Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.

At the close of every century, in this growing world of books, may an OLDYS be the reader for the nation! Should he be endowed with a philosophical spirit, and combine the genius of his own times with that of the preceding, he will hold in his hand the chain of human thoughts, and, like another BAYLE, become the historian of the human mind!

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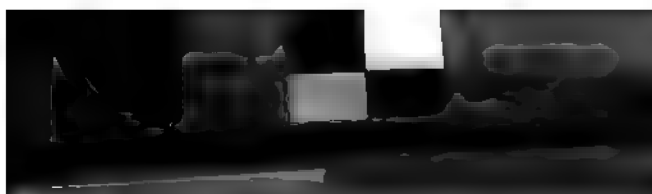
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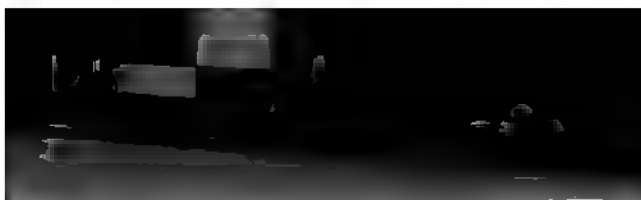
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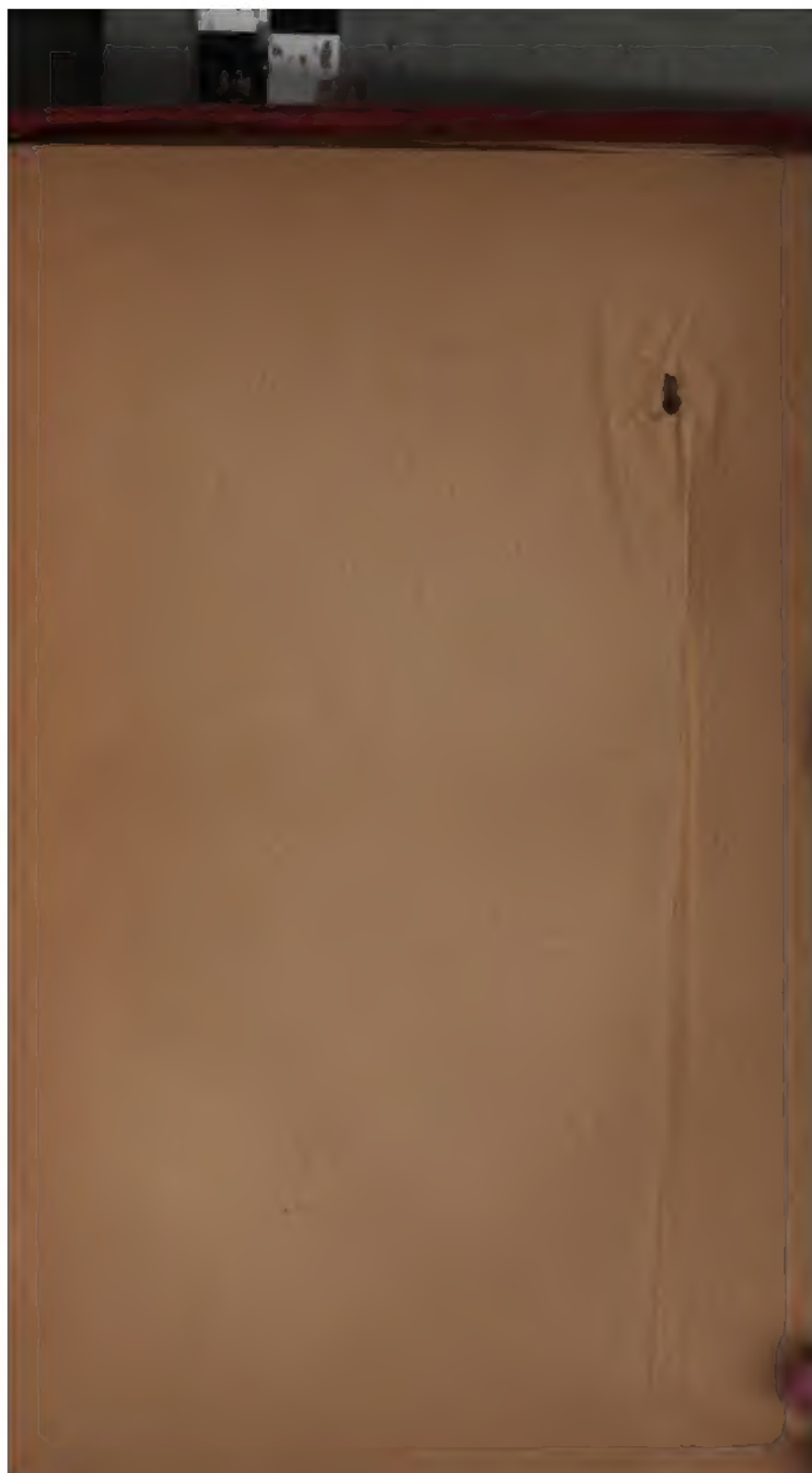
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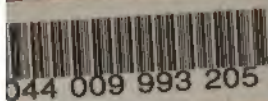
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